

Awaken Chapter 131 -

“This Xu Qingnian is really arrogant! We have come to participate in the Peace Poetry Competition, and he has insulted us like this!”

“He has only composed a few famous poems, how can he be so arrogant? No wonder he dares to disrespect the great scholars, such a person will sooner or later reap the consequences.”

“We are famous scholars from ten countries, I dare not say we are talented, but we have read the books of the saints for a few years.

“There is only a wrong name, not a wrong nickname. Hateful.”

Within the capital of Great Wei, a voice rang out, it was the great talents of the ten kingdoms, and there was no lack of Great Wei readers among them.

Xu Qingnian had said himself at the Peach Blossom Temple that he would not participate in the Taiping Poetry Competition.

This was an ordinary statement, but after someone added to it, it was instantly misinterpreted as Xu Qingnian despising the great talents of the ten kingdoms, which led to some controversy.

In fact, as Xu Qingnian had guessed, it was impossible for the Ten Kingdoms Great Talents not to know that someone had misinterpreted his meaning.

But that didn't stop them from looking for trouble with Xu Qingnian, people believed what they wanted to believe.

But mad or humiliated, nowadays Xu Qingnian was almost oblivious to what was going on outside his window.

And so it was, the following day.

August 15th.

Many students and talents had already gone to Liyang Palace and waited until the hour to enter.

Every street was filled with people, every restaurant was booked out, and even a room for four or five people was exaggerated to such an extent.

Kyoto was so prosperous that it seemed unbearably noisy, with every house decorated with lights and the undulating sounds of each other's hawking cascading up and down.

Inside the Shouren Academy.

Yongping Shizi looked somewhat helplessly at Xu Qingnian.

“Brother Xu, this Taiping Poetry Fair, is one of the three major poetry fairs in the world, are you really not going?”

“All the great talents of the ten nations are there, every Taiping Poetry Fair is incredibly important, you are now representing our Great Wei, if you don’t go, I’m afraid it will be difficult to suppress the great talents of the ten nations.”

These days, Yongping’s son had been at home preparing for the Peace Poetry Competition, and was in seclusion.

Now that the poetry session was about to start, Yongping Shizi came out to move around, but he learned that Xu Qingnian was not going to participate in the Peace Poetry Session, so he couldn’t sit still and came directly to Shouren Academy to look for Xu Qingnian.

“Brother Mu, the Taiping Poetry Fair is a grand event for the world’s scholars, but for me, it is just a party.”

“Now that the Great Wei Waterwheel Project needs to be implemented quickly, my brother Mu has to treat it with care, the matter is beneficial to the people and must not be delayed.”

Faced with the persuasion of Yongping Shizi, Xu Qingnian politely declined on the grounds of the water chariot project.

“Brother Xu, I know that the water chariot project is important, but the Peace Poetry Festival is also important to us, the scholars.”

“Furthermore, this time the ten great talents from the ten countries have come prepared, His Majesty has just ascended to the throne and the Great Wei Dynasty needs to do something, if this Peace Poetry Fair is overwhelmed by the talents from the ten countries, then Great Wei will not be able to hold up its head.”

Yongping’s son tried to persuade him in a different way.

But Xu Qingnian was a little helpless.

“Brother Mu, there are many talented people in Wei.

Xu Qingnian said, “He is really busy right now, how can he have time to attend this event?”

And it would take seven days to attend, wasn't that a waste of time?

"Brother Xu, it is true that there are many talents in Great Wei, but this time is different, my father told me that there are many things involved in this edition, and the talents from the ten countries have prepared a lot just to win the top title in the Taiping Poetry Competition, and it is said that there is the shadow of the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Chu Yuan Dynasty behind this, so they are running to steal my talent in Great Wei."

"If that is true, then we in Great Wei will not be able to hold our heads up in the future, Brother Xu, you can't not go."

Mu Nanping spoke in a decent manner, and all of it was brought up to the Great Wei talent.

And Xu Qingnian remained helpless.

"Brother Mu, I really have something to do, isn't there still a Hua Xinyun in the Great Wei Palace of Literature? Let him go, besides, if this is really the case, His Majesty must be prepared."

"I really have to get busy, Brother Mu, so I won't see you off."

Xu Qingnian was resolute, the biggest thing at the moment was to get public opinion.

As long as there was public opinion, he could cover up the supernatural arts within himself, Cheng Lidong was a bomb, hell knew when he would suddenly explode.

Xu Qingnian was 70% sure that Cheng Lidong would not dare to turn his back on him and would instead come back for more.

But there was still 30%, Cheng Lidong broke the jar.

If it was the former, there was still room for a roundabout way out, but if it was the latter, one had to cover up the foreign arts in one's body as soon as possible.

If not, once the matter of the supernatural arts was exposed, he would be in real trouble.

I am afraid that His Majesty would not be able to protect him.

Therefore, under such circumstances, Xu Qingnian would not have the heart to attend the Peace Poetry Competition.

He might as well spend his time studying the promotion of the waterwheel.

If he could speed things up, he might be able to gain the people's opinion sooner.

“Brother Xu! Alas!”

Mu Nanping wanted to continue speaking, but seeing Xu Qingnian’s appearance, he finally shook his head and had to stop and leave.

After seeing Mu Nanping leave, Xu Qingnian seemed to have a clear mind.

Xu Qingnian also seemed to have a clear mind.

It wasn’t long before someone else arrived, an official from the Ministry of Household Affairs.

“Lord Xu, Minister Gu asks you to go to the Ministry of Household Affairs quickly, saying that there is an important matter.”

With the arrival of the official from the Household Ministry, Xu Qingnian became somewhat curious.

But without saying much, he moved straight away and headed to the Household Ministry.

“What has happened?”

On the way, Xu Qingnian asked the official.

“I don’t know, but I only know that Shang Shu Gu got a letter, and afterwards he became furious and asked me to ask you to go there after the meeting.”

The other party replied in this way, but inexplicably, Xu Qingnian frowned a little.

Therefore, Xu Qingnian quickened her pace.

He arrived at the Household Department.

When he entered the Household Department, Xu Qingnian went straight to the inner hall.

In the inner hall, Gu Yan, the Minister of the Household Department, was sitting on a tai shi chair, and the two retainers to his left and right were also seated in it, all three of them did not look too good, and the atmosphere in the room seemed unusually quiet.

“My servant Xu Qingnian, I’d like to meet Shang Shu Gu and the two Servant Lords.”

Xu Qingnian entered the room, first bowing towards Shang Shu Gu, and then slightly arching his hand with the two Squire Lords, he was also a Squire, we were of the same rank, no need to salute, just a simple courtesy.

Seeing Xu Qingnian appear, Gu Yan did not say anything, but handed the three letters on the table to Xu Qingnian.

“Take a look.”

Gu Yan spoke out, and Xu Qingnian took the letters and proceeded to open them and read them.

After a while, Xu Qingnian’s eyes changed slightly.

Then she read the second letter, and the third one.

Soon Xu Qingnian understood why Gu Yan was so angry.

These three letters were from the Jin merchants of Guangling, the Huizhou merchants of Beihu and the Gan merchants of Nanlin.

The content of the letters was simple: the court wanted to make a large number of waterwheels, and the three main materials for making waterwheels were rattan wood, refined iron, and water oil.

Most of the buildings in Kyoto were coated with water oil, which had a colouring effect and was also effective against fire, making it an excellent product.

It is also excellent for use on water vehicles.

The most important items, apart from the hundred-refined iron, rattan wood and water oil, were basically in the hands of these merchants.

After all, the Wei dynasty did not need such things. Iron ore needed to be stored and this was something that had to be controlled, but rattan wood and water oil, there was no point in storing them and they could not be used for weapons.

The Ministry of Works had some, but not much.

In the fifty counties, 50,000 water carts are needed, and the Ministry of Industry has at most fifty units of rattan wood and water oil to make, so it is natural to buy them.

And these three major chambers of commerce, at the same moment, sent letters informing the Ministry of the Household that the stuff was available, but not a lot, and just about sold out of most of it, and that if it was urgently needed now, it would have to be harvested in advance, only to do so would result in a very small harvest, greatly damaging long-term growth.

There is, of course, another option, and that is for them to bear the pain of harvesting, only the price would not be the same.

It is clear that the three major chambers of commerce want to sit on their hands and give both sides a buffer as to how much the price will be, which has not yet been negotiated.

In this way, as the Minister of Household Affairs, Gu Yan was naturally thunderstruck.

“These merchants, they are really greedy for small profits, we have hardly closed our eyes these few days, accounting for the costs and offering a price of 8,500 taels for a water wagon, leaving about 40% of their profit, but we never thought that they are insatiable!”

“It’s true, the crows under the sky are black, the merchants of Fan are black, so are the merchants of Great Wei, as long as they are merchants, there is no one who is not black.”

“I really want the Ministry of War to arrest these three merchants and have them all raided! Kill them until they are honest.”

Gu Yan’s angry curses rang out, and he even wanted to be like Xu Qingnian, and have the Ministry of War go and arrest people and kill those who dared to object.

But he knew that this was impossible.

Xu Qingnian had killed the merchants because they had already caused public discontent, and Xu Qingnian had done it deliberately to make them enrich themselves so that public discontent would reach a boiling point before the knife fell.

But if these merchants were to be killed, it would not be a joke, and if the merchants were killed, it would not affect Wei.

But these merchants, involved in a variety of businesses, from food, drink, housing and transport, to the needs of the six ministries, really want to kill, who will work for the court? Who would generate some of the revenue for the Ministry of the Household? The people at the bottom would be even worse off.

So he was only angry, but he didn’t dare to kill them if he really had to.

“Shouren, do you have a way to deal with these female dry merchants?”

At this point, Gu Yan looked at Xu Qingnian, who was indeed somewhat at his wits’ end.

The other side was clearly sitting on their hands, and the reason they found was impeccable, after all, you were asking for such a huge amount of materials in one breath, and it was reasonable for people to say they didn’t have it.

You can’t send someone to check, can you?

Even if you do, what can you do? Do you know where people's warehouses are? How are you going to clear it?

When the time comes, people will come and say that these are goods that have been ordered off, so it's always impossible to cut in, right? Especially when these merchants are smart enough to say that they were ordered away by a foreign country.

If they really did jump the queue, they would all call out Great Wei for bullying.

If it were in the heyday, there would be no fear of being scolded, but nowadays, in Great Wei, no matter what you do, you have to be careful not to invite insults but to get things done.

If Xu Qingnian hadn't killed the merchants, if the people hadn't been so supportive, in any other situation, Xu Qingnian would have been sent to jail.

The greater the involvement, the more scruples there are.

The more you hear what Gu Yan said.

Xu Qingnian did not answer, but was very silent in his thoughts.

In fact, this was something that one had already guessed before.

After all, merchants were profit driven, and once they saw such a large order, their first reaction was probably not to think of getting rich, but to think of how to ask for a price.

There was no way around that.

Unless the materials were bought beforehand, but you would also arouse the suspicion of others by buying in large quantities, and it would be almost impossible to spare them.

"Send a letter back first and inform them that they are willing to increase the price, as long as the price is reasonable."

After a while, Xu Qingnian gave this reply.

But once this was said, Gu Yan's face became a little ugly.

"An increase in price?"

"Fifty thousand water carts at eight thousand five hundred taels a piece, there's already close to forty percent profit in that, and they'll arrive with close to ten percent profit after deducting the cost."

“If the Ministry of the Household allocates another increase, the cost of labour behind, the cost of transporting the waterwheel, and some other miscellaneous costs, it will be at least five hundred taels of silver in excess.”

“Shouren, this is another fifty million taels to be taken out, I’m only afraid that the Household Ministry won’t be able to bear it.”

Gu Yan said somewhat depressed.

Originally, fifty thousand million taels of silver was already the limit, and now there was an increase in price?

To be honest once the price was increased, it would mean an overage, Great Wei had 80,000,000 taels of current silver, of which at least 20,000,000 taels had to be left untouched, right?

After all, who could guarantee that something would not happen tomorrow?

The remaining 60,000,000 taels, 50,000,000 taels, is already the limit of the Ministry of Household Affairs, and he can’t afford to take out any more.

Not to mention him, who in the six ministries would be willing to do so?

His Majesty can’t even do that.

These female merchants.

“Minister Gu, at the moment we are being held back, we can only make inquiries first, at least to find out how much they want to add.”

“And then we’ll discuss it in the long run.”

In a short period of time, Xu Qingnian definitely couldn’t think of anything, and instead of doing so, it would be better to see how big the other party’s appetite was.

If he only wanted to add a little, it was not impossible to negotiate.

But if he wanted to add more, then it would be embarrassing.

Gu Yan’s face sank a little, but in the end he nodded and agreed to Xu Qingnian’s statement.

There was no other way, being held back, it was impossible to just wait, right?

The Ministry of Works had been training for such a long time, and it would be troublesome if the delay was due to material problems.

The whole Ministry of Household and Ministry of Works had been busy for more than twenty days, which should have been dealing with other matters, and if they gave up like this, they would not be willing to do so.

“Shouren, do a good job of responding to the method, I have a feeling that this matter will definitely not be so simple, these merchants dare to sit on the ground at this juncture, they must have the strength and backbone, this is a test for the Ministry of Household.”

Gu Yan spoke up and told Xu Qingnian to be prepared, the other party dared to suddenly sit on the ground and raise the price, they must have the backbone and bottom card.

“Qingnian understands, please rest assured, Your Excellency, Qingnian will take this matter seriously.”

Xu Qingnian nodded his head.

What Gu Yan had thought of, Xu Qingnian had also thought of.

But no matter what, it was better to wait for the other party to make an offer.

“Alright, it’s getting late, Shouren, let’s go to the Taiping Poetry Fair together.”

Gu Yan got up, this matter was for now, he invited Xu Qingnian to go to the Taiping Poetry Fair together.

“Minister Gu, I won’t go to the Taiping Poetry Fair, I have other things to do.”

Xu Qingnian politely refused.

When this was said, the three were somewhat curious.

“Shouren, the Taiping Poetry Fair is one of the three great literary events, you are so talented, wouldn’t it be a pity if you didn’t go?”

“Yes, Shouren, today we are at the court and everyone is talking about you, they are all expecting you to win glory for our Great Wei at the Taiping Poetry Competition, how can you not go?”

The left and right retainers spoke up, their words filled with curiosity.

“As long as the water chariot project is not solved, the people of Great Wei will have to starve for one more day. The Taiping Poetry Competition is a great event in the eyes of others, but in Xu’s eyes, it is no better than the people.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth and said so.

When this was said, the three people were once again surprised.

“Three lords, my humble servant will take my leave.”

Xu Qingnian did not say more, worshipped towards the three people, and then left.

Inside the room, after seeing Xu Qingnian leave, Gu Yan could not help but sigh with emotion.

“Xu Shouren, you are truly a clean official of my Great Wei, with a heart for the people, I admire you.”

Gu Yan’s words were not a compliment, but were spoken from the heart.

For all literary people, if they have talent, they would love to attend such literary events every day, hoping to make a name for themselves and attract the envy of the world.

But Xu Qingnian had such a great talent, yet he was willing to make a living for the people with a withered lamp.

Another place.

Xu Qingnian was walking towards the Shouren Academy, his face calm, but inwardly he was a little unhappy.

The waterwheel project is currently the most important thing to Xu Qingnian, but what he didn’t expect was that someone was secretly stopping it.

It was normal for the three major chambers of commerce to be profit-seeking and sit on their hands, but normally they would not sit on their hands at this juncture, they could have done so two days earlier.

Obviously, there was someone behind them, and they were willing to ask for more silver.

This is disgusting enough.

It was a pity that no direct action could be taken against these merchants, otherwise Xu Qingnian wouldn’t mind raiding another group of people’s homes.

There would be no mercy.

“We have to think of a good way to deal with this, the three major chambers of commerce, I’m only afraid that they are not good comers.”

Xu Qingnian said to himself in his mind.

This was another trouble.

In that case, this Taiping Poetry Meeting, it would be even more impossible to go to, a pure waste of time.

Shouren Academy.

When Xu Qingnian returned home, a woman was standing outside the academy, holding a letter in her hand.

Upon seeing Xu Qingnian, the woman instantly came forward.

“Xu Gongzi! Sir Xu! Slave servant is Miss Baiyi’s maid, this is the letter that Miss Baiyi asked slave servant to give to you.”

The woman came and handed a letter to Xu Qingnian with a nervous expression.

After all, the person in front of her, was the Great Wei’s Wangui genius and the Minister of Household, so it was already very good that she, a maid, could muster up the courage to hand the envelope to Xu Qingnian.

“Miss Baiyi?”

Xu Qingnian took the envelope, and then nodded, and the maid quickly left.

When the maid left, Xu Qingnian opened the letter, which was written in a beautiful and elegant manner, with a faint fragrance.

Its content, however, was an apology.

“Could it really not be her?”

“Did I misunderstand?”

The content of the letter was entirely an apology to herself, saying that she did not know what had annoyed her and hoped that she would not blame her.

This made Xu Qingnian wonder if she had really misidentified the wrong person.

As he walked into the school, Xu Qingnian found a place at random.

He frowned and pondered.

The White Cloth Sect had asked him to go to the Peach Blossom Nunnery, and he had answered the appointment, so it was logical that someone would come to meet him at the first opportunity.

If he was worried about being too obvious to meet him first, he would at least give himself a little signal, or a little hint.

It is impossible to make oneself guess who is from the White Clothes Sect, right?

If this white-clothed person is really from the White Clothes Sect, he should open up when he sees himself, there is no need to cover up.

It would be a waste of time.

But if she wasn't from the White Clothes Sect, then who was?

Miss Liu?

Impossible, one had plenty of alone time with her and could have told each other straight away.

Who then or who?

Wangfu?

That was even more unlikely, really someone from the White Clothes Sect, coming up to trouble himself? Isn't there something wrong with his brain?

Xu Qingnian pondered.

In the end, he closed his eyes and began to remember every bit of yesterday.

From the time he entered the Peach Blossom Nunnery, every person, every image, was replayed in his mind.

Suddenly.

Xu Qingnian opened his eyes.

"It's him!"

Xu Qingnian suddenly guessed who it was.

A nondescript fellow.

There was a certain possibility.

“If it’s really this person, this White Cloth Sect is too cerebral.”

Xu Qingnian guessed a possibility, but didn’t dare to fully guarantee it, so he could only wait until the next time he went to the Peach Blossom Temple.

There was no time or effort to go now.

Picking up the letter, Xu Qingnian returned to her room.

The matter of the three major chambers of commerce had to be resolved as soon as possible.

The Waterwheel Project would never stop because of these three major chambers of commerce.

Never!

At 10 o’clock.

Xu Qingnian lit a candle flame and carefully read the book again, but Xu Qingnian had two minds in one.

While reading the book, he was thinking about things.

It was also at this time that several bells rang out.

Accompanied by a loud voice, it spread throughout the capital of Great Wei.

“Peaceful Poetry Meeting, open the feast.”

As this voice rang out, the fireworks in Kyoto rushed into the sky, gorgeous and beautiful, and the people looked at the fireworks in the sky dome, enjoying the bustle and brief prosperity.

The entire Liyang Palace, too, was completely bustling at this moment.

Countless talented people poured into the Liyang Palace, wine was poured into the pools, warblers sang and danced, bell tones became music, and there was endless prosperity.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature, the great figures of the four schools of learning were all present, the empress would not appear in the first few days, but only in the last three.

The feast began, the people watched the singing and dancing, drank wine and chatted. As the great scholars of the Palace of Literature finished their speeches, some strange people appeared and performed illusions, making the feast even more radiant.

The people who entered watched with rapt attention, and the talented men shouted their approval.

It was not until an hour later.

The banquet came to its most anticipated part.

On the first day, the Great Wei Palace of Literature will give the questions, and everyone will be able to participate by writing a poem or an essay with the questions.

The best work will be selected and rewarded by the court, but for the literati of the world, there is no greater reward than to appear at the banquet.

Poems on the theme, interspersed with songs and dances, and some riddles for the public, made the event a lively one.

Time passed.

The whole event lasted five hours until the ugly hour.

At the Great Wei Palace of Literature, Sun Jing'an brought in the list of winners.

"The ten best literati on the first day of the Taiping Poetry Festival."

"First place, Great Wei's White Deer Academy, Zhao Anzhi."

"Second place, Chen Kingdom's Jingduan Academy, Li Peng."

"Third place, Three Rivers School of Jin, Wang Yangxin."

As one name after another was shouted out, those on the list all looked very excited.

The first place winner was the Great Wei Talented Scholar, which was fair enough, at least he hadn't lost face.

However, seven of the top ten talents were from other countries, and Wei only took the seventh and ninth places, which was not a good result.

But the good thing is that the first one is still a talent of Wei, so it's not a disgrace, but rather a failure to live up to expectations.

The ten best talents were listed, and the court gave the royal family four treasures of literature as a reward, as well as the empress' own words of diligence, which was considered a great honour.

And then, along with the sound of the bell, the crowd retired.

Most of the people still lingered a little, after all, they would not be able to come tomorrow and would have to be replaced by a new group of people.

An incense stick later.

The Liyang Palace was quiet, the great figures from the Great Wei Palace of Literature as well as the four academies remained in the hall, and the expressions of the people were not particularly good.

The scene was quiet, completely devoid of the slightest hint of liveliness from the party.

“The ten kingdoms, they've come prepared.”

After a while, Chen Zhengru's voice rang out, breaking the silence.

When this was said, the crowd became even more silent.

Because the Taiping Poetry Fair, one of the three major poetry fairs in the world, was also a poetry fair hosted by Great Wei, and in previous years came basically the ten best talents on the first day, seven of which were all Great Wei talents.

In previous years, seven of the ten best poets on the first day were Wei talents, and there were even times when all ten were Wei talents.

But this year, there were only three, and they were even slightly biased in favour of the number one ranking, as someone whose literary talent was not weaker than his could have tied for first place.

Wouldn't that be a joke?

“I don't expect any good results tomorrow, I just hope that the first place will still be from my Great Wei, otherwise it will be a problem.”

Someone spoke up, it was the deans of the four academies, their expressions slightly heavy.

“Don't be pessimistic, even if we lose tomorrow, my Great Wei hasn't sent Nebula out yet, and if he does, he will be able to crown the best.”

Sun Jing'an spoke, unconcerned that the crowd was thinking a little too much.

“Let’s hope so.”

“Just why isn’t Xu Qingnian coming to participate?”

The other party nodded, but was also curious as to why Xu Qingnian was not coming to participate.

“Hmph, there are rumours among the people that he doesn’t despise the Peace Poetry Festival, what else is there to say about such a person?”

Sun Jing’an sneered.

At these words, Chen Zhengru could not help but frown.

“As a great scholar, you should know that rumours stop the wise.”

Chen Zhengru looked slightly displeased.

“Whether it is a rumour or not, it is not certain.”

“Of course, there might be a possibility.”

“He knows that Nebula will also be attending, so he just doesn’t dare to compete.”

Sun Jing’an then spoke indifferently.

Having said that, he directly left, not giving Chen Zhengru any face at all.

Chen Zhengru paid no attention, while the crowd left without saying much.

A few hours later.

The Taiping Poetry Competition at Liyang Palace had become the number one topic of conversation in Great Wei.

All the people who had attended praised the Taiping Poetry Society to the extreme.

It had even attracted countless people to aspire to it.

But there were some voices, too.

They were the voices of the talented sons of the ten kingdoms.

“At yesterday’s event, Brother Li’s poetry was clearly no better than Zhao Anzhi’s, but the Great Wei Palace of Literature favoured Zhao Anzhi in order to save face, so this first place has no real name.”

“Although I can understand what the Great Wei Palace of Literature did, this is a poetry festival, and poetry should be the main focus, so to deliberately suppress Brother Li for the sake of his face is really disgusting.”

“We should be practical and realistic, for the sake of face, the Great Wei Palace of Literature is a bit shameless.”

Not too loud, not too small, voices spread through Kyoto, the talented scholars of the ten kingdoms were not satisfied with the actions of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, after all, they thought even more that Li Peng’s poetry was better than Zhao Anzhi’s.

However, they were very unhappy with the fact that they had to settle for second place.

But this was the first day after all, and the Ten Kingdoms Talented Men could understand, and it would be fine to have a rant with their friends.

But perhaps because they were not paying attention to the others, they attracted the attention of some of the literati of Great Wei, and there were many arguments.

There were even literati cursing at each other, which drew some attention, and then the Ministry of Justice stepped in and mediated, and the matter was put to rest.

There is one undeniable point.

The Ten Kingdoms talent was very unconvinced.

Until today at 10 o’clock.

The second day of the Taiping Poetry Competition began.

As yesterday, there was music and dance, followed by poetry, and each hour was arranged accordingly, making it a lively event.

Despite their discontent, the talented men of the ten nations ate, drank and laughed at the event.

It was the eleventh hour.

All the poems have been collected, with a few great scholars from the Great Wei Palace of Literature as the main focus, and the deans of the four academies as the supporters, and the crowd is reviewing the poems and then ranking them for division.

But today, again, the exact same situation as yesterday was encountered.

The battle for first place.

The poems of the Great Wei Talents and the poems of the Tang Talents were of comparable quality, and if we were to compare them, they could only be classified by their fonts.

The Great Wei Talent's script, however, lost slightly, and for a moment the crowd was somewhat silent.

Common sense would dictate that the Great Wei Talent would be first.

But if we were to be serious, it would be the Tang talent who would be first.

If the Peace Poetry Competition had been held in a foreign country, they would not have been so torn and would have chosen Tang directly.

But this was Wei.

The empress had just ascended to the throne and Wei needed to do something to boost the people's confidence and promote the country's prestige.

So when political factors are involved, it's just a matter of choosing the Great Wei talent.

"No rush first, the ones behind the ranking."

Chen Zhengru spoke up, telling the crowd not to rush to choose the first one first.

Let's see what comes after.

Several great scholars from the Four Great Schools and the Great Wei Palace of Literature nodded their heads and began to quickly rectify the second to tenth list.

When the list was completed, the crowd looked even worse.

The crowd looked even worse.

Because from the second to the tenth, there was not a single Great Wei talent.

In other words, if they didn't choose the first one from the Great Wei, it would be a joke after the meeting was over today.

"Li Read's poetry, it feels like the standard has slipped a bit."

"Zhang Chen's poetry is also slipping a bit."

"I thought they could occupy the top ten positions, why is the quality so average?"

“There’s another person, Chen Xinghe, one person wrote more than ten poems, each one mediocre, why are they all some of these people going to the banquet?”

Chen Zhengru deliberately found several poems, these are all famous talent of Great Wei, not to say that they can make a thousand ancient poems, but at least into the top ten no problem, but find a look, although the poems are good, but compared to the poems they have written before, some The poems are good, but compared to their previous poems, they are a bit down.

When you get to the level of a talent, any little drop is crucial.

Especially since the Ten Kingdoms talents still came prepared this time.

And there was Chen Xinghe, who wrote a dozen poems in a row, all of which were very ordinary, so I don’t know where he got the confidence.

“Perhaps they were nervous, after all, it was also their first time participating in the Taiping Poetry Competition.”

The dean of the Song Yang Academy spoke up and explained for them.

The crowd nodded slightly, there was a possibility of that, composing poems on weekdays, which were elegant works, might be a little better, but if they really had to do it at the poetry meeting, they might drop off because of their inner nervousness, plus the time issue.

And the ten countries’ talents, which were obviously aimed at Great Wei, had a distinctly unusual quality, and some of their poems, though not in the top ten, could be considered masterpieces.

“What should we do?”

Someone asked in a suppressed voice.

“If we don’t take the first place, how can we lose face in the Great Wei?”

Sun Jing’an was the first to speak up and make his choice.

When this was said, the crowd was a little hesitant.

They all looked towards Chen Zhengru.

And the latter looked quiet.

He was also hesitating and torn.

There was nothing wrong with choosing Great Wei first, it was just that he was afraid that the Ten Kingdoms talent would not agree ah.

It was just that if they didn't let Great Wei come first, it would cause even more trouble.

"Let's choose Tang."

In the end, Chen Zhengru made his choice, although there was some reluctance, but this could not be helped.

"No!"

However Sun Jing'an refused outright.

"Chen Ru, if you choose Tang, today's incident will spread to the world, and then everyone in the world will laugh at Great Wei."

"Choose Wei."

Sun Jing'an said categorically.

"But if you choose Wei, wouldn't it be unfair?"

Chen Zhengru said with a frown.

"What's wrong with that? Ask yourself, the quality of these two poems is not even close to each other, this poetry meeting, the competition is poetry, not fonts, if the poetry of Great Wei is, indeed, inferior to that of Tang, I will definitely not say one more word."

"But essentially, there is indeed no problem between the two."

Sun Jing'an said so.

And the rest of them could not help but nod their heads.

Seeing the people nodding, Chen Zhengru sighed and did not say anything more.

"Topping the poems, I will write the rankings."

Sun Jing'an was afraid that Chen Zhengru would backtrack at the last minute, so he personally took over the task of writing the rankings.

And so it was four hours later.

Finally, the feast ended.

It was still Sun Jing'an who appeared, holding the list, and slowly spoke.

"The ten best works of today's test."

"First place, Great Wei Yuelu Academy, Fan Hao Guang."

"Second place, Jing Yang Academy of Tang, Chao Xing Yan."

"Third place, Northern Kingdom Pingyang Academy, Zhongruo."

Sun Jing'an's voice rang out as the palace eunuchs took the poems that had already been topped up and displayed them for the crowd to see.

And when Sun Jing'an finished reading, he twirled his beard and smiled, "Please ask the ten talented people to come out and receive their rewards."

As his voice fell, someone from the crowd stepped forward, it was Fan Haoguang, the talented son of Great Wei, whose face was full of smiles and his eyes were covered with excitement.

But the next moment, a voice rang out.

"This Fan Haoguang's poetry doesn't seem to be as good as Brother Chao's."

The voice rang out and immediately drew a few more voices.

"Yes, although both poems are superior, it is obvious that Brother Chao's poems are superior."

"More than that, not only are Brother Chao's poems extremely good, but they are also beautifully scripted."

"Sun Ru, is there a mistake in this ranking? I hope Sun Ru will re-verify it."

"Yes, re-verify!"

A chorus of voices rang out, the vast majority of them from the talented sons of the Ten Kingdoms, who did not lash out, but questioned, immediately after asking the great scholars to re-verify it all over again.

But when this was said, it angered the Great Wei literati.

"I do think that Brother Fan's poem is superior to Chao Xing Yan's, and as for the script, where is the problem with that?"

"Yes, can you not afford to lose?"

“Nine of the top ten are talents from ten countries, and if we don’t have them, we don’t have them.

Some voices rang out, with displeasure.

After all, they were already a little displeased that only one of the ten best literati was a Great Wei literati, but they didn’t expect this ten country talent to be so arrogant, did they have to trample Great Wei underfoot to be happy?

“Ridiculous, how can we not lose? It’s just that one is one and two is two, these two poems are not equal in quality and can only be judged by the others.

“Can’t you afford to lose? It’s ridiculous, we have been preparing for years for a ranking, one is one, if that’s the case, then why hold this event? Just write directly that Great Wei is number one, a waste of time.”

“First there was the mad student Xu Qingnian who spoke out of turn and humiliated our talented students from the ten countries, and now the ranking is unfair, is this how strong Great Wei is? Understood, learned.”

“Forget it, let’s go, it’s better not to come if it’s so unfair.”

“Go, go, go, this reward has a lot of meaning? I thought Wei was one of the three great dynasties, but I didn’t expect it to be such a sham.”

“Gentlemen, let’s go!”

The talented sons of the ten kingdoms spoke, each sneering, and in the end, I don’t know who led the way, but they simply turned around and left, looking arrogant and overbearing.

At that moment, a figure left, the talented sons of the ten kingdoms were extremely disrespectful, which was also the arrogance of the literati, and left in droves.

At the banquet, Sun Jing’an’s face was ugly, while the six ministers, the officials of the Great Wei, the great scholars of the Palace of Literature, and the deans of the four great academies, all of them also looked not so good.

The Taiping Poetry Festival, such an important event, and these people were so arrogant, was this not another slap in the face of Great Wei?

When the people saw this scene, they were also a bit annoyed, but they didn’t know what to say.

“A bunch of people, can’t afford to lose!”

“Talented son of the Ten Kingdoms, can you have some temperament?”

“What a laugh!”

“If you don’t come, you don’t have to be afraid of you?”

The literati of Great Wei could not help but curse.

After all, this matter had not yet been concluded, but these people just left without giving any face, how could they hold back?

“Dismiss the banquet!”

It was also at this moment that Chen Zhengru spoke up, his face slightly ugly.

Soon.

Inside the capital of Great Wei.

Various voices rang out, drawing a huge reaction.

“Great Wei is unjust, to disregard talent for its face, ridiculous and laughable.”

“Such a great event, yet Great Wei colludes like this, treating us scholars like ants.”

“We, the scholars, cultivate our righteousness, but we never imagined that the great scholars would distort the truth, which is really an insult to the word great scholars.”

“It is better not to go to such an event.”

These were the voices of the talented scholars of the ten countries, who were furious and thought it was unfair.

“The poetry meeting is a poetry meeting in itself, to correct its font, you are really ridiculous.”

“You are picking bones, are you here for the event or to pick holes?”

“If you can’t afford to lose, then you can’t afford to lose. Nine of the ten best writers are not from Wei, and that’s not fair? Then what is unfair?”

“Yes, nine out of ten are you, what more? Do you mean to say that we in Great Wei are inferior to you?”

The literati of Great Wei were also enraged.

It was a poetry competition, not a contest of who could write well.

Moreover, the matter has not yet been decided, and you are leaving on the spot, not giving any face.

A bunch of barbarians.

There was a lot of fire on both sides, and the people were a bit fired up.

That's right, the quality of the poetry is similar, why are you obsessing about the font? Is it about who can write better or who can write better poetry?

Furthermore, this lack of respect is a bit excessive, isn't it?

In all honesty, nine of the top ten are from your ten countries, and that's not good enough? What more do you want? Do you have to step on Wei's face to be happy?

It was because of this conflict.

For a while, the people have become somewhat hostile to the scholars of the Ten Kingdoms.

The main reason was that they didn't listen to explanations either, they just left, not giving any face at all, so if you don't give it, these people won't give it either.

Some of the innkeepers, directly clear the people, all get out of my way.

In some restaurants, they put up notices refusing to allow people from other countries to stay.

Some literati even sneered and sneered.

In an instant, conflicts were instantly drawn out and soon there were brawls and fights.

The officials of the Ministry of Justice were not sure how busy they were during this day.

They went everywhere to reconcile the situation, and the court of Great Wei was the first to issue an order not to allow hatred of people from other countries.

After all, Great Wei is a nation of manners and it would be pointless to play this.

Later the Great Wei Wen Gong asked Hua Xinyun to step in, he had travelled around the world and had connections with literati from many countries.

He stepped in to mediate, and the top did not want to make too much of a scene.

It must be said that Hua Xinyun did have the means to gather the talented scholars of the ten countries, while later setting up a banquet to apologise, and to talk about the underlying issues as well as mentioning their flip-flop yesterday.

As for yesterday's ranking, the court is also reconsidering the matter and will give an explanation after the event is over.

When these words were spoken, the talented sons of the ten nations were slightly demoralised.

It was a way to stop the conflict.

But most importantly, it was because Hua Xinyun was going to attend the banquet today that the Ten Kingdoms Talented Talents were able to calm down their anger.

After all, if they could overpower Hua Xinyun at the Peace Poetry Festival, then everything would be fine.

So today's event is full of anticipation for both the literati and the people of Wei, as well as for the talented scholars of the Ten Kingdoms and the foreign countries.

And in the Shouren Academy.

Gu Yan, the Minister of Household Affairs, was here.

Zhang Jing, the Minister of Justice, had come.

Even the Minister of Justice, Chen Zhengru, had come.

There were also the Mu Nanping siblings.

Even Chen Xinghe had come to persuade Xu Qingnian to go to the banquet.

But all of them were rejected by Xu Qingnian.

"Senior brother, this time, the Peace Poetry Party is not going to be too good."

"If you don't come, I'm just afraid that it will be really difficult to end the event."

Chen Xinghe opened his mouth and spoke bitterly from the side.

He had gone to all three days, actively writing poems each time, but none of them had been chosen, so perhaps it was normal for the ten national talents to have the intention to prepare, and for him to condescend to be eleventh.

As for why he knew he was eleventh, Chen Xinghe had this confidence.

“Senior brother, just don’t advise, I really don’t want to go.”

Xu Qingnian had some brain pain, I don’t know how many people had come today, all persuading themselves to go.

But the question is, where would he go?

Why do you have nothing better to do than to eat?

There’s so much business to be dealt with, and to go over there and pretend to behave?

Brother, it’s great that you guys are pretending.

But I don’t have time. If I can’t handle this, I’ll lose my head.

Xu Qingnian was speechless.

If nothing was wrong, he might have gone.

But now there was so much going on, it was a waste of time.

“Ugh.”

Chen Xinghe was a bit helpless, it was a pity that the poetry session was for questions, if there were no questions, he had even thought about asking Xu Qingnian to write a poem and take it over to pretend to be bleeped.

It was a pity, a pity.

Chen Xinghe did not do not persuade, do not bother Xu Qingnian, see the time is not early, once again set out, go to the banquet, write a little more today, there is no way a capital can not pass, right?

It was 10 o’clock.

It was the third day of the Taiping Poetry Festival.

But it was different from the previous two days.

The first two times everyone was happy and cheerful, but today there was a bit of silence and grimness.

Yesterday, the Ten Kingdoms Talents had been so disrespectful, so who could laugh today?

What the Ten Kingdoms Talent did was like a slap in the face to the Great Wei, and it would have been a hell of a laugh.

Everyone was silent.

Even the singing and dancing did not elicit laughter from the crowd.

Everyone wanted the time to pass quickly, to go straight to the poetry writing session, and then to announce immediately.

One hour later.

This time it was Chen Zhengru who came up with the question.

“This time, the banquet will be the topic.”

“One poem per person, no more than one.”

Chen Zhengru spoke, the same as yesterday, but with an extra rule added.

The crowd was a little curious, not knowing why this rule was added.

Could it be that someone was writing two poems in one breath?

Also, the question was somehow It was difficult.

A banquet?

Why this question?

The crowd was even more curious.

But curiosity is curious, but soon the crowd immediately moved their pens.

At the banquet, Chen Zhengru and the others had their eyes on Hua Xinyun.

And Hua Xinyun indeed lived up to the expectations of the crowd as he put pen to paper.

In an instant, his talent surged and the words fell on white paper, blossoming with golden light.

“Good! A word of a thousand gold, a word of a thousand gold!”

“Excellent work! An extreme work!”

At this moment, many people spoke up, and when they saw Hua Xinyun's fallen words blossom into a golden light, they instantly understood what was going on.

A word of a thousand gold was a symbol of poetry.

It was not as good as a thousand ancient poems, but it was still an extreme work, a rare extreme work.

At this moment, many talented scholars among the ten kingdoms frowned as they naturally felt some emotion and a sense of powerlessness in the face of a work with a thousand words.

Most of the works were evaluated by the great scholars after they had been written, and these works, even if they were masterpieces, were limited to poetry.

They are limited to poetry.

But if it can lead to a vision, this is the recognition of heaven and earth.

A word of a thousand pieces of gold is a kind of recognition.

Upwards, it is a national poem.

The next step up is a poem of ancient fame.

It's hard to say that it's not a poem of a thousand years old, but a poem of the state.

Not only the people, but also the six ministers, the great scholars of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and the deans of the four great academies, were completely relieved at this moment, their faces full of smiles.

But just at that moment.

Boom!

A sound like thunder exploded.

At this moment, in the middle of the crowd, a handsome man's talent energy surged all over his body.

Rolling talent energy poured into the paper.

A sound like thunder erupted.

It directly shattered the poem in Hua Xinyun's hand.

In the next moment, the words on the white paper turned into light, leaping out of the paper and flying towards the vault of heaven.

Each word kept multiplying and was a hundred feet in size, hanging in the sky above Great Wei.

Immediately, the faces of the great scholars, as well as the six ministers and others, became very ugly in a flash.

Because, this was Zhen Guo poem!

“Hiss! Brother Li En has written a Zhen Guo poem!”

“This is Brother Li En of the Southern Kingdom’s Henglu School.”

“Brother Li is so talented!”

“How can you write a poem about the kingdom? Brother Li is really talented.”

“Hahahahaha, I didn’t expect Brother Li En to be able to write a poem about the kingdom.”

“Good, good, good, I would like to see if anyone else dares to say that this poem is not good today.”

“Gentlemen, this poem can’t be ranked only second, can it?”

“Poetry to subdue the nation, Brother Li, this is the great talent of the ages.”

“If this poem of Brother Li is still ranked second today, then this Great Wei will not come in the future.”

“This is still ranked second? If I were to rank second, then I would stop studying and go to the fields.”

“Not necessarily, it depends on whether a few great scholars agree or not.”

The talented students of the ten kingdoms were instantly boiling at this moment.

They were excited and at the same time ridiculed what had happened yesterday.

The Great Wei Talents, on the other hand, all had ugly faces.

Hua Xinyun was also a little displeased, but just didn’t say much.

As for the people of Great Wei, they were even more silent than one another.

Losing to the other side on their own turf, do you think you're angry?

And so gloomy?

"Ridiculous, it's still unknown if they can come first."

"Yes, is it confirmed so soon?"

"There are still a few hours to go."

Some of the people were not convinced and couldn't help but speak up.

It was just better if they didn't speak up, but once they did, more voices rang out.

"This is still not the first? The poem of the kingdom! Why are you so tough-mouthed?"

"If only the great scholars were a little more impartial, this would be number one."

"The Zhen Guo poem is not number one? What's first? A thousand words of gold?"

"Is it possible that there are still poems that are famous for a thousand years?"

"Oh, I see, you're trying to say that Xu Qingnian hasn't come yet, right? It doesn't matter if he's here or not, even if Xu Qingnian is good, can he just make a thousand famous poems?"

"Stop talking tough, is it so hard to admit you're bad?"

The talented sons of the ten kingdoms took turns to speak, the literati were already arrogant and had powerful mouths, and their words made many people blush.

"Xu Wangu is not coming because he does not look up to you, otherwise do you really think he would not come?"

"Yes, Xu Wangu is famous for a thousand ancient words, a thousand ancient sayings, a thousand ancient first ekphrases, do you and others have them?"

"That's right, when Xu Wangu comes, it's really an unknown whether this is the first or not."

The people opened their mouths, and even many of the Great Wei literati could not help but open their mouths, among them were some people from the Great Wei Literary Palace.

Although they did not like Xu Qingnian.

But at this point in time, it was impossible not to support Xu Qingnian.

“Chen Ru, the student would like to compose another poem, I wonder if it is possible?”

At this moment, Hua Xinyun suddenly spoke up, he wanted to compose another poem.

In an instant, the crowd's eyes lit up.

There was some excitement.

One by one, the talented students of the ten kingdoms frowned, after all, the crowd still understood Hua Xinyun's talent.

Perhaps there really was a turn of events.

“Brother Hua, Chen Ru has said that one person is limited to one poem, it's not that we are afraid of Brother Hua making any poems.”

“It's just that This is not in line with the rules, right?”

It was at this point that someone spoke up, arguing that it was not in line with the rules and blocking the other side's path with this.

As soon as this was said, the crowd's faces changed.

Chen Zhengru was also a little depressed.

The reason why he had imposed the limit of one song per person was because someone had written more than ten songs in one breath, so he had added this limit.

But unexpectedly, he had lifted a stone and smashed his own feet.

The situation was now very awkward.

If one agreed to do so.

Even if they produced better poems, the talented people of the ten countries would definitely not agree.

But if we don't agree, today, we will lose too completely.

Everyone had a grudge from yesterday's incident, and if Great Wei lost, they were only afraid that it would cause trouble.

“Rules are rules.”

“But the hour is indeed not up, so we will set it when the banquet breaks up, so don’t stop, gentlemen, write.”

Chen Zhengru spoke.

No change to the rules.

But he still had the only hope.

Once this was said, the Ten Kingdoms Talented Men became even more smiling.

And at that moment, Chen Zhengru pressed his voice in the ear of the guards and said.

“Quickly go to Shouren Academy and invite Xu Qingnian to come!”

His voice was not loud, but it was full of determination.

The four great academies, the Great Wei Palace of Literature, including many of the people saw the scene, as did the talented students of the ten kingdoms.

It was impossible to hear what Chen Ru said, but all of them guessed what it was.

At once, the guards moved to leave immediately.

And Chen Zhengru was both worried and a little annoyed.

Who the hell is this Chen Xinghe?

Harming others and harming himself!

At this moment.

At the feast, there was finally laughter.

But it was all the laughter of the talented sons of the Ten Kingdoms.

The people of Great Wei, the literati of Great Wei, seemed unusually quiet.

A polarisation was formed.

But everyone was waiting.

Waiting for Xu Qingnian to come!

Soon, word of what had happened at Liyang Palace also reached Great Wei’s Kyoto.

When all the people learned of it, they couldn't help but have a heavy heart.

"Quickly go to Shouren Academy and invite Xu Qingnian to come!"

At this moment, the only thing on the minds of both the scholars and the people of Great Wei Kyoto was this.

For this was the only hope.

Awaken Chapter 132 -

Kyoto, Great Wei.

Inside the Liyang Palace.

With the appearance of a national poem, the talented scholars of the ten countries all got excited.

Although they came from different countries, they were in Great Wei at the moment.

Great Wei was the Supreme Heavenly Kingdom, and the Ten Kingdoms were affiliated to it, but that was before. Nowadays, the Ten Kingdoms were developing rapidly, and with the decline of Great Wei, if the heritage left behind was not too strong.

The Ten Kingdoms might really have chosen to break away from Great Wei.

But such a matter is too involved, and to truly break away from Great Wei, several things need to be accomplished: cultural heritage, economic heritage, and military heritage.

One of these three conditions must be met before one is qualified to negotiate with Great Wei. If all three are met, one may simply break away without any hesitation.

Right now, the Taiping Poetry Festival is a counter-attack of cultural heritage. Great Wei claims to be the saintly orthodoxy, after all, the fifth generation of saints came from Great Wei, and the Great Wei Palace of Literature is also in Kyoto.

This cultural suppression was terrifying. All the world's scholars had to respect Great Wei as the orthodoxy, especially the Zhu Sheng lineage, so that the literati were proud of Great Wei. In that case, if the ten kingdoms wanted to break away from Great Wei or betray it, would the literati at home tolerate it?

But if they could counter Great Wei, it would be a different story. In the various events, if the talents of the Ten Kingdoms could overpower the talents of Great Wei.

In this way, the cultural transcendence will be accomplished, the self-confidence of the people will be built, and the self-confidence of the literati will be built.

One generation is not as strong as the next. On the contrary, we, who hold up the facade of the saints, are the ones we do not care to be associated with.

We have stood our ground culturally, and when the literati in the country hear this, you don't say, it really makes sense.

The rest is a matter of military and economic success. It is not necessary to surpass the Great Wei, but only to qualify for secession.

It is also not afraid to send first-rate martial artists to the Great Wei, because there are first-rate martial artists in the Sudden Evil Dynasty, and there are also first-rate martial artists in the First Yuan Dynasty.

This is the way of checks and balances.

Inside the Liuyang Palace.

The talented sons of the ten kingdoms were excited, each laughing loudly, afraid that the literati and people of Great Wei would not hear them.

“Brother Li, you are truly worthy of being the number one talent of the Tang Kingdom, poetry out to subdue the country, good, good, good, let's drink to Brother Li.”

“Poetry Zhen Guo, to be able to appear above a banquet like this, it shows that if Brother Li had a flash of light, perhaps the poem would have come out in a thousand years.”

“That's right, generally speaking, at such a feast, when the talented people gather, there will be talent suppression, and it is very difficult to make a thousand ancient poems, the Zhen Guo poem is already the limit, if today is just a chance gathering, and brother Li has a little inspiration, a thousand ancient poems, it is not a matter of saying.”

The talented scholars of the ten kingdoms sighed in admiration, how could they not know what Great Wei was thinking now?

After all, Xu Qingnian had written the most famous poem in the history of the world, the most famous words in the history of the world, and the most famous ekphrasis in the history of the world.

But in their hearts, they know what they are doing, but they will not admit defeat.

They think that Xu Qingnian's talent is not bad, but it is all accidental, a flash of light, and that he has strength, but also luck.

But in a place like the Taiping Poetry Competition, it's completely different, because it's a formal poetry competition, where the world's literati gather and their talents are suppressed.

They may be nervous, or they may be influenced, and there is also innate suppression, so poems made on such occasions will be more or less suppressed.

This is not a made-up statement, because in ancient times and in modern times, there are few poets who can produce poems for the ages at such a banquet.

Talent suppression, in fact, exists.

Of course it still depends on the quality of the poetry, and good writing can break it.

In the crowd, Li En took a sip of wine, he was extremely excited inside, even though he was always calm on the surface, but his hand trembled slightly as he drank, betraying his unsettled heart.

The Zhen Guo poem!

A poem of the kingdom!

If he could produce the Zhen Guo poem at such a banquet, his status as the number one genius of Tang would be secure, and with this poem, he could even bring a lot of talent and fame, and with the power of the country, he could become a great scholar.

If that was the case, he would have been satisfied in his life.

Li En was so excited that if it weren't for the presence of others, he would have shouted hooray.

The Zhen Guo poem was an honour in itself, and now he had even made a Zhen Guo poem at the Taiping Poetry Festival.

How could this not make people excited? I am afraid that after tomorrow, his name will be heard throughout the world, including the Sudden Evil Dynasty, the First Yuan Dynasty and the Great Wei Dynasty.

The poem "Who in the world does not know you?"

It says it all.

"I really admire the talent of Brother Li, after today, I'm afraid everyone in the world will know Li En's name."

Someone came up and toasted a glass of wine, emoting from the bottom of his heart.

“You’re welcome, it was just a flash of light.”

Li En was modest, or at least more modest with his own people.

“Brother Li, there is no need to be modest. If a scholar of my generation is talented, he is talented, why should he be so modest?”

“Yes, don’t be modest, lest people look down on us and say that we are all stinking fish and rotten shrimps.”

“Don’t say that, don’t say that, don’t you see that the faces of the governors and the great scholars have changed?”

The talented sons of the Ten Kingdoms were mocking at every opportunity.

They had suffered a lot of anger yesterday, and even the major merchants and innkeepers, who had not allowed them to stay, would not let go of this great humiliation.

And on the stage, the six ministers did look a little ugly.

For they had humiliated not only the literary world, but more importantly, they had humiliated Great Wei and given it a slap on the wrist.

As a Minister of the Six Ministries, how could he not be angry?

The reason for the anger of the great scholars of the Palace of Literature was also simple: the talented scholars of the Ten Kingdoms were really becoming more and more inflated.

They, the Great Wei Palace of Literature, are the orthodoxy of the world’s literati, and all the talented scholars of the world should respect the Great Wei Palace of Literature, but to think that they would ridicule them like this?

As for the scholars and the people of Great Wei, they were all completely speechless, and they only hoped that Xu Qingnian would arrive.

This was the only hope!

“Talented scholar of the Ten Kingdoms, acting like this, it seems that there are other things hidden this time.”

Great Confucian Chen Xin spoke quietly, he had nothing to sulk about, his gaze calmly said, feeling that this matter, was not as simple as he had imagined.

“Yesterday’s poetry ranking, we are indeed not biased, poetry conference, the competition is poetry, but this group of people are making a scene with this, there must be a push behind this.”

Another great scholar echoed the sentiment, saying that Chen Xin was right in his guess.

“For now, we don’t care if there is a pusher or not, but if this matter is not dealt with properly, it will be very troublesome for Great Wei.”

Chen Zhengru spoke out, he didn’t care if there was a pusher behind him, he only cared about one thing.

Power over the great talents of the ten kingdoms.

“When will Shouren come?”

At this moment, the Minister of Penalty, Zhang Jing, spoke up, of all the people present, he was the one who thought Xu Qingnian could suppress this bunch of curmudgeons the most, so he appeared impatient.

“Someone has already been sent, I guess it will be soon.”

Chen Zhengru gave his reply.

The crowd put their hearts down a little, although Xu Qingnian might not necessarily be able to make the famous poem of a thousand years, but there was one thing to say, he could indeed bring hope to the crowd.

And among the crowd, someone came to Li En and said with a suppressed voice and a laugh.

“Brother Li, you are in a great position now, look at the southwest direction, all of you, this woman is very attractive, but she keeps looking at Brother Li, it seems that Brother Li is blessed with a beautiful woman today.”

Someone spoke up, with some laughter.

In an instant, many talented people looked towards the southwest, even Li En couldn’t help but look to the southwest.

Indeed, in the southwest direction, there was a woman in white standing quietly not far away. The woman used a white veil to cover her face, but it still could not hide this captivating aura and that mind-blowing figure.

Sensing the woman's gaze, Li En's heart was filled with joy, and for a moment he was so drunk that he was already imagining the evening's story.

But as the feast was not yet over, he could not go forward to talk to her.

Let's wait until the banquet is over.

And that was when.

In the capital of Wei, the Shouren Academy.

Xu Qingnian had several plans floating around in his head, but each of them had been rejected by Xu Qingnian.

He had to come up with a solution, a perfect solution, to get the three chambers to give the materials honestly, but also to get the three chambers to lower their prices.

And it was extremely low, even at a loss.

The solution was difficult, but what Xu Qingnian was most unafraid of was difficult problems.

In fact, Xu Qingnian had already thought of quite a few solutions, but these solutions were easy to deal with the three major chambers of commerce, but if they wanted to deal with the people behind the three major chambers of commerce, they were not enough.

Xu Qingnian had thought of a way to investigate the taxes, to investigate one group of people and mess with one group.

But the problem is, the sky is high and the emperor is far away, whether the three chambers of commerce will give you the tax books is a problem, even if the emperor gives you the books by decree, they are definitely fake.

How do you find the real books?

Send someone there? People immediately offer bribes, do not accept bribes? Accept beauty or not? You don't accept beauty? You always have something you like, right?

Nothing?

Then we'll send you home.

What? The emperor sent someone to investigate the case and he actually died? You ask if I'm afraid? Yes, but what's it to me? It's not like I killed him.

He didn't have any enemies? He doesn't get into trouble?

The empress has no power in her hands, and in other people's territory, if she gives you face and calls you "Your Majesty", what kind of a person are you if you don't?

If you are not able to do this, you will be able to do it in a way that will not only cause civil unrest.

Checks and balances.

The first thing you need to do is to get rid of it.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian finally understood how uncomfortable it was for the emperor to be without power.

If the five battalions of military power are in the hands of the empress, and then the vassal kings are all cleaned up, when the time comes to fear the broadsword?

The Chamber of Commerce would dare to raise the price of the land? If we raid your house, we will have new merchants to make up for it.

How dare the foreigners say anything? A decree will be issued, and all the vassal kings will go and cut them down, without the need to use the power of the court.

The vassal king won't do it? Then fuck the vassal king.

This is the advantage of holding power. Nowadays, the Great Wei has too much to do and too many things to do, and in such a situation, the kingdom is shaky.

And to secure the kingdom, power must be centralised, and there is only one voice in Great Wei, otherwise, any one thing, will be infinitely hindered and postponed.

Therefore, at this moment Xu Qingnian understood why the empress valued the military talisman so much.

To this extent, Xu Qingnian recalled that if she had been the emperor herself, she would only have done the same.

Without military power, one had to think before and after doing anything, and every step was a reserved battle, afraid of making a mistake if one was not careful.

Because there are not many opportunities left for the Great Wei to make mistakes.

The brain is hurting, the brain is hurting, the brain is hurting.

Xu Qingnian indeed felt that his brain was hurting, and now the problem was becoming more and more serious.

The three major chambers of commerce are sitting on the price, the court will definitely not agree, the Ministry of Finance will not agree, but the material is in the hands of others, what can you do if you do not give it to them?

The more you think about it, the harder it will be for Wei to suffer, and the merchants will definitely make trouble.

In that case, half a year, or even a year, would not do to promote the waterwheel.

And the time left for oneself was not much.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian could not help but close his eyes, he was now a little distracted.

But at this moment, a voice suddenly rang out.

“Report!”

“Lord Xu, the Prime Minister has asked you to go to the Li Yang Palace for a banquet at the Taiping Poetry Festival.”

The voice rang out, the voice of a guard, requesting Xu Qingnian to go to the poetry party within the Shouren Academy.

“No way! No way! Tell Shang Shu Chen that Xu is not feeling well and will not go.”

Hearing this voice, Xu Qingnian spoke directly.

It was already the time, and he still had the heart to go to the banquet, so he didn't go.

“Lord Xu, now that the talented scholars of the ten kingdoms are flaunting their power at the Taiping Poetry Competition, the Great Wei literary world has lost its face, so I hope Lord Xu will go to save the day.”

The guard's voice rang out, full of anxiety and eagerness.

Inside the room, however, Xu Qingnian frowned slightly.

A talented son from ten kingdoms, flaunting his power at the Taiping Poetry Society?

“Where's Hua Xinyun? Didn't he go too?”

Xu Qingnian couldn't help but ask.

“Lord Xu, Lord Hua did go, and his poetry is a thousand words, considered an extreme work, but it was suppressed by the Zhen Guo poem.”

“Lord Hua wanted to compose two poems, but Prime Minister Chen had previously drawn up the rule that one person could only compose a maximum of one poem.”

“So Lord Hua is not qualified, right now in the whole of Great Wei, you are the only one who can suppress these ten national talents.”

The guard said excitedly.

However Xu Qingnian’s brow tightened even more.

One word for a thousand gold?

It did sound good, but Xu Qingnian later got to know Hua Xinyun, a great talent, and a great talent at that, how could he only compose one such poem?

There was something wrong with that.

But after thinking about it, it should be normal to leave a backhand behind without any real intention.

“Go back and tell the Prime Minister that Xu has official business to attend to, so I won’t be going.”

“Again, the Great Wei Palace of Literature is full of talented people, and it is not Xu’s turn to go.”

Xu Qingnian gave his reply, saying that if he didn’t go, he wouldn’t go, and that he would teach the Great Wei Palace a lesson.

The Chinese government has been thinking of itself as the rightful saint.

Now even the ten national talents can’t be suppressed, just like this?

“Lord Xu.”

The guard spoke again, while Xu Qingnian’s voice cooled down in this moment.

“Just go back and inform.”

The voice rang out, and the latter froze, but after thinking about it, he finally sighed and turned to leave.

As he watched the guard leave, Xu Qingnian didn't care about this, a loss was a loss, it was a lesson to the Great Wei Wen Gong, lest he pretend to be invincible to whom?

This is not really revenge, Xu Qingnian does not think so.

The matter of the waterwheel is a matter of urgency, one, involving the people of the world, and two, involving their own safety and security.

It's like being in the middle of a quagmire and the first thing you think about is not saving yourself, but where to go for dinner tonight.

Isn't that a brain problem?

Xu Qingnian had her own reasons for not going.

It was also the same as giving a lesson to the Great Wei Palace of Literature to stop thinking that they were invincible in heaven and on earth.

Liyang Palace.

The guard returned from the Shouren Academy, and then quickly came to Chen Zhengru's side.

"Your Excellency, Lord Xu said that he was busy with business and could not come."

The guard said with a suppressed voice.

And since he came in, the Ten Kingdoms Talents also noticed, and in fact they were a little worried about Xu Qingnian, after all, Xu Qingnian's prestige was still there, in case he really made a thousand ancient poems, then it would be a little humiliating today.

So the ten talented scholars also stopped talking and all looked at Chen Zhengru.

When he said this, Chen Zhengru's face was calm and he nodded, not saying a word.

The Ten Kingdoms Talents were a little curious and even sent someone out to see if Xu Qingnian had come.

Soon, the result appeared, there was no one outside, Xu Qingnian had not come.

At that moment, quite a few voices rang out.

"Xu Qingnian didn't come?"

"It seems that Xu Qingnian wasn't invited, right?"

“En, it should be that he didn’t come.”

People whispered and did not dare to speak too loudly.

At the banquet.

Sun Jing’an’s voice rang out.

“At this time, he doesn’t show up either?”

Sun Jing’an frowned, his first reaction was unhappy to learn that Xu Qingnian was not coming, thinking that Xu Qingnian was doing it on purpose.

“Whether he comes or not is his business, who has stipulated that he must come?”

The government’s official authority is really something. If Xu Qingnian doesn’t come, he doesn’t have to come.

Of course Gu Yan was sticking up for Xu Qingnian, in fact he also wanted Xu Qingnian to come.

“Heh! I can see that Xu Qingnian is indeed talented, but today someone has made a Zhen Guo poem, so he doesn’t dare to come.”

Sun Jing’an sneered, not answering Gu Yan’s words either, but mocking Xu Qingnian.

When this was said, many people frowned slightly, this Sun Jing’an did have some problems, people didn’t come and said they were afraid?

If this was said by the Ten Kingdoms talent, they would have put up with it, but one of their own talking about one of their own? Isn’t there something wrong with your brain?

You hate Xu Qingnian so much?

“Sun Ru, at this point in time, you’re still talking about your own people? You’re really a great Confucian.”

Minister of Justice Zhang Jing couldn’t help but speak up, this was so disgusting.

If Xu Qingnian heard this, he probably wouldn’t have come even if he had the strength.

Nuts, right this is?

“Sun Ru, watch what you say, as a great Confucian, what is your intention to belittle your own people?”

At this moment, Chen Zhengru also could not help but speak up, he was very good-tempered, but listening to Sun Jing'an's words, he was really a bit disgusted.

The unanimous attitude of the three Shang Shu made Sun Jing'an inwardly unhappy, but he also knew that he had indeed said something wrong, so he did not reply.

"All right, let's not argue about anything at this time, I'm afraid today is a foregone conclusion, let's think of other ways, why don't we have Nebula compose another poem? It's a bit of a loss of face, but at least we can get some back."

The dean of one of the four great academies spoke up and made this suggestion.

"Impossible."

Chen Zhengru shook his head straight away, if Hua Xinyun was allowed to compose another poem, even if he produced a masterpiece, what could be done?

The talented scholars of the ten kingdoms themselves already had complaints, if this broke the rules again, Great Wei's face would really be lost.

"Forget it, I'll go and find Xu Qingnian myself."

At this moment, Zhang Jing could not stand it anymore, and he intended to go and find Xu Qingnian.

But in an instant, Gu Yan, the Minister of Household Affairs, pulled him back.

"Shouren has his plans."

Gu Yan said with a suppressed voice.

When this was said, Zhang Jing fell silent, understanding the meaning of the words.

Why didn't Xu Qingnian come?

Was it really a battle of wills?

No.

Xu Qingnian still knew what was right and wrong.

The only possibility was that Xu Qingnian himself did not have a clue.

That's why he refused.

Yes, come to think of it, it's true. Who can guarantee that Xu Qingnian will be able to produce a thousand ancient poems?

If you come up here, even if you make a poem, it will be even more troublesome.

The Great Wei today.

It's a loss.

A complete and utter loss.

The great talents of the ten countries, after seeing the expressions of Chen Zhengru and the others, almost guessed something.

"Xu Qingnian won't be coming."

"He doesn't dare to come."

"Right, he doesn't dare to come, with the Zhen Guo poem around, who dares to come?"

"Xu Qingnian is famous, this kind of person would never take the risk."

The talented scholars of the Ten Kingdoms whispered that Xu Qingnian wouldn't dare to come, because when you think about it, it was true, there was a Zhen Guo poem here.

Who would dare to come and touch his brow?

Who would dare to come?

Even if you also wrote the poem, what could you do? What had happened two days before had already made people angry, and if this were to happen again today, these people would never agree.

As the crowd chattered, the voices soon grew louder.

"So this is the Great Wei's talent of the ages, he doesn't even have the courage to go to the banquet."

"Yes, I thought how strong this Great Genius of the Ten Thousand Ancients was, but I didn't expect that, just this?"

"The Great Talent of Ten Thousand Ancients, hahahahahahaha!"

"And don't laugh, Xu Qingnian is still very smart, with the Zhen Guo poem in front of him, it's normal for him to be afraid."

Some voices were extraordinarily harsh, drawing the anger of the people, the phrase great talent, at this moment, stung beyond belief.

Among the crowd, the person who laughed the loudest was Wang Fu.

But even Li En, the number one talent in Tang, showed a smug smile.

As the people of Great Wei watched, the cheerful laughter also reached outside the palace.

At this moment, the streets of the capital of Wei were a bit quiet, after all, the people could not laugh when the literary world of Wei was dealt such a blow before the happy news came from Li Yang Palace.

In fact, the people also understand Xu Qingnian's 'hardship'.

There will always be times when the poem is played or not played well. Who has the confidence to suppress the Zhen Guo poem? Even a great Confucian would not dare to say that he could suppress it.

And at that moment, inside the Li Yang Palace.

A figure left silently and without a sound.

It was the figure of Chen Xinghe.

A quarter of an hour later.

The Shouren Academy.

Li Guangxiao looked at the location of the Liyang Palace, and then after watching the sky at night, he could not help but sigh.

"The Great Wei literary world, it's going to suffer a fatal blow."

Li Guangxiao muttered to himself in his heart, and in fact he had been following the events of Liyang Palace.

At first, he also thought that Xu Qingnian would be able to suppress the other side if he appeared, but now that he thought back, it was not that Xu Qingnian was not able to do so, but that Xu Qingnian was so high in the hearts of the people that he was thought to be omnipotent.

But what about the reality? Xu Qingnian had never said he could definitely produce a thousand ancient poems, had he?

With the Zhen Guo poem in front of him, Xu Qingnian was under great pressure, and it was only reasonable that he refused not to go.

Not going at least gave the last bit of hope to the Great Wei.

If he had gone and lost, it would have been the end.

So he supported Xu Qingnian not to go.

But at that very moment, a voice rang out.

“Senior brother! Senior brother!”

“Senior brother, hurry up and go to Li Yang Palace, if you don’t go, the Ten Kingdoms Talents won’t know how arrogant they’ll be.”

Chen Xinghe’s voice rang out.

He ran back, trying to talk Xu Qingnian into it.

Inside the room.

Xu Qingnian was still thinking of a countermeasure, and had already had some thoughts, yet with Chen Xinghe’s voice ringing out.

The thoughts were once again interrupted.

“Ugh!”

If the person who came was not Chen Xinghe, if it was anyone else, Xu Qingnian would have had to say a few words.

Do not be so annoying.

But when his own senior brother came, Xu Qingnian could only get up and smile bitterly.

“Senior brother, I really don’t want to go, I have a very troublesome matter right now, this poetry meeting, if I lose, I lose, what’s the big deal.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, his tone quite helpless.

“Senior brother, you can’t lose, if you lose this, our Great Wei will really lose face.”

“Do you know how the talented students of the ten countries humiliated us? They said that the Great Wei literary world is nothing more than a mere name, they scolded you,

saying that you have been scared out of your wits, not knowing how smug and arrogant you are, senior brother can't stand to see it."

Chen Xinghe appeared in the room, huffing and puffing.

"They can say whatever they want, their mouths are on them, can they still be controlled?"

Xu Qingnian didn't care, he had heard this kind of talk too many times.

It wasn't like it was the first time.

"Senior brother, why don't you understand? How many people are expecting you to appear?"

"If today, we lose, then in the future, the people of Great Wei will simply have no face when they go out."

Chen Xinghe said somewhat helplessly.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature had always claimed to be the rightful lineage of the saints, and the people were proud of it, but if they were now overwhelmed by the talents of the Ten Kingdoms, would they still have the face to say that in the future?

Just before Xu Qingnian could think more, Chen Xinghe's voice rang out again.

"Senior brother, let me ask you one thing, answer truthfully, do you have the confidence to overpower Li En? It's the one who wrote the Zhen Guo poem."

"If you don't have confidence, pretend that senior brother hasn't come, if you have confidence, then come with me."

He said with an incomparably serious and grave face.

Faced with such an enquiry from Chen Xinghe, Xu Qingnian had wanted to casually deal with it, but after thinking about it, he still sighed and said.

"Talented students from ten countries, all of them have prepared carefully for this banquet."

"But the Great Wei literary world, this time is suddenly faint, senior brother feels that there is something fishy about it."

"I don't want to wade through the muddy waters, as to whether I can overpower it."

"Senior brother, there is one thing they actually said that is quite right."

"I'm not going to the banquet, and I do feel that they are a bunch of stinky fish and rotten shrimps."

Xu Qingnian replied seriously.

And Chen Xinghe froze, good man, his own senior brother was getting more and more skilled at pretending to be a bleep.

"But they, have already written the Zhen Guo poem."

Chen Xinghe couldn't help but say.

"Heh."

However Xu Qingnian didn't reply, he just sneered.

Zhen Guo poem?

Zhen Guo poems were nothing, there was more than a Zhen Guo poem in his mind, right?

But still, I'm in a lot of trouble, I don't want to go to the banquet, plus I do have to let the Great Wei Palace of Literature get a whip, so don't think yourself number one in the world.

Seeing this expression on Xu Qingnian's face, Chen Xinghe came to a clear understanding.

"Senior brother, since you are so confident, go ahead."

"Whatever whether there is something fishy or not, go now."

Chen Xinghe was about to pull Xu Qingnian after he finished speaking.

Instead, Xu Qingnian shook his head with a bitter smile.

"Senior brother, senior brother's mind is already made up, not going means not going, unless His Majesty decrees that I must go, otherwise, I won't go."

Xu Qingnian was resolute.

And Chen Xinghe was persuading bitterly from the side.

However, just then, Li Guangxiao in the dining room froze, he didn't expect that he had actually guessed wrong, Xu Qingnian was either afraid of the Zhen Guo poem, or simply didn't want to go.

Good man, this isn't a good idea.

The next moment, he took out a new copy of the heavenly decree and quickly put pen to paper, followed by placing it on a candle and burning it.

With a wisp of cloudy smoke dissipating.

Close to a quarter of an hour later.

Finally, Xu Qingnian had convinced Chen Xinghe, and was completely relieved.

At the same time, he was also a little restless inside.

But the good thing was, finally things were settled and one could make plans in peace.

But the moment Chen Xinghe had just walked out of the room.

A voice broke the peace once again.

"Xu Qingnian receives the decree, His Majesty's dictate, the Taiping Poetry Fair, a literary event, is a matter of Great Wei's face, order, Xu Qingnian, Minister of the Household Department, to go to the banquet to write poems, no matter how good or bad the results are, but not to escape, Qin Hao."

As the eunuch's voice rang out.

Inside the room.

Xu Qingnian was frozen.

Chen Xinghe also froze.

His Majesty had really given the decree?

"Senior brother, His Majesty has issued a decree!"

"Senior brother, why are you looking at me with such eyes?"

Chen Xinghe was very excited and folded over to speak, but found that Xu Qingnian's eyes were a little odd.

"It's nothing."

Xu Qingnian shook his head, before rising and saying, "My servant, accept the decree."

After saying this, Xu Qingnian went back into the room and placed the white paper filled with scribbles on the candle flame to burn.

Ugh!

Annoying!

Annoying!

Annoying!

Isn't this sick? It's just a poetry party, why does everyone care so much?

Why do you have nothing better to do? Isn't the Great Wei Palace of Literature quite capable?

Xu Qingnian was really angry, all her plans and thoughts were gone, and she was interrupted one after another.

After the white paper was turned into ashes, Xu Qingnian walked out of the room with a cold face and headed towards the outside of Shouren Academy, walking with his hands behind his back and a very unpleasant look on his face.

"Senior brother, wait for me!"

Chen Xinghe chased after him.

Soon, when Xu Qingnian left Shouren Academy, he arrived at the Southwest Long Street, which was brightly lit up with people's merchants, literati and elegant guests, and beautiful ladies, which should have been a very lively scene, but now it seemed extremely quiet.

But with the appearance of Xu Qingnian, people instantly raised their voices in alarm.

"Xu Qingnian is here."

"Lord Xu has come."

"This is Lord Xu."

The people's brows were furrowed as they all gazed at Liyang Palace, and suddenly someone noticed that Xu Qingnian had arrived, drawing the attention of countless people for a moment.

Various voices rang out at once, and many of the people even revealed their excitement.

Some literati, moreover, looked at Xu Qingnian in surprise, while some women, upon seeing Xu Qingnian's face, could not help but keep gazing.

"Quickly give way to Lord Xu, Lord Xu is going to Li Yang Palace."

"Quickly give way to Xu Wangu."

"What are you still standing there for, give way to Xu Wangu."

The next moment, the people immediately shouted, because the streets were extremely crowded and blocked Xu Qingnian's way, so someone spoke up and told everyone to make way.

In an instant, the people consciously gave way without a hint of disobedience, while at the same time even chanting.

"Lord Xu, suppress the sharpness of the Ten Kingdoms' great talents."

"Lord Xu, you're here, we have hope."

"Lord Xu, I have high hopes for you."

The people were excited and showed all kinds of solidarity.

And Xu Qingnian also clasped his fist towards the people, he was fast and in a very upset mood, but he still had to remain gentle on his face to the people.

Walking along the way.

Xu Qingnian's row was so big that in the long southwest street, everyone gave way consciously, only the emperor was afraid that in the whole Great Wei, only the emperor had this row.

"Wait for me! Wait for me!"

Chen Xinghe chased after him, Xu Qingnian's pace was too fast, so he was a little out of breath.

With the appearance of Chen Xinghe, many people could not help but speak up, curious about Chen Xinghe's identity.

"Who is this man?"

"Who else could it be? It must be Lord Xu's schoolboy."

"Yes, yes, yes, it must be Lord Xu's schoolboy."

“This schoolboy is quite handsome too, eh, worthy of Lord Xu.”

The people were talking, but unfortunately Chen Xinghe couldn't hear them because he was still catching up with Xu Qingnian.

And at that moment.

Inside the Liyang Palace.

It was still inexplicably eerie.

The laughter of the ten great talents was intense, while the people and literati of Great Wei, one by one, could not laugh, the songs and dances were in front of them, but no one had the heart to watch, the wine was in the cups, but no one had the heart to taste.

It seemed bizarre.

However, just at that moment, a voice rang out.

“Report! Lord Chancellor, Servant Xu Qingnian of the Ministry of the Household has come to the banquet!”

As a voice from the retainer fell.

In an instant, the entire Great Hall was abuzz with excitement.

“What? Shouren has come?”

“Shouren is actually here?”

“Good boy, I told you he would definitely come.”

“Yes! Good! Good!”

Chen Zhengru was somewhat surprised, while Gu Yan and Zhang Jing were excited at first, and Zhou Yan, the Minister of War, could not help but shout out in approval.

Ever since the appearance of the Zhen Guo poem, their mood had been like falling into the ice cellar, and now that Xu Qingnian had arrived, how could they not be excited?

They were not the only ones, the people were also excited.

They had been waiting for Xu Qingnian.

Originally, they thought that Xu Qingnian would not come, after all, the people could understand if Xu Qingnian did not come because of the Zhen Guo poem.

But what they didn't expect was that Xu Qingnian had actually come.

For a moment, the people perked up, and even some literati got excited.

"Lord Xu has come, let's see if this Ten Kingdoms great talent still dares to be arrogant."

"If Lord Xu dares to come, he has the courage, I want to see if the Ten Kingdoms Great Talent still dares to be arrogant."

"Good! Bravo! Bravo, Lord Xu never lets us people down, everyone get ready to cheer for Lord Xu later."

The people were already excited.

And Chen Zhengru's voice rang out.

"Please ask Shouren to enter."

Chen Zhengru spoke, and his use of the word please was proof of the joy and excitement within him.

Everyone was excited, except for the Ten Kingdoms Talented Son who was not.

But some other voices, too, followed.

"If you're here, you're here, can you come and change your fate against the odds?"

"With the Zhen Guo poem in front of us, I don't believe that this Xu Qingnian is really so capable."

"Even if he were to compose another Zhen Guo poem, Xu Qingnian would still be no match, one in front and one behind, just in case the Great Wei is biased again."

The voices of the great talents of the ten kingdoms rang out, especially the last sentence, which ridiculed Great Wei.

Only, at that very moment.

A figure walked into the Great Hall.

It was Xu Qingnian.

He walked inside the Great Hall.

His expression was slightly unhappy.

He seemed to be in a bad mood.

At this moment, the Great Hall seemed extraordinarily quiet, and the people had also quieted down.

The great talents of the ten kingdoms had inexplicably quietened down as well.

All of them looked at Xu Qingnian.

The wind was magnificent.

It just seems somehow in an unhappy mood, ah.

For a moment, the crowd was a little curious.

They did not understand why Xu Qingnian was unhappy.

Walking into the main hall.

The first thing Xu Qingnian did was to look at the ten national great talents.

His gaze was so powerful that the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms were inexplicably a little afraid.

Just as quickly, Xu Qingnian withdrew his gaze.

Looking towards Chen Zhengru, he spoke extremely quickly.

“Lord Chen, my subordinate still has important matters to deal with, and my official duties are tied up, so I hope your lordship will understand.”

“Your Excellency, please tell me directly what today’s topic is. I have to hurry back after I finish.”

“There is no time to delay.”

Xu Qingnian spoke quickly and appeared to be in a bit of a hurry.

This tone of voice and behaviour instantly made everyone present a little confused.

Everyone felt as if Xu Qingnian was running over to make a perfunctory gesture, this was the Taiping Poetry Conference, why could Xu Qingnian behave like this?

It felt as if he was, well, a bit reluctant.

Big brother, you are here to compose a poem.

Also, you have a Zhen Guo poem pressed in front of you ah.

Why are you putting on a perfunctory posture?

On what grounds?

It wasn't just the people who were surprised, but the Ten Kingdoms talent had a feeling of being insulted.

I'm not saying you have to take it seriously, but at least don't take such an attitude, as if someone owes you something?

You don't really think you can write a thousand famous poems for the ages, do you?

"Banquet!"

Without any hesitation, Chen Zhengru directly said the title.

For some reason, the more Xu Qingnian did so, the more he felt that Xu Qingnian was well prepared.

"Banquet?"

Xu Qingnian frowned.

His mind raced, searching for a poem about a banquet.

He stood in the main hall.

All eyes fell upon it.

Little by little, time passed.

Everyone was looking at Xu Qingnian, and no one dared to disturb him.

A full half a quarter of an hour passed.

Finally, a voice rang out.

"Thinking for so long? It seems Xu Wangu is not ready yet."

Some voices came from the Ten Kingdoms Great Talent.

It was slightly sarcastic.

But just a moment after his voice fell.

Xu Qingnian's voice rang out.

"Pen come!"

The voice rang out.

It was deafening.

It rang out in the great hall.

At this moment, everyone was completely quiet.

Even the talented sons of the Ten Kingdoms did not dare to make a single sound.

The purple Hao Rang Qi coalesced into a pen in Xu Qingnian's hand.

Xu Qingnian!

It's time to compose a poem!

Awaken Chapter 133 -

Inside the Great Hall.

With a pen coming.

It made the crowd in the hall, completely silent.

All eyes, fell on Xu Qingnian.

The purple colour of Hao Rang Qi even stunned many Confucian students.

And Xu Qingnian held the Spring and Autumn Brush in his hand.

And at that moment, Chen Zhengru's voice rang out.

"Quickly prepare paper for Shouren."

Chen Zhengru opened his mouth and asked someone to prepare paper for Xu Qingnian.

Only, Xu Qingnian's voice rang out.

"No need."

"There is no need for paper for a thousand ancient poems."

The faint voice rang out, but it drew a shock from the crowd in the Great Hall, and everyone drew a cold breath, literally confused.

Especially the great talents of the ten kingdoms, their eyes were even more confused.

Why was this Xu Qingnian so arrogant?

He hadn't even composed the poem yet, and he dared to say it was a thousand years old?

I'd like to see if you can write a thousand ancient poems today.

The ten great talents of the ten countries were all holding their anger in their hearts, especially Li En of Tang, who was supposed to be in the limelight at the banquet today, but he never thought that Xu Qingnian would steal all the limelight as soon as he arrived.

He also said that his own poems had been published in Zhen Guo, but Xu Qingnian had not even written a poem yet and said he would write a thousand ancient poems.

Fine! Today, I want to see if you can write a thousand ancient poems.

The great talents of the ten countries looked at Xu Qingnian.

The people of Wei looked at Xu Qingnian.

The literati of Great Wei looked at Xu Qingnian.

Above the banquet, Chen Zhengru, Zhang Jing, Gu Yan, Zhou Yan, including the great scholars in the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and the deans of the four great academies.

All of them were looking at Xu Qingnian!

All of them, waiting for a miracle!

And at that very moment.

Xu Qingnian dropped his pen, accompanied by his voice ringing out.

"Jun can't see!"

"The waters of the Yellow River come from the sky, flowing to the sea without return."

This was the first voice, the Great Wei had and has the Yellow River, and because of its simple name, Xu Qingnian did not modify it and used the original text directly.

His voice rang out while he quickly put pen to paper.

As the first word appeared, it was a golden light, and when the verse was written, the entire hall was bathed in golden light.

“Can’t you see, the high hall and the mirror grieve for white hair, the morning is like green silk and the evening is like snow.”

Xu Qingnian’s first voice was full of generosity.

The second voice, however, was inexplicably low.

At this moment, everyone sank their hearts and minds as they drowned in the poetry.

It was at this moment that all the wine in the pool turned into a long river, surging towards Xu Qingnian, like a rushing yellow river, rolling and moving.

“Life must be lived to the fullest, don’t let the golden bottle be empty against the moon.”

“I was born to be useful, a thousand pieces of gold will come back.”

Xu Qingnian spoke again, and this time, his voice, even louder than before.

However, at this very moment, an unparalleled and vast qi coalesced from outside the palace, more like a rushing yellow river, and surged into the entire palace.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Within the entire palace, the six ministers stood up in a flash, and all the great scholars also rose to their feet, including the deans of the four great academies.

The scholars of Great Wei, in this instant, had eyes filled with incomparable awe.

Life must be lived to the fullest, don’t let the golden bottle be empty against the moon!

I was born with talent, and a thousand pieces of gold will come back to me again.

Bravo! Bravo! Yes!

Bravo!

Chen Zhengru was the quickest to respond, these two lines simply gave the poem its soul.

Xu Qingnian!

A great talent!

A great talent for all time!

At this moment, Chen Zhengru, who was the Prime Minister of the Great Wei, the Minister of the Ministry of Officials and a great scholar of the Palace of Literature, could no longer remain calm.

He was trembling because Xu Qingnian's poem was so good.

It was deafening!

Not only him, but also the scholars of Great Wei could not help but tremble at this moment.

I was born to be useful, a thousand pieces of gold will come back again.

What a confidence, what arrogance.

Xu Qingnian, Xu Qingnian, what kind of demon are you?

Within the Liyang Palace, everyone turned their gaze towards Xu Qingnian.

His light was so dazzling that no one could cover it up.

Hua Xinyun looked at Xu Qingnian and was silent.

Shui Yunyan looked at Xu Qingnian with curiosity in her eyes.

Mu Nanping looked at Xu Qingnian, his nails whitening with excitement.

Mu Nan Lime looked at Xu Qingnian, and inexplicably had some other thoughts in her heart as well.

Outside the Liuyang Palace.

Every word Xu Qingnian wrote was reflected in the dome of the sky, every word was bigger than the Zhen Guo poem, every word was as radiant as the sun.

On this day, in the capital of Great Wei, there was no difference between day and night, for Xu Qingnian's light was so bright that even the darkness could not cover the light belonging to him.

"Xu Wangu, the world's greatest talent!"

“This is a famous poem for a thousand years! Xu Wangu, he really has produced a poem of ancient fame.”

“I told you, I told you, I told you, Lord Xu never lets us down.”

“Xu Wangu, what a talent!”

The people spoke up, they were excited, and their bodies trembled lightly, all the stifled feelings, at this moment, all dissipated.

There was nothing but joy in their hearts, joy, unparalleled joy.

The people were so relieved, and they were full of admiration for Xu Qingnian.

And at this moment.

Inside Liyang Palace, Xu Qingnian stopped writing for a moment.

And in an instant, he raised his hand and the golden royal wine cup fell into his hand, winding around and into his cup of wine.

At that moment, all the imperial wine cups, one after another, flew up and were held by the Hao Rang Qi, appearing in everyone’s hands.

Like a yellow river rushing through a pool of wine, it swam around the great hall like a dragon, and all of them had their cups filled with wine.

Xu Qingnian held the cup in his left hand, and then raised it. For some reason, perhaps it was the infection of this poem, the irritation in Xu Qingnian’s heart was instantly gone.

He took a sip and drank it down.

The beauty of the wine in his throat was intoxicating.

Come on!

Let’s drink together!

Xu Qingnian raised his cup again, and the wine was once again poured into his cup, followed by Xu Qingnian’s voice once more.

It rang out in the capital of Great Wei.

“Cook a sheep, slaughter a cow and have fun, you will have to drink 300 cups.”

The voice rang out and everyone was inexplicably infected by this emotion as Xu Qingnian toasted to them once more.

At this moment, everyone in the Liyang Palace, except for the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms and Sun Jing'an, laughed as the crowd raised their cups of wine towards Xu Qingnian, before drinking it down in one gulp.

Laughter reappeared, and the deadly atmosphere, with the wind, dispersed.

What Xu Qingnian brought was joy.

Chen Zhengru seldom drank wine, but now he also took a sip, this sip of wine, extraordinarily delicious, this cup of wine, again, that extraordinarily soothing.

It was only after Chen Zhengru had drunk the wine.

Xu Qingnian spoke again.

“Fu Zi Chen, Shang Shu Zhang, will enter the wine, the cup will not stop.”

The voice rang out and Xu Qingnian opened his mouth and said towards the two, at the same time, Xu Qingnian drank another glass of wine with a smile on his face.

On the stage.

Chen Zhengru and Zhang Jing were frozen in place.

They did not expect that Xu Qingnian would include them in this famous poem of a thousand years.

This!

This!

This!

The two froze, they were delighted that Xu Qingnian had made a thousand ancient poems, they were delighted that Xu Qingnian had suppressed the anger of the great talents of the Ten Kingdoms.

But they really did not expect that Xu Qingnian would mention them.

And surprisingly, he had included both of their names in this Thousand Ancient Poems ah.

What was this?

It was a great honour.

Indirectly, their names will be passed down to the ages.

What do they want to do as officials and Confucians? They want to be famous for a thousand years.

But Xu Qingnian, with a single word, has made the names of the two of them spread for thousands of years.

In time, a thousand years from now, when the world talks about the wine, they will know this allusion and who they were.

This! This! This!

The two men's faces turned red, they were excited, they were Shang Shu, but at this moment, they still couldn't hold back.

Drink! Today, we will not return until we are drunk! Today, no one will return without getting drunk!

Chen Zhengru's cup was full, and he drank it down in one gulp, while Zhang Jing at the side also poured in a mouthful, he was even more excited than Chen Zhengru, and there were even tears in the corners of his eyes.

As a Minister of Justice himself, he was no match for Chen Zhengru, who was a great scholar! He was a prime minister! He was a prime minister!

He, on the other hand, was just a wave in a long river of time.

But today.

But today.

But today, Xu Qingnian has given a new life to himself, a simple name that can make him famous for thousands of years. How could Zhang Jing not be moved?

Shouren, he is really a good man.

Zhang Jing almost cried out because what Xu Qingnian did meant so much to him, and it was so extraordinary.

But Gu Yan, Wang Xinzhi and Zhou Yan were jealous, especially Gu Yan, who was having a hard time.

It was hard to bear.

As for Li Yanlong, he was not uncomfortable, as long as the water chariot project was done well, he himself would be famous for a thousand years.

The great scholars of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, on the other hand, were even more sour than Gu Yan and the others. They were great scholars and cared more about their reputation, but they had never thought that Xu Qingnian could be like this.

For a moment, they somehow regretted in their hearts why they had to go against Xu Qingnian, when in fact we could have made peace.

Looking at Chen Zhengru and Zhang Jing, they drank one cup of wine after another.

Xu Qingnian also drank glass after glass.

The beautiful wine in her throat burned her heart with fire.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian was a little drunk, all his worries disappeared at this moment, replaced by a kind of pleasure, a kind of relaxation.

As he drank, Xu Qingnian even threw the wine cup away and waved his hand, the water of the wine pool accompanied by the Hao Rang Qi, floating towards the outside of the palace.

Come on!

Sing and dance together!

Come on!

Let's drink together!

Forget all your worries, listen to my poetry today.

The wine, accompanied by the holy spirit, turned into rain in a flash and sprinkled all over the capital of Great Wei, and all the people understood Xu Qingnian's meaning at this moment.

This was to get drunk with them.

The streets were no longer dead and silent.

Instead, there was the sound of laughter and the sound of drinking.

"Lord Xu, let us celebrate, let us not return without getting drunk."

"Come on, let's drink together."

“Come, laugh together.”

Among the crowd, there was a scholar who understood Xu Qingnian’s meaning, and he raised his cup and shouted towards Liyang Palace.

At this moment, the people laughed loudly and prosperity and liveliness returned to Kyoto once again, so the people witnessed all this, people drank wine, the wine was too beautiful.

The wine was not intoxicating to everyone.

“Sing a song with you, please listen to it with your ears for me.”

Xu Qingnian spoke again, and the spring and autumn brush made a pole poem.

“Bells, drums and jade are not valuable enough, but I wish to be drunk for a long time without waking up again.”

“In ancient times, all sages were lonely, but only the drinkers left their names.”

“In the old days, when King Chen used to feast at Pingle, he would drink 10,000 bottles of wine to make merry.”

“Why did the master say that he had less money? He had to sell it to you.”

Xu Qingnian was a little drunk.

His face was flushed, and in the blink of an eye, he did not know how much wine he had drunk.

In the six hundred years of the Great Wei, there was naturally a man called King Chen, and it was also natural to set up just a banquet that could refer to the past and present, so Xu Qingnian did not change a single word.

After one sentence, there was again a lot of wine in the throat.

Xu Qingnian was so drunk that he was a little dizzy.

Ever since he entered Kyoto, there was not a day when he was not in a state of tension and seriousness, and rarely had he ever been so relieved.

There was wine to be drunk today, never mind the future and the flood.

But at this very moment, the wine in the pool was gone.

It had been spilled outside by Xu Qingnian.

There was no more wine in the Great Hall.

Everyone's cups of wine were empty.

At this moment.

Xu Qingnian was silent.

The pen in his hand was slowly put down.

The poem, which was famous for thousands of years, was not completely frozen in momentum at this moment.

Everyone looked towards Xu Qingnian, not knowing what had happened.

"Hurry!"

"Quickly go and prepare wine for Shouren."

Someone sensed the problem, without the wine, Xu Qingnian could not compose the poem.

The guards rushed out to bring in the wine.

No one would have thought that Xu Qingnian would be able to use up all the wine in the wine pond.

But this poem was stuck here, which made everyone anxious.

Everyone knew that this poem, was still short of the last line, was still short of the last line.

If this line was not uttered.

Then the poem would be regretted for the ages, especially since Xu Qingnian was now in a drunken state, and when he woke up, he would not be able to write it properly.

There was a time when a poet was so drunk that he wrote a poem about the kingdom of China, but he fell asleep before the last line.

As a result, he woke up, was unable to continue, and eventually died of depression.

This was indeed a difficult knot for the literati to untie.

That was why someone spoke up and asked the guards to prepare wine, while praying that Xu Qingnian might not collapse.

No one would have thought that such a thing would happen at this juncture.

The people who wanted Xu Qingnian to collapse the most were the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms, who were watching Xu Qingnian and hated that Xu Qingnian
Now fall down.

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you are looking for.

The six ministers were anxious.

The great scholars were anxious, except for Sun Jing'an.

The deans of the four great academies were anxious.

The people of Wei were anxious.

The literati of Wei were also anxious.

Because under the banquet, Xu Qingnian's body was, indeed, a little wobbly.

But Xu Qingnian was still smiling as he closed his eyes, as if he was indulging in a fairy land.

He walked towards the outside of the palace with his arms spread out as if he were walking a one-way street, occasionally letting out a laugh.

But soon, he wanted a drink.

Raising his glass, he took a sip.

Nothing.

The beautiful wine was gone?

At this moment, Xu Qingnian's eyes were lost, he was already standing outside the palace, and everyone was following him out.

On the dome of the sky, the golden General's Wine reflected on the capital of the Great Wei, but the light gradually dimmed again, as the last sentence did not appear, and this talent was about to be untenable.

Xu Qingnian did not care about this.

Instead, he slowly raised his cup.

Looking towards the capital of Great Wei.

“Five flowered horses.”

“Thousand gold fur.”

“Hoo-er will come out for wine.”

“With you, we will write off the sorrows of the ages.”

At this moment, Xu Qingnian raised his cup and uttered the last line.

As this voice rang out.

One by one, large golden characters appeared on the vault of the sky, and the entire piece of General Wine blossomed into an unparalleled light at this moment.

At this moment, the Zhen Guo poem was dulled and even disappeared straight away, for in front of the famous poem of a thousand years, the Zhen Guo poem was simply not qualified.

Rushing like a yellow river from the east.

Rumble!

Rumble!

At this moment, thunder rumbled loudly, but no clouds were ever seen, and the vault of the sky was filled with only a vast qi that rolled like a river.

Clap!

Clap!

At that moment, the sound of rain was so loud that at that moment Xu Qingnian dropped his wine cup and stood longitudinally under the rain.

This was not rainwater.

This was wine.

Inside the Liyang Palace, everyone looked at Xu Qingnian and they were completely frozen.

Not only them, but who in the whole of Great Wei Kyoto was not shocked?

The five flowered horses, the thousand gold furs, the call for the children to exchange for wine, and the sorrow of the ages to be vanquished with you.

This line has an indescribable spontaneity, and an indescribable grandeur.

And the last line is the finishing touch.

The last line is the final touch.

This!

What a boldness!

We will all be together to dispel the sorrows of the ages.

If the previous lines of the poem only seemed to be confidently flying, the last line was utterly silent.

Everyone understood one thing at this moment.

Xu Qingnian!

The great talent of all the ages.

Inside the Imperial Palace of the Great Wei.

The Empress stood quietly under the eaves.

After hearing this sound again, her gaze also revealed admiration.

In the Peach Blossom Nunnery.

All the girls are standing by the parapet, their beautiful eyes are all directed towards Li Yang Palace, their eyes are full of adoration and excitement.

The girl in white, also leaning against the parapet, was slightly soft, looking at the Liyang Palace with a faint smile in her eyes, but also with some complicated feelings.

As for the people within the capital of Great Wei, they were proceeded by the wine, they were excited and everyone was smiling.

The sorrow of the ages may not be removed.

But today's sorrow.

It could indeed be dispelled.

“Come on!”

“Cup of wine, ah.”

Xu Qingnian’s voice rang out again, only when he said this, his body, too, gradually lay on the ground.

He was drunk.

He was drunk as hell.

Not to mention three hundred cups, even five hundred cups were possible.

This was imperial wine, which was fine at first, but not if you drank too much. Xu Qingnian was already considered to be an extremely good drinker when he drank so much.

To be able to hold out until now could be called an ocean of wine.

Looking at Xu Qingnian, who was already lying on the ground.

All of them, with the exception of the talented sons of the Ten Kingdoms, smiled, and some of them no longer restrained themselves and stepped out of the palace, drinking wine and enjoying themselves.

In the palace, there was more singing and dancing, the music was still there, and the crowd was more or less drunk.

The wine was drunk.

Xu Qingnian made people even drunker.

No one will forget this scene, nor will anyone dare to forget it.

The famous poem of a thousand years is still reflected in the dome of the sky.

At this very moment, an even stronger gas appeared, it was public opinion!

A huge amount of public opinion, and it didn’t enter Xu Qingnian’s body.

The people were completely relieved, and they enjoyed themselves to the fullest. The previous repression was completely gone, and the glory of Great Wei was once again restored.

Xu Qingnian’s song “General Wine” did not just dampen their spirits.

More importantly, it restored the pride of the people of Great Wei, the confidence of the people of Great Wei.

A saint's orthodoxy is a saint's orthodoxy.

The Great Wei Dynasty, or your father.

Therefore, public opinion coalesced and surged into Xu Qingnian, and as this matter continued to fester, the public opinion that coalesced, in turn, would grow.

After half an hour.

The rain of wine had stopped.

He helped Xu Qingnian to the banquet and asked the guards to prepare a hot towel to wipe the wine from Xu Qingnian's face.

The Prime Minister of Wei personally wiped Xu Qingnian's drink, what an honour it was.

As people watched this, many officials also understood thoroughly that Xu Qingnian had not only won the hearts of the people today, but had also gained the support of Chen Zhengru.

Chen Zhengru and Zhang Jing owe Xu Qingnian a great debt of gratitude just by the term "General Wine".

But it was the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms who looked the worst during the feast.

They had managed to write a poem about the country, but they did not expect that Xu Qingnian would actually write a poem that would be famous for thousands of years.

This is also This is too much of a slap in the face.

This slap was almost a fierce slap on their faces.

It hurt so much that they didn't know what to say.

Especially Li En, the number one talent in Tang, who had almost imagined how famous he would be after today.

But with this poem made by Xu Qingnian.

His poetry was simply worthless.

The Zhen Guo poem?

Zhen Guo's poem is certainly good, but in front of the famous poems of the past, it is no better than a backdrop.

After today, who will remember his poem?

Who will remember him, Li En?

Oh, no, the world will remember his name, the name that was stepped on by Xu Qingnian.

Thinking of this, Li En's body trembled, and then his eyes went black and he directly fainted, he couldn't accept this fact and completely fainted.

"Brother Li!"

"Brother Li, what's wrong with you?"

"Someone come quickly, Brother Li has fainted."

The ten great talents of the ten kingdoms panicked as they held Li En, but they didn't know what to do.

"Go!"

"Let's go, send Brother Li to medical treatment."

"Go, go, go!"

In the next moment, the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms didn't think much more and directly led Li En away.

They were unwilling to stay here.

Because every second of the next was a torment.

Staying would only lead to ridicule.

"Gentlemen, the rankings are not yet out, so why are you all leaving?"

"There are still eight of your Ten Kingdoms Talents in the rankings today, won't you listen to them?"

It was also at this moment that Zhang Jing's voice rang out, and he opened his mouth to ask the Ten Kingdoms' Great Talents if they weren't going to stay and wait for the rankings?

But when this was said, each of the ten great talents of the ten nations blushed a little.

Eight out of ten.

It sounds great, but what use is it in front of a thousand famous poems?

Zhang Jing was deliberately disgusting them.

How could they not know?

No one answered, and no one said a word, taking Li En, who had passed out, with them, and simply walked away.

However, they would not swallow this anger.

The talented sons of the Ten Kingdoms left with grim faces, while the laughter at the banquet, became even louder.

The feast was not yet over, there were still at least two hours left.

Xu Qingnian was helped to a chair, his face red with drunkenness, he had really drunk a little too much.

A bowl of sober soup was brought to Chen Zhengru, and a maid fed Xu Qingnian a bowl of it.

In about a quarter of an hour, Xu Qingnian was able to wake up.

At that moment, Chen Zhengru returned to the banquet, his face full of smiles, and Zhang Jing's smile was also strong.

"Are you that happy? It's just the mention of your name, is that all that matters?"

Looking at the two men's smiles, Gu Yan ate up some of the taste.

"Yes, other people Shouren only mentioned the two of you by name, is it necessary to smile so happily?"

Zhou Yan couldn't help but speak up as well.

The reason why they were like this was actually one word, sour.

Who wouldn't be sour?

A thousand ancient poems, mentioning both of their names, isn't this indirectly a thousand ancient?

"My nephew Shouren made a thousand ancient famous poems, why am I not happy?"

“What’s wrong? Are you envious? I’m glad that my nephew Shouren is so good, it’s not in vain that I’ve cultivated him.”

Zhang Jing is indeed dejected, isn’t this dejected? Xu Qingnian composed a poem and mentioned himself, isn’t this a favour? This shows that Xu Qingnian has a place for him in his heart.

How could this not make Zhang Jing happy?

“Cultivate? What are you cultivating him for? Shouren has been sitting on the bench for half a month in your Ministry of Punishment, how can you say that? Shameless.”

Gu Yan spoke up and snorted coldly.

“That’s right, you still have the nerve to talk about cultivation? It’s laughable.”

Zhou Yan also followed up with a remark.

“There’s one thing to say, it’s like this.”

Li Yanlong nodded, agreeing with what the two said.

“You guys are farting, that was done by the people below, it has nothing to do with the old man, besides, this matter has been explained clearly.”

Upon hearing this, Zhang Jing could not help but open his mouth to explain himself.

But this pale explanation, no one would believe it.

“Heh!”

Gu Yan laughed coldly.

Zhou Yan also followed with a sneer, and Li Yanlong wanted to follow with a sneer, but seeing Zhang Jing’s gaze, he thought better of not offending anyone.

But in his heart, he still had to heave a laugh, but this one was not to Zhang Jing, but to everyone.

After all, he would be able to leave his name in a thousand years after some days.

But the Shang clerks ate among themselves alright, and the banquet remained exciting and joyful.

However, in the middle of a mansion, in the capital of Great Wei.

The great talents of the ten kingdoms were gathered together.

The faces of all of them were gloomy.

In contrast to the joy of the banquet, here they looked serious and angry.

Displeasure was written all over everyone's face.

Li En had managed to write a subdued poem, but he had never expected to be suppressed by Xu Qingnian like this.

How could this not make them feel bad?

"This matter! There's something fishy!"

Just as the crowd was silent, someone spoke up, clenching his fist, and said so.

"What's fishy?"

Someone spoke up, full of disbelief.

"Great Wei must have leaked the questions!"

"It can't be such a coincidence!"

"Xu Qingnian has talent, I admit, but why is he so sure he'll be able to produce the famous poem of a thousand years?"

"And appear at just the right time?"

"I suspect that the Great Wei leaked the question, and in order to suppress us, invited the great scholars of heaven and earth to compose the poem and hand it over to Xu Qingnian, thus overpowering us at the feast, in order to secure the first place in Great Wei."

The man who spoke was a great talent of Jin, and he acknowledged Xu Qingnian's talent, but he did not believe that just because Xu Qingnian said he would compose a thousand famous poems, he would compose a thousand famous poems.

How could there be such a coincidence?

As soon as this idea was voiced, the crowd frowned.

For there was this possibility.

It could not be ruled out.

“But what’s the point of saying this out loud? A thousand ancient famous poems are enough to explain everything, and this, as you say, is impossible.”

“If a great scholar of heaven and earth made a thousand ancient famous poem, as soon as he finished writing it, or spoke it, it would be sensed by heaven and earth, so how could it be given to Xu Qingnian?”

Someone frowned and denied it, although he also hoped that was the case, but it didn’t make logical sense.

“What if it was given halfway.”

Suddenly, someone spoke up and raised this possibility.

At this, the crowd couldn’t help but get up.

Yes, giving the whole head would be sensed by heaven and earth, but giving half, it was impossible to say.

“I know that Xu Qingnian is deeply respected by the Empress of Great Wei, and behind the Empress of Great Wei, there is a high ranking person named Li Guangxiao, who is known as the Chancellor in Black.”

“He disappeared three years ago, and three years later, Xu Qingnian suddenly appeared, and at the drop of a hat, he was famous for a thousand words and phrases, and he also angrily beheaded the county king and caused a fuss at the Ministry of Justice.”

“Where does this confidence come from? I think it should be this Li Guangxiao.”

Another person spoke up and said a guess.

Indeed, once this guess was made, the crowd inexplicably believed it.

Yes, why did Xu Qingnian dare to be so arrogant, wasn’t there someone behind this?

“Then what should we do?”

Someone spoke up again, saying so much, how to solve it was the way to go.

“The day after tomorrow, is the poetry competition.”

“A thousand-year-old famous poem, remarkable!”

“Does he have a second, third, fourth or fifth poem?”

“Even if Li Guangxiao is strong, he can’t be like this, and we have been preparing carefully for a year.”

“We are carrying a lot of burdens in this Peace Poetry Competition, we must not slacken off in the poetry battle the day after tomorrow.”

“The leaking of the questions is proof that the Great Wei is afraid, afraid of the ten kingdoms, and the poetry competition, I don’t believe that he, Xu Qingnian, really has the talent of the ages!”

This man spoke up, still unconvinced of Xu Qingnian.

“Good! We have indeed prepared some poems as well.”

“Yes, in these three days, the Great Wei literary world was unbearable, if it wasn’t for this Xu Qingnian, we would have successfully suppressed the Great Wei literary world, and we wouldn’t be afraid of a poetry battle the day after tomorrow.”

They discussed that the great talents of the ten kingdoms were not idle and were extremely high-minded.

The Taiping Poetry Competition was not over either.

There were still four days to go.

They didn’t believe that Xu Qingnian could produce another four poems of ancient fame?

It was impossible.

At this moment, the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms were united in one goal, to beat Xu Qingnian to the punch.

And in the Liyang Palace.

When Xu Qingnian regained consciousness.

The feast had also come to an end.

He frowned as many memories kept flooding into his mind.

The scene from the party was replayed in his mind from beginning to end.

“Alas, it’s true that you can’t drink too much.”

Xu Qingnian smiled bitterly in his heart, he had originally come with anger, but what he didn't expect was that he had actually gotten high?

This is really some shouldn't be.

And right after Xu Qingnian woke up, all of a sudden, many people's eyes were cast over.

"Shouren, you're awake."

"Shouren, you've done well."

"Come, come, come, Shouren, come and sit here."

The six ministers, except for Wang Xinzhi who did not say anything, the other five ministers all shouted with unparalleled enthusiasm.

"A few lords, just now Qingnian was drunk and rambling and lost the rules, I hope a few lords will forgive me."

Xu Qingnian said with a bitter smile, apologising to the several lords.

"Shouren, what are you talking about? You were just talking nonsense, but you made a famous poem for a thousand years. Then I would like to see you speak nonsense every day."

"This boy Shouren is just modest, remember, don't be so modest in the future, especially in front of other countries, a great talent is a great talent."

Several people spoke up, laughing and scolding Xu Qingnian.

And Xu Qingnian only gave a bitter laugh.

It was also at this moment that the feast ended as the bell rang out.

Sun Jing'an took the list and, as usual, announced the top ten, and there were only two people in Great Wei, one was Xu Qingnian, ranked number one, which was indisputable.

One was Hua Xinyun, ranked third, and Zhen Guo poet second, which was also indisputable.

With the rankings over, the people were somewhat impatient to leave, they couldn't wait to go and tell what had happened today and run around.

But just then, Xu Qingnian's voice rang out.

“The Confucian scholar of Great Wei stays behind.”

His voice was not loud, but it reached everyone’s ears.

For a moment, all the Confucian students of Great Wei were a little curious, some frowning, wondering what Xu Qingnian meant by this.

But when they looked at the great Confucian scholars of the Palace of Literature, one by one, they did not speak, did not stop or agree, and eventually everyone stayed.

The hundred people left, and so did the rest. The so-called Confucian scholars were, at the very least, scholars who had entered the rank.

In a moment, there were still two to three thousand people left in Liyang Palace, seventy to eighty percent of whom were scholars from the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Chen Zhengru and the others looked at Xu Qingnian, and they did not know what Xu Qingnian was going to do.

But there was no obstruction.

After there were no outsiders, Xu Qingnian’s voice rang out again.

Xu Qingnian’s voice rang out again.

“Today, the Taiping Poetry Festival.”

“It is a feast for the Great Wei, and one of the three great feasts for the literati.”

“We don’t expect you to leave your masterpieces, but at least do your best.”

“For three days in a row, none of the top ten rankings of the poetry fair had any of your works.”

“I am not asking for anything, but you are all literati of the Great Wei, Confucian students of the Palace of Literature, claiming to be the saints of the world, but you are not even in the top ten.”

“Are you ashamed?”

Xu Qingnian spoke, he had asked the crowd to stay for this.

The hall of the Great Wei.

It was impossible to be unprepared.

If you say that their form is bad and they have slipped, this is understandable, but the top ten rankings are almost all dominated by the talented students of the ten countries.

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

"Xu Shouren, I respect you as a great talent, so I'm not annoyed by this comment, but what you're saying is that we've received some kind of benefit? Did you deliberately write a bad poem?"

Among the literati, some were not convinced and could not help but speak out like this.

"Yes or no, it is none of Xu's business."

"Tomorrow, Xu Mou will not participate, but if the top ten rankings are no longer filled with your works, Xu Mou can guarantee that he will personally face the sage and ask His Majesty to investigate strictly."

Xu Qingnian's voice was cold.

It was inevitable that someone's strength had slipped and their form was bad, but it couldn't be the case for everyone, could it?

If you say there is no foul play here, Xu Qingnian really doesn't believe it.

Once this was said, the six ministers, the great scholars of the Palace of Literature, including the deans of the four academies, did not speak either.

Because it did feel like there was something wrong here.

"Humph! Xu Qingnian, it's not your turn to interfere in the affairs of the Palace of Literature, is it?"

But Sun Jing'an's voice rang out.

Although he also felt that there was something odd here, the question was, even if this matter was odd, it was not Xu Qingnian's turn to interfere, right?

Xu Qingnian spoke like this, as if there was something wrong with the readers of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, so naturally he did not like to hear it.

"Sun Ru, it's true that it's not my turn to interfere in this matter."

"But the Great Wei Literary Palace claims to be a saintly orthodoxy, and the Taiping Poetry Competition, with over 3,000 Confucian students, can't even take up three of the top ten seats.

“It’s not that Xu is arrogant, if it weren’t for Xu today, I’m afraid Sun Ru would be too embarrassed to come tomorrow.”

For Sun Jing’an, Xu Qingnian was disgusted to the core.

He couldn’t understand how such a person could become a great Confucian.

The great Confucian scholar Chen Xin, Zhou Min, although he had offended Zhu Sheng, Chen Xin was persuasive, and Zhou Min, although he was not very polite to himself, but at least he did not disgust himself.

This Sun Jing’an has a deep hatred with himself?

“Hmph!”

“That’s not necessarily true.”

Sun Jing’an opened his mouth, a dead duck’s mouth.

“That’s enough.”

“Sun Ru! If Shouren hadn’t come today, the face of the Great Wei literary world would have been lost, so why bother fighting?”

“I agree with Shouren’s words, but I also believe that you are only momentarily nervous, so go back today, rest well, and tomorrow at the feast, I also hope to have your names on the list of the ten best.”

“That’s enough, go back.”

Chen Zhengru was a little angry.

But in front of all the Confucian students, he did not want to tear his face off and quarrel with Sun Jing’an, otherwise what would be the decency?

At the same time, he supported Xu Qingnian’s view.

“The students understand.”

The students opened their mouths, more or less uncomfortable in their hearts, but Xu Qingnian was also right, the Great Wei Dynasty, the Taiping Poetry Society, to pull across like this?

This was indeed a bit problematic, so this discomfort in their hearts could only be swallowed.

After the people had left.

Xu Qingnian looked at Chen Zhengru and said.

“Lord Chen, my humble servant will retire.”

With the matter settled, Xu Qingnian did not intend to linger and go back to rest.

“Good, Shouren, it doesn’t matter if you don’t come tomorrow, the day after tomorrow is the poetry fight, if you can, come if you can.”

Chen Zhengru nodded, and at the same time hoped that Xu Qingnian would participate in the poetry competition the day after tomorrow.

“As much as possible!”

Xu Qingnian nodded, not agreeing or refusing, but only returned an ambiguous answer.

He then left with quick steps.

The crowd looked at Xu Qingnian’s back.

Inexplicably, they looked a little helpless.

A quarter of an hour later.

Xu Qingnian took a shortcut and walked quickly back to Shouren Academy.

He was still a little drunk, and after returning to the Shouren Academy, he directly ran the Golden Crow Body Tempering Technique, intending to digest the alcoholic energy in his body.

But at that very moment.

Suddenly.

Xu Qingnian froze.

It was because he noticed the strong public opinion rolling within his body.

“What’s going on?”

“Why is there so much public opinion within me?”

Xu Qingnian was stunned.

The public opinion within his own body was like a river.

This was somewhat exaggerated.

It was almost no less than the public opinion he had gained when he angrily decimated the Fan Merchant.

What was going on here?

Xu Qingnian was astonished.

The next moment.

He pondered, his mind once again replaying a scene from before.

Soon, Xu Qingnian recalled a scene from before he had become completely drunk.

“Can poetry also bring public opinion?”

Xu Qingnian froze.

This was also possible?

Xu Qingnian had always thought that poetry could only bring talent.

But now that he had so much talent, he honestly couldn't use it all, and Xu Qingnian didn't even dare to use it if he could.

Otherwise, he would have become a great Confucian, and would he still be practicing different arts?

Just composing poetry can also rally public opinion.

That's different.

What does one need most now?

Wasn't it public opinion?

Hiss!

At this moment, it was as if Xu Qingnian had opened a vault.

Oh, no, it was opening the treasury of Great Wei!

If this thousand-year-old famous poem could bring public opinion.

Wouldn't one be rich then.

Public opinion could be converted into cultivation energy, and it could suppress the supernatural arts in one's body.

It's a million dollars.

The more the merrier.

"No, no, there must be something wrong."

"I didn't have public opinion even when I used to compose poetry."

"Let me think."

Xu Qingnian frowned.

He himself used to have poems, but why was there no public opinion?

After thinking about it for a while.

Suddenly, Xu Qingnian came up with a possibility!

Awaken Chapter 134 -

Writing poetry to gain public opinion.

This should not be possible.

When one composed a thousand ancient famous words and the first ekphrasis of a thousand ancient times before, there was no public opinion.

But when I wrote the famous words of a thousand ages, it seems that there was a little public opinion, just not much, and I could not notice it at all.

Because at that time, he himself did not understand what public opinion was either. It was only later, when he killed the Fan merchants, that he gained public opinion and harboured the hearts of the people.

It was only when he killed the merchants that he gained public opinion and nurtured it.

But just now, Xu Qingnian figured it out completely.

The so-called public opinion is what the people want.

To have enough to eat and drink is what the people want.

A strong country is also the desire of the people.

There is no need to explain what it means to have enough to eat and drink, but there are two kinds of national strength in general: military strength and spiritual strength.

The most central aspect of spiritual strength is the cultural base. Why did the Great Wei respect the Confucian lineage? Why did the people of the world even respect the scholars?

Because they have intelligence? But there are many people with intelligence in the world, aren't the princes and kings of the royal family intelligent?

It is mainly because of the characteristics of a scholar, the cultivation of righteousness, the restraint of demons and monsters, the saving of life in times of crisis, and the ability to turn over one's class by studying, as well as the recognition of a scholar by heaven and earth.

Confucianism, therefore, is a spiritual heritage that cannot be trampled upon.

The ten talented sons of the ten kingdoms, who humiliated the Great Wei Palace of Literature in a big way at Liyang Palace, were also humiliating to the common people, because the Great Wei Palace of Literature represented the Great Wei Confucian Way.

Naturally the people of Great Wei still hoped that the Palace of Literature would win.

But with so many things happening and the Ten Kingdoms Great Talents being so arrogant and domineering, which has led to public resentment among the people, by composing a poem for the thousandth time, one not only wins over the Ten Kingdoms Great Talents, but also shocks the people and wins a large amount of public opinion.

So if you want to gain public opinion, you don't just have to compose a poem yourself, but you have to compose a poem on a specific event to gain public opinion.

To put it directly, if you make the people of Great Wei feel good, you can gain public opinion.

This explanation is easy to understand.

"If that's the case, then we need to attend more of these gatherings in the future."

Xu Qingnian thought to himself in his heart.

However, he understood one thing more in his heart, that he needed special conditions to have an explicit intention, otherwise he wouldn't get any public opinion by pretending all the time.

You need to suppress first and then raise, like saying that the ten great talents of the ten countries are all kinds of arrogant, and that Great Wei can't produce any works and is humiliated by others in all kinds of ways, and then you make an appearance yourself.

After pretending to be a pussy, you can still fish for public opinion, how much of this good thing you want.

However, Xu Qingnian also knows that this kind of situation is actually relatively rare.

The actual people don't really think that the Great Wei Palace of Literature is no good, right?

The Zhu Sheng orthodoxy, dozens of great scholars, and the great scholars of heaven and earth, even Xu Qingnian suspected that there were saints inside.

Living half-saints.

In such an environment, the Confucian scholars that breed out would be of equal rank?

Even if there were no half-saints, the Great Wei Palace of Literature contained holy intent, and one could be elevated just by sitting there and reading every day, not to mention that the Confucian students who could enter the Great Wei Palace of Literature were those who were idle?

There must be something wrong with this Peace Poetry Competition, but it is not a problem that needs to be solved by the empress.

What we need to do right now is to get more public opinion.

"I can't participate in the Taiping Poetry Fair today, I already earned public opinion myself yesterday, the Taiping Poetry Fair, is divided into two sessions, one is to write a poem on a topic, and the other is to choose a topic for a poetry fight."

"Either we wait for the Great Wei literary world to be pressured again and step in to save the day ourselves, or we can pretend to be bleeped in a different way."

Xu Qingnian pondered in his mind, and inexplicably, he somewhat regretted what he had said a few hours ago, if he had known that, he would have not said those words and let the people of the Great Wei Literary Palace continue to keep a low profile and then be suppressed for another two or three days, in which case, he would have stepped in to make another wave of public opinion.

It was simply blood money.

Shaking his head, Xu Qingnian didn't think about it so much, it was better to deal with his own matters first.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian's mind dived into the Palace of Literature.

Inside the Palace of Literature.

Chao Ge and Broken Evil had been waiting for a long time.

"Xiandi, you are truly remarkable, in just a few days, you have managed to gather so much public opinion."

Chao Ge spoke up, praising Xu Qingnian's tactics.

"Brother overpraised me, it was just good luck."

After saying this, Xu Qingnian looked towards the rather silent Broken Evil.

"Brother Broken Evil, now that I have gained public opinion, how should I cover up the foreign arts in my body?"

Xu Qingnian asked this.

He realised that although he had helped Great Wei solve its troubles by putting in the wine, it was still not a good thing for the Great Wei Palace of Literature, even if it was viewed from a self-serving perspective.

Even if Great Wei loses someone, it is not his turn to interfere.

Therefore, Xu Qingnian did not dare to guarantee that Yan Ru would directly take action and impeach himself in the imperial court at that time.

Regardless of whether he would, he still had to know how to use public opinion to cover up the foreign arts first.

Hearing Xu Qingnian open his mouth, Broken Evil instantly spoke out.

"Xiandi, if you want to conceal the supernatural arts within you, the solution is not difficult, you only need to draw out these three demonic thoughts, and then use Hao Ran Zheng Qi to suppress them under your dantian, and finally use public opinion to conceal them again."

Broken Evil replied, informing Xu Qingnian of this solution.

"So simple?"

Xu Qingnian was a little surprised, not expecting it to be so simple.

“No, it’s not simple at all, first you release the demonic thoughts, these three demonic thoughts will invade your soul in the first place.”

“So Chao Ge and I will strike together to buy you time, and you need to suppress it with Hao Rang Qi during this time, and after it is completely suppressed, then cover it up with public opinion.”

“The Confucian means of inquiring about the Heterodyne is nothing more than using the Confucian divine power to view your body, the Wen Gong they cannot see, but the Heterodyne can, and with each strand of public opinion as thick as a mountain, unless a sage of the day appears in person, they will not be able to see through the Heterodyne demon seed in your body.”

Broken Evil spoke out to inform Xu Qingnian how to conceal the Heteromancy within his body.

“Understood.”

“The public opinion within my body, is it enough?”

Xu Qingnian asked once again.

He wasn’t sure if the public opinion within his body was enough.

“Enough is definitely enough, but the more public opinion there is, the better the effect will be, and I’m actually not worried about a great scholar seeing through the demonic seed inside you.”

“What I’m more worried about is whether someone will sacrifice some special treasure and cause the demonic seed inside you to break free.”

“That’s the troublesome thing.”

Broken Evil frowned.

“Is there such a thing?”

Xu Qingnian spoke, his eyes filled with tension.

“There is!”

This time, Chao Ge spoke up and said in a very certain tone.

“However, if the public opinion within you is thick and you want to truly invoke the demonic seed within you, you need a holy weapon, and the Great Wei Wen Palace has holy weapons, but not so much that they would take them out just to target you.”

Just as quickly, Chao Ge turned his words around and informed Xu Qingnian that if he wanted to draw out the devil seed within him, he would need a holy weapon, something that had too much influence, something that suppressed the Great Wei's qi, it would be almost impossible to take it out to target a Xu Qingnian.

"Understood."

Xu Qingnian nodded, but was still a little worried.

Broken Evil seemed to see Xu Qingnian's worry and could not help but continue speaking.

"Indeed, there is no need to worry too much, if a Sacred Weapon is used against you, Chao Ge and I still have a way to defend you with the Heaven and Earth Wen Palace."

Broken Evil said so, putting Xu Qingnian at ease, lest Xu Qingnian be a little preoccupied.

"It is a blessing not a curse, it is a curse that cannot be avoided, my humble brother understands."

Xu Qingnian nodded, he knew this kind of thing very well in his heart.

But Xu Qingnian knew one thing.

Public opinion was actually still not enough, a little more was needed, this was the most secure.

"Since that is the case, then my humble brother will first take my leave."

Xu Qingnian said so.

"Xiandi take care."

The two men nodded and watched Xu Qingnian leave.

And at that moment.

In the capital of the Great Wei.

Ever since Xu Qingnian had made the wine, a drinking frenzy had been whipped up throughout Great Wei Kyoto.

As a result, the business of the restaurants in the capital was at least three or four times better than usual.

The literati gathered together to discuss Xu Qingnian's poem, carefully analysing each and every sentence, and the four academies even held a special class for Xu Qingnian's poem, explaining in earnest what was so wonderful about the poem and what was so good about it.

The more people talked about it, the more they felt that Xu Qingnian was a great poet.

So public opinion is getting stronger and stronger, just not as explosive as yesterday, but not less.

As for the literati of Great Wei, they were even more comfortable.

All the literati of Great Wei called on their friends and gathered together, purposely going to the restaurant where the Ten Kingdoms' talent lived, and started discussing Xu Qingnian's general wine.

Or they told what had happened yesterday, carefully, and many of the people listened with rapt attention.

Some of the literati who were not involved were also overwhelmed with emotion.

But such a result led to a difficult time for the talented men of the Ten Kingdoms.

Yesterday, I thought I had given Great Wei a slap on the wrist, but I didn't expect the slap to be on my own face, and the most absolute thing was that Li En had actually passed out from anger.

This was a disgrace.

But there is nothing to say when you think about it. Anyone else would probably have to faint from anger, after all, to be honest, he had just poem out of the township, so it should be his turn to pretend to be bleeped.

As a result, Xu Qingnian's poem was so famous that it killed his poem, and instead of being the final winner, he became the biggest loser.

Are you angry? Who wouldn't be dizzy?

But what's even more infuriating now is that these Great Wei literati, who portrayed yesterday's events in such a vivid manner and added to them, stirred up emotions, just like those folk novels, and they became the villains.

Xu Qingnian became the villain, slapped in the face, could they not be angry?

Although everyone knew that the poetry competition was coming up, and they were ready to get back on the field in the poetry competition.

However, they couldn't resist the mockery of the literati in Wei.

The literati were already arrogant, so if you don't like me, I don't like you, not to mention the fact that it was the Great Wei literati and the foreign literati.

Thus, conflicts inevitably occurred.

"Ridiculous! On the first day of the Peace Poetry Competition, the great scholars favoured you, the Great Wei literati, and took away the first place, that's all."

"On the second day of the Peace Poetry Competition, the Great Confucian was still partial to you and took away the first place from our talented students from the ten kingdoms. If Brother Hua Xinyun had not come to plead with us personally, do you think we would have gone on the third day?"

In a tavern, the crowd was boisterous, a dozen literati gathered together, while most of the people of Great Wei listened attentively.

But suddenly, dozens of people came down from the upper floors, all talented scholars from the ten kingdoms, and when they heard the talented scholars of Great Wei talking about yesterday's events here, they could not help but speak up and say so.

The voices rang out, and the Great Wei literati were now unconvinced.

"Laughing."

"Taking sides? Then I will ask, this time it is the Peace Poetry Competition, the two are indeed of equal quality, and the person who judges them is also a Great Wei Confucian, you want to say that you are biased? Then let me ask you one thing."

"If a stone from beyond the sky is about to fall and smash among Great Wei, killing or injuring a hundred people, and smash among your country, killing or injuring a hundred people, may I ask what you choose?"

The literati of Great Wei really had a tricky angle, not answering and explaining directly, but giving the other side a choice and letting them judge for themselves.

You call me a Confucian of Wei biased? Is that favouritism? Both sides are of equal quality, so why not choose the Great Wei Literati? Why should they choose you?

"You!"

"How can you mix these two things together?"

The Ten Kingdoms Talents spoke coldly, believing that these were two separate matters and therefore not giving an answer.

“Joke, you dare not say it because you already have the answer in your mind.”

“If this Peace Poetry Competition were to be held among your ten countries, I am afraid that even if the quality were to drop significantly, your ten countries would still favour their own people.”

“So, don’t say the word favouritism, just give yourself a reason, no means no.”

“As for coming on the third day or not? If you don’t come, you can leave.

“Of course, if you can also write a thousand poems today, and then go away, then I have nothing to say.”

This scholar of the Great Wei was really a man of many tongues, and his words both countered favouritism and mocked the other side, drawing a roar of approval.

“Good! Well said.”

“Yes, you first did not give face to Wei, and now you are being taught a lesson by our great talent.

“We saw with our own eyes what happened that day, before the great scholars could even open their mouths to explain, you and the others simply left, not giving any face at all.

Once said, the crowd could not help but think back to the image of the ten great talents of the ten countries leaving the stage in anger, these people were happy, who was it that was humiliated? Wasn’t it the Great Wei?

Not to mention that Confucian etiquette is not even there, leaving the stage in anger is not giving face to the Great Wei, can’t we talk properly about what is going on? The great Confucian has not spoken.

If you think it’s not good, we can negotiate slowly, and in front of all the people and foreigners, you just walk away? Isn’t this a slap in the face of the Great Wei Dynasty and the Great Wei Palace of Literature?

This was a grudge that everyone held in their hearts, Xu Qingnian was avenging yesterday’s revenge, but this was a grudge that they had not forgotten.

“Humph!”

The Ten Kingdom Talents snorted coldly as he couldn’t help but speak up again.

“Don’t twist the facts here, you know in your hearts how it really is, and take a step back, if there was no Xu Qingnian yesterday, how would you dare to boast about it here.”

The other side defied.

“Ridiculous, Xu Qingnian is a member of the Great Wei literati, so why can’t he come? He represents my Great Wei literary circles, according to this talk of yours, if Li En had not come yesterday, the first place would have been Huaxing Yun’s.”

“Isn’t that so?”

The man was exasperated, not understanding how the other party could say such a thing? When it’s really funny here, right?

“Yes, that’s right.”

“Yeah, that’s right.”

The crowd rose to their feet, Xu Qingnian was naturally a scholar of Great Wei, so how could he not represent the literary world of Great Wei?

The Ten Kingdoms Talents were a little speechless, they didn’t know what to say, but someone spoke up and looked at the group and sneered.

“Isn’t the Great Wei literary world represented by the Great Wei Literary Palace? I’ve heard that Xu Qingnian created his own school and that he’s not well received in the Great Wei Literary Court.”

“It’s nice that he’s from Great Wei, not the Five Saints lineage, let alone the Zhu Sheng lineage, Great Wei calls itself the Zhu Sheng orthodoxy, so in the end it’s not the Great Wei orthodox literati, but my ten kingdoms respect the Five Saints.”

“On the contrary, this Xu Qingnian should be alone in his school, it is true that he has talent, but it is not your turn to rub the light.”

This man opened his mouth and found an angle to attack.

When this was said, the talented students of the ten countries got excited and took this point to attack.

“Yes, no matter what, the Great Wei Palace of Literature doesn’t have a decent one this time, it still has to rely on Xu Qingnian.”

“But this Xu Qingnian, it seems that he is not from your Great Wei Literature Palace either, tsk, I heard that you are targeting Xu Qingnian, but now you are trying to rub Xu Qingnian’s light hard.”

“You really are not ashamed of yourself.”

“The Great Wei Palace of Literature, a disciple of the Zhu Sheng lineage, does not have the slightest talent, yet in the end they rely on Xu Qingnian to hold up the show.

The Ten Kingdoms Great Talents spoke up, and these words were indeed damaging.

Now the literati of Great Wei indeed had nothing more to say.

Yes, before they had mocked Xu Qingnian for this and that, but now that Xu Qingnian’s poem had been published in a thousand ancient times and he was proudly dabbling in the light, it was really a bit bad.

“No more words? Mute?”

“To put it in a more unpleasant way, Xu Qingnian entered yesterday and dared to call herself a thousand years old before she even composed a poem!”

“Whether there is anything fishy here or not, you all know it by heart.”

This man opened his mouth and said indifferently.

But when this was said, the Great Wei literati frowned.

“What do you mean by this?”

They frowned a little and said.

“What do you mean? A famous poem of a thousand years, can you just make it whenever you want? And it just happens to be preceded by a Zhen Guo poem?”

“If there is no shadow of the Great Wei Palace of Literature in this, we do not believe it, maybe this poem was written by one of the great scholars of heaven and earth, but only half of it was written and then given to Xu Qingnian.”

“Let him suppress my ten national talents, otherwise, why did it happen to be taken out at the last minute, why did it happen to be when Brother Li wrote his Zhen Guo poem again? Why didn’t he, Xu Qingnian, come on the first day?”

“Why did he come on the third day? How do you explain?”

The talented sons of the ten kingdoms finally couldn't hold back, in fact, they had wanted to say this for a long time, but if they said it, they felt like they couldn't afford to lose, so they kept it to themselves.

But what they didn't expect was that the Great Wei Talented Scholars were going around touting Xu Qingnian and using him to trample on them.

Who was convinced now?

They were not convinced anyway.

"Ridiculous! Ridiculous! Ridiculous!"

"I thought the Ten Kingdoms' great geniuses were so talented? I didn't think he was such a villain. When did my Wei need to use such underhanded tactics?"

"If you can't afford to lose, then you can't afford to lose, so why are you barking here?"

After hearing the other party's meaning, the Great Wei literati collectively exploded.

We have produced a thousand ancient poems, so we should have won for sure.

But what they didn't expect was to use such conspiracy theories to belittle Xu Qingnian, and even to belittle the Great Wei Palace and the Great Wei Dynasty, how could they bear it?

Including many of the people could not help themselves and began to shout abuse.

"Lord Xu's talent, what the hell do you know about it."

"Back then, Lord Xu rebuked the Confucian scholars, made a fuss at the Ministry of Punishment, and asked the Holy Spirit to behead the Sheriff King, which of these things was not a sensation? How can you call Lord Xu such a villain?"

"If you can't afford to lose, get out of the Great Wei, barking here, boss, drive them away, such people, let them sleep on the street."

"Yes, get rid of them."

If the literati of Great Wei were still just mouth-breathing a few words, while the people of Great Wei were directly cursing, what the hell, if you lose, you lose, is it so hard to admit that you are inferior?

Besides, ten kingdoms? Aren't they all small countries? And aren't they all vassal states?

What? What's the point of shouting?

This is the benefit of cultural heritage and national heritage, the people will never be afraid when things go wrong.

“Vulgar! Are the people of Wei that vulgar? We have travelled a long way to Wei, and you tell us to get lost and you tell us to get lost? If that's the case, what's the point of holding the Peace Poetry Festival? Why don't you just announce to the world that you, the literati of Great Wei, are the best in the world?”

“It's fine if we don't talk about this, once we talk about this then I'll ask a few more questions. The seventh grade of Ming Yi can invite the will of the sage? Isn't there something fishy here? The more this is the case, the more I believe that behind him, Xu Qingnian, there is a great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, guiding him.”

“There is also someone behind this poetry session to guide him.”

Hearing the people say so, the ten talented scholars became even more certain.

Two days ago, these dogs had walked out of the poetry competition and slapped Wei in the face.

If this is the case, then how can we explain it? How can we explain it clearly?

It was at this moment that someone among the talented scholars of the Ten Kingdoms could not stand it any longer and looked at the crowd and scolded them.

“When it comes to this, you are so agitated, as soon as you see that you have been poked, and also, saying that we are barking, are you not barking again at this moment?”

At these words, the tavern fell silent.

At that moment, the Ten Kingdoms Talented Men were somewhat silent, somehow feeling that something was not right.

“Good fellow, how dare you call the people of Great Wei dogs? Even if you scolded me, you actually called my common people of Great Wei all dogs, brothers, brother Xu was a model for my generation of scholars when he angrily beheaded the county king for the sake of the people, today we, the scholars, dare not say that we will be angrily beheaded, but we definitely cannot forgive lightly.”

“Let's do it!”

“Do it!”

“Yes, brothers, get your hands on it.”

The Great Wei literati seized the opportunity and snapped their hats up, while the man who led the speech then directly made a flying lunge and pounced on the Ten Kingdoms Talented Men, followed by a flurry of punches.

When the Ten Kingdoms Talented Men took a look at the situation, they were stunned, and then they started to fight in a group.

The fight was fierce, but most of them were just punches and kicks, after all, none of them had trained in martial arts, so it was just a case of you punching me and me slapping you.

The scene was chaotic for a while as this group of scholars wrestled together.

And some of the people came forward, but they were immediately pulled back.

“You must not get involved, beating up a scholar is a great crime.”

Someone warned to remain calm, it was fine for the literati to fight with each other, but if they got involved, it would be no small matter.

“I’m not involved, I’m here to pull the strings, you have to testify to me.”

The latter opened his mouth, his voice extremely loud, and then hugged a Ten Kingdoms great talent, he was a blacksmith and naturally strong, and held the great talent directly so that he could not move at all.

“My lord, don’t do anything, don’t fight, it won’t be good if the Ministry of Punishment comes later.”

He shouted, looking at the stance to indeed pull the fight, but his eyes looked towards the Great Wei Wenren, wide-eyed and almost close to uttering the words, fight, what are you still staring at?

The latter instantly reacted and instantly rushed up and threw a punch that made the Great Talent of the Ten Kingdoms dizzy.

“You’re fucking pulling the strings.”

The ten kingdoms great talent shouted in pain, his face red with anger, trying to fight for the other’s restraint, but he could not break free.

It was also at this moment that the people inside the tavern froze when they saw this scene.

Can they still play like this?

But when the people reacted, they couldn't help but rush up one by one and started hugging people.

"Don't fight, don't fight."

"Gentlemen, don't fight, don't break people's things."

"You are all readers, what's the point of a good fight, look at the purple eyes."

"Don't fight any more, if you keep fighting, you will be killed."

Some of the strong and powerful people came up and casually brought this group of scholars from the Ten Kingdoms under control, and then it was time for the Great Wei literati to put on a show.

And such a thing happened, at the same time, in quite a few places in Great Wei's Kyoto.

But in some places, the people were still smart enough to know to pull the strings, and in others they didn't bother to pull the strings, because there were more literati in Great Wei, and it didn't matter whether they pulled the strings or not.

The brawl between the readers of the Ten Kingdoms and those of Great Wei instantly drew the attention of the Ministry of Penalty and the Ministry of War.

In a flash, a large number of officials from the Ministry of Punishment ran out, and a number of people from the Ministry of Military Affairs also went out, although they were relieved in their hearts, but ultimately, they did not want this kind of thing to happen.

It was also at this time.

Inside the Shouren Academy.

Gu Yan's figure, appeared.

"Greetings, Lord Gu."

Xu Qingnian saw Gu Yan from afar, and he knew that Gu Yan's sudden appearance must be about something important, otherwise he would not have come to the door personally.

"Shouren, the Chamber of Commerce has returned the letter."

Gu Yan's face was calm as he handed a letter to Xu Qingnian.

Xu Qingnian did not say much and took the letter, with just a glance, Xu Qingnian's face changed.

"These people, they're really too greedy."

Xu Qingnian's face instantly turned somewhat unattractive.

There was a lot of content on the letter, most of the first part was crying, while the real content was just one sentence, that they could make concessions and sacrifices and harvest early.

The letter also said that it didn't matter if they lost their profits, they were willing to serve the country, but the interests of the people could not be infringed upon, after all, if they harvested early this year, they would definitely not be able to next year.

If they could only deduct the people's income, it would lead to public discontent.

The words end up saying that the price increase of 30%, this is in accordance with the 10,000 taels a rack boost, that is to say want all the materials, 13,000 taels a rack, of which the silver, will be compensated to the people, can let the Ministry of households allocate funds for any.

"They use the people as a reason to try to force us to give in, and I have already had people inquire about the news, the three major chambers of commerce did have the people below, informed the people, promising to give them compensation silver once the court is willing to harvest early."

Gu Yan said in a deep voice.

"I understand."

"This is a very clever tactic."

Xu Qingnian nodded, he understood what this meant.

Originally, according to his thoughts, the three major chambers of commerce estimated that raising the price by five hundred taels of silver would be the limit, daring to ask for a thousand would be heartless.

But they knew that no matter how much they raised the price, they would be branded as having made a fortune out of national tragedy.

When the time came, once the waterwheel project was successful, and the tax revenue of Great Wei was raised and the people lived in peace and happiness, these people would certainly die.

So they follow their own example and use public opinion and popular support as a shield, they raise the price and make money themselves, while also pulling the people along with them to ask for a price, in this way, not only can they empty the Great Wei's coffers.

And also gain the hearts and minds of the people, and then even if the Great Wei wanted to move them, they would not be able to find a suitable reason.

After all, is it a crime to make a living for the people?

Unless the empress has one hand on the sky and doesn't give you any explanation and says kill, otherwise, as long as there is any obstacle, the empress won't be able to touch these people.

"Lord Gu, what do you mean?"

Xu Qingnian opened her mouth and asked Gu Yan.

After all, this was an old senior, and there were some things that one still had to ask him what he thought.

"They are holding public opinion hostage while asking for a price, their mouths are ugly."

"It is impossible for the Ministry of Household to agree, and it is impossible for the old man to agree, even if the waterwheel project is not done."

Gu Yan spoke up, his attitude was resolute.

Raising the price by fifty percent? What kind of concept is this? It was the same as saying that 50,000 water carriages would have to be shrunk by half, or taking out 75,000,000,000 taels of silver to make 50,000 water carriages would be 80,000,000 taels for the Great Wei treasury.

Wouldn't that even be a loss of old capital?

If he agreed to this, then he would be the Minister of Household Affairs to the end.

"En, this price, I can't accept it either."

"However, send another letter with them to see what their low price is, raising the price by fifty percent, that's simply not possible."

Xu Qingnian thought the same.

But he was willing to continue talking about it.

“And send a letter? Daring to ask for a fifty percent raise, and it’s based on 10,000 taels a rack, which means that they’re giving in any more than 10,000 taels at least.”

Gu Yan frowned, the other party’s asking price was too high, what could they do even if they backed off? Eleven thousand taels? Twelve thousand taels?

He would not even agree to more than seven thousand five hundred taels, let alone this much.

“Lord Gu, if you believe me, send another letter, a letter to me.”

Only, Xu Qingnian spoke calmly, and with these words he uttered, he instantly surprised Gu Yan a little.

“Shouren, you have a solution?”

Seeing Xu Qingnian’s expression like this, Gu Yan could not help but ask.

“Almost there.”

Xu Qingnian gave a vague answer.

And Gu Yan was slightly silent, and after thinking about it, he could not help but speak.

“Alright, I trust you, you handle this matter, if the price is beaten down, everything will remain the same, but if the price is not beaten down, the matter of the water cart, must be put on hold.”

Gu Yan nodded his head and said so.

“En, many thanks, my lord.” Xu Qingnian gave a word of thanks.

And hearing these words, Gu Yan but was a little less happy.

“Thank what, the old man respects you, and you are the Minister of the Household, you are one of us, why thank me.”

“Shouren ah, you are just modest and hospitable, from now on you are not allowed to be so, and.”

“And don’t put me in your poetry either, got it?”

Gu Yan opened his mouth and said righteously.

When this was said, Xu Qingnian faintly froze.

Ah This!

“Alright, I’m leaving, Shouren, remember, ah, don’t write old me in, we’re all family, our own people.”

Gu Yan came here to discuss with Xu Qingnian about the three major chambers of commerce, he was supposed to keep talking in detail, but Xu Qingnian looked like he had a solution, so he didn’t say much more, as for the second matter, it was more important.

Now among the six ministries, Chen Zhengru is fine, after all, he is a great Confucian and has virtue and prestige, as usual, but Zhang Jing is different, he comes up with a poem about general wine when he sees people, and then he also asks the entire Ministry of Penalty to recite this poem.

He said he was praising Xu Qingnian, but in reality? He was just showing off his own fame for a thousand years.

What’s more, Zhang Jing even asked someone to paint the outside wall of his house with a scene from the Taiping poetry meeting, deliberately painting a scene of Xu Qingnian composing a poem, and then writing Will Jinjiu on it.

He was simply too dejected.

He was also a Confucian scholar and a seventh-ranking Confucian scholar, a few years ahead of Zhang Jing’s Ming Yi.

But he didn’t expect that Zhang Jing would be famous for a thousand years, so he couldn’t possibly not be sour.

But he was too embarrassed to ask Xu Qingnian to say it explicitly, he couldn’t possibly say, “Remember to add my name next time you write a poem, wouldn’t that be embarrassing?”

Gu Yan walked away.

Xu Qingnian looked at Gu Yan’s back and was somewhat silent, it seems there is no one in this world who doesn’t like fame.

However, it didn’t matter, just add Lord Gu’s name next time.

Right now, Xu Qingnian was looking at the letter in her hand, but she was deep in thought.

The three major chambers of commerce have teamed up to raise prices, this is not an uncommon thing, merchants are driven by profit, and if they raise prices, they raise prices.

To be honest, Xu Qingnian found it strange that the prices were not raised, and was worried that they would take bad things and use them as good.

But the price was so ferocious, the psychological price of the Great Wei was 7,500 taels, while these merchants asked for 15,000 taels, which was like doubling the price.

Of course Xu Qingnian understood that this was a negotiation technique, first setting a high price, then making concessions to each other and finally choosing a price that everyone could accept.

Only this was no longer a high price.

Rather, it was a heavenly price.

“Why do they dare to offer this price? Aren’t they afraid that Great Wei will simply flip out?”

“If they don’t want their goods, won’t they suffer a blood loss?”

“Merchants are driven by profit, even if there are vassal kings behind them, stopping this deal, but for merchants, if they don’t make money, that’s what really pays off, and they also offend Great Wei.”

“Why do they dare to set this price?”

Xu Qingnian frowned, what were the smartest people in this world?

Officials in the court, every one of them was a human tip.

The merchants under the sky, this is the human tip of the human tip.

Just ask, to be able to earn your money away from your pocket, this kind of people will not be smart?

Especially to this extent, the three major chambers of commerce in Great Wei, which one is not smart as a demon?

It’s common to sit on your hands and ask for a price.

But asking for a price that is too hard is definitely not in line with common sense.

They have a bottom line, and that bottom line is that even if Great Wei doesn't cooperate with them, they don't have a hard time.

It's just that What is this bottom line?

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you want.

It was Wang Ru's voice.

"Brother Xu! Brother Xu!"

Wang Ru quickly walked inside the Shouren Academy, running all the way.

"Brother Wang Ru? What's wrong?"

Xu Qingnian looked at Wang Ru and said with some curiosity.

"Brother Xu, the head merchant of the Peach Blossom Temple is here and wants to meet with you.

Wang Ru opened his mouth.

He said what he wanted to say.

The Grand Master of the Peach Blossom Nunnery?

Xu Qingnian looked at a middle-aged man standing outside the Shouren Academy. The man was elegant and handsome, and even though he was middle-aged, he still had a handsome look from the inside.

There were maids standing to his left and right, all carrying plates, presumably with gifts.

"Please."

If it was a normal day, Xu Qingnian might not have met him, after all, the other party was a merchant and he was an official of the Great Wei, so it was best not to see him.

But at this moment, Xu Qingnian was willing to meet, because it just so happened that he had a question that he needed a businessman to answer.

The great master of the Peach Blossom Nunnery was a businessman, and having been to the Peach Blossom Nunnery once, Xu Qingnian felt that this great master was not only a businessman, but also a very good businessman.

"Good."

When he heard that Xu Qingnian was willing to meet, Wang Ru immediately ran towards the outside with great enthusiasm, obviously receiving some benefits, but it did not matter, after all, Brother Wang Ru was not a bad person and knew how to do things, so he would not bring any trouble to himself.

Not long afterwards, when the grand master of the Peach Blossom Nunnery learnt that Xu Qingnian was willing to meet him, he could not help but smile and look incredibly honoured as he walked in, with the maids behind him coming one after the other.

“I, Zhang Ruhui, meet Xu Shouren, Lord Xu and Xu Wangu!”

As soon as Zhang Ruhui walked in, he was all sorts of respectful, bowing deeply towards Xu Qingnian and saying so.

“Greetings, Brother Zhang, I am not wearing official clothes, so I don’t need to be addressed as a lord, Brother Zhang, come, come, sit down and drink tea.”

Xu Qingnian invited Zhang Ruhui to sit down and drink tea.

The latter was not pretentious, and directly sat down and said.

“Lord Xu, I went to the capital yesterday and learnt that Lord Xu had come to the Peach Blossom Nunnery. For a moment, I regretted why I had not returned earlier and missed meeting Lord Xu.”

“Therefore, I have not slept all night, and I am staying here today, carrying a small gift as a meeting gift, and I hope Lord Xu will forgive me.”

Zhang Ruhui was worthy of being a businessman, he came up with a gift and appeared to be incredibly respectful, and his words were very comforting.

“Brother Zhang is very kind, you are very kind, forget about the meeting gift, I am an official of Great Wei, I am not allowed to accept gifts.”

Xu Qingnian waved his hand, Zhang Ruhui was a nice person, just accept gifts and forget about it, as an official is clean.

“These gifts are some precious rice, some elixirs, and jade to warm the blood and nourish the qi.”

“It will help Lord Xu to nourish his qi and nourish his blood, it is not any gold or silver jewellery.”

Zhang Ruhui was very thoughtful and prepared things that could be used, but of course the prices were not cheap either.

“Brother Zhang, what is the reason for your visit today?”

Xu Qingnian did not mention the topic of meeting gifts, but asked the other party what he wanted to see him about.

“Nothing else, simply came over to see, Lord Xu, a great talent of the ages, I have admired Lord Xu for a long time, please don’t worry Lord Xu, I purely just admire Lord Xu.”

Zhang Ruhui’s face was full of sincerity and did not look half-hearted.

The fact that he was not a fool, but also did not think that everyone was a bad person, we are all friends, if there are interests involved, the relationship is better, if not, it is normal to be friends in general.

After all, there are some poets and literati who do have ardent fans, and there is no shortage of rich people among them.

Wang Lun, for example.

Spending money to become famous for thousands of years, is also the first person in the world.

But Zhang Ru would find himself fine.

Xu Qingnian, however, had a bit of business.

“Brother Zhang, there is something that I would like to ask, I wonder if I can clear up my confusion for Xu.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, and Zhang Ruhui instantly looked a little excited and said.

“Please ask Lord Xu.”

Zhang Ruhui asked.

Looking very excited.

It did feel a bit like a rabid fan.

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Zhang Ruhui’s gaze was full of honour, as if it was a great honour for him to ask him a question.

Sensing Zhang Ruhui's gaze, Xu Qingnian paused and then spoke.

"Brother Zhang, as you are a merchant, I would like to ask a question of Xu."

"Suppose you have a batch of goods, which are each worth a hundred taels of silver, but you know that someone needs this batch of goods from you."

"What would be your first reaction?"

Xu Qingnian asked.

Because she was not a merchant herself, it was difficult to think from a merchant's point of view.

One could guess what a merchant was thinking, but one could not really think differently, after all, a merchant's mind was inscrutable.

"Sitting on the ground."

Zhang Ru would say what a normal businessman would do.

"Then how much is the increase?"

Xu Qingnian asked.

When this was said, Zhang Ruhui was silent.

How much would it go up?

"Is this cargo precious?"

Zhang Ruhui asked Xu Qingnian.

"It's not precious, it's always available, but it's produced on an annual basis."

Xu Qingnian replied.

"Not precious, if it's available every year, an increase of 10% or half a percent is almost enough, maximum benefit."

Zhang Ruhui said without thinking.

This answer was within Xu Qingnian's expectation.

Unproducible things can be sold for a sky-high price, such as antique paintings and calligraphy, you can say that they are worth a million taels, or you can say that they are worth nothing.

If the market is good, the price will be higher; if the market is bad, the price will be lower.

Even if you know that there is a shortage of goods, you can't raise the price too much, no matter how you look at it, long-term or short-term.

It is the nature of a businessman to raise it by half a percent, but to raise it by more would be problematic.

"What if it's doubled?"

Xu Qingnian sipped his tea and said calmly.

When this was said, Zhang Ruhui immediately frowned.

"Doubled?"

"Lord Xu, you are serious?"

Zhang Ruhui didn't know what to say, normally raising it by half a percent is the nature of a businessman, raising it by 10 percent is a bit greedy, raising it by 30 or 40 percent is a bit vindictive, or knowing that you will definitely buy my stuff.

Doubling?

This is not the way normal people think about doing business.

"I also hope that Brother Zhang will answer." Xu Qingnian spoke in a calm tone.

And Zhang Ruhui fell into deep thought.

After a while, he spoke up.

"Lord Xu, I ask Zhang three things."

"First, are the canals difficult?"

"Second, do the two sides have an enmity?"

"Third, does the other side necessarily believe that you will buy it?"

Zhang Ruhui asked three questions.

And Xu Qingnian answered quickly, "Normal canal transportation, no enmity with merchants, but some people will make trouble out of it, not daring to trust it completely, because it can be don't."

This was Xu Qingnian's answer; it went without saying that transporting 50 county lands was not a very difficult task.

As for having an enemy? Even if one was certain that Prince Huaining was in on it, the feud was not particularly big, for merchants, there was only profit in their eyes.

Unless one had killed the other's father, even the revenge of killing one's father was not a big revenge in the eyes of merchants, especially the heads of the three major chambers of commerce.

As for whether they believe they must buy it? Who would be willing to buy it if the asking price was so high? Of course if the issue could not be resolved, Xu Qingnian would still choose to buy it.

Because this matter, which was indeed beneficial to the country and the people, was not something that could be measured by a little bit of silver.

Once this was said, Zhang Ruhui gave a reply.

"Then there is a problem."

"Since there is no canal and no deep hatred, I am not sure that you will buy it."

"No normal merchant would do so, not even an abnormal one."

"No merchant would have a problem with silver, this is very fishy."

Zhang Ruhui muttered to himself.

Xu Qingnian did not rush, but let him think about it first.

After thinking for a while, Zhang Ruhui suddenly thought of something and spoke up at once.

"Lord Xu."

"Normally, it would never be possible for a merchant to do this, but there is one possibility that would make them dare to raise the price like this."

Zhang Ruhui replied.

"What way?"

Xu Qingnian asked directly.

“There is another group of people who would set the goods at a price that is not too different, but this is not very likely, after all, no one would be so stupid.”

Zhang Ru would give his answer.

This was his answer, looking at this matter from a merchant's point of view, it was impossible to have business without doing ah, doubling the price, without deep hatred, and people would not necessarily buy.

That's not possible either, the only possibility is that I'm not short of sellers, someone has negotiated a price which is more than the normal price, but I'm still willing to do business with you.

Only the price you offer must be a little more than the other side, or the same price offered, in which case I can consider doing business with you.

Zhang Ruhui's reply caused Xu Qingnian to instantly fall into contemplation.

This one sentence simply woke Xu Qingnian up.

Yes.

Why did the three great chambers of commerce dare to offer such a price?

Were they not afraid of the Great Wei Dynasty?

Furthermore, merchants were driven by profit, although they knew that Great Wei needed this item and were in a bit of a hurry, they were not so much as to say that they were asking for a roaring price?

Unless you can eat up Great Wei.

But is that possible?

Although Wei is in decline, it doesn't mean that it is no longer viable.

It's not so bad that it's being bullied by merchants.

So they wouldn't dare to really offend Great Wei, but why would they dare to double the price?

What Zhang Ruhui said enlightened Xu Qingnian, someone had already booked these materials and even let them harvest them in advance, offering a price that would not be any less.

It was also because of this that the three major chambers of commerce dared to offer this price, and the three major chambers of commerce still wanted to cooperate with Great Wei, after all, they still wanted to do business in Great Wei.

So who has such terrifying financial resources to buy these waterwheel materials?

The foreigners? The foreign states?

Xu Qingnian shook his head straight away. 70,000,000 taels of silver, plus labour costs and so on, would probably cost 80,000,000 taels of silver, or even 90,000,000 taels of silver.

Unless the foreign states add up to buy it, they can't afford it, and why would they buy it? Aren't they afraid that they might be able to get away with it?

If the waterwheel had been successfully promoted in Wei, and had received a huge response and harvest, they would have no problem buying it at a higher price.

But the problem was that the waterwheel project had not even been launched, it was just a setup and a framework, what made them think that this thing could make a fortune?

In the beginning, the officials in the court did not even approve of it, let alone these people.

So the foreigners didn't dare to buy it, at least not before the success of the Great Wei, they couldn't afford to gamble.

If not the foreigners, who was so powerful? Personal power is impossible, so there are only two possibilities.

The Sudden Evil Dynasty.

The First Yuan Dynasty.

These two dynasties formed a triumvirate with the Great Wei, but at the time it was the Sudden Evil Dynasty plus the Primordial Yuan Dynasty that were able to take on the Great Wei.

Now, however, of the three dynasties, the Tusi Dynasty is the strongest, but the Chuyuan Dynasty is the best economically, and the Great Wei Dynasty is still not bad militarily, but it is completely outclassed economically.

The shame of Jingcheng and the seven northern expeditions had indeed brought down Great Wei.

“If it had been either of these two dynasties, the cost would have been 100,000,000 taels of silver.”

“How rich.”

Xu Qingnian understood completely, daring to offer this price and being able to make the three major chambers of commerce this crazy, only these two dynasties could do it.

The next moment.

A chill, an extremely terrifying chill, appeared in Xu Qingnian’s eyes as he got up and turned his back on Zhang Ruhui, an extremely terrifying chill.

Xu Qingnian did not hate the Sudden Evil Dynasty, nor did he hate the Primordial Yuan Dynasty.

The reason is that what they did was not wrong in any way, they were just on different sides.

But what Xu Qingnian hated was what the three major chambers of commerce had done.

Instead of helping their own countrymen, they helped other countries and victimised their own country for something so beneficial to the people.

There is nothing wrong with merchants seeking profit!

But this is already a traitor to the country.

This kind of person is really a tenth of an evil, is he still a human being?

Relying on the Great Wei, they grew big and strong and made a fortune, but now they are selling out their country for glory, they are not even comparable to animals.

“If this is really the case, this second sword of Xu Mou will not have any mercy.”

Xu Qingnian muttered in his heart.

His first blade was a Fan merchant.

The second blade, was the Great Wei merchants, but considering many things, so this second blade definitely did not dare to fall straight away, it had to be the right time.

It was just that the three major chambers of commerce had gone so far as to sell out the country for glory, Xu Qingnian would have had to lay the groundwork in advance, and

once it fell, this second knife, it would definitely be a bloodbath, and would definitely lead to great trouble.

So one must lay out a good game, not a single mistake, a little mistake, the unlucky one will be himself.

The first thing you need to do is to be careful.

One must be cautious, extremely cautious.

All thoughts retracted, Xu Qingnian's face was calm, then he turned around and poured a cup of tea for Zhang Ruhui.

"Thank you, brother Zhang, for clearing up the confusion."

Xu Qingnian personally poured the tea for him, and the latter was flattered, holding the cup of tea, carefully accepting it, and then taking a small sip.

"Lord Xu, your words are really too polite, how can this be considered any kind of explanation, it's just words of experience."

"Lord Xu, I do admire you, whether it is your people or your talent, I admire you immensely, I would be honoured to make your acquaintance."

Zhang Ruhui spoke up, he truly admired and looked up to Xu Qingnian.

He was also a scholar, but he did not enter the rank, but he loved to read, and his family had a lot of money, so he had many businesses and properties, and he made friends with many people, and he respected all the scholars.

He had many business properties and had made many friends. He respected anyone who was a scholar, especially someone like Xu Qingnian, who was both talented and able to stand up for the people.

"In terms of age, Brother Zhang is quite a bit older than me, so I have to call Xu a brother."

Xu Qingnian politely said.

The face was born from the heart, Zhang Ruhui's face was very good, and then the talk was elegant, Xu Qingnian had Confucianism divine eyes, and also had a hugely positive aura, not to say that he could directly tell whether a person was good or bad, but would have an intuition.

This Zhang Ruhui does not have any personal feelings towards himself, but indeed reveres himself, worships himself, admires himself, and is extremely strong in admiration.

There is a classic saying that is very true.

You can never hate a person who admires you.

After all, he admires you.

If he's rich, then he's a Pungent One big brother.

Whether or not Zhang Ruhui was his own Pungent One Big Brother, Xu Qingnian was still unclear, but coming up with all kinds of gifts, at the very least, it proved that Zhang Ruhui had a heart.

"I can't afford it, I can't afford it, Lord Xu is the Minister of Household and a great talent, how can this brother take up the responsibility?"

Zhang Ruhui was a bit frightened, he felt that he was not worthy of it, this fear was not disguised, Xu Qingnian could see it.

"Brother Zhang, in any case, you are twenty years older than me, and in the court I am the Minister of Household Affairs, but in Shouren Academy, I am just an ordinary scholar."

"Public is public, private is private, if brother Zhang joined the court, a call of Lord Xu, I dare to admit, but brother is not an official position, this call of Lord Xu, I dare not admit."

"If this were to get out, wouldn't it look like I have no one in sight? Not respecting the size?"

Xu Qingnian said so, and his attitude was sincere.

To be honest, he was over forty years old, but he was only twenty, so calling him elder brother was definitely not a disadvantage.

Moreover, he was also a big fan of his own, so big brother.

"This! This!"

Zhang Ruhui was indeed very frightened. Today he came over and wanted to get to know Xu Qingnian, so he made a bridge through Wang Ru, Xu Qingnian's best friend.

To be honest he was actually particularly panicked, afraid that Xu Qingnian would not see him, because some literati are very arrogant and especially hate businessmen like him, even though they are also scholars, people should be upset with themselves, still upset with themselves.

Of course if you use money, you can smash out feelings, but the question is, what is the use of such feelings? As long as one day one has no money, will people still care about oneself?

But what he didn't expect was that Xu Qingnian not only met him, but also called him brother in one breath. No matter what Xu Qingnian's purpose was, he was inwardly pleased, pleased and touched.

What is a man of letters? That's what a literati is.

However, he was still a little bit nervous when he really agreed to do so, because after all, he was the youngest minister of the Ministry of Household Affairs in Wei, plus Xu Qingnian's prestige and so on.

He was indeed a bit embarrassed to be called his elder brother.

But at that moment, Wang Ru spoke up.

He had been sitting by the side listening because he couldn't interrupt, but now he was finally able to do so.

"Boss Zhang, Brother Xu is a modest person, what he dislikes most is pretentiousness, and he also looks down on fame and fortune, otherwise, with Brother Xu's position and status at this time, I wouldn't be able to climb high."

Wang Ru spoke up, praising Xu Qingnian.

Once this was said, Zhang Ruhui was also not pretentious, he was a businessman and knew the most about the world of people, no matter if Xu Qingnian was real or not, at least this brother was shouted.

He also agreed to do so.

"Since that is the case, then I will be thick-skinned and acknowledge a brother, Xu Xiandi, my brother respects people of learning, especially you."

"How many officials are there in this world? How many officials have I met? But I have never seen anyone like you, and now you think so highly of me."

"Please don't worry, I still have some money, so if I need any help in the future, I will do whatever I can."

Zhang Ruhui said from the bottom of his heart.

If Xu Qingnian gave him face like this, he gave him face as well.

“You are very kind, brother.”

Xu Qingnian smiled faintly, it was a good thing for himself to make acquaintance with someone who had financial power, not so much to make money, but a force of his own.

Of course he would also give Zhang Ruhui the benefit of the doubt and would not let Zhang Ruhui suffer.

“I am grateful to Xiandi for not minding, and I have not prepared any generous gifts today, this jade pendant, which is my brother’s personal jade pendant, is called the Spiritual Yang Treasure Jade, and can regulate Xiandi’s qi and blood, so that he will not be attacked by all diseases.”

As Zhang Ruhui spoke, he took out his own jade pendant and handed it to Xu Qingnian.

The jade was carved with a coiled dragon and was crystal clear, just by looking at the jade surface, one could tell that this item was worth a lot of money.

“You are very kind, brother, how can I dare to accept such a precious thing.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth and pushed back repeatedly.

“No, no, no, Xiandi accept it, if not, my brother really can’t afford the word brother.”

However, Zhang Ruhui was determined to give this piece of jade to Xu Qingnian, and even forced it.

Xu Qingnian was a bit helpless, but he still accepted it, after all, if he didn’t accept anything at all, it wouldn’t do. As for people saying that he took bribes, Xu Qingnian wasn’t afraid.

The actual fact is that you’ll be able to get a lot more than just a few of these. The actual fact is that the actual fact is that the particulars of the actuals are not really a lot of. The only thing I’m afraid of is that if you go to the Ministry of Military Affairs, you’ll probably be beaten over the head with blood.

However, when the precious jade fell into the hand, the blood did start to surge and the effect was obvious.

This thing is a treasure, let’s return it later when we have the chance.

Xu Qingnian thought to himself.

Only after Xu Qingnian had accepted this object did Zhang Ruhui's smile widen.

Afterwards, Zhang Ruhui continued to speak.

"Xiandi, this is my token, in the future, if you spend money at Zhang's shop, everything will be counted as my brother's, so don't pay."

"If you leave the capital, as long as there is a Zhang's money shop, as long as there is a Zhang's money shop, within 100,000 taels of silver, Xiandi is free to withdraw it that day, if you need more, just have someone send me a message."

Zhang Ruhui said so, giving Xu Qingnian his token and arrow.

His token was worth a lot of money, and all purchases at Zhang's shops were free, and he could go to Zhang's major money changers and withdraw 100,000 taels of silver for emergencies.

However Xu Qingnian was a little surprised.

"Brother Zhang, I didn't expect you to have such a wide range of business? You do money changers too?"

Xu Qingnian was now a little surprised, although Xu Qingnian knew that Zhang Ruhui was rich, he did not expect that he would even open a money bank, and that the opening was 100,000 taels of silver.

How big a family fortune must this be?

"A little or two, a little or two."

Zhang Ruhui smiled, as a businessman, the most taboo thing is to say how much money you have, this is not telling others, I am rich, come and rip me off.

Smart businessmen knew how to pretend to be poor, but in front of Xu Qingnian, he still couldn't help but show off slightly, but also kept his sanity.

"That's fine."

"Brother, there might be a big business for you in the future."

Hearing the word money bank, Xu Qingnian couldn't help but think of his own An Guo policy, which he had thought could be implemented quickly, but then realised for himself that he was too young.

He himself did not know what the country's situation was, and only after he knew did he understand why the An Guo Ce had been suppressed.

Because it simply didn't fit, at least not with the way things were going.

"Big business? How big is it?"

Zhang Ruhui was slightly curious.

"First, let me ask a question, how many assets do you have today, how much do you take in, you don't need to be too explicit, just roughly."

Xu Qingnian asked calmly.

When this was said, Zhang Ruhui pondered slightly, and Xu Qingnian continued to speak, "Of course, if it is inconvenient for Brother Xian to say, then there is no harm in doing so."

Xu Qingnian took a sip of tea. For a businessman, revealing his family's background was a relatively private matter, and asking Zhang Ruhui was actually a way of finding out what was going on.

He wanted to see what kind of attitude Zhang Ruhui had towards himself, it didn't matter if he didn't say anything, this was understandable, if he did, it would prove that Zhang Ruhui was really friendly with himself, or at least willing to be friendly.

"No, no, no."

"Xiandi misunderstood, my brother is just thinking."

Zhang Ruhui explained, and after a while, he gave his answer.

"The annual income, fifteen million taels of silver, will not fluctuate up or down by more than thirty percent."

Zhang Ruhui gave an explanation.

This answer did not surprise Xu Qingnian, but Wang Ru, who was at the side, was confused.

What was the concept of 15 million taels of silver?

He couldn't even calculate it, it was simply an astronomical figure.

The reason why Xu Qingnian was not shocked was simple. Ever since he had cut down the merchants of Great Wei, Xu Qingnian had understood one thing: Great Wei was poor, but the merchants of Great Wei were not poor.

Therefore, Xu Qingnian was not surprised by the annual income of 15 million.

Of course, one tael of silver was equal to one thousand dollars in the previous world, which meant that Zhang Ruhui had an annual income of fifteen billion.

Then according to the description in the previous world, the valuation would be at least three hundred billion.

It was considered quite good, the top group of people in Great Wei.

“This business, if it is done, will make Brother Xian’s wealth, more than ten times.”

Xu Qingnian calmly said.

But as soon as he said this, Zhang Ruhui and Wang Ru both instantly froze in place.

In Wang Ru’s eyes, 15 million taels of silver was already an astronomical figure that he would not be able to earn in a hundred lifetimes, not to mention his lifetime.

Now Xu Qingnian said that the amount could be doubled ten times, what concept is this? Fifteen million taels of silver? How much money would that be?

Zhang Ruhui was also dumbfounded. Now that he had reached this level, he was more and more aware of the fact that the more money his family had, the harder it was to make money.

But when you have a lot of money, you meet a lot of people, everyone wants to suck a mouthful of blood from you, everyone wants to bite a piece of your flesh off.

Everyone wants to rip you off and at this point in time, whatever you want to do, you have your own interests underneath, you have your own ideas and you want to grow unless you encounter an unparalleled opportunity.

To be honest, even doubling it, let alone ten times, would be of immense value to him.

Ten times?

What kind of concept is that? The national tax of Great Wei is not that much silver taels a year, right?

Wouldn’t he become the richest man in Wei?

Even if there were still three major chambers of commerce, he would be the fourth largest chamber of commerce, and he would be the head of it.

This must not take off?

But soon, Zhang Ru would calm down, for no other reason.

It was because ten times was too much.

It wasn't that he didn't believe Xu Qingnian, but he didn't believe himself.

But Xu Qingnian dared to say ten times the profit, even if it was a bit exaggerated, at least double it, right?

If he could really double it, he would be close to the three major chambers of commerce, and perhaps his own children and grandchildren could raise his Sun's Chamber of Commerce to the level of the four major chambers of commerce.

So he still had some expectations.

"Dare I ask Xiandi, what kind of business is it?"

Zhang Ruhui opened his mouth and asked.

"Let's talk about it later, there's no rush now."

Xu Qingnian smiled faintly, the matter of the Great Wei Chambers, relying on the imperial court alone would definitely not be able to make it big, more merchants had to be absorbed in, these merchants were smart enough to leave professional matters to professional people, there was no problem with that.

The great thing is to ask His Majesty to deliberately open up a system, such as 'red-top merchants', so that these merchants can also have official positions. I guess when the time really comes, I don't know how many merchants will be crying with excitement and crying out to join.

After all, the status of merchants is not high, rather monstrous, but not so low as to say that it is too low, only to say that in front of the scholars, it is as humble as dust.

So Xu Qingnian did have an idea, but of course this plan, for the time being, could not be spoken of, and would have to wait for the moment when the second knife fell.

When he heard Xu Qingnian open his mouth like this, Zhang Ruhui did not continue to ask questions, Xu Qingnian did not say, he believed there was a reason for Xu Qingnian not to say.

At that moment, a voice rang out.

"Lord Xu, Minister Gu asks you to go to the Ministry of the Household."

It was the junior historian from the Ministry of the Household, asking Xu Qingnian to go to the Ministry of the Household.

At that moment, Zhang Ruhui saw this scene and immediately got up and said.

“Xiandi, the hour is getting late, so my brother will not delay, after all, you have something to do now, so I will leave first.”

Zhang Ruhui spoke thus.

“Fine, take care, in a few days’ time, when the Peaceful Poetry Fair is over, I will go to the Peach Blossom Temple to look for you.”

Xu Qingnian could see that this Zhang Ruhui was very sincere with himself, a force to be used, but of course the other party could also use him for profit.

Everyone was like this, you help me, I help you, if only by virtue of the good feeling, where could it be so good?

In the world of adults, it’s more about profit.

“Good, good, good, I will definitely host a grand banquet when the time comes.”

Hearing these words, Zhang Ruhui immediately opened his mouth to host a grand banquet.

“See you then.”

“Brother Wang Ru, let’s go first.”

Xu Qingnian did not linger and immediately got up, while bidding farewell to Wang Ru.

Wang Ru nodded and followed Zhang Ruhui.

And Xu Qingnian also followed the Household Ministry roll official to leave.

Soon.

The Ministry of the Household.

Xu Qingnian saw Gu Yan, and before Xu Qingnian could say anything, Gu Yan’s voice had already sounded.

“Shouren, they have sent someone to the capital, asking us to meet tomorrow.”

Gu Yan opened the door and said.

“A meeting tomorrow? When?”

Xu Qingnian frowned.

Why did these three major chambers of commerce suddenly come to the capital? And about meeting tomorrow?

“Around eleventh hour, as per normal, we have to go there half an hour earlier to discuss the matter after all, and you are named to go, otherwise we won’t talk.”

Gu Yan replied.

When this was said, Xu Qingnian understood somewhat.

“Are they trying to stop me from going to the poetry duel?”

Xu Qingnian opened her mouth and said with some curiosity.

And Gu Yan nodded.

“What they mean is that they want to stop you from going to the poetry duel.”

“What the old man means is that I’ll bring someone there, so you don’t have to go, and you can’t be missing from the poetry duel tomorrow.”

Gu Yan gave a reply, the Taiping Poetry Competition was still important, something like negotiating prices, there was no need for Xu Qingnian to go, what could be done if she went? Would the price be lowered because of Xu Qingnian?

Just Gu Yan was a little curious, why did they have to stop Xu Qingnian from participating in the poetry competition?

Was it so hateful? This had all been laid out on the stage.

“No.” Xu Qingnian shook her head and looked towards Gu Yan.

“Shang Shu Gu, I’ll go.”

“They want to see me so that I can’t attend the Taiping Poetry Festival, although I don’t know why they are doing so.”

“But the more they do, the more I have to go over and meet them, and the more I want to meet these people, too, to know myself and my enemy before I can win a hundred battles.”

This was Xu Qingnian’s reply.

It was good that the other party wanted to meet him, although the timing of the selection was, obviously, problematic, but that did not stop him.

“No, the Taiping Poetry Competition is important, do you know what’s happening in Kyoto?”

“The talented men of the ten kingdoms have fought with the literati of Great Wei, both sides are on fire, and now the conflict is getting worse, if you don’t attend, if you lose, I am afraid that my Great Wei will lose face.”

“Although you taught the Confucian students of the Great Wei Literary Palace a lesson yesterday, I am still not sure, his Majesty has already started to investigate this matter, but no matter how you investigate it, the Peace Poetry Society still needs to be stable.”

Gu Yan, however, rejected Xu Qingnian’s proposal.

The ten great talents of the ten kingdoms were at war with the literati of Great Wei, and they were at odds with each other.

Xu Qingnian’s general wine was a relief to the people.

However, the Ten Kingdoms’ great talent was shameless, insisting that Xu Qingnian had received the test questions in advance, and even insisting that Xu Qingnian had not composed the famous poem himself.

If not, what makes Xu Qingnian think that he would have been able to write the famous poem of the ages?

And why must it come after the appearance of the Zhen Guo poem?

So they were not convinced!

Not at all.

This made the people of Great Wei furious and their teeth ached, but the other party was shameless, what could they do? His Majesty had decreed that no more such brawls would be allowed, and once they happened, they would be stripped of their merit.

So neither the literati of Great Wei nor the talented scholars of the Ten Kingdoms dared to continue shouting, and both sides just left all their anger for tomorrow’s poetry fight.

Whoever wins, the loser shuts up.

But many people knew that even if the Great Wei won, it was expected that the great talents of the Ten Kingdoms would not be convinced, as they had already established

themselves as undefeated in the first heaven, so the crowd was hoping that Xu Qingnian would write three more poems of ancient fame in the next three days.

If that were true, there would probably be nothing left to say about the great talents of the Ten Kingdoms.

But three days in a row, three poems of a thousand ancient names?

This is something that even the people, not to mention the literati of Great Wei, wouldn't dare to think about. They knew that Xu Qingnian was a great talent of the Ten Kingdoms, but they weren't so confident, a thousand ancient poems a day?

If this were to happen, the Liyang Palace would collapse, shaken by the talent.

But no matter what, if Xu Qingnian entered the competition, he would definitely be able to achieve a good ranking, because Xu Qingnian could create a miracle.

Powerfully overpowering the great talents of the ten nations.

Therefore, Gu Yan did not agree with Xu Qingnian going to the meeting, and the reason he called out to Xu Qingnian was to tell him about this matter and ask him what he thought.

"Lord Gu, don't worry, I will go to the banquet tomorrow, but Qingnian can also guarantee that she will not lose in the poetry battle tomorrow."

Xu Qingnian said with a serious expression.

Once these words were said, Gu Yan frowned a little.

"Why are you so sure?"

Gu Yan frowned and couldn't help but ask.

"This, Lord Gu, don't ask, when has Qingnian ever lied to you?"

Xu Qingnian had her own plans, it was just that when this solution was said, she was afraid that Gu Yan would be even more reluctant to agree.

"How can you win if you don't go there yourself?"

Gu Yan was really a little confused, but when he thought about it, Xu Qingnian had indeed not lied ah.

"Lord Gu, don't you believe me?"

“Also, since the three great merchants have named me to go over, then Qingnian can guess that as long as Qingnian doesn’t go, they will definitely use this as an excuse to say that the Great Wei Ministry of Household despises them.”

“It’s small to turn around and walk away, when the time comes, people will have the upper hand.”

Xu Qingnian continued to speak, and at the same time he was certain that these people would use this as an excuse to bash the Household Ministry and spread the word everywhere that they had come all the way to Kyoto and were willing to negotiate a good price with Great Wei.

But what he didn’t expect was that Xu Qingnian, the Ministry of Household Affairs of Great Wei, would look down on them and ask them to lower their prices, and wouldn’t meet them.

Such words Xu Qingnian himself had made up for them.

Indeed, as Xu Qingnian opened her mouth like this, Gu Yan’s face sank.

Because what Xu Qingnian had said was exactly right, the three great merchants had extraordinarily instructed that Xu Qingnian must be allowed to come over, or else he would not be seen.

Thinking of this, Gu Yan stopped speaking.

And Xu Qingnian’s voice rang out.

“Lord Gu, there is one thing that Qingnian has to say.”

“The three great merchants are emboldened to ask for a sky-high price, it is likely that they have already negotiated a price with another group of people behind their backs.”

Xu Qingnian said with a suppressed voice, speaking this matter out.

“En.”

Only Gu Yan was not half surprised, but nodded his head before speaking.

“Old man has already guessed, Shouren, you are really smart to guess on this, have the great talent of the Ministry of Household, just this matter, you should not get involved, it involves a lot.”

Gu Yan had already known about it, in fact he guessed it when the other party’s letter came.

It was just that he did not speak to Xu Qingnian, not because he did not consider Xu Qingnian as one of his own, rather it was because he considered Xu Qingnian as one of his own that he did not inform Xu Qingnian.

After all, according to Xu Qingnian's character, if she learns about this matter, she might cause some kind of trouble.

He hoped that Xu Qingnian could become the Minister of Household Affairs without any problems and sit in his position, then these matters would be solved by him.

"En, Qingnian understands."

Seeing that Gu Yan had already known, Xu Qingnian couldn't help but feel a sigh of relief in his heart.

Ginger was really old and spicy.

Xu Qingnian understood in an instant that Gu Yan did not want to get himself into trouble, so he was unwilling to inform himself and pretended that he did not understand.

But he didn't expect that he had still guessed it, but this was something that Xu Qingnian would not touch for the time being, just know it.

"Just understand, okay, the rest of the old me won't say much, since you are confident of winning the top spot in the Taiping Poetry Competition, then you will go with the old me tomorrow."

"But there is one thing, you must not lose the poetry fight, otherwise old me would rather be insulted by them than definitely let them hold you back."

Gu Yan said no more and promised Xu Qingnian to go with him tomorrow.

After all, what Xu Qingnian said was exactly right.

If Xu Qingnian really didn't go, these merchants would definitely use this as a reason to bash Xu Qingnian in all sorts of ways, standing on the moral high ground themselves.

And this was what Xu Qingnian was best at, so naturally there was no way she would leave a talking point for others.

"Good, then Qingnian will go and prepare for the poetry competition."

Xu Qingnian nodded, and then excused herself and left.

Xu Qingnian came quickly and left quickly as well.

He had to go back to settle the matter of tomorrow's poetry competition.

The three great chambers of commerce clearly wanted to stall themselves and allow the great talents of the ten kingdoms to suppress the Great Wei literati, and if he did not go, they would use this as a reason to attack and create rumours.

If he went, the poetry contest would be half lost.

It was a good plan.

Unfortunately, the person they were facing was a traveller who had experienced nine years of compulsory education since childhood.

If they let Xu Qingnian write an article, Xu Qingnian could not see that every article was a masterpiece.

But to let oneself write poetry?

If you want to write a poem, you can write a poem by yourself.

So Xu Qingnian doesn't care at all about the Ten Kingdoms' great talents.

Guoren Academy.

Xu Qingnian's pace was not slow.

"Senior brother!"

"Senior brother!"

Xu Qingnian shouted a few times.

"What's wrong?"

Chen Xinghe walked out from the dining room, carrying his bowls and chopsticks, a little curious.

"Ask you one thing, think about it before you answer."

"Isn't there going to be a poetry competition at the Taiping Poetry Fair tomorrow? Can you guess the questions?"

Xu Qingnian opened her mouth and asked directly.

"Guess the question?"

Hearing these words, Chen Xinghe immediately put down his bowl and chopsticks before saying with a serious face.

“Senior brother, you’ve asked the right person with this question. Although senior brother is good at composing poems, senior brother’s real talent is guessing questions.”

“I’m not afraid to tell you that I told the teacher about the question for the government exam, but later the teacher had to say that he guessed it himself, so I couldn’t do anything about it, you know it’s impossible for a student to compete with the teacher.”

Chen Xinghe said so, full of confidence.

“Okay, senior brother, help me guess the questions for the next three days, you can guess a few more and write them down on a piece of paper.”

Xu Qingnian said so.

“Okay, senior brother wait a moment, I’ll be right there.”

Chen Xinghe was full of expectations and then walked into his study.

He was happy, extremely happy.

His own senior brother, at last, was asking for something.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian returned to his study and began to contemplate, before writing on one topic after another.

Xu Qingnian waited quietly outside.

After about half an hour.

Chen Xinghe came out.

Holding a piece of rice paper, he said.

“Senior brother, the poetry duel will be held for three days, and there will also be questions, one question a day, so I conservatively estimate that it should be these five questions.”

“After all, these are the ones that come and go.”

Chen Xinghe handed the rice paper to Xu Qingnian.

“Five questions? No plus plus?”

Xu Qingnian frowned slightly and said.

“One question without addition.”

Chen Xinghe said with unparalleled confidence.

Seeing how confident Chen Xinghe was, Xu Qingnian didn't think too much about it and turned around to go back to her room.

Looking at Xu Qingnian, who had gone back to 'study', Chen Xinghe was very proud of himself.

When he thought that tomorrow, Xu Qingnian would win the poetry competition and come back to thank himself, Chen Xinghe was even more pleased.

And so it was.

It was well into the evening.

The Peace Poetry Competition started again, but this day, Xu Qingnian did not participate, saying that she would not participate.

Today was not a poetry competition, but still a poem with a question.

However, just an hour after the Peace Poetry Fair began.

Talented qi poured into the Taiping Poetry Fair.

Above the dome of the sky, there was still golden script.

It was the Zhen Guo poem.

But this poem was written by Hua Xinyun, and the poem came out of the Zhen Guo, overpowering the great talents of the ten nations.

It was just that the Ten Great Talents of the Ten Kingdoms basically did not compose a poem today.

Apparently they had no intention of doing it today, and tomorrow's poetry battle was their session.

So, for this day, everything was peaceful.

But everyone knew that tomorrow's poetry competition would be the real event.

Everyone was nervous and looking forward to it.

And so it went.

The following day, at the end of the day, Xu Qingnian came out of her room.

Xu Qingnian walked out of the room.

With a few envelopes in her hand, she pushed open the door to Chen Xinghe's room.

Awaken Chapter 136 -

Shouren Academy.

Xu Qingnian came to Chen Xinghe's room with a copy of a letter.

"Senior brother?"

Chen Xinghe, who was painstakingly studying poetry, was a little curious and looked at Xu Qingnian with some confusion.

"Senior brother, take this envelope, there are seven copies in total. Today's Taiping Poetry Competition, senior brother will not participate."

"But I have made a poem of all the poems you have chosen, if you choose the right one, you will open the envelope."

"Remember, you can only open one envelope, more than that won't work, so I'm sorry for your trouble, senior brother."

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, stating the purpose of his coming here.

But when he said this, Chen Xinghe was a little confused.

"Senior brother? You're not participating?"

"Everyone is waiting for you in today's poetry competition, and you're actually not coming? What's this Ten Kingdoms Great Talent going to say then."

Chen Xinghe smacked his lips a little, such an important event, Xu Qingnian actually did not come? This is really some The reason is that everyone was waiting for Xu Qingnian.

The reason is that everyone is waiting for Xu Qingnian to come over, the people of Great Wei are eagerly awaiting, but they did not expect Xu Qingnian to come, how is this not embarrassing.

“Senior brother, senior brother has to be busy with a big event that involves the rivers and mountains and the people.”

“That’s why senior brother won’t be attending the Taiping Poetry Festival.”

Xu Qingnian looked very serious as he explained to Chen Xinghe.

When these words were spoken, Chen Xinghe fell into thought, but soon he understood that Xu Qingnian would not lie, and was even more clear that Xu Qingnian was indeed working for the Great Wei Dynasty now.

It was a matter of rivers and mountains and involved the people, so naturally it was a hundred times more important than the Taiping Poetry Society, so it was only natural that he would not go.

“Fine, senior brother, then I will go to the Taiping Poetry Competition today for you.”

Chen Xinghe nodded and agreed, while dropping his gaze on the seven letters.

“Why can’t this letter be opened?”

Chen Xinghe continued to ask, somewhat curious.

“I have sealed the talent qi with my literary weapon, the Spring and Autumn Brush, if I open it and the talent qi pours in, I am only afraid that it will cause bad repercussions.”

“In short, senior brother, remember, no matter what, don’t open it, these seven letters, represent seven test questions, if you really don’t win any of them, I beg you to come back to Drunken Man House to find me.”

Xu Qingnian explained.

The people from the three major chambers of commerce had chosen the meeting address at the Drunken Full House, which was exactly opposite to the Li Yang Palace.

“Good!”

Chen Xinghe nodded and didn’t say anything more.

“Thank you for your trouble.”

Xu Qingnian paid a bow before turning around to leave.

“Senior brother is polite.”

Chen Xinghe replied, before getting up and seeing Xu Qingnian leave Shouren Academy, before then dropping his gaze on the seven letters on this table.

Each letter had a title written on it, but there was one thing that Chen Xinghe didn't quite believe.

It wasn't that he didn't believe in his senior brother's literary skills, but Xu Qingnian was a little too confident when he said he couldn't open them all, right?

He knew that his senior brother had amazing talent, but there was no need to be like this, what could be done if he really split it up?

"Senior brother, senior brother, you're too high profile, you need to learn to keep a low profile just like senior brother, sigh!"

Chen Xinghe lamented in his heart, thinking that his senior brother was too high profile, his words and actions were a bit pompous, he had to learn from himself, wasn't it good to keep a low profile?

Of course, Chen Xinghe was only thinking about it casually, the seven letters were still well stored, if they won the question, then they would open it, if they did not win then they would go and find their own senior brother.

Soon, it was getting late and it was gradually coming to 10 o'clock.

Today's Liyang Palace was even more lively than the previous three days. The number of people entering the palace remained the same, but the people couldn't help but come and join in the fun.

Apart from the first day, when a large number of people watched from outside the Liyang Palace, there were no more people on the next two days.

The literati of Great Wei and the literati of the Ten Kingdoms have reached a point of incompatibility, and the people of Kyoto despise the literati of the Ten Kingdoms.

All in all, the literati of the Ten Kingdoms were too disgusting.

On the first day of the Peace Poetry Competition, Wei won, so it was a 50/50 split, so you could lose face and I could lose face.

You can't expect Great Wei to lose face, can you?

On the second day of the Peace Poetry Competition, although Wei still came first, eight of the top ten were your Ten Kingdoms' talent, so by definition, we have lost, and your Ten Kingdoms' talent is not at a disadvantage, right?

As for your argument that it's unreasonable, fine, we can take our time and talk about it, but what about you? You just turn your back and walk away, not giving any face? Is this the quality of your ten great talents?

On the third day, you came up with a poem on the state, and Hua Xinyun said he would compose another poem, but since Minister Chen Zhengru had already said that the limit was one poem per person, you refused.

Xu Qingnian came, a poem for a thousand years, are already like this, but what we did not expect is that you people directly slander Xu Qingnian, the poem is already done, it is someone leaked the question in advance.

Crooked Day.

According to this, our Great Wei is biased as long as we take first place? Is that a leaked question? According to this conspiracy theory, who can explain it clearly?

So the literati and the people of Great Wei are furious, really disgusted, and when they show their real strength, you say that the questions were leaked, and when we are neck and neck and you have the advantage, you say that you are biased?

How can you shut up?

Today, at the poetry competition, everyone was expecting Xu Qingnian to come out and slap these people in the face with another famous poem, and swell their faces.

Because of this, many people gathered outside the Liyang Palace, not even attending the temple fair, and even many restaurant owners, including some hawkers, came to witness this grand event, preferring not to do business.

Of course, they said this, but in reality they were still afraid, afraid that Xu Qingnian would lose, afraid that the Great Wei would lose.

If that were to happen, it would be a great shame.

Little by little, time passed.

As the gates of Liyang Palace slowly opened, all the literati and the people walked into the palace.

The pool was filled with 10,000 catties of wine, and many people in the palace had prepared wine and liquor for fear that Xu Qingnian might improvise a poem and run out of wine.

Many of the people even prepared their own wine, just in case Xu Qingnian needed to drink.

The crowd entered.

The crowd entered, singing and dancing, and music was played.

The great scholars of the Palace of Literature appeared first, followed by the six ministers in turn, but Gu Yan, the minister of the Ministry of Household, did not appear, and finally, the deans of the four academies appeared one after another.

The crowd appeared and looked at the crowd on the stage, their eyes searching again, not just him, but in fact there were quite a few people watching each other at the poetry session.

All of them were searching for one gaze.

Xu Qingnian.

Especially the great talents of the ten kingdoms, they didn't say anything either, they were just looking to see where Xu Qingnian was.

Only when they looked around, they just didn't see Xu Qingnian's figure.

"Shouren wouldn't have been dragged away by that old thing Gu Yan, would he?"

"Yeah, that old guy Gu Yan didn't come either, and Shouren didn't show up, so he couldn't have been dragged away to talk business, could he?"

"At this time, Shang Shu Gu dragged Shou Ren away? Isn't that sick? What nonsense."

The Minister of Penalty, the Minister of War and the others couldn't help but speak up, as soon as they arrived they found out that Gu Yan was up to something, and since they didn't see Xu Qingnian afterwards, they naturally thought that Xu Qingnian had been dragged away by Gu Yan.

"Don't say anything yet, Shouren won't mess around, trust him."

Chen Zhengru spoke up, telling the rest of the Shang Shu not to say anything and to attend the feast honestly, and that it would not be too late to look for Xu Qingnian's figure after the feast was over.

When this was said, the crowd nodded their heads.

Amongst the crowd, although Mu Nanping did not find Xu Qingnian, he did see Chen Xinghe.

At that moment, Mu Nanping walked over with his sister, Mu Nan Lime.

“Brother Chen, where is Brother Xu?”

Mu Nanping opened his mouth and asked Chen Xinghe, a curious look in his eyes.

“This way.”

Chen Xinghe sensed some people’s gazes, before pulling Mu Nanping to the side.

The two people followed them at once, followed by Chen Xinghe before he pressed his voice and said.

“Senior brother is not coming, he has other important matters and asked me to come over to handle today’s poetry session.”

Chen Xinghe said so.

But when this was said, Mu Nanping and Mu Nanlei froze a little.

“Let you come? What are you doing here? Isn’t this a disgrace?”

Mu Nan lei spoke very straight and subconsciously spoke.

Chen Xinghe: “.....”

In an instant, Chen Xinghe’s face changed as he looked at Mu Nanlii, pretty as she was, so what? Are you so humiliating to people? What do you mean by disgraceful?

Even if I am not good enough, I am still ranked twenty-first in the First Provincial Examination of the New Dynasty of the Great Wei Dynasty in the South Yu Province, okay? Can you reach this ranking? What the hell.

“Brother Chen, don’t be angry, my little sister speaks straight.”

“Little sister, don’t be like this in the future.”

Mu Nanping reprimanded, but this was even more unpleasant for Chen Xinghe to hear, what do you mean by speaking straight?

What do you mean? Do you also think that I, Chen, am here to embarrass myself?

Chen Xinghe did not say anything, his face was clear and proud, but inwardly he was very difficult, he wanted to be angry, but after all, the other party was the son of Yongping, he still needed to know more people in Kyoto, he wanted not to be angry, but he was holding his stomach full of anger.

“Brother Chen, why isn’t Brother Xu coming? What’s the big deal that even the Peace Poetry Party doesn’t come to attend?”

“Today I heard that the ten great talents of the ten countries have prepared a lot, almost raising the strength of the ten countries to fight against Xu Qingnian, they gathered together yesterday, I don’t know what they discussed.”

“And where they are, the talent is overwhelming, I’m only afraid that there will be at least a few Zhen Guo poems today.”

“Brother Chen, if Brother Xu doesn’t come today, I’m only afraid that the Great Wei literary world will be unstable.”

“Why don’t you go and find Brother Xu, otherwise, if something happens, Great Wei will be reduced to a joke ah.”

Mu Nanping spoke, his tone carrying some begging.

“No need.”

“Senior brother has already made a backhand, look.”

Chen Xinghe took out the seven envelopes Xu Qingnian had prepared.

“What is this?”

Mu Nanping was a little curious.

“Senior brother has made preparations, yesterday he asked me to bet on the questions, I bet on five questions, and senior brother wrote seven poems, which are in this.”

“If you succeed in betting on the questions, just open the envelope and respond.”

Chen Xinghe said confidently.

“Let you bet on the questions?”

However, Mu Nanping instantly caught the point and was full of disbelief, after all, if it was Xu Qingnian himself who bet on the questions, he would still believe it, but to let Chen Xinghe bet on the questions?

No way!

In an instant, Mu Nanping took the envelopes and looked at them one by one.

[Reason], [Wind and Moon], [Sorrow], [Jian You]

Damn you.

If he was told that it was Chen Xinghe's bet on the questions, he was half cold, but after reading Chen Xinghe's bet on the questions, he was directly cold.

What the hell kind of question is this.

And reason? This is the Peace Poetry Competition, what does it have to do with reasoning?

It's over, it's over, this time it's all over.

Mu Nanping felt that this time he was really cold, completely finished.

"Brother Mu, what do you mean by this expression?"

"I respect you as Yongping Shizi, but I never thought that you would humiliate me like this."

Chen Xinghe was a little huffy, is there any end to this, betting on a question and you are going to say me?

"Brother Chen, don't be angry, don't be angry, my son is just a bit anxious."

"Alas! Alas! Alas!"

Mu Nanping immediately explained, but even though he said so, he was still depressed.

Chen Xinghe did not say anything, he would see the result later, there was no need to argue with such people here, it was really degrading.

Clang!

Also at that moment, with the slight ringing of a bell.

At that moment, Sun Jing'an, the great scholar of the Palace of Literature, slowly stepped out and said.

"The poetry competition is about to begin."

"For this poetry competition, the rules have been temporarily modified so that the great talents of the ten countries will send their representatives, and the literati of Great Wei will send their representatives, and each will choose a topic for it."

Sun Jing'an's voice rang out, this time for the poetry competition, the rules were temporarily modified, and that rule was to give ten questions for the ten great talents of

the ten countries to come and compose poems for Great Wei, and Great Wei would also pick a question for you to compose.

Don't you think we will leak the questions? It is not possible that we have prepared ten poems of a thousand years old, is it? If you have to say so, then there is really no trace of Confucian character.

Sure enough, once this rule came out, quite a few voices followed.

"Now we'll have to see how the readers of the ten kingdoms are going to explain themselves."

"Hardly forcing Great Wei to change the rules, don't lose again."

"If this still dares to say we leaked the questions, they won't be able to walk out of Kyoto."

"Hmph, a bunch of sore losers."

The whispers of the people rang out, changing the rules was not a good thing, but a sign of weakness, but there was nothing you could do about it, if you didn't change the rules, no matter what the result was, the gang would definitely be looking for all kinds of excuses.

You can't afford to lose.

Hearing the voices of the people, the faces of the great talents of the ten countries did not change, but instead they showed a cold smile.

"When it comes to really asking the question, why do you want to change the rules? It's still too ugly to do it yourself?"

"That's right, that's right, if there was really no favouritism and leaked questions, why did they have to be amended? In the end there's still a ghost in your heart."

"But the way it looks now, they shouldn't dare to leak the questions."

"Not necessarily, it mainly depends on this Xu Qingnian."

The voices of the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms rang out, although Great Wei had modified the rules, they were still somewhat unconvinced.

But when these words were spoken, the Great Wei literati were furious.

"What kind of words are you guys saying? The rules have been amended, and you are still shouting here?"

“Since you hold such thoughts, then stop comparing and just get lost you guys.”

“Really, just get lost straight away.”

“You people, you are really disgusting, it’s already this time and you’re still saying such things.”

The Great Wei literati really couldn’t stand it anymore, before they said they were biased, then they said they leaked the questions, now well, it’s come to this, they’ve changed the rules for you guys, and you’re still saying we leaked the questions?

How can we play this game?

Get lost straight away and don’t come and compete.

A chorus of voices rang out, and the people, the Great Wei literati, were furious.

It was too infuriating.

“We didn’t say anything, and straight away we’re in a hurry?”

“Just saying a word is like poking you guys in the gut... If you didn’t leak the questions, you didn’t leak the questions, don’t you understand?”

“Is that all you guys do in Great Wei? If you really didn’t have one, would you still be afraid of people questioning it?”

The voices of the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms rang out, they too were not convinced, they only said a few words, if you have no shame in asking questions, why do you need to be like this?

In an instant, the scene was instantly uproarious.

Both sides cursed and battled.

At the banquet, Sun Jing’an saw this scene and could not help but frown.

“Silence!”

Sun Jing’an spoke, and as a great Confucian, he gave an order and the scene was indeed under control.

“For Confucians, this kind of noise, how can you make such a fuss when others say a word or two?”

“Especially you, I am a Confucianist, you are all scholars of Wei, but you are all chattering and arguing here, turning the poetry meeting into a scandal.”

“Where have you all been reading all these years? You might as well not have read at all.”

“If anyone makes any more noise, they will all go out and disgrace the face of Wei.”

The first sentence was a scolding of everyone, but later on he reprimanded all the civil servants of Great Wei, saying that they were uncouth and noisy, just like shrews.

Of course, he did this because of two things.

One, what if this group of people left again? Then should the Peace Poetry Festival continue? If Great Wei had lost its people, his Palace of Literature had also lost its people.

Secondly, this kind of noise does not reflect the Confucian style of Wei at all, it is simply a disgrace.

Even Hua Xinyun, who was in the crowd, frowned slightly because Sun Jing’an had gone too far.

How dare you, people are bullying us? How dare you act like this? Even if you don’t help your own people, you are still reprimanding us?

They looked at Sun Jing’an, but they did not have Xu Qingnian’s courage to angrily rebuke the great Confucian, so they could only hold their anger in their hearts, for a great Confucian was a great Confucian, no matter what.

The first thing you need to do is to take a look at the actual situation.

But what Sun Jing’an did was indeed ungenerous, reprimanding his own people? Helping an outsider? Even if it was for the sake of saving face, it wasn’t necessary to do so, was it?

Even though Wei was in decline, it was not so bad that it did not even have this kind of backbone, right?

“If only Xu Qingnian were here, I think he would have gone straight for it according to his temper.”

“En, I now feel that if Brother Shouren were here, these people would dare to shout?”

“It suddenly dawned on me that although Brother Xu is arrogant, he is protective of his shortcomings, if we were on good terms with Brother Xu, Brother Xu would definitely be partial to us.”

“Don’t even say favouritism, we didn’t do anything wrong in this matter either, if Brother Shouren was here, he would have directly helped us out of this bad temper.”

Some people opened their mouths and whispered, their voices were very small, but in an instant they spread, and the crowd were a little disgusted with each other, really disgusted, being angrily rebuked by the great scholars of their own families.

And then they looked at the great talents of the ten countries, each one smug and even smiling, what a bitch.

So it suddenly occurred to everyone that if Xu Qingnian was here, I guess the Ten Great Talents of the Ten Kingdoms would not dare to speak, and even according to Xu Qingnian’s temper, these Ten Great Talents of the Ten Kingdoms would have to be beaten up.

Unfortunately, Xu Qingnian was not here.

Yes, where had Xu Qingnian gone? Why didn’t he come? Could it be that he was also disgusted by the Ten Kingdoms Great Talent? Or was it something?

At this moment, the Great Wei literati were somewhat curious and at the same time very sad in their hearts; inexplicably, they had an indescribable good feeling towards Xu Qingnian.

“Alright, choose the topic.”

It was also at this moment that Chen Zhengru’s voice rang out, his brow slightly furrowed, feeling that Sun Jing’an had gone a little too far, but he could not say anything, and there was nothing he could do if he thought about it.

He could only tell Dou Shi to be quicker.

“The ten great talents of the ten countries have sent someone up to choose the topic.”

Sun Jing’an did not have any reaction, he sensed the discontent of the Great Wei literati, but so what? He himself represented the Great Wei Literary Palace, and the Great Wei Literary Palace represented the fifth sage, in other words, he represented the saints.

They were unhappy, so what? Did one do wrong? No.

Because one is standing in the position of the state, standing in the position of the saints to reprimand, others shouting, let others shout ah, keep arguing with each other, does not it look like one does not have a bit of great power style?

As for personal feelings? Are you worthy of it?

As a great Confucian, he did not dare to have personal emotions. Standing on the position of the state, standing on the position of the saints, sometimes he could only shut up even when he was at a disadvantage, let alone these people.

As for whether they dare to make a scene or not? No!

Because one represents a saint, would they dare to make trouble with a saint?

This was Sun Jing'an's bottom line and thoughts.

At that very moment, among the great talents of the ten kingdoms, someone stepped out, it was the number one talent of Jin, Wang Shuo.

He slowly walked up to the banquet table and bowed towards Sun Jing'an, very respectfully.

This obeisance was somewhat deliberate, and was meant for the literati of Great Wei.

"Wang Shuo, you choose the questions."

Sun Jing'an opened his mouth and said so.

The latter didn't think much of it, and directly swept through the test questions.

And at this moment, everyone was slightly nervous, the most nervous person was Chen Xinghe under the banquet.

And Mu Nanping.

After all, if this betting question was wrong, it would be the end.

Chen Xinghe was a little nervous, and he kept praying in his heart that he would succeed in his bet, and the paper in his hand was trembling slightly.

But just then, finally Wang Shu spoke.

"Let's take Wind and Moon as the topic."

Wang Shuo opened his mouth, and he chose this topic.

The voice rang out and everyone was a little curious. Among the crowd, Chen Xinghe was the first to look at the envelope in his hand.

Mu Nanping also came up, looking at the envelope with dead eyes to see if he had bet on it.

“Yes! Yes! There!”

Chen Xinghe instantly found the word [Wind and Moon], he had won!

What a good guy, he was worthy of being the king of the Great Wei in betting on questions.

This was even a hit.

Chen Xinghe was actually too nervous, otherwise, he wouldn't have failed to remember his bet.

“Good guy.”

Mu Nanping at the side also couldn't help but murmur, he didn't expect that Chen Xinghe had actually succeeded in betting on the question, which was really What a good guy.

However, he did not make a sound and was slightly relieved.

And at that moment, above the banquet, Wang Shu spoke again.

“By the way, Sun Ru, can you make a request, since the wind and moon is the topic, the poem must have the words wind and moon in it, and they cannot be linked together, they must be separated, how about that?”

“Of course, if the Great Wei is not willing to agree, it does not matter, if it does, it can also make a similar request to us.”

Wang Yu suddenly spoke up and said so to Sun Jing'an.

When this was said, the entirety of Great Wei was somewhat offended.

What was the meaning of this statement? Didn't it mean that they were afraid that Great Wei would leak the questions?

This is a disgusting approach.

The six ministers all frowned, and were really unhappy. This Wang Shu seemed to be a proposal, but in fact it was still a mockery of the leaking of questions by Great Wei.

If they said yes, they would be passive.

If they didn't, they would be disgusted.

But normally, if you have some backbone, you shouldn't agree to anything you say. Do you really think I have no backbone in Great Wei?

Chen Zhengru wanted to speak up, but at that moment, Sun Jing'an spoke up.

"Good."

He replied blandly, a good word, and agreed to it.

For no other reason than to ask for a clear conscience, and not to be afraid of you adding any settings.

But once this was said, the crowd could not help but frown in their hearts again.

"This is very good, if this loses, we are convinced."

"Sun Ru, you really have the style of a great scholar."

Wang Yu smiled and bowed towards Sun Jing'an.

Sun Jing'an did not have an expression, but looked towards the Great Wei students and said, "You and others come up and choose your questions."

The voice rang out and the crowd looked at me, I looked at you, they really did not want to go up, or they were disgusted by the great talents of the Ten Kingdoms, but many eyes fell on Hua Xinyun.

After all, he was the most talented person of the young generation of Great Wei, apart from Xu Qingnian.

Sensing the gazes of the crowd, Hua Xinyun exhaled a breath and prepared to go up to choose the question, but just then, a voice rang out.

"Xu Qingnian, Senior Xu has said that if there is a session to pick the test questions, let the Ten Kingdoms literati pick them themselves, lest they say they are bullying him."

As the voice rang out, in an instant the eyes of the entire audience fell in the middle of the corner.

It was Chen Xinghe.

En.

Being disgusted by the Ten Kingdoms Great Talents all the time, Chen Xinghe couldn't help himself, Xu Qingnian had never said this at all, but he had put his words out today, and he was also speaking on behalf of Xu Qingnian.

He believed Xu Qingnian would say the same thing, plus now that he had successfully bet on the question, who else was he afraid of? Who was he afraid of? Who was he afraid of?

"Xu Qingnian is his senior brother?"

"Who is this guy? I didn't expect Xu Qingnian to be his senior brother?"

"This person has an extraordinary appearance, so I'm afraid he's not a small person."

"To be Xu Qingnian's senior brother, he is naturally not an idle person."

"Your Excellency, may I ask why Xu Shouren is not coming?"

"Yes, why didn't Xu Shouren come?"

"Where is Brother Shouren?"

The crowd was curious, they didn't expect Chen Xinghe to be Xu Qingnian's senior brother, but they were even more curious as to why Xu Qingnian wasn't coming.

When he felt the crowd's gaze.

For some reason, Chen Xinghe inexplicably had an indescribable feeling, his aura gradually changed, becoming more arrogant, and his eyes were filled with an indifference.

This kind of look was not one of despising everyone present, but of thinking that everyone present was a hot chicken.

"Who are you? Why doesn't Xu Qingnian dare to say this in person?"

"That's right, where is Xu Qingnian? Why didn't he show up today? Could it be that he's afraid?"

"Heh, Xu Qingnian doesn't dare to come out, so he asked his senior brother to come? Are they afraid of us?"

The talented sons of the Ten Kingdoms spoke up, after all, Chen Xinghe's words inexplicably carried mockery, and coupled with this aura and look, it made them feel even more offended.

“Senior brother is indeed right.”

Chen Xinghe shook his head and muttered, as he took a few steps forward and quite a few people made way.

“What was said?”

Someone asked curiously.

“Senior said that the great talents of the ten countries are all frogs at the bottom of the well, and if it weren’t for His Majesty’s decree, he wouldn’t even want to come to this Peace Poetry Fair.”

“To compare with some frogs at the bottom of the well, even if you win, you lose your status.”

Chen Xinghe spoke indifferently, seriously pretending to be bleeped.

While the two siblings, Mu Nanping and Mu Nanlei, were somewhat silent, after all, Chen Xinghe’s words were too pretentious, and they did not think Xu Qingnian would say such things.

However, according to Xu Qingnian’s character, it was not impossible, but this change in Chen Xinghe’s temperament was too fast, right? Instantly turning into a bleeping king?

“You are unbridled!”

“How dare you insult us?”

“Great Confucian Sun, this man has spoken out of turn, is this what Great Wei is like?”

When the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms heard these words, they directly exploded, a frog at the bottom of the well? How could they not be angry at this public humiliation?

But the people of Great Wei as well as the literati of Great Wei were shouting in agreement.

“That’s right.”

“It’s a bunch of frogs at the bottom of the well, Brother Shouren is not wrong in a single word.”

“Good, good, good, Brother Shouren is worthy of being Brother Shouren.”

"I just said, why did Brother Shouren attend the day before yesterday, it turns out that His Majesty gave the decree, no wonder Brother Shouren showed up."

"Alas, come to think of it, to deal with a group of mere dogs and chickens, to have Brother Shouren personally take part, it is our problem that has dragged Brother Xu down."

The Great Wei literati were thoroughly applauding at this moment, the words were overbearing and they also fit Xu Qingnian's persona perfectly.

But at the banquet, Sun Jing'an's gaze was cold as he gazed at the Great Wei literati, and those who shouted their approval, one by one, shut up and bowed their heads, but their expressions looked a little ugly.

Soon, Sun Jing'an's gaze fell on Chen Xinghe.

"Outspoken!"

He uttered four words, looking very majestic.

Feeling the great Confucian's majesty, Chen Xinghe not only did not have any fear, but instead he stood up with his chest high and said.

"What is disrespectful?"

"Is it okay for a great talent from ten countries to humiliate us?"

"But it is not okay for us to humiliate him?"

"Great Confucian Sun, are you a Confucian of Wei or a Confucian of the Ten Kingdoms?"

"Furthermore, don't press me with your crap, this is the Peace Poetry Festival, His Majesty has said that there is no honor in the Extreme Banquet, calling you a great Confucian is to respect you."

"Otherwise, calling you Old Sun, what can you do?"

"It's not like I, Mister Chen, am in the Zhu Sheng lineage, looking at me with such eyes? Do you think I, Chen, am afraid of you?"

The more Chen Xinghe pretended, the more energetic he became, this was the first time he had been in the limelight, the first time he had been praised and shouted at, so naturally, his brain got hot and he acted like Xu Qingnian, in style.

But when this was said, countless people couldn't help but laugh.

There was something inexplicably comical about this old Sun calling, ah.

“Arrogant!”

“But you are not of the Zhu Sheng lineage, you have also read the sage books, you are a member of the Great Wei literati, you are also a disciple of the saints, there is no respect above the extreme feast, but you are a disciple of the saints, but you are so arrogant? Disrespecting the superior and the inferior?”

Sun Jing'an shouted, as a great Confucian, he was reprimanded by someone like Chen Xinghe who had not even entered the rank, this was simply a strange shame.

“Shut up!”

“I, Chen, am already a scholar of Heart Studies, not a disciple of a saint, and need not respect you as a great Confucian.”

“Do you know what teleology is?”

“It is the unity of knowledge and action!”

“If you dare to threaten Chen one more time, believe it or not, Chen will immediately write a poem to rebuke the rotten Confucian.”

Chen Xinghe had over-acted, and with a single sentence, he instantly regretted it.

How the hell could he know how to compose a poem?

However, when he said this, he made the blood of all the literati present in the Great Wei boil.

At the same time, they also believed that Chen Xinghe was Xu Qingnian's senior brother, the two were simply carved out of the same template, wild and arrogant enough.

And what's this heart study? Why does it sound so cool? Can you add me to it?

The crowd thought so in their minds.

“Alright!”

It was also at this point that Chen Zhengru spoke up, not wanting things to continue to get heated like this.

“In place of the Great Wei literati, I will choose the title for it.”

“Let’s choose Mountain and River, but the poem must also carry the word Mountain and River in it.”

Chen Zhengru spoke out and pressed the matter down.

This was because he had keenly noticed that there were already many scholars who were dissatisfied with Sun Jing’an, and even this dissatisfaction would turn into dissatisfaction with the Zhu Sheng lineage, and if this were the case, it would not be a good thing for the Great Wei Literary Palace.

“Begin!”

Sun Jing’an spoke with a cold face, followed by turning around and returning to his seat.

His heart was thundering with anger, but he didn’t know what to say anymore.

It was too unbearable for him to hold this anger in his heart.

And at that moment, Chen Xinghe’s gaze looked towards the Ten Kingdoms’ Great Talents and said in a cold tone.

“Let you guys go first, lest once my senior brother’s poetry comes out, you guys won’t have a chance.”

Chen Xinghe said this.

Such an arrogant expression made the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms vomit blood in anger, this man hadn’t even entered the class, what made him so confident?

“It’s better to let your senior brother come.”

Someone among the Ten Kingdoms literati spoke up, in a disdainful tone.

“My senior brother is not coming, he has already prepared the poem.”

Chen Xinghe took out the seven letters and said so.

“Ready?”

“Already ready?”

“Hehe, a poem that is already written is no better than a thousand words, it seems Xu Qingnian is really afraid to come forward.”

“Yes, hahahahahahaha, I finally understand why Xu Qingnian doesn’t dare to come forward.”

The crowd laughed and spoke.

It was because something like poetry, once it involved a Zhen Guo poem and a thousand ancient famous poems, then when it was written out, it would gather visions and talents.

If you wrote it in advance, unless you wrote half of it and then let the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth suppress it, otherwise, the talent energy would definitely leak out.

So they could be certain that Xu Qingnian's poetry was, at most, only a thousand words.

If that was the case, then this Xu Qingnian was no longer a cause for concern.

It was not just them, in fact, the six ministers, including the great scholars and the deans of the four great academies were also a little worried, because the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms were right.

"Frogs at the bottom of the well."

Chen Xinghe sneered, although he didn't know if the poems inside this envelope were famous for a thousand years, he believed that the poems inside were, at the very least, Zhen Guo poems.

"A mouthful of frogs at the bottom of the well, then open the envelope and let us frogs at the bottom of the well grow eyes, but don't just try to show off your words."

The ten great talents of the ten kingdoms were disgusted by these words, for Chen Xinghe's phrase "frog at the bottom of the well", coupled with that gaze of indifference to the crowd, was too attractive to hatred.

"Yeah, let you guys be first."

"Open the envelope, ah, you didn't miss the question, did you?"

The great talents of the ten kingdoms shouted.

Hearing the voices of the crowd, Chen Xinghe was straightforward and directly took out the fourth letter, which read [Wind and Moon].

At this moment, everyone's eyes fell on Chen Xinghe.

And at that moment, Chen Xinghe stopped his hand again and slowly looked at the Ten Kingdoms Great Talents.

"I'll give you one last chance to come first, otherwise, there will really be no chance to regret later."

Chen Xinghe said confidently.

Ten Kingdoms Great Talent: “.....”

Damn you, demolish ah, why do you talk so much?

Why are you so confident?

The Ten Kingdoms Great Talent was so angry that his lungs hurt a little.

Seeing the appearance of the Ten Kingdoms Great Talent, Chen Xinghe did not talk nonsense, the opportunity had already been given, it was they themselves who did not cherish it.

At that moment, Chen Xinghe directly opened the envelope.

In a flash!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

An incomparable golden light was released from the envelope.

Rolling talent qi gushed out, turning into a river and pouring into the Li Yang Palace.

The entire hall was flooded with talent qi and shone with light.

“Another famous poem of a thousand years?”

“This! This! This!”

“This is impossible, why is a poem that has already been written out still a thousand ancient famous poem?”

“Why did Xu Qingnian make another thousand ancient famous poem?”

“Xu Shouren actually sealed his talent in it, this tactic, it’s truly terrifying.”

“He has a literary artifact that can seal the talent qi.”

In an instant, the palace crowd boiled over, no one would have thought that a poem that had already been written would still have talent energy, but someone soon reacted and understood why.

Xu Qingnian had sealed the talent qi within the words.

But what shocked the crowd the most was this.

Xu Qingnian was still able to produce the famous poem of a thousand years?

Should it be so outrageous?

Everyone was shocked, the six ministers, the great scholars, the deans of the four academies, the literati of Great Wei, the people of Great Wei, the great talents of the ten kingdoms, Mu Nanping Mu Nan Lime, and even Chen Xinghe himself were all shocked.

Because the most they expected was that this was a poem for the state, but they didn't expect that it was still a famous poem for a thousand years.

And at that very moment, the Qi of talent surged and coalesced to reveal Xu Qingnian's figure.

He stood in the middle of the palace.

His voice rang out.

"I want to tell you the date of my return, but I want to tell you that I will be miserable in spring."

"Life is full of love, this hatred is not related to the wind and the moon."

"Don't rewrite the song of separation, one song can make your intestines knotted."

"We must see all the flowers in Luoyang before we can easily part with the spring breeze."

A faint voice rang out.

It was Xu Qingnian's voice, reciting poetry.

When the voice fell.

An even more surging talent surged in, a thousand ancient poems, and then another thousand ancient famous poems.

"Excellent! Lord Xu, truly astonishing talent."

"With Xu Shouren, the Great Wei will have a flourishing literary path for ten thousand years."

"The heavens have not given birth to me, Xu Qingnian, the Confucian Way is like a long night. Xu Qingnian, Xu Wangu, ah."

"This man's talent is astounding and earth-shattering, shaking the ancient world."

People got up, each with shock in their eyes.

Xu Qingnian had given them too many shocks.

But the great talents of the Ten Kingdoms had gone mad.

They had been sure that they would win, but what they didn't expect was that this could even produce a poem of ancient fame.

They were confident that they could produce the poem of the kingdom.

But they didn't have the confidence to surpass a thousand famous poems.

Even if they had composed it, what could they do? People are in front, you are behind.

There is no ranking in a thousand ancient times, only time before and after.

In any case, you have lost.

A complete and utter loss.

"Leaked questions! This must be a leaked question! Why was he able to bet on the questions?"

"There's definitely something wrong with this, how did he manage to bet on the question successfully?"

"Something's wrong, something's wrong, sealing the talent within the letter paper."

"There must be something wrong here."

The great talents of the ten kingdoms had lost their minds, and Xu Qingnian was another poem of ancient fame, how could they accept it?

But right at this moment, they still muttered that there was something wrong.

It wasn't anything else, it was mainly that one person had composed so many thousand ancient famous poems in a row, was this possible?

It's simply impossible.

"Is it a fake, just open the rest of the envelope, since he Xu Qingnian has the ability to make thousand ancient famous poems and dares to bet directly on the title, just look at the other letters."

“If the first poem is really a thousand ancient, we will concede defeat, otherwise there is something wrong.”

Someone shouted, staring at the letter in Chen Xinghe’s hand and saying so.

Indeed, betting on seven poems and being so confident, if it was said that the six remaining letters were all thousand-year-old poems, then they had nothing to say.

But if the six letters were ordinary poems, or if there were no poems in them, then it was a forgery.

Thinking of this, many of the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms rushed over.

They pounced directly on Chen Xinghe.

In a flash, a figure rushed over, intending to directly take the epigraph in Chen Xinghe’s hand.

“Can’t!”

“You can’t open it!”

“Senior brother has said that it cannot be opened.”

Chen Xinghe held on for dear life.

But the other party was coming aggressively, and it looked like was going to be snatched away.

But when Chen Xinghe looked like this, it made the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms more and more suspicious.

“Rob!”

The next moment, the Ten Kingdoms Great Talents were even more fierce.

If it could be proven to be fake, then Great Wei would be completely disgraced.

This was their only chance to turn over a new leaf.

What else could they rely on?

By writing another famous poem for the ages?

Who would do it?

For a moment, the scene was in chaos.

And when the Great Wei literati took a look at the situation, they didn't care about the situation and directly began to protect Chen Xinghe.

Because they were also afraid that there was a fake in this ah.

After all, Xu Qingnian is too unbelievable.

It really is possible to fake it ah.

Awaken Chapter 137 -

Inside the Liuyang Palace, it was completely and utterly boiling over.

Everyone scrambled for the letter paper in Chen Xinghe's hand.

The ten great talents of the ten countries were now certain of one thing: if the letterhead contained a thousand ancient poems, it would prove that Xu Qingnian was truly astonishingly talented.

However, if the paper did not contain a thousand famous poems, it would prove that the Great Wei had faked and leaked the questions in favour.

If not, they would have lost the competition today.

Especially when they saw that Chen Xinghe was determined not to take it out, they were even more certain of this idea, so they simply started to rob it.

The people and literati of Great Wei were also a bit nervous, not that they didn't trust Xu Qingnian, but they couldn't afford to gamble, in case the questions were really leaked, or if it was really the Great Confucian of Great Wei.

Their future face would be lost.

So even if they were stronger, even if they made the gang resentful, they couldn't go for the gamble, in case they lost? They wouldn't be able to hold up their heads for the rest of their lives.

Thinking of this, the crowd frantically protected Chen Xinghe and could not even let the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms open these letters even if they died.

But the more they did so, the more excited the crowd became, the more they ran over to fight for them, more convinced that there must be something odd about this.

"Don't grab them, don't grab them."

Chen Xinghe was on the verge of tears as he guarded the letters to death for two reasons.

First, he didn't know if there was a thousand ancient poems in them, the odds were that there was, but if it wasn't a thousand ancient who knew?

Secondly, Xu Qingnian had explained a million times that he could not open them, he did not dare.

The crowd was really a bit overwhelmed.

“Stop fooling around!”

“Give me silence!”

At this moment, Sun Jing'an completely erupted with the aura of a great Confucian, a terrifyingly vast and righteous aura that overpowered all the literati and people present.

“What do you want to do when you are so reckless at the banquet? Do you want to rebel?”

Sun Jing'an was furious, he was really furious.

It was almost as if he was gnashing his teeth and roaring.

The voice rang out like thunder, all the literati were silent, and the people did not dare to scramble.

But just then, the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms were still unconvinced and frowned.

“Sun Ru, it's not that we're not defeated, it's just that Xu Qingnian even wrote seven letters and no one came and won today's poetry competition, we're not convinced, if there's nothing fishy in this, wouldn't we be fools?”

“That's right, no one is here and yet they can win the poetry competition? We are really not convinced, not at all.”

“Seven letters and exactly one successful bet on the question, this is too impossible.”

The great talents of the ten kingdoms were already completely on top of their game, they didn't care about some of the logic issues here, the main thing was that Xu Qingnian was too humiliating, people could win without even being there.

Sealing the talent within the letter paper, it was infuriating.

They were indignant.

And there was no way the Great Wei literati would back down, either.

“You chose the questions yourselves, and now you’re actually saying that the questions were leaked? Do you still have any shame?”

“Don’t even have any shame.”

“This is disgusting.”

“You’re not even talented? You are more like a turd.”

“What’s most amazing is that you have deliberately split up the wind and moon, and this poem does indeed split up the word wind and moon.

The Great Wei literati shouted, thinking that there was something really wrong with this group of people, and that at this point in time, they were still not convinced? How on earth could they be convinced?

“Shut up!”

Sun Jing’an once again admonished, silencing the Great Wei literati, before his gaze fell on the Ten Kingdoms’ great talents.

“What will it take for you to be convinced?”

Sun Jing’an said in a calm tone.

“We will be convinced if we open the other envelopes.”

Someone spoke up, demanding to open the remaining six letters or else they would not be convinced.

But once this was said, Sun Jing’an looked at the other party and said.

“Open them and be convinced?”

Sun Jing’an asked.

“After opening them, if each one is a famous poem of a thousand years, we will be convinced!”

“Otherwise, this is falsification.”

The Great Talents of the Ten Kingdoms spoke indifferently, their attitude incomparably arrogant.

But in the next moment, a voice from the literati of Great Wei rang out.

“Bullshit, every single one of them is a famous poem from a thousand years ago? Even though Brother Xu is a great talent, it’s not like every single one of his poems is a thousand years old, right?”

“If that were true, would you ten countries be qualified to read them?”

This voice rang out, really extremely angry.

Damn you, opening letters and still not convinced that every letter must be a thousand ancient famous poems? My name is your master, how is this possible?

Seven thousand ancient famous poems, plus the general’s wine, that’s eight letters of thousand ancient famous poems, huh?

How can we do that? Who did it? Damn, it’s really disgusting, really disgusting.

But as soon as the man’s words left his mouth, Sun Jing’an’s voice rang out again.

“Old man has already said, silence, and you are still here hurling abuse, my Great Wei is a state of etiquette, where is your connotation as a scholar, or a reader of my Great Wei Palace of Literature?”

“Someone, fork this man out and drive him out of Li Yang Palace.”

Sun Jing’an cursed angrily, this situation now, the Ten Kingdoms Great Talent was set to make a scene, so he had to convince the public, but he didn’t expect his own people to still shout here, they were really disrespectful and arrogant.

This was all because of the style brought out by Xu Qingnian.

“You!”

“Sun Ru! As a scholar of the Great Wei Literary Palace, I once respected you immensely, but I never imagined that you would repeatedly favour these foreign literati.”

“It is true that Great Wei is a nation of etiquette, but it also depends on who the other party is. They have treated Great Wei with such disrespect and disrespect, and yet you are so defensive. If Sun Ru insists on this, then today, I will withdraw from the Great Wei Literary Palace.”

“I destroy the will!”

The latter spoke, his face red and veins bursting out, perhaps because he had drunk a little wine and looked a little flushed.

“How dare you!”

“Arrogance!”

“Instead of learning the modesty of the saints, you’ve picked up that routine of Xu Qingnian, someone, fork out!”

Sun Jing’an was utterly furious, this was a Confucian student of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, I didn’t expect this, not listening to command, and even blackmailing himself like this, then get out of here.

“Sun Ru!”

“No!”

Several great scholars from the Great Wei Literary Palace spoke up at the first opportunity, they had already sensed that the literary palace readers were somewhat disobedient and had developed resentment, although Sun Jing’an was trying to maintain the image of a great nation, the problem was that he had also broken the hearts of his own people.

So they hope that Sun Jing’an will not be so tough, his own people more or less have to take into account some feelings, after all, there are outsiders present, if it is their own people okay, scolding a few words, but there are outsiders in the end some bad.

However, Chen Zhengru did not say anything and sat quietly.

But the next moment, the latter laughed out loud, followed by the Hao Rang Qi leaking out from his body, while he even roared.

“Today, I, Li Shouming, destroy his clear intention, degrade myself to the eighth rank, and from now on, I will no longer be a Confucian student of the Palace of Literature if I do not respect the intention of Zhu Sheng.”

His voice was full of determination, and the next moment, he waved his sleeves and left, not needing anyone to fork away at all.

The next moment, he waved his sleeve and left, not even needing to be forked over.

Not everyone had the courage to do so, they envied it, but they did not dare.

The prestige of the sage was too great, and what was the concept of destroying one’s own clear will? It almost meant that he would never set foot in Ming Yi again in his life,

and offending the Great Wei Literati Palace would not make his future career path any easier.

At this scene, the Great Wei literati dared not speak out in anger, while the great talents of the ten kingdoms were incomparably comfortable inside, so comfortable that they could not help but stretch their toes a little.

“Self-degradation!”

Sun Jing'an's voice was incomparably cold as he said, not caring that a person had destroyed his own clear will, but instead feeling that the other person had degraded himself.

The next moment, Sun Jing'an continued.

“Hand over Xu Qingnian's correspondence.”

He opened his mouth and looked towards Chen Xinghe.

“On what grounds?”

Chen Xinghe said with a cold gaze.

Hand it over when you tell me to? You are nothing?

“This matter concerns the face of Great Wei, if you don't hand it over, I'm afraid that after today, everyone in the world will laugh at Great Wei.”

Sun Jing'an used the country's dynasty to suppress Chen Xinghe, he knew Chen Xinghe wouldn't hand it over voluntarily even if he didn't obey, so he used this method.

“The clearer the clearer, senior brother has already said that no matter what, he cannot open the second seal, Sun Ru, today's matter has already passed, the poetry fight my senior brother has already won, it is getting late, Chen has to go back.”

Chen Xinghe spoke up and said so.

But the next moment, the voice of the Ten Kingdoms' great talent rang out.

“Heh, the clear one is clear? I'm afraid that you guys are afraid, right?”

“Xu Qingnian is also fainthearted, and you are even more so.”

“If the clearer is really clear, why don't you dare to unwrap it?”

“If you don’t open it, you are leaking the questions, you are faking, and we will not admit our results today!”

The ten great talents of the ten countries spoke up one after another, they just thought that Xu Qingnian would never be able to produce so many famous poems of a thousand years, so they had this confidence and courage.

“What a joke! A bunch of frogs at the bottom of the well, just know how to shout here, if you open these envelopes, I’m afraid you won’t have the face to see the world in the future.”

Chen Xinghe sneered, while the other Great Wei literati were also eager to speak up, but under Sun Jing’an’s gaze, each one dared not speak out in anger.

They were stifled, extremely stifled, and even said that they wanted to follow Li Shouming’s example and simply destroy their own bright intentions and leave, but they could not do so, and could only take a deep breath and try to suppress the anger in their hearts.

“Hand over the envelope, don’t make things more intense, otherwise, don’t blame old me for taking it directly.”

Sun Jing’an said in an icy voice.

His meaning was simple, he was going to take it by force straight away.

“Sun Ru, you are a bit overbearing, aren’t you?”

Chen Xinghe really wanted to curse a Sun dog, but he still didn’t dare to say this, after all, the other party was a great Confucian, and having been on top before, calling out an old Sun was already considered the limit.

If he really cursed a Sun Dog, he would also be out of luck.

“The clearer you are, if you are really not afraid, why don’t you dare to take it out? Xu Qingnian is a scholar of the Great Wei, and he is also an official of the court of the Great Wei, a minister of the Ministry of the Household, if he were here, I am afraid that he would also obey the old man’s wishes.”

“It’s impossible to let the great talents of the ten kingdoms misunderstand? It would not be good for anyone if Great Wei lost face at that time.”

Sun Jing’an said, “Xu Qingnian is not here anyway, what is a mere Chen Xinghe worth?”

But when these words were spoken, the literati of Great Wei were really angry.

The people of Great Wei were really angry.

And what is the other side? He demanded that all the envelopes should be famous poems from a thousand years ago?

Whatever he says? We will take them out if he wants us to? We may be a great nation, but isn't the gesture of a great nation to not explain?

Why do we have to explain?

The crowd was harbouring fire in their hearts, they were having a hard time, a very hard time.

It was too ungrateful, too uncomfortable, too disgusting.

"Brother Chen, take it."

It was also at this moment that Mu Nanping took a deep breath, he too was full of anger, but he understood the situation at the moment even better, unless Xu Qingnian himself came over.

Otherwise, no one could do anything in the face of Sun Ru, and the rest of the people could actually say a few words, but the problem was that this was the Taiping Poetry Festival, and the Great Wei Palace of Literature was presiding over it.

In that case, if the great scholars of the Great Wei Palace did not say anything, they could not say anything either.

They could only put their heads together.

"I'll tear it down!"

Chen Xinghe opened his mouth, he understood what Mu Nanping meant, at the moment this was all he could do, after all, who let the other party be a great scholar?

But the demolition had to be done by himself, what if the other party demolished it all in one breath?

Maybe one of the poems is really a famous poem for the ages?

Two poems would be fine.

"No! We have to let Sun Ru do it, who are you?"

"Yes, let Sun Ru come, we trust Sun Ru."

“Sun Ru knows what is right, we believe in Sun Ru.”

“Sun Ru, even if this Xu Qingnian is really faking, we will not blame the Great Wei Palace of Literature, because you have shown us what fairness means and what a great scholar is.”

“Yes, yes, we only respect Sun Ru.”

The great talents of the ten kingdoms spoke up, they would not allow Chen Xinghe to demolish them, they had to let Sun Jing’an come, and all sorts of praise rang out.

After all, this was Great Wei, and after all, they were also scholars and respected the Zhu Sheng lineage, and Sun Jing’an was the best of the Zhu Sheng lineage, a great scholar, so they did admire Sun Jing’an.

The reason why they were not convinced was because they thought that the Great Wei Imperial Family or the court was faking, but they still respected the Great Wei Palace of Literature, plus Sun Jing’an had indeed been helping them, so it was only natural for them to praise him a few times.

As soon as he said this, Sun Jing’an’s heart was overwhelmed with joy. To receive such praise from the Ten Kingdoms’ great talents, what he had done today had been rewarded.

Thinking of this, Sun Jing’an spoke directly and said.

“Leave it to the old man.”

At these words, Chen Xinghe could not help but squeeze the envelope tightly, and the Great Wei literati could not help but look at the Ten Kingdoms’ Great Talents one by one viciously.

The latter, on the other hand, all revealed a bland smile, but what this smile hid was a kind of smugness, a contempt and disdain.

It was as if they were saying, “Fighting with me? Your own people have come to my aid, what are you?”

This kind of gaze made people feel sick, and this kind of attitude also made them extremely angry, but unfortunately, unfortunately, it was a pity that Xu Qingnian was not there.

At this moment, everyone hoped that Xu Qingnian would appear and later stage another angry rebuke of the great Confucian.

“Brother Chen.”

Mu Nanping patted Chen Xinghe's shoulder and told him not to argue, the situation at hand was indeed such that he could not argue any more.

"I have a condition!"

Chen Xinghe suddenly opened his mouth to make a sound.

When this was said, the crowd became somewhat curious.

"Speak."

Sun Jing'an said calmly.

"If all of these six letters contain a thousand ancient poems, I want the Ten Kingdoms Talented Scholar to kowtow to my senior brother and admit his mistake."

Chen Xinghe said so.

His face was arrogant.

Why do I have to open them when you tell me to? What? You are saying that my senior brother is faking? If I really haven't faked it, can I kowtow to my junior brother and admit my mistake?

As soon as this was said, the faces of the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms turned pale.

"You're dreaming!"

"Delusional."

"Kowtow and admit your mistake? Do you think this is a child playing house? This is ridiculous."

"I, a scholar, only kneel to Heaven and Earth, the king, parents and teachers, but to Xu Qingnian? What kind of virtue does he have?"

The Ten Great Talents said so, all laughing coldly.

Kneeling to Xu Qingnian? You're dreaming, aren't you?

Indeed, it was outrageous to make a scholar kneel and kowtow, said Sun Jing'an, shaking his head indifferently.

"That's impossible, it's degrading."

He replied directly on behalf of the Ten Kingdoms Talented Scholar.

However, Chen Zhengru, who had remained silent, spoke up.

“What’s wrong with that?”

“I think it’s fine, the Ten Kingdoms Great Talent has already lost, yet they have to falsely accuse my Great Wei of faking and falsely accuse Xu Qingnian of faking, then if Xu Qingnian produces evidence to prove that he didn’t falsely fake.”

“What can you do if you kowtow and admit your mistake? Can I, the talented son of Wei, be wronged for nothing?”

“If you do not dare, this matter will end here, but if you are still discontented, all I need to do is learn that I will personally go to the middle of the Palace of Literature and use the Vermilion Saint’s Weapon to suppress the Ten Kingdoms’ talent luck for thirty years.”

Chen Zhengru’s voice was calm as he came out to speak.

Presiding over justice.

Once this was said, the Great Wei literati were at last a little less angry, otherwise they would really have to suffocate to death.

For a moment, the great talents of the Ten Kingdoms were silent, not knowing whether they should take it or not.

But finally, someone from the Ten Great Talents spoke up.

“If these six letters are all famous poems of the past, we will accept them! At tomorrow’s feast, we will kowtow to Xu Qingnian and admit our mistakes.”

“After all, if we are to kowtow and kneel, the seven poems should at least be correct for the next three days, right? Otherwise what’s the use of not getting the questions right?”

He opened his mouth and said through clenched teeth, kowtowing and admitting his mistake was indeed a big game, but he didn’t think Xu Qingnian could be that talented, and at the same time added a setting that the selected questions had to be right!

“OK!”

“We admit it.”

“We are convinced when there is really such a great talent and can still bet on the questions.”

“That’s right, when there is really such talent, we also admit it.”

“Seven famous poems from a thousand years ago, a sage is no better than that, right?”

The great talents of the ten kingdoms took it up, they did not believe Xu Qingnian at all, after all, one person composing a thousand ancient poems was already something exaggerated, leaving a name for a thousand years.

Seven poems? Add to that the famous words, parallelism and quotations that preceded it, and the sages probably couldn’t even do it.

They took it.

Without hesitation.

“Good!”

Chen Xinghe didn’t say any more nonsense and directly let the guards hand the letter to Sun Jing’an, he was too lazy to go up and hand it over, he was really disgusted by Sun Jing’an.

And Sun Jing’an took the letterhead.

His expression was calm.

But he also did not believe that Xu Qingnian could make seven songs, this is simply impossible ah, looking at the people and the Great Wei literati eyes a trace of expectation.

There was only indifference and disdain in his heart.

As a great Confucian, he knew clearly how difficult it was for one person to write seven famous poems, and how much more difficult it was to bet on the right questions.

It was almost impossible.

It is as difficult as climbing to the top.

It is only these people at the bottom who have a glimmer of hope.

There would indeed be miracles in this world, but this miracle could never be Xu Qingnian.

Thinking of this, Sun Jing’an didn’t say anything and directly took out the selection booklet and displayed it to the public.

When the selection book appeared, everyone's eyes, could not help but look away.

The first title was [Woman].

Under the banquet, Chen Xinghe clenched his fist to death, he guessed it, and bet on the second question, very good, very good.

The second question was entitled [Reason].

Another guess? Chen Xinghe took a deep breath, he was a bit confused himself, together with the previous question, this was three in a row.

This ! ! ! !

The third question was [Sorrow]

Chen Xinghe: "....."

He had frozen dead in place, and there was another person in the same boat, that was Mu Nanping, who had watched Chen Xinghe's bet on the question, and was now shocked to see this scene.

The fourth and alternative question was entitled [Jian You].

The fifth and alternative question was [Silent].

The sixth and final alternative question was [Looking at the Mountains]

This was the next question on the test, with an alternative and a theme, which would be moved around according to the situation.

But among the crowd, Chen Xinghe was completely frozen.

His mind went blank, feeling that it was all a sham! It was all an illusion.

Mu Nanping was also dumbfounded, seven questions, all of them won? Who the hell was Chen Xinghe? He could even guess this?

To be honest, if he didn't know who Chen Xinghe was, he would have thought that Chen Xinghe had colluded with him.

All in!

What the hell is going on?

Chen Xinghe was dumbfounded, yet Sun Ru didn't say anything.

He opened the first letter straight away.

Boom!

Originally, there was a lot of talent qi filling the hall, but at this moment, a constant stream of talent qi poured in, and a golden light filled the entire hall.

Each word was more blinding than the sun, and each word was as heavy as ten thousand pounds; if Sun Jing'an were not a great Confucian, he would have been unable to stand in this moment alone.

Before Chen Xinghe was able to hold it because Xu Qingnian had added the Confucian secret method, which allowed Chen Xinghe to open the first letter unaffected, but the second letter was different.

“Guan Guan Ju is on the river. My fair lady, the gentleman is good at martyrdom.”

“The waterlily flows from side to side. My fair lady, the gentleman seeks her at ease.”

Xu Qingnian's figure reappeared as he stood with his hands in the air, his voice carrying through the Liyang Palace and the radiant golden ancient characters that hung above the dome of the sky.

One thousand-year-old poem illuminated Great Wei's Kyoto like daylight, and two thousand-year-old poems brightened it up completely.

The Qi of talent whistling in the hall surged like a fierce wind, blowing many people's bodies to shake.

And the people were all dumbfounded, staring at it all.

In particular, the great talents of the Ten Kingdoms were all silent.

They really didn't expect that Xu Qingnian would actually produce two poems that were famous for a thousand years, this was too unbelievable, right?

The most amazing thing was that the poems were exactly the same as the betting questions, and they were about women!

It was a successful bet and a successful poem, this This is incredible!

“Open the third seal! I don't believe that he, Xu Qingnian, would have such talent.”

“Open the third envelope! The third seal!”

“Impossible, impossible, how could there be such a talented person in the world?”

“Another Thousand Ancient, another Thousand Ancient, this is impossible!”

The great talents of the ten kingdoms were shocked silly, they looked shocked, they really couldn't believe it!

Their faces were ugly, this new thousand ancient poem was as if a slap in the face had hit them hard.

Not to mention them, the six ministers, the great scholars of the Palace of Literature, and the deans of the four academies were also completely shocked.

They did not expect Xu Qingnian had such a talent.

Hearing the shouts of the great talents of the ten kingdoms, Sun Jing'an came back to his senses, took the second letter and opened it again.

The second question was the reasoning.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian's voice rang out again.

I have refined my body like a crane, two letters of scripture under a pine plant.

I have come to ask the Tao without remainder to say that the clouds are in the green sky and the water is in the bottle.

Xu Qingnian's voice rang out, accompanied by a terrifying influx of literary qi.

Boom!

The literary qi was as vast as a river, the previous literary qi had not yet been digested, and this came in so much more?

The purple literary qi coalesced together and flooded the place, and once again the daylight in Kyoto was so bright that the people literally dared not look any further for fear of being blinded by the light.

The Palace of Liyang was also a bit shaken, after all, the Qi of talent was so terrifying that a single poem of a thousand years old could gather a lot of Qi.

How much more so when one poem is written in one breath?

Silence! Silence! Silence!

The great hall shook and everyone froze in place.

Did this famous poem of the ages cost nothing?

Does talent cost nothing?

And the best part is that he's hit the mark again!

The most amazing thing of all was that the poem had been chosen again!

This

This is incredible ! ! ! ! ! !

It's impossible, it's not possible!

The ten great talents of the ten countries were all wide-eyed, their eyes full of bloodshot, simply unable to believe it.

How could there be such a person!

This is simply impossible!

"The fourth seal."

Someone came back to his senses, looking already mad, his gaze filled with shock, this was the number one talent of the Chen Kingdom, who looked incomparably mad as he demanded the opening of the fourth seal.

His voice was hoarse!

Xu Qingnian had smacked them in the face time and time again, so they had to go mad!

Sun Jing'an took a deep breath, but the hand that opened the letter, too, trembled.

But soon, he calmed the surprise in his heart.

Still opening one letter after another?

With a direct wave of his hand, he opened all three of the remaining letters.

"Sun Ru! No!"

"We can't open them, if we do it again, the Liyang Palace will collapse."

"Run, don't linger."

"Gentlemen, hold the Liyang Palace steady, don't hurt the people."

The great scholars of the Great Wei Palace of Literature spoke up, the four thousand ancient poems had already made Liyang Palace shake, if it was torn down any further, it would really be the end.

But what they didn't expect was that Sun Jing'an would really dare to demolish it.

In the next moment, Chen Zhengru shouted and told the crowd to gather their Hao Rang Qi to stabilize the hall and tell the people to leave quickly, otherwise, something big would happen.

And Sun Jing'an had already opened all the letters.

At this moment, light enveloped everything, and Xu Qingnian's voice, appearing to overlap, resounded throughout the Liyang Palace.

If life is only like the first time we see each other, what is the matter with the autumn breeze and the painted fan.

The heart of the old man has changed, but the heart of the old man changes easily.

There is a secret sorrow and hatred, but no sound is better than a sound at this time.

We are all fallen people at the end of the world, why should we have met before?

The clouds rise in my chest and the birds return in my eyes.

When the sky is at the top, the mountains are in full view.

The three voices overlapped, but the poetry was so extraordinary that the light drowned everything.

The palace shook as the literary energy stirred.

The talented scholars of the ten kingdoms were dumbfounded, each one as if they were demented, each poem was a famous poem of the ages.

And the most amazing thing was that every single poem was a hit.

This is incredible.

Unbelievable!

They were dumbfounded.

They couldn't believe it all.

But at that very moment.

The voices of Chen Zhengru and the others rang out again, full of anxiety, telling them to leave quickly ah.

Otherwise the palace would collapse and no one would be able to come out alive.

At that moment, the guards were the first to come to their senses and led the people away, for the Liyang Palace was indeed shaking violently and was about to collapse at any moment.

Several great scholars stepped in and temporarily stabilised the Liyang Palace as the people fled the palace, and the Great Wei literati followed them out.

But when the people walked out of the palace, in an instant, all the talent was gone.

Everything disappeared.

The light dissipated.

It was a little too sudden.

“What’s going on?”

“Where are these talents?”

“Where did the talents of the party go?”

“Why is it suddenly gone?”

In an instant, the crowd became somewhat curious, but no matter how curious they were, the shaky Li Yang Palace, they still didn’t dare to stay any longer and came out first.

Not only them, Chen Zhengru and the others were also a little curious.

The appearance of four thousand ancient poems was already terrifying, why was there no reaction at all to the appearance of these seven thousand ancient poems?

They were curious, and there was a look of puzzlement in their eyes.

The crowd did not dare to speak either, while the talented sons of the ten kingdoms, on the other hand, were still in a dazed state and had not come back to their senses for the time being.

Everyone was led out of the Liyang Palace by the guards, who were afraid that it would collapse.

They were afraid that the palace would collapse. Who would be able to stand up to it if someone was killed?

After Chen Zhengru and the others had walked out, the poem on the dome of the sky also disappeared, the big golden letters died out and the light dissipated instantly.

It had been daytime in Great Wei Kyoto, but now it was back to night.

It made people curious.

“What’s going on here? Chen Ru?”

“Sun Ru, how come the good talent Qi is gone?”

“Brother Chen, why has this talent suddenly disappeared?”

“Was it just a flash in the pan?”

People were curious and asked Chen Zhengru, Sun Jing’an, including Chen Xinghe.

But the three of them couldn’t explain it clearly at all, they frowned and looked at the sky, honestly not knowing what had happened.

Chen Xinghe was also in a state of confusion, he was not confused about Xu Qingnian’s poem A Thousand Years, but his own ability to bet on questions, why was he so strong?

Why was he so good at betting on the right one?

But why was it that when he bet on the size, he would definitely lose?

And yet.

One hour ago

Inside the Drunken Immortal Building.

High Mountain Pavilion.

A table full of feasts, steaming with heat, Xu Qingnian and Gu Yan settled down.

A slight bell sounded, the sound of the Li Yang Palace.

The sound of the bell signified the start of the feast.

“Shouren, is there really no harm in that?”

Gu Yan frowned slightly and looked at Xu Qingnian with some curiosity, his eyes still held worry, after all, it was reasonable that Xu Qingnian should be inside the Li Yang Palace.

If the other shangshu knew about this, they would probably scold him to death, and if he failed in the poetry battle today, then he would be finished.

So it was impossible to say that he was not worried.

“No harm.”

“Lord Gu, later on all matters will be spoken by Qingnian, no matter what, you should not open your mouth to answer anything, as long as you don’t open your mouth, even if Qingnian is wrong, it won’t matter.”

Xu Qingnian was not worried at all about the Taiping Poetry Competition.

Instead, he was more concerned about facing the three merchants of Great Wei later.

The Jin merchants of Guangling!

The North Lake Huizhou merchants!

The Nanlin Gan merchants!

There were thousands of merchants in Great Wei, but only five of them were the largest, and the materials most needed for the waterwheel project were in the hands of these three.

Therefore, Xu Qingnian was eager to see what purpose these three merchants had brought to the capital.

It was also at this moment that the sound of some footsteps rang out.

Soon the door of the elegant pavilion was slowly pushed open and three figures appeared in Xu Qingnian’s eyes.

All three were of an advanced age, with white hair, but in good spirits, and were dressed in a somewhat understated manner instead of being aristocratic, but of course the fabric of their clothes was no ordinary thing.

“We pay our respects to Minister Gu and to Squire Xu.”

When the three men saw Gu Yan and Xu Qingnian, they could not help but bow at once, looking incomparably respectful.

They were merchants after all, and Gu Yan and Xu Qingnian were officials of the Great Wei court, so they naturally had to be respected.

“All of you take your seats.”

Xu Qingnian smiled faintly and motioned for the crowd to fall into their seats.

The three men glanced at Xu Qingnian and sat down directly without saying much.

“Shang Shu Gu, we are late, so I hope that Shang Shu Gu will not be angry.”

The old man sent by the Jin merchant spoke up and apologised towards Gu Yan.

However, Gu Yan nodded, but did not say anything, he was a Shang Shu, what were these merchants in his eyes? If their materials were not needed, would they be qualified to eat at the same table with himself?

“Come, we will drink a toast to Shang Shu Gu, and to Little Friend Xu as well, as an apology.”

The old man from the Huishang School poured his wine and got up, saying that he addressed Gu Yan as Shang Shu, while calling Xu Qingnian a young friend, inexplicably carrying some other meanings.

Only with their age, it was not excessive to call out a young friend.

Plus with a smile on his face, if he really wanted to get angry, he would look petty.

Gu Yan used his afterglow to glance at Xu Qingnian, who was not half angry and instead poured himself wine.

At that moment, everyone raised their glasses and Gu Yan and Xu Qingnian took a shallow sip, while these three drank it down in one gulp.

After drinking, the old man from Gan Shang couldn't help but frown, “I heard that young friend Xu is an excellent drinker, what is the meaning of the shallow half sip? Is it because the wine is not good? Someone, serve the wine.”

He spoke, not blaming Xu Qingnian for taking a shallow taste, but blaming the wine in the tavern for being unattractive, this was how clever the merchant was, displeased in his heart, saying it in a different way.

“That's not necessary.”

“Xu Mou drank a lot some days ago and did something wrong, His Majesty has decreed that I am not allowed to continue drinking, but today I am meeting with the three of you, so Xu Mou has a shallow taste to show my appreciation.”

Xu Qingnian said with a smile.

And the three did not continue to force anything.

They just kept toasting towards Gu Yan.

After three rounds of wine, Gu Yan glanced at Xu Qingnian, who understood what was meant, and spoke up at once.

“Gentlemen, today, Lord Gu has come to discuss with the three of you, the matter of water and oil vine and wood materials.”

“Now that we’ve had three rounds of wine, why don’t we just chat freely?”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, leading the conversation to the water-oil vine wood.

However, the three of them looked at me and me at you, and finally the representative of Gan Shang spoke up.

“The three of us came in a hurry, some relevant letters have not yet been read, and we have already asked our family man to fetch them, they were given to us by the clan chief.”

“Without the family letters, we wouldn’t dare to speak out of turn.”

The Gan merchant representative laughed bitterly, but the ghost believed this?

Three people didn’t bring it with them? It was obvious that they were just stalling for time.

In an instant, Gu Yan’s face changed slightly, but Xu Qingnian smiled and said, “It doesn’t matter, there is still time anyway, so what can we do if we wait for a while.”

Xu Qingnian smiled, and the three nodded, praising the sea.

And then the three basically kept patting Gu Yan on the back, while to Xu Qingnian was just having a chat, somewhat deliberately cold.

But Xu Qingnian kept a good heart, and since the other party was ignoring them, Xu Qingnian didn’t bother to pay any attention to these three.

Their intentions were obvious, they were just trying to delay themselves so that they could not go to Li Yang Palace.

Unfortunately, they were wrong in their calculations.

After all, these three people were talking about nothing but the water carriage, which made him feel annoyed, plus the matter of Liyang Palace.

He was really afraid that something would happen.

When he reached this point, Gu Yan's voice rang out.

"Shouren, since you have to wait so long, why don't you go to Li Yang Palace, I have arranged for a special sedan chair to take you to Li Yang Palace."

Gu Yan spoke.

With just one sentence, a hint of difference flashed across San Shang's eyes, then Gan Shang's representative got up and said, "Lord Gu, I will go and ask."

He opened his mouth, to get up and ask.

And Gu Yan nodded and didn't say anything more.

Just as Gan Shang got up, suddenly, the sky outside was like daylight, with an intense golden light that made the windows shine brightly.

"What's going on?"

"Is it some kind of fireworks?"

"This?"

The three merchant representatives were somewhat curious, and they even got up to open the window, and all of a sudden, the blazing and incomparable light was thrown into the elegant residence.

The next moment, accompanied by the sound of Xu Qingnian's poem rang out.

The famous poem of a thousand years was revealed again.

The golden words, in large letters, coalesced above the dome of the sky, and several people's faces couldn't help but change abruptly.

The purpose of their coming here was to delay Xu Qingnian, a task explained from above, but what they didn't expect was that Xu Qingnian had come and actually managed to overpower the great talents of the ten kingdoms in Li Yang Palace.

This! It was a bit unbelievable.

“Lord Xu? Is this the poem you composed? How come by the sound of it, it's so similar?”

The emblematic merchant representative was somewhat curious and looked at Xu Qingnian.

“I have already prepared the poem and asked my senior brother to bring it to the Liyang Palace for me, perhaps it is because my senior brother has bet on the question correctly.”

“Gentlemen, if you like the poetry session, why don't I take you to the Liyang Palace and enjoy it?”

Xu Qingnian spoke blandly.

And the scene outside, including what Xu Qingnian said, made Gu Yan completely relieved.

To be honest, he was really a bit scared, afraid that because of the affairs of the Household Ministry, he would delay Xu Qingnian.

But fortunately, Xu Qingnian had actually left such a hand, he had really underestimated Xu Qingnian.

“No, no, we have heard of your talent.”

Several people smiled and returned to their seats, while the Gan merchant representative left his seat and went to fetch a letter from his family.

It was also at this moment that the rolling Talent Qi didn't enter his body, leaving Xu Qingnian somewhat helpless ah.

He did not need talent energy now, what he needed was public opinion.

But the public opinion in his body was not much, it was too far from the public opinion two days ago.

It was really a bit less.

But it didn't matter, there was enough public opinion in his body anyway, so he couldn't really take out a holy weapon, could he?

After about two quarters of an hour.

Finally, the other party fetched the family letter and handed it to the remaining two, one for each.

The three old men read the contents of the letter.

And Xu Qingnian was calm.

But the three of them looked more and more strange. Xu Qingnian and Gu Yan did not know what the contents of the family letter were, so they were slightly curious.

Another quarter of an hour passed before the three of them finally put down the letter, folded it and put it back into the envelope.

Then the representative of the Jin merchants spoke up.

“Shang Shu Gu, the clan has sent a letter that the local people do not want to harvest early, but the clan has negotiated with the people, as long as the price negotiated before is followed by

He opened his mouth, before he could finish.

Suddenly, the golden light outside, more intense.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian frowned slightly.

“How come the second poem was unwrapped?”

“Or is it that someone else also made the famous poem of a thousand years?”

Xu Qingnian was slightly curious in his heart, but as his own voice rang out, Xu Qingnian understood that it was the second letter that had been opened.

“This!”

The representative of the Jin merchants looked out and gave a deep breath before preparing to continue, but suddenly, the golden light became even thicker and a rumbling sound rang out.

At this moment.

Xu Qingnian could not help but stand up and personally open the window to look out at the Great Wei Kyoto.

The entire Kyoto was bathed in golden light, and the three famous poems of a thousand years on the dome of the sky were like three suns, reflecting everything.

“What’s going on?”

Xu Qingnian frowned, he had purposely sealed his poetic talent, originally planning for Chen Xinghe to come up with one, and after he won, he would come up with another one tomorrow, almost three famous poems of a thousand years old to finish.

But he had already taken out three poems in one breath?

This was a bit odd.

Before Xu Qingnian could react, the fourth famous poem of a thousand years appeared.

“No!”

Xu Qingnian cried out in her heart, four famous poems of a thousand ancient times appeared, only to fear that Li Yang Palace would collapse.

More to the point, he didn’t need so much talent anymore.

The more talent energy one had, the more troublesome it would be for one’s cultivation.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian used his sacred weapon, the Eight Desolate Bells, to suppress all the talent qi with his own Haozheng Qi, lest he make a big mistake.

The terrifying talent qi was instantly incorporated into Xu Qingnian’s body, this could not be viewed by the naked eye and even the great Confucian could not detect it.

But less than a moment later.

Xu Qingnian’s face abruptly turned extremely ugly.

“All of it split apart?”

Terrible talent qi, in a situation that could not be viewed with the naked eye, was like an ocean of water gushing towards his body.

The Spring and Autumn Brush, the Persuasion Ruler, the Eight Desolate Bells, the Book of Words, and the Junzi Sword absorbed all these talent qi at the same moment.

But this talent qi was too terrifying.

It was enough for seven thousand ancient poems.

“Damn it!”

Xu Qingnian didn't know what had happened, but he was sure it couldn't have been caused by his own senior brother.

Someone had forced his senior brother to open the letters.

Such a terrifying amount of talent surged into his body that it almost caused Xu Qingnian to break through to the realm of the Great Confucian directly.

Breaking through to Great Confucian directly without the establishment of a book was not a good thing, it belonged to the wrong name and was a huge hindrance to the future.

Moreover, after becoming a great Confucian, one would presume to raise one's cultivation, and suppressing the demon seed would be extremely terrifying, making one's cultivation as difficult as ascending to heaven.

“No! It cannot be suppressed!”

In the end, Xu Qingnian was really out of options, he couldn't suppress so much talent qi, unless he sacrificed the holy weapon inside his body, otherwise, the only way out was to forcefully break through to Great Confucianism.

But this was impossible.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian could only reluctantly release the talent qi.

He would slowly absorb it in later.

It was impossible to waste it, but Xu Qingnian could not absorb so much talent qi at once.

The only trouble is that later on, I'm afraid there will be a super vision.

But there was nothing that could be done about it.

Boom!

And as Xu Qingnian released the Talent Qi after.

Inside the Liyang Palace.

The Great Talents of the Ten Kingdoms had come back to their senses.

They were silent to each other, not daring to raise their voices any more.

But with the discovery that the vision had disappeared, suddenly, minds began to come alive once more.

Even at the end, someone suddenly thought of a possibility and shouted out directly at that moment.

“Fake, fake, everything is fake, I understand completely, all the visions are artificially created.”

“It was a great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, but unfortunately, he was also unable to maintain such a terrifying vision.”

“Yes, yes, all the thousand ancient poems, are all fake, everything is artificially created visions, it is true that paper cannot hold fire.”

“That’s it, how can one person make seven thousand ancient poems in one night? I don’t believe it!”

“Man-made visions! It’s possible!”

It was not known who shouted out this fallacy, and they calmed down for a while after seeing the vision in the sky dome disappear completely.

But after a while, they found that all the visions had indeed disappeared.

Only then did they dare to continue to speak their minds.

They did not believe it! Not believing means not believing!

And when these words were uttered, they were instantly recognized by all the talented scholars of the Ten Kingdoms.

Even the literati of Great Wei could not find a suitable reason to reply for a while.

Because it seems there was really a possibility of this.

But for Chen Zhengru and the others, such a theory, was simply absurd, for even the great scholars of heaven and earth could not create such a vision.

Unless one had come into contact with the Holy Dao.

But why would all the visions suddenly disappear?

They were also very curious.

But the next moment.

Suddenly, a voice rang out.

“Look, you guys! What is that thing to the east?”

A shocking voice rang out, and the next moment, all eyes, in unison, looked towards the east.

The rushing all ocean-like talent Qi was surging towards the capital of Great Wei.

It stretched endlessly, as if it was three thousand miles long.

Three thousand miles of talent qi came from the east!

At this moment, the capital of Great Wei was quiet.

Awaken Chapter 138 -

Great Wei Kyoto.

Liyang Palace.

The Qi of talent rolls to the east, stretching for three thousand miles.

The vast Qi of talent shakes the heart.

Like a holy light, it reflected in the sky, shining brightly and drowning everything.

All the people in the capital of Great Wei were silent.

The people watched all this in silence.

All the previous visions had suddenly disappeared, and now the crowd completely understood why.

It was because all the visions, coalescing together, had formed this unparalleled vision.

Talented Qi coming from the east for three thousand miles.

How terrifying it was.

The Great Talents of the Ten Kingdoms fell silent, their mouths opening and reopening, wanting to say something, but in the face of such a vision, they could no longer say a single word.

A sense of powerlessness rose up among the Ten Kingdoms' talents.

Previously, when Xu Qingnian had written a poem, they could say that the question had been leaked.

Now that Xu Qingnian had written the poem, they could pick holes in it.

But now that the seven poems had been released, what reason did they have to refute Xu Qingnian and the Great Wei.

Even if there was someone behind the scenes, so what? This is proof of the strength of Confucianism in Great Wei.

The seven poems have been published in ten countries, and the talent has come from the east for 3,000 miles.

The sharpness in the eyes of the talented scholars of the Ten Kingdoms was completely gone, and the arrogance in their hearts had also been beaten out of them by Xu Qingnian.

A sense of powerlessness rose up, and Xu Qingnian seemed like a divine mountain towering over the crowd, towering over all the literati.

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

At this moment, a divine mountain appeared in everyone's heart, a divine mountain on the literary altar, and Xu Qingnian stood on top of it, his back, like a saint, so that they could only look up.

The ten great talents of the ten kingdoms lost their hearts and minds, and like a draw, every one of them looked forlorn on their faces, they had prepared for years to come to the Taiping Poetry Competition.

They had been preparing for years to come to the Peace Poetry Competition, hoping to overpower everything at the event.

But what happened?

The Great Wei had declined and the literary world had fallen, but a Xu Qingnian had emerged, a demon of the ages.

The people were quiet, unable to utter a single word anymore.

“Brother Xu, astonishing talent.”

“Brother Xu, swallowing mountains and rivers.”

“Seven poems to the town meeting, talent to the east for three thousand miles, a certain, convinced!”

The next moment, voices came from the literati of the Great Wei, they were completely convinced by Xu Qingnian, one person composed seven poems that were passed down through the ages.

How could they not be convinced? Such talent could not be found in one person in 5,000 years.

At this moment, for some reason, everyone’s mind suddenly thought of one thing, that is, whether Xu Qingnian would really become a The Holy Spirit.

Outside the Liyang Palace.

Chen Zhengru and the others looked at the 3,000 miles of talent and could not help but twirl their beards, he really could not help but praise a great talent of the ages.

Only soon, Chen Zhengru’s gaze, however, slowly fell on Sun Jing’an.

What happened today, or even what happened yesterday, there were actually several places where there were problems, the biggest being Sun Jing’an.

He was too biased towards the ten kingdoms, although it appeared that he was standing up for the Great Wei Dynasty, including the Great Wei Wen Gong.

But in reality there were some problems, the kind that ordinary people could not see, neither the great scholars of the Wen Gong nor, for that matter, the rest of the Shang Shu.

However, he himself was keenly aware that something was wrong, because he was both a great scholar and a court shang Shu.

Although Sun Jing’an is somewhat stubborn and has sole respect for Zhu Sheng, and cares about the face of Great Wei and the Palace of Literature, he is not so tough as to witness a Confucian of the Palace of Literature abrogating his own clear intention without taking action to stop it.

Although that scholar was also a bit impulsive and made Sun Jing’an unable to step down, things should not have gone to this extent.

This Sun Jing’an.

There are problems.

Including this Taiping Poetry Competition, there were also problems.

“There are not many people in the Palace of Literature who can make it to the top ten.”

“Sun Jing’an is extra perverse, knowing full well that he will incur the wrath of the people, yet he is bent on doing so.”

“Shouren left due to the affairs of the Household Ministry, and the three merchants named him for the banquet.”

“And Hua Xinyun did nothing at this Taiping poetry meeting either.”

Chen Zhengru has been silent for the past two days, all thinking about this matter, this time the peace poetry meeting, almost rely on Xu Qingnian alone to save the wild, for the people of the world, Xu Qingnian won a good reputation.

But for many people, the overall strength of Great Wei is indeed not good, and has really declined, and these several problems, just together.

The person who dared to interfere with the Peace Poetry Festival must be a big shot, and a The person who dared to interfere with the peace poetry meeting must be a big person, and a person who can only cover the sky.

The Prince of Huining could not do it.

The other is that the king of the vassals cannot do it either.

There are not many people in Kyoto who are capable of doing so.

He didn’t dig any deeper, he had to talk to the empress about it.

Otherwise The man behind the curtain would not be able to stand up to himself alone.

Chen Zhengru did not speak, his face always had a smile on it, and in the eyes of onlookers, he was celebrating Xu Qingnian.

As for not far away.

Sun Jing’an looked at the 3,000 miles of talent Qi coming from the east, apart from the initial shock, what remained was calm and deep thought.

And Hua Xinyun in the crowd, his gaze was also calm, as calm as water. Theoretically, with his talent, with his status and position in the past, seeing such an amazing talent as Xu Qingnian.

Theoretically, with his talent, with his status in the past, he would have been angry, or maybe some other emotions, but Hua Xinyun was not, not at all.

There was only peace.

The Taiping Poetry Competition was bizarre.

It was as if there was a hand behind the curtain, arranging everything, but unfortunately, Xu Qingnian's appearance disrupted all the plans.

The great talents of the ten kingdoms were still frozen in place, only afraid that for a while, they would not be able to completely come back to their senses, while the Great Wei literati gave each other a look as they left in pairs, as if they had something to negotiate.

Listening intently, some voices rang out.

"Brother Li is waiting for us, let's go together."

"There is something to discuss, if nothing, go over together."

"Let's go, let's have some wine together."

It was as if the Great Wei literati had some unspoken intentions, but there was a group of Confucian students who wanted to follow them over, but thought about it but did not move, not many, more than ten, but all of them were the better Confucian students of the Great Wei Literary Palace.

Meanwhile.

The Drunken Immortal House in Kyoto.

The talent of the three thousand li had left the room speechless.

The representatives of the three merchants looked somewhat dazed at the astonishing talent, as for Gu Yan, although he quickly regained his composure, the shock in his eyes could not be concealed.

Xu Qingnian took a sip of his tipples and sat back down, his gaze falling on the representative of the Jin merchants, allowing him to continue.

He swept a glance at the vision outside the window.

The Jin merchant representative paused slightly, but he soon continued to speak.

“As long as the price is raised by a further ten per cent at the previous price, the patriarch is still willing to risk the people’s wrath and harvest early, but please rest assured, Minister Gu, that this silver will be given to the people.”

So he said, stating a price that the Ministry of the Household simply could not possibly accept.

“Raise it by another ten percent?”

“That would be sixteen thousand five hundred taels of silver for a waterwheel?”

Gu Yan did not have a half-hearted expression on his face, just a calm tone of voice as he asked this towards the other party.

“En! Not even a single cent less.”

The latter did not dare to look directly into Gu Yan’s eyes, but he still did not drag his feet in answering, not even a single cent less.

“Heh.”

Gu Yan laughed lightly, he didn’t say anything, he just drank a glass of wine by himself.

“Three of you, not even one point less will do?”

At this moment, Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, and with a smile on his face, he asked so.

To be honest, Xu Qingnian did not expect that these three big merchants would dare to open their mouths like this, not only did they not lower the price, but they also raised it by another 10%, which was really The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you are getting.

This bottom line, to say that there are not two big dynasties behind, he really does not believe.

“The price given, it is impossible to be less, but the patriarch also understands that this matter benefits the country and the people, so the patriarch is willing to raise the strength of the chamber and serve the Great Wei, and is willing to pay in installments.”

The representative of the Jin merchants spoke, speaking very generously.

But when he said this, for some reason, Xu Qingnian felt somehow sick in his heart.

It seemed that these people really felt that they were sure of Great Wei.

“How are the instalments?”

Xu Qingnian inquired.

“Sixteen thousand five hundred taels a piece, Great Wei needs fifty thousand pieces, that’s eighty-two thousand five hundred million taels of silver.”

“We, the three merchants, are willing to extend for Great Wei for twenty-four months, and we only need to pay us three thousand four hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred taels of silver each month.”

“Only in consideration of the pressure of our advances, so we need to pay another half become the total interest, I wonder what does Minister Gu think?”

The other party slowly spoke out, stating their plan.

Eighty-two thousand five hundred million taels of silver.

If they were to be paid, the treasury would still owe 25 million taels.

Moreover, this did not take into account the cost of manpower and so on, if these costs were included, 100,000,000 taels of silver would be barely enough.

Fifty counties, 100,000,000 taels of silver, twice as much as the 50,000,000 taels of silver previously envisaged.

Bravo.

These merchants are really good at planning, and even he, the Minister of Household Affairs, could not help but praise them for their calculations.

They even came up with an instalment model of 3,435,000 taels of silver a month, which was not much compared to the 80,000,000 taels of silver.

But you know, if you really agreed to it, it would be 34 million taels per month, and Great Wei’s annual income would only be 10 million taels of silver.

Xu Qingnian stopped talking.

Because he already understood completely what the other party’s intentions were.

Shang Shu Gu also rose at this moment, he swept a glance at the three great merchants, then raised his wine cup and said.

“Three of you, you are truly good merchants of Great Wei.”

Gu Yan raised his cup, then drank it down in one gulp and turned to walk away.

Xu Qingnian didn't even say anything and followed Gu Yan to leave.

Because the negotiations had completely collapsed, the other party did not intend to negotiate properly at all, but instead kept increasing the price, even taking out such things as staging to fool the Ministry of Finance.

This was really treating the Ministry of Finance like a pig.

“Lord Gu, Lord Gu.”

The three men got up, wanting to say something, but looking at Gu Yan leaving so resolutely, in the end they didn't say anything, just sat back down, and between each other, gave each other a look.

This look was odd and complicated, to say that they were happy was not at all happy, but to say that they were sad was not at all sad either.

Leaving the Drunken Immortal Building.

Xu Qingnian got on the carriage with Gu Yan to go back.

Inside the carriage, Gu Yan was still not furious, but looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

“Shouren, tell us what you think.”

Gu Yan spoke out calmly and asked Xu Qingnian, wanting to hear Xu Qingnian's opinion.

“Lord Gu.”

“Qingnian feels that this Jin merchant, Hui merchant, and Gan merchant, are trying to cooperate with us, but still, as said before, someone has offered them a price that they cannot refuse.”

“It will just be a bit risky, they don't dare to take it lightly, so they raise the price, if Wei agrees, they are ecstatic, but if Wei doesn't agree, they will have to sell to the other side.”

“Although it's a bit risky, it's just that businessmen are profit-seeking, when the profit reaches a certain level, even if it's the crime of killing their heads, they dare to try.”

Xu Qingnian voiced her opinion.

The three great merchants' performance behaviour was entirely a desire to cooperate with Great Wei, it was just that the price offered by the other party was too high, and if Great Wei merely used the original price to buy it, they could not spare the huge profit.

"En."

"You have looked very carefully and thoroughly."

"It's just that, right now, it's a deadlock, the three major merchants hold important materials, and the price they are unwilling to lower, and the Ministry of Household Affairs is unlikely to agree to their price."

"I am afraid that the matter of the waterwheel is as difficult as ascending to heaven."

"Shouren, I know that your heart is for the people of the world, but there are many things that are not as simple as having an idea."

"Tomorrow, it would be better to start a memorial to inform His Majesty and put the matter on hold."

Gu Yan was very satisfied with Xu Qingnian's answer, because he saw it very thoroughly, but satisfaction was not enough, right now, he had indeed encountered a deadlock.

The Chamber of Commerce was unwilling to sell at a low price.

The Ministry of the Treasury was unwilling to buy at a higher price.

It would be useless for anyone to come in, unless it was suppressed by imperial power, but if imperial power was really used, it would inevitably lead to terrible turmoil.

So this is a deadlock. The Ministry of the Household is being held over a fire, and it is difficult to go in or out.

Inside the carriage.

Xu Qingnian listened to Gu Yan's words, he couldn't help but be silent, one thought after another came to his mind.

After a while, Xu Qingnian spoke.

"Lord Gu, the matter is not over yet, there is a turnaround."

Xu Qingnian said so.

When this was said, Gu Yan could not help but be slightly curious.

As the Minister of Household, he understood many things and knew that there were many forces involved behind this. All that mattered at the moment was just a high price and a low price, which was the easiest thing about doing business and also the biggest trouble.

Hearing this tone of Xu Qingnian, it seems that he has a way to deal with the situation?

“You have a solution?”

Gu Yan asked.

“There should be.”

Xu Qingnian replied slowly.

But when this was said, Gu Yan was surprised, he was aware that if Xu Qingnian dared to say that there was, then there must be.

“How much can you press the price down to?”

Gu Yan asked directly, not beating around the bush.

“I don’t know the exact amount, originally I was thinking of letting the three major chambers of commerce sell to us for 10% or 20%, but now it seems it won’t work, I guess it’s 50% of our pricing, 50% at most, otherwise they wouldn’t be happy.”

Xu Qingnian stated the price.

And Gu Yan’s entire body was a little down.

Inside the carriage, it seemed unusually quiet.

Gu Yan looked at Xu Qingnian, and his eyes were as if he had seen a ghost.

Fifty percent?

Fifty percent of the fixed price?

Fifty percent of the 7,500 taels? Isn’t that 3,750 taels of silver?

Now they are asking for 16,500 taels of silver, and you are asking the three merchants to offer 3,750 taels of silver?

Are they out of their minds or are you out of your mind?

If it were anyone else sitting in front of him now, unless it was the empress, whoever dared to say such a thing to him, Gu Yan would definitely go up and slap him twice.

This is simply a fool's errand.

Ask yourself, the same thing could have been sold for 16,500 taels of silver, but you can sell it for 3,750 taels of silver, provided you know its value.

Who would be willing to do so? Isn't that giving it away for nothing? And it's a loss. Even if you don't make any profit, you'll lose money.

It's equivalent to a loss of about 30%, because 7,500 taels of silver is the price from the Ministry of Household Affairs, and their cost price is definitely not that high.

Looking at Gu Yan who did not say anything, Xu Qingnian faintly spat out two more words.

"Packaged mail."

The voice rang out and Gu Yan frowned a little, he did not understand what this meant.

"Free shipping."

Xu Qingnian changed it, and for a moment, Gu Yan was silent.

Because he didn't know how to answer.

Three thousand seven hundred and fifty taels and free transport fees?

Guoren, are you dumbfounded by your talent?

Gu Yan swallowed his saliva and waited for a while for his mood to calm down before he continued to speak.

"Shouren, what's your plan? Don't mess around with it."

Gu Yan was a little afraid, afraid that Xu Qingnian would open a direct attack on the merchants of Great Wei, if that was really the case, then he would rather not mess up like that.

The reason for beheading the merchants was that they had caused public discontent and were, after all, foreigners, so what could be done if they were not given face?

But not the merchants of Wei, this is not a joke. It's the whole of Great Wei, up and down, whether it's the people or the powerful, it's all involved.

Unless they are looking for death, for example, if you have evidence of their collaboration with the enemy at hand, then it cannot be moved.

“Lord Gu, don’t worry, Qingnian won’t be impulsive.”

“I have a plan, I just can’t talk to you, Lord Gu, for now, but there is one thing, Lord Gu must help me, otherwise, this plan of Qingnian’s cannot be carried out.”

Xu Qingnian said this.

“You say.”

Gu Yan inquired, but he was also dry.

“Prepare a memorial for the Ministry of the Treasury to inform the merchants of the world that Great Wei needs to promote the waterwheel project and is short of silver, so I hope that the merchants of Great Wei will generously support it.”

Xu Qingnian said calmly.

“Merchants’ support?”

Gu Yan was a little curious, this kind of thing was not a big deal, because during the sixth and seventh Northern Expedition, a similar thing had been done, and even when the country was in distress, this kind of announcement would also be issued.

It was hoped that merchants from all over the world would sponsor something, but generally speaking it was often an exchange of rights and interests, and not many people were genuinely willing to sponsor, holding out until they died a million taels of silver, which was still a tremendous chamber of commerce and for other purposes.

After just donating a million taels of silver, they turned around and used this to earn money from the people.

Most chambers of commerce, on the other hand, donate a few thousand or tens of thousands of taels, and some even donate a hundred or so taels when they earn several million taels a year.

This is not very meaningful, but rather a bit of a loss to the state.

“En, and limit it to within Kyoto, not to mention outside of Kyoto, just within Kyoto, but allow merchants from all over to come to the capital to donate.”

Xu Qingnian continued.

“Restrict Kyoto?”

Gu Yan was even more puzzled this time, there were many powerful people in Kyoto, and many rich people, but the richer they were the more stingy they were, let alone donating to the Great Wei?

If it was a time of war, it would be fine, after all, the country was in ruins and many merchants would be affected, so they had to donate, but now was a time of peace and prosperity, it was almost impossible to get these merchants to donate.

Moreover, after the donation, there is nothing good, it is just the Ministry of the Household to send some plaques and so on, of course the most donated, for example, the highest record, 17 million taels, the Emperor Wu rewarded a few words, but not a plaque, can only be posted in the family inner hall.

Meaningful, yes, but not very meaningful.

Therefore, Gu Yan really did not understand Xu Qingnian's thoughts.

"My lord, in short, it is fine for you to do so, and leave the rest to Xu."

"Within seven days, I will have the three major chambers of commerce, scrambling to provide the materials."

Xu Qingnian spoke out, his tone filled with certainty.

Looking at Xu Qingnian's face full of certainty, coupled with this tone of conviction, Gu Yan's heart was filled with curiosity, but since Xu Qingnian did not say anything, he did not ask too much.

Seven days! Then, let's see what methods Xu Qingnian would use to make the three big merchants pay the silver at a loss after these seven days.

After a while, the carriage arrived at the Shouren Academy.

"Lord Gu, take care on your journey."

Xu Qingnian stepped down from the carriage and bowed towards Lord Gu who had come out to see him off.

"Rest early."

Gu Yan nodded, and then returned to the carriage.

Tad! Tap! Tap!

When the carriage moved forward, Xu Qingnian also exhaled a breath as he turned to enter the school hall and began to prepare his plans.

Just after Xu Qingnian walked into the school hall, a familiar back appeared on the tea table.

“Shang Shu Chen.”

Xu Qingnian was a little curious, he did not expect Chen Zhengru to be waiting for him inside the Shouren Academy.

“My humble servant Xu Qingnian, pay my respects to Shang Shu Chen.”

Xu Qingnian walked quickly and bowed towards Chen Zhengru.

“Shouren, don’t curtsy.”

Chen Zhengru got up and held Xu Qingnian.

“Minister Chen, at this hour, you? Something important?”

Xu Qingnian was curious, at this hour, it was already dark, why did Chen Zhengru suddenly appear?

It was a late night visit, so it was probably something important.

“Shouren, something might be going on.”

Chen Zhengru pressed his voice and slowly spoke out.

When this was said, it made Xu Qingnian frown.

The Chancellor of the Great Wei, the Minister of the Ministry of Officials, the Great Confucian of the Palace of Letters, this kind of person was used to seeing storms, anything might be a small matter in front of him, while when he said something, it must be a big matter.

“Lord Shang Shu, come into the room and speak?”

Xu Qingnian invited the other party into his room.

“Good.”

Chen Zhengru walked straight into Xu Qingnian’s room.

Once he had entered the room, Xu Qingnian slightly raised his hand, and the Eight Desolate Bells appeared, with a vast and righteous Qi filling the surroundings, forming something similar to a boundary that would prevent others from prying eyes.

“Such a literary artifact, it is truly extraordinary.”

Looking at the Eight Desolate Bells, Chen Zhengru could not help but sigh in admiration, but today he had important business to seek Xu Qingnian, so he did not chat much.

“Lord Chen, what is it?”

Xu Qingnian wasted no time and opened up directly.

“Shouren, I am asking you, what do you feel about this Peace Poetry Competition?”

Chen Zhengru asked Xu Qingnian.

“The Great Wei literary world has indeed fallen.”

“But the decline is somewhat odd, Qingnian doesn’t know the strength of the Great Wei Literary Circle, but no matter how bad it is, the ten best literati, apart from the first day, one or two are listed from then onwards, even on the first day, there can’t be only five of them.”

“Furthermore, the ten great talents of the ten nations are imposing this time, they should be respecting the Great Wei Literary Palace and saluting Great Wei according to reason, but this time these literati, it is as if they don’t care about the Great Wei Literary Palace or Great Wei at all.”

“Just the retreat thing alone, it is reasonable to say that any literati of clear intention would not do it, it is out of the style of a Confucian, not like a literati, but rather like some merchants.”

Xu Qingnian pointed out the problems involved, and these three problems gave him the most serious feeling.

The Great Wei Literary Palace, which one of them was not the pride of heaven everywhere? Furthermore there were the Four Great Schools, equivalent to the four top schools of learning in Great Wei, and everyone in them was an existence with Confucian talent.

They are enlightened readers, but at the Taiping Poetry Conference, not a single one of them made the list, and in the end, it was up to him to save the day.

One can imagine that if he had not appeared, Great Wei would have been disgraced this time.

What kind of Confucian orthodoxy and lineage of saints do you still claim to be? It was all a joke.

“En.”

“It is true that the literary world of Great Wei has declined somewhat, which is normal, after all, it has been affected by the Northern Expedition, however, even if it is affected again, it is not as bad as the Taiping Poetry Society.”

“As for the great talents of the ten kingdoms, they are indeed a bit eccentric. If there had been another Taiping Poetry Competition, you would have worshipped me and had respect in your eyes.”

“In Wei, they would have acted in a polite manner, and they would have even been polite to the literati of Wei, but this year was different, they were slightly arrogant.”

“The arrogance in their eyes, the complete change in their demeanour, this early exit has never happened since the founding of Great Wei, not to mention that Great Wei has done nothing wrong, even if Great Wei had done something wrong, they would not have retired early.”

“Do you know why?”

Chen Zhengru nodded, while answering these questions from Xu Qingnian.

“Why?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“Zhu Sheng originated from the Great Wei.”

“Therefore, the literati of the world regard the Palace of Literature as a holy place, and the literati of Great Wei as the disciples of the sage.”

When Chen Zhengru said this, he looked incomparably proud and confident at the same time.

And this was something that Xu Qingnian also had to admit.

How exaggerated was the influence of the saints?

In his own words, he was not insulting the saint at all, nor was he disrespectful to the saint; in the end, he did not want to follow the Zhu Sheng lineage, but chose to start his own school of thought, which was actually not a problem.

At least before Zhu Sheng became a saint, there were many people who had started their own schools of thought, and the Zhu Sheng school was killed all the way from that time.

But after Zhu Sheng became the fifth sage, all schools of thought disappeared and were replaced by a kind of fanaticism, a kind of fanaticism among the literati of the world.

Xu Qingnian could not deny the charisma of Zhu Sheng's personality, and even in other words, if he had been in that era, even with countless poems, he would not have dared to compete with the saint.

This was the charisma of the saint.

Naturally, Xu Qingnian believed and agreed with these words of Chen Zhengru.

But since this was the case, then this Peace Poetry Competition was a big problem.

Before Xu Qingnian could continue to ask, Chen Zhengru spoke up again and told Xu Qingnian the story of today's Peace Poetry Competition.

The story was clear, including how Sun Jing'an reprimanded the literati of Great Wei and how he favored the great talents of the ten countries, without any favoritism towards his own great scholars or any blackmail.

He just told the whole story as it was.

After Chen Zhengru finished speaking, Xu Qingnian's brow grew tighter and tighter.

"It's not right!"

"This is completely incorrect."

"Sun Jing'an, a great Confucian of the Palace of Literature, who revered Zhu Sheng, clearly intended the Sacred Way, established his words to uphold the saints, wrote books to spread the saints, and had a somewhat indifferent personality."

"It is normal that he might be a little cold and arrogant towards the Confucians of Great Wei, but in this situation, he should not do this and knows that he cannot do this."

"Angering the Confucians of the Wen Palace will not do any good in the end, and although it is the face of Great Wei that is being defended, it is a little too much."

Xu Qingnian frowned, after listening to Chen Zhengru's words again, he really could not understand it somewhat.

He knew that Sun Jing'an was arrogant and stubbornly rigid, but as a great Confucian and his age was here, he could not be so foolish as to defend the great talents of the Ten Kingdoms and rebuke the literati of Great Wei.

Wouldn't that be asking for trouble?

It was completely out of line with what a great scholar would do, even a normal person would not do that.

Xu Qingnian muttered to himself as he analysed.

Chen Zhengru did not say anything, and when Xu Qingnian was at a loss for words, his voice rang out.

Chen Zhengru's voice rang out.

“Someone is attempting to strip the Palace of Literature.”

Chen Zhengru's voice was calm.

However, these calm words were like thunder in Xu Qingnian's ears.

Subconsciously, he denied it, but when combined with what Chen Zhengru said, it seemed to be true.

But Xu Qingnian still could not help but speak out.

“Stripping the Palace of Literature?”

He swallowed his saliva, his eyes filled with disbelief.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature, born five hundred years ago, at the time of Zhu Sheng.

Why did Great Wei's Kyoto appear here? It was because the Palace of Literature was first revealed and the capital was eventually moved here, such was the prestige of the sage.

Since then, since that day, all the literati of Great Wei have been called disciples of the sage, and have walked around foreign lands with their heads held high.

Now, five hundred years later, the sage has passed away, but the Palace of Literature has remained here, and future generations have continued to nurture it with their talents.

It can be said that the greatest pride of the people and literati of Great Wei lies not in their military prowess, nor in their wealth, but in the fact that a sage has emerged from Great Wei.

How many flourishing dynasties have come and gone in the past and present? How many dynasties have produced saints?

This is absolute spiritual pride, something that every citizen of Great Wei is proud of.

But now Chen Zhengru informed that someone wanted to divest the Palace of Literature, the equivalent of taking away this Confucian orthodoxy, how was this possible?

“Chen Ru, this is not possible.”

“How can Zhu Sheng be stripped away when he became enlightened in Kyoto?”

Xu Qingnian no longer used to address his lordship, but used Chen Ru, representing talking about this matter in the capacity of a Confucian scholar.

“But Zhu Sheng has travelled through the kingdoms and preached the way of the saints.”

“There has always been a dispute over saints, in fact, it’s just that since Zhu Sheng, Great Wei has also produced countless talented people who have suppressed the literati of the world.”

“For example, the Taiping Poetry Society, otherwise, if the Great Wei literary palace once declined, there would be people who would fight for the claim of orthodoxy.”

“This time, I feel that someone is pushing behind the scenes.”

Chen Zhengru replied calmly.

It left Xu Qingnian somewhat speechless.

Yes, Zhu Sheng was enlightened in the capital of Great Wei and was still a subject of Great Wei, but the problem was that Confucianism itself was to teach the world, and anyone could learn Confucianism, as long as they had a heart to study.

Naturally, Zhu Sheng would also go to various countries to preach the Way and carry his school of thought forward, which is something every saint would do.

And such a practice would lead to many controversies; one cannot say that if he is from your country, he is a saint of your country, for saints do not have national boundaries.

So says the saint himself.

And the sage orthodoxy represents is the Confucian orthodoxy, and whoever becomes the Confucian orthodoxy is, for the country, a spiritual strength, a cohesion of public opinion, and a great help to the development of the country.

It is a spiritual struggle.

“Daring to plot against the Palace of Literature, what a man.

Xu Qingnian spoke out.

He really could not imagine what kind of person was it that had the audacity to do so.

If the Great Wei Palace of Literature was stripped away.

It would be a fatal blow to Great Wei, no weaker than opening two more Northern Expeditions, and that too under the present circumstances.

To say that the fall of the state is exaggerated, but Great Wei is probably never likely to return to its heyday, and may be retired from the stage of history as a result.

This matter was too big.

“It’s not clear.”

“But what we can know is that this person’s background, it’s terrifying, ten Prince Huai Ning wouldn’t be able to do it.”

Chen Zhengru spoke out, he wasn’t sure who it was either, but the only thing he could be sure of was that this person’s identity was extremely terrifying.

Even ten Prince Huaining could not compare to one of him.

Xu Qingnian was silent.

He felt that Chen Zhengru should have someone in mind, it was just that he didn’t dare to say anything, nor could he tell himself, it wasn’t a good thing for such things to be learned by himself.

“It shouldn’t be.”

“If someone really wanted to divest the Great Wei Palace of Literature, they shouldn’t be like this, right?”

“It’s too obvious.”

Xu Qingnian still shook her head, unwilling to believe it was that fact.

“No!”

“It’s precisely because it’s so obvious that you can be sure of the other party’s intentions.”

“And do you know why it’s so obvious?”

Chen Zhengru asked so.

“Why?”

“The waterwheel?”

Xu Qingnian’s first reaction was to inquire, but immediately connected the dots.

“Yes.”

“The waterwheel project.”

“This object benefits the country and the people, and can gradually restore Great Wei to its heyday, plus there is another reason why they had to go out and be so eager.”

Chen Zhengru nodded, but there was another point Xu Qingnian had overlooked.

“What?”

Xu Qingnian said curiously.

“The Great Wei, which has gone through so much suffering, has produced you, a great talent of the ages.”

Chen Zhengru said word by word.

These words were not half praise, but words from his heart.

The waterwheel project, which was certainly beneficial to the country and the people, made some people feel threatened, but the real reason that compelled them to take action.

It was Xu Qingnian.

A great talent of the ages.

The waterwheel project is beneficial to the country and the people, and now, at the Taiping Poetry Conference, he has seven poems that have been used to town ten countries, and his talent has come from the east for 3,000 miles.

Oh, and add to that the sixth-ranked Confucian scholar who entered school at the age of 20, just one year ago.

Any one of these things can make a person a popular figure.

Xu Qingnian has done so many things all by himself, and he is only twenty years old.

What would happen to Wei? I can think of it with my toes.

“But don’t worry, they won’t dare to touch you for the time being, at least not now.”

“They are even willing to draw you in, but I am not trying to draw you in by telling you all this today, I am simply telling.”

“Because I believe in you, you have set up your words for the people, every single thing you have done, I see it in my eyes, and your heart is for the Great Wei.”

“Heart for the people of the world, and the old man set up his words for the people of the world in the first place, so the old man believes in you unconditionally.”

Chen Zhengru’s words were incomparably generous, he believed Xu Qingnian because Xu Qingnian had set up his words for the people, such a person could never betray the people of Great Wei.

“Thank you, Chen Ru, for your compliments.”

Xu Qingnian thanked him, and he was not modest in these words.

“Just what does Chen Ru think should be done at the moment?”

Xu Qingnian asked Chen Zhengru, knowing so many things, he should also find a solution.

“Let’s wait and see what happens.”

“I have already submitted a report to His Majesty to thoroughly investigate Sun Jing’an, he has already revealed his horse, if the gods are gracious to the Great Wei, perhaps this calamity can be stopped.”

“Shouren, I am telling you this much today so that you can take precautions in your mind, and also, if you have nothing to do in the future, come to the Great Wei Palace of Literature.”

“You do need to come, to feel the holy will, it will help you.”

Chen Zhengru slowly said, informing this matter.

“The student understands.”

Xu Qingnian nodded.

However, Xu Qingnian was still a little curious and said.

“Sun Jing’an is a great Confucian, and the matter of stripping the Palace of Literature, if he is involved, wouldn’t he not be allowed to take his place?”

Xu Qingnian was a bit puzzled by this.

This is a great Confucian.

Would heaven and earth allow it to do such a thing?

However, Chen Zhengru shook his head and said.

“Shouren, you still don’t understand the Confucian Way. To become a Confucian, one needs to make clear one’s intention and establish one’s words.

“And this has always been the case in the Great Wei Palace of Literature, the great Confucians of the Zhu Sheng lineage, they actually don’t care about the country at all, because in their minds, the sage comes first.”

“So similar to Sun Ru and the others, they don’t have any official positions in the court, whereas we are the ones who set up our words for the people and for the common people, so we can be officials.”

“In other words, if in their eyes, there is no Great Wei Palace of Literature, but only Zhu Sheng Palace of Literature, so if Zhu Sheng Palace of Literature appeared in another country, it could make the people of the world believe in Zhu Sheng even more.”

“Then they would not hesitate to choose to leave.”

“Because their Confucian position involves the power of faith, preaching for the Zhu Sheng, expressing their intention and establishing their words, being able to become a great Confucian has a great deal to do with the Zhu Sheng, and down the road, if they want to become a great Confucian of heaven and earth, or even become a half-saint, it also involves it, do you understand?”

Chen Zhengru patiently explained.

And Xu Qingnian was instantly enlightened.

It turned out that there were still two kinds of great scholars, one was on his own, for the people of the world or the people of the sky, or follow the natural way, in response to the order of heaven, this kind of great scholars was the one recognized by heaven and earth, and similar to Sun Jingan.

After all, the way of Zhu Sheng is approved by heaven and earth, and they spread the way of Zhu Sheng, which is also in accordance with the will of heaven, and as for how to do it, that is their business, and heaven and earth have no control over it.

So it can be deduced that there are two forces in the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Understood.

This is what happens when you don't study.

It's better to go to the Book Depository and read more books when there's nothing to do.

"Alright, Shouren, take a good rest these few days, I'm afraid the Peace Poetry Fair will only be unsuccessful, and the ten great talents of the ten countries won't have the heart to attend the banquet."

"You take a good rest, also, pay attention to Hua Xinyun, he is definitely not as simple as he seems, understand?"

Chen Zhengru gave an extra reminder.

Let Xu Qingnian pay attention to Hua Xinyun.

"Okay."

"Chen Ru take care."

Xu Qingnian did not see him off from afar, but instead watched Chen Zhengru leave.

After Chen Zhengru had left.

At this moment.

Great Wei Kyoto.

Inside the Palace of Literature.

In a secret room.

A bland and incomparable voice slowly sounded out.

"The plan has failed."

"He has revealed himself."

“Let it do one last thing for the Vermilion Sage, please.”

The voice rang out.

A young voice soon responded.

“Yes.”

Awaken Chapter 139 -

The night filled the sky.

Three thousand miles of talent energy hung from the east, so the whole of the Great Wei capital looked a little odd.

The talent qi hung from the east and west vault of the sky, reflecting like daylight, yet the north and south were as dark as night, with the stars shining brightly, which seemed somewhat odd.

The court of the Great Wei.

Inside the Hall of the Nurtured Heart.

The empress sat quietly on the dragon chair.

In the middle of the hall, a black shadow appeared in it.

“Your Majesty, according to the Black Cloud Pavilion’s secret investigation, there are some strange movements in the Great Wei Literary Palace, there are twenty-seven literary figures who, before the Taiping Poetry Competition, gather at the Literary Palace from time to time and are plotting other matters.”

“This time for His Majesty’s birthday, a large number of unidentified people have flooded into Great Wei’s Kyoto, among them are the shadows of the White Cloth Sect and also foreign spies exchanging information with each other.”

“The Jin, Hui, Gan, Huai and Beijing merchants of Great Wei have also been in frequent contact with foreign countries during this time, especially the Jin, Hui and Gan merchants, who have been trading closely with the State of An Bald.”

“According to the spies’ reports, the three merchants have been offered very high prices by the State of Andu, so much so that they are hesitant to offend the Great Wei, but they do not want to give up the business either.”

“A few days ago, the Sudden Evil Dynasty even sent people to the Seven Great Daxian Sects, sending all kinds of congratulatory gifts in exchange for some secret techniques, involving the secrets of the first grade.”

“The Primordial Yuan Dynasty is searching for the Vermilion Saint’s Handwritten Notes, while the Primordial Yuan Dynasty’s First Grade Martial Fool will most likely break through to the First Grade Martial Dao Realm within ten years.”

The black shadow’s voice rang out in an extremely calm tone as it spoke out some extremely important information.

The Black Cloud Pavilion, was the intelligence agency of the Great Wei, planted in some important places.

There were two intelligence agencies in Great Wei, one was the Jin Yi Heavenly Guards, responsible for inspecting everywhere, and the other was the Black Cloud Pavilion.

While the Jin Yi Tian Wei was the overt intelligence agency, the Black Cloud Pavilion was the intelligence agency in the shadows, placing many spies and undercover agents in direct service to His Majesty.

The Black Cloud Pavilion fell into disrepair during the reign of Emperor Wu, when the world was in turmoil and many of its members were turned against it.

This was the reason why she founded the Jin Yi Tian Wei, she needed a more powerful intelligence agency to keep an eye on the vassal kings, the Confucian ministers of Great Wei, including the civil and military officials.

Unfortunately, after the emergence of the Jin Yi Tian Wei, all the forces wanted to get their hands on it and intervened, resulting in the establishment of the Jin Yi Tian Wei and its numbers, but not many people were truly loyal to her.

The Empress understands what she needs, a force that possesses considerable strength and unconditional allegiance to her, and will not be bought by others.

But were there any such people? There are hardly any, just as in the case of the Jin Yi Heavenly Guards, which she had created, but in the end what happened? But in the end, what happens is that either this prince arranges for his son to go in, or that county king arranges for his own men to go in.

The name is to expand the strength of the Imperial Guard, but this kind of talk is fine to fool children, but to fool her? Is that possible?

An organisation that is not fully loyal to itself is a ruined son.

Inside the Hall of the Raising Heart.

The Empress' gaze was incomparably calm as she gazed at the latter.

The other was silent, waiting in silence.

After a long time, the Empress's voice rang out.

"I, I know."

When the Empress's voice rang out, the latter spoke.

"Long live Your Majesty, my subordinate, farewell."

The latter's figure disappeared.

Within the main hall, she was then left alone.

But it was at that moment that a voice rang out.

"Your Majesty! Shang Shu Gu has sent an expedited zhengzhi for Your Majesty's perusal."

It was Zhao Wan'er's voice, she was holding the document, her figure was outstanding, and she came in full force.

After receiving it, the empress opened it.

Then she closed it again.

"Your Majesty, what did Shang Shu Gu say?"

Zhao Wan'er squeezed the empress's shoulders while asking this.

"Let the capital merchants donate silver."

It wasn't a big deal, the empress spoke directly, while closing her eyes and enjoying the brief relaxation.

"Does Your Majesty agree then?"

Zhao Wan asked curiously, this kind of thing was nothing to ask about without incurring His Majesty's annoyance, and even normally His Majesty would ask what he meant.

"There is no need to have the capital merchants donate to the waterwheel project, and even if they did, it would have little effect."

“Later, I will have someone reply to Gu Yan that this matter is not allowed.”

The empress replied thus.

Let the merchants donate? How much silver could be donated?

10,000 taels or 100,000 taels? If you can't afford a million taels, then what can you do? People donated a million taels and you still had to give them benefits, so that was completely unnecessary.

She was a bit curious as to why Gu Yan would make such a request. There was no need for it.

“Slave servant understands.”

“However, Lord Gu said that this matter was brought up by Xu Qingnian.”

Zhao Wan'er reminded that this was not a matter raised by Gu Yan, but a matter raised by Xu Qingnian Xu Shouren.

“Xu Shouren brought it up?”

The empress slowly opened her eyes.

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Zhao Wan'er nodded and said.

“Allowed.”

In the next moment, the Empress spoke blandly and agreed directly.

Zhao Wan'er: “.....”

Although she did not know why the empress agreed directly when she heard that it was Xu Qingnian's idea, what Zhao Wan'er understood was that Xu Qingnian was now the most popular person in Great Wei.

It was only reasonable for Her Majesty to do so.

“Then my servant will have someone inform Lord Gu later.”

Zhao Wan'er slowly spoke out.

The empress nodded and said nothing more.

It was just that three things kept floating in her mind.

The water chariot project was naturally the first major event, followed by the matter of the Palace of Literature, and finally the Northern Expedition.

These three matters are the choices and crises facing Wei today, and the collusion of the three merchants cannot escape her eyes.

It is only this matter that she has no way to resolve.

Tougher? The people behind the three merchants are no ordinary people, if they dare to be tougher, all sorts of voices will be heard, plus this matter is not justified by the Great Wei.

After all, merchants are driven by profit, buying and selling, people sell at this price, Wei can not afford to pay, and then directly do it, who will agree? At least the group behind the three merchants would not agree.

And the countries are looking at it, Great Wei is a dynasty, every move is watched by the world, do any wrong thing, will attract the world's scorn, do a right thing, often does not publicize it.

If all the military power was in one's hands, then all matters would not be a problem.

As for the matter of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, it was also a troublesome matter, a sign of things to come.

Spiritual suppression is sometimes more terrifying than national suppression. If the vassal kings revolt, no matter who wins, Great Wei will still be of the imperial line after all.

And if the Wen Gong did separate, this would be no small matter, draining the marrow from the Great Wei, and thereafter, unless another sage emerged, it would be no less than seven more Northern Expeditions for the Great Wei.

There was a lot involved.

But the good thing was that there was a group of upright great scholars within the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and with them, there was no small difficulty in trying to separate the Great Wei Palace of Literature, at least not again if they had done nothing great wrong themselves.

There was no chance for them to take advantage of it.

The only thing they could do was to cause some damage, such as the Taiping Poetry Competition, and deliberately let the water out, trying to rely on the great talents of the

Ten Kingdoms to suppress the Great Wei Literary Court, thus creating an opportunity to create the negative impact of her ascension to the throne.

This kind of tactic, she has encountered too many times, so she does not care at all, as long as the root is not hurt.

As for the battle for the Northern Expedition, the matter was still early and hardly needed to be thought about.

“I, for one, still need a group of loyal people.”

After all was said and done, the empress closed her eyes once again, she needed a group of people who would truly serve her, and to ensure that this group would only be loyal to herself, and definitely not to others.

It was a pity that such people were hard to find, and there was little point in training dead soldiers, for she did not need dead soldiers, but a group of people who would roam the court and the people, a sharp sword.

As for whether it would hurt herself, this she did not care, those who could become emperors did not have so many scruples, loyalty ranked first, ability ranked second.

The rest did not matter.

After about a quarter of an hour.

The court of the Great Wei sent Gu Yan's fold back, it had been approved and this fold was allowed.

It was already dawn.

After Gu Yan received the fold, he did not even attend the morning court, and personally went to draw up the donation notice, which took less than half an hour.

After everything was done, Gu Yan couldn't help but look at the slightly lit up sky, his eyes were both curious and full of some worries.

He was curious as to what method Xu Qingnian would use to solve this matter.

He was also worried that Xu Qingnian would not do something wrong.

And at that moment.

Inside the Shouren Academy.

Xu Qingnian was also thinking about some things.

The crisis at hand had all but surfaced.

Someone was clearly trying to stop the waterwheel project, and at great cost to the heavens.

A crisis has also surfaced in the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and his own personal safety is also a big issue.

These are things that one must sort out and sort out properly.

Find a way to deal with them.

Otherwise, one is completely limited by it.

Since he entered Kyoto, he has encountered one thing after another, such as the fuss over the Ministry of Justice, the killing of the Sheriff King, the killing of the Fan merchant, and the Peace Poetry Competition.

Which of these events was a minor one?

Each of them was a big event, and each of them brought a lot of trouble to him in one way or another.

He had offended the great scholars of the Great Wei Palace of Literature who respected the Zhu Sheng lineage.

Offending the Prince of Huaining.

He has offended many vassal kings.

He also offended many of the powerful people of Wei.

The only good thing is that with the Great Wei Palace of Literature in place, there is basically no need to worry about the demons coming to trouble you if you don't leave Great Wei.

With all the above things, there had to be an end to it.

And one could not solve the trouble again and again and then fall into new trouble again and again, which would be extremely detrimental to oneself.

There had to be a countermeasure.

This is what Xu Qingnian was thinking about.

And all the problems were summed up in one sentence.

The enemy is in the dark, I am in the light.

The enemy is all hiding in the shadows, and each and every one of them is an old cunt, and this is the core point of the problem.

So one can't go on like this, to go on like this is to be led by the other side by the nose.

"I need a force."

"A force that can check and balance the imperial court and the people."

Xu Qingnian quickly understood what he lacked at the moment.

A force.

And this power had to be sharp, so sharp that it would scare the six ministries, so sharp that it would scare the Confucians of Great Wei, and so sharp that it would scare the powerful nobles of Great Wei as well as all the clan kings.

The answer to this power came to Xu Qingnian's mind in an instant.

The Eunuch Party

Yes, it was the eunuchs.

The eunuchs of Great Wei were slaves, slaves without any status, and could also be called slaves.

They practised martial arts in the palace, and because they had no lifeblood, they were more devoted to their training, so there were many eunuchs in the palace who were quite powerful, but they were not normally used.

With forces like the Jin Yi Tian Wei and the Imperial Army, there was no need for eunuchs to do guard work.

Therefore, apart from serving tea and informing the Emperor, the eunuchs' duties were to block arrows in case someone really wanted to assassinate the Emperor, and they would be the ones to die.

In addition, the eunuchs of Wei were not treated well at all. The Emperor regarded them as lackeys, and so did the civil and military officials, and everyone in the capital laughed at these eunuchs.

Basically, the eunuchs sent to the palace were either from poor families or old eunuchs who had adopted some abandoned babies from outside.

Otherwise, who in a normal family would want to send their children to the palace to become eunuchs?

Because of this, these eunuchs had extremely low self-esteem and wanted to be recognised by others, but who would recognise them if they had no lifeblood? Even the women would not approve of them.

And this, they know, so they would love to one day be prominent in front of people.

After all, the less they have, the more they want to show something, which is why a lot of men have to brag about something being really awesome.

Women on the contrary, women are usually demeaning, like what, what's the point of being so big? Doesn't it look ugly?

It's a human nature thing.

And the details that no one in the world had noticed, Xu Qingnian had noticed.

The eunuch force, an extremely powerful force, they possessed strength, and being in the imperial palace, each one of them was meticulous, and those who were not would have died long ago.

And because of the problem of physical defects, they were somewhat deformed at heart, not that all eunuchs were like this of course, but most certainly were.

They wanted to turn over a new leaf more than anyone else, because of the cold eyes and contempt they received from the civil and military officials.

Most of all and most of all, they would be loyal to His Majesty, and deadly loyal to Him.

The reason is simple: what are eunuchs? The family slaves of Heaven, they could not have controlled the court, except under special circumstances.

Eunuchs have no offspring and are unlikely to rebel.

The people of heaven fear eunuchs, but at heart they will never become one with them; it is instinctive to despise them; outwardly they may call out for a eunuch, but behind the scenes they may be a yin-yang man with a rotten ass.

And their power, their glory, everything they have, is a reward from His Majesty.

When the country is broken, the enemy's people will not spare these eunuchs, especially the ones who wreck the country and the people.

After all, what good is a bunch of eunuchs when the civil and military officials, after they have been subjugated, can help them run the country and help them go to war outside? What is the use of a bunch of eunuchs? What emperor likes a man who sells his master for glory?

The above three points would be understood by any eunuch with a brain.

So this group of eunuchs will only support the emperor brainlessly, unless it is said that the emperor has no role at all, then they may bully the lord, but if it is such an emperor, whether the eunuchs bully the lord or not is secondary, will the civil and military officials bully? Would the various vassal kings bully?

These are all questions.

Then, if the emperor is surrounded by them, they will work single-mindedly for the emperor and form an extremely powerful force, and they will collect whatever information they are asked to collect.

They would kill whoever they were told to kill, and even if the party was so powerful that the empress could not do anything to suppress it, the eunuchs themselves would investigate, find out what was wrong with the other party, and take it out directly and publicly execute it.

The fact is, if you really look back, since ancient times, there have been many eunuchs who have wreaked havoc on the country and the people, but who is behind them? Isn't it the emperor?

Some emperors were indeed compelled to do so, but most of them were in charge behind the scenes, and it was his decision to kill or not to kill.

It is like Liu Qin, Wei Zhongxian, no matter how powerful they were, what eight tigers, what nine thousand years, in the end, they still died under an imperial decree.

Therefore, if we can make good use of the power of the eunuchs, it will be an incomparably sharp sword for the Great Wei.

Especially for now, this precious sword will never hurt Great Wei, but will only eradicate dissidents for the Empress of Great Wei.

When there is really a time to hurt oneself, a new sword can be completely re-forged. This group of eunuchs have fights with each other, after all, this group of people do not care at all about sentimentality or lack of sentiment.

To say that they are profit-oriented villains is not a wrong description at all, and the villains are extremely easy to use.

The castrati party.

A castrati party must be cultivated.

“If the eunuch party can really be formed, it can solve too many things for me, the matter of the three merchants, all the ins and outs, can be investigated clearly.”

“The behaviour and behavior of all the powerful and noble people of Wei are also in front of my eyes, so I don’t need to worry or be on guard.”

“Even, there is no lack of real experts in this group of eunuchs, so when I leave the palace in the future, there will be someone to escort me.”

“As for someone bribing them, someone pleasing them, it doesn’t matter, the greedier they are, the easier it will be for me to control, and the easier it will be for His Majesty to control.”

“If they don’t obey me, then their time to die has come, as I am a sixth-ranking Confucian of Great Wei, a minister of the Ministry of the Household, the hearts of the people, and I have martial strength, if they dare to turn against me, they are dead.”

“However, I must also be on guard in advance, after all, this group of eunuchs will be an extremely formidable force if they really develop.”

“To His Majesty, this is an incredibly sharp sword that will hardly devour its master, but to me, not necessarily, I need to be cautious and cautious again.”

“There has to be a way to respond.”

Xu Qingnian had not lost his mind to the castrati, cultivating them, but there was, but he must also have the bottom card himself.

The bottom card that could suppress the castrati.

If one day, these eunuchs dare to turn against the party, then one would simply get rid of them.

After all, the castrati are after all His Majesty’s forces, but they can only help themselves at the moment.

It is very troublesome to cultivate one’s own power, for one is a minister of the Ministry of the Household, and not a super-powerful person.

He is not even a fart, how strong is their wealth? What is his own heritage? To put it nicely, he is a viscount, but to put it badly, he is not even a beginner.

So if one wanted to develop one's own power, it would be very difficult.

But soon, Xu Qingnian suddenly thought of something.

"Why did I forget about this!"

"Hiss! It's really a bit stupid."

Xu Qingnian slapped his thigh, he felt that he was actually a bit stupid.

He had forgotten about one thing, and such a thing was a super bottom card, a bottom card that could scare any power as long as it grew up.

Even if it was His Majesty, unless he was sure to tear himself apart, then this bottom card could make even His Majesty not dare to look for trouble with him.

Moreover, this method of dealing with the situation is also very simple.

Even to say, it was quite simple.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian began to write frantically on the rice paper, formulating this plan of his.

If this plan succeeded, Xu Qingnian would not be afraid to make enemies of the Great Wei Palace of Literature and the powerful people of Great Wei, even if he added the entire court of civil and military officials.

About half an hour later.

The capital of Great Wei.

In the middle of the street.

Li Shouming took a sip of his medicinal soup and then walked out of his home.

He had destroyed his own clear intention yesterday, and his path of Confucianism was completely ruined, and his body had also suffered certain repercussions, so he needed the medicinal soup to make up for it.

Li Shouming had no regrets about yesterday's impulse. If he really had to regret, the only thing he regretted was one thing, and that was not scolding Sun Jing'an properly.

As a great scholar of the Palace of Literature, he could understand not favouring the students of the Palace of Literature of Great Wei, but he could not accept the fact that he favoured the great talents of the Ten Kingdoms in every way, causing Great Wei to be humiliated.

But anger was anger, and anger was anger.

But there was no point.

After all, he was only a small Confucian student, and could not do what Xu Qingnian did, insulting the great Confucians with a thousand ancient poems.

Neither could he create a vision of three thousand miles of talent coming from the east.

He himself was just an ordinary person, once a little better, a Confucian student, but now he was just an ordinary person.

Thinking of this, Li Shouming could not help but look up at the three thousand miles of talent qi, his heart slightly comforted.

Once he had complained about Xu Qingnian, and even thought at one point that Xu Qingnian was arrogant beyond belief, but today he understood Xu Qingnian all too well, and understood the situation in the Great Wei Palace of Literature all too well.

He even felt a little guilty for being hostile to Xu Qingnian without understanding many things, while looking at it the other way round, Xu Qingnian had only disliked the great scholars and had no ill will towards them.

In comparison, the two temperaments are completely different.

Perhaps, this was the great talent.

Li Shouming thought so in his mind as he walked down the street.

And at this moment, dozens of figures suddenly appeared beside Li Shouming.

“Brother Li, are you alright?”

“Brother Li, are you feeling better?”

“Brother Li, you were really a bit impulsive yesterday.”

Dozens of figures appeared, all of them were students from the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and they had gathered together with the intention of going to the tavern to talk about some matters.

But they didn't expect to see Li Shouming on the way, so naturally, one by one, they came over and asked about Li Shouming's state.

After all, they had all been classmates before, and Li Shouming had now abolished Confucianism and left the Great Wei Palace of Literature, but they did not dislike him,

nor did they draw any boundaries, for no other reason than that Sun Jing'an had gone a bit too far yesterday.

Li Shouming was just a little impulsive, but this impulsiveness is not brainless, but rather has a backbone and bloodthirsty, so naturally the crowd made a point of coming over to ask.

"Fortunately, there is no serious injury."

"Let's not talk about what happened yesterday."

Seeing the crowd of students coming over and shushing him, Li Shouming still had some warmth in his heart.

However, he did not want to continue to negotiate about yesterday's matter, lest he involve the crowd.

"What can't be said, Sun Ru himself has done something wrong."

"That's right, if it wasn't for Brother Xu, we would have lost all our faces yesterday."

"Brother Li, to be honest, after you destroyed yourself yesterday in the Confucian Way, I also wanted to join in, but I didn't have such courage as you did, and I'm still ashamed to say so."

"The most important thing for a scholar like us is to cultivate the spirit of righteousness, destroying the Confucian Way and hurting the foundation, in the future, not to mention becoming a great Confucian, it would be difficult even to return to the Realm of Bright Will, otherwise, I would have decided to destroy the Confucian Way yesterday."

"En, brother Li, everyone knows about your matter, many people in the Palace of Literature are crying out for you, and have even contacted several great Confucians, it won't be long before Sun Ru will take a stand."

"If, say, Sun Ru takes a stand, are you still willing to return to the Palace of Literature?"

The crowd spoke out, some of them were indignant and wanted to join Li Shouming yesterday and destroy their own Confucianism, but they still didn't have the courage, after all, as scholars, they were the ones who wanted to raise the Confucianism grade.

Otherwise, they would only be able to teach for the rest of their lives, which would serve little purpose. After all, Confucians, not to say that they would be honoured and wealthy in the future, were at least respected by many people, which made it very difficult for them to give up.

But some people also asked Li Shouming if he would be willing to come back if Sun Ru gave a step down.

“No.”

Li Shouming was resolute, he had already destroyed himself in Confucianism, there was no need to return to the Great Wei Palace of Literature, in the future if there was nothing to do, he would go back home to the county and become a teacher.

When this was said, the crowd sighed.

And just then, another group of students approached, each with some anger on their faces.

“Brother Wu, what’s wrong with you guys?”

The Confucian student accompanying Li Shouming could not help but be curious and asked what had happened to these people and why their faces were all so ugly.

The latter walked quickly, and when he saw Li Shouming, he was slightly silent, but eventually spoke.

“The Palace of Literature gave the results, Sun Ru was not at fault, saying that Brother Li was a bit radical, but the Palace of Literature was also willing to give Brother Li a chance, as long as he apologised to Sun Ru and allowed Brother Li to return to the Palace of Literature.”

He said with an ugly face.

Yesterday, since Li Shouming had destroyed himself in the Confucian Way, they were angry and uncomfortable in their hearts, so today many literati went to the Palace of Literature to voice their grievances for Li Shouming, hoping that the Palace would give an explanation.

But what they didn’t expect was that the Palace would give such an explanation.

It was not the fault of Sun Ru to defend the face of the Great Wei, but Li Shouming’s disrespect for the Great Confucian, which was a bit radical, but the Palace did not reprimand Li Shouming, after all, it would be too much to reprimand him.

In the end, a choice was given, as long as Li Shouming apologised to Sun Ru, the matter would be put to rest.

This result was a bit too much for many literati to accept.

However, this result was also given by the senior management of the Palace of Literature, which meant that there was no possibility of changing it.

For the moment, Li Shouming was still willing to go back, bow his head and it would be fine.

But he had already destroyed Confucianism, so who would agree to this?

“How could this be the result? It’s really hateful.”

“To be honest, what the Palace of Literature has done this time has left me with a chill.”

“Brother Li is certainly a bit radical, but in the end it’s not because of

They were indignant, but when they got to this point, they were stopped by Li Shouming.

“Alright, all of you brothers’ feelings, I appreciate it, don’t say any more, otherwise it will bring you trouble.”

Li Shouming spoke up, he told the crowd not to go on or else they were going to cause some other trouble.

When this was said, the crowd of literati were all silent.

And just then, another voice rang out.

“There is one more thing, the great talents of the ten countries are ready to go back today, they have lost so thoroughly that they do not want to participate in the Peace Poetry Competition anymore.”

A voice rang out, and for a moment the Great Wei literati became somewhat displeased.

“They don’t want to participate in the Peace Poetry Competition anymore? Are they dreaming? They were so arrogant a few days ago, and now there are still two days to go, and they won’t participate?”

“How is that possible? I’m all ready to ridicule them today, and they leave Kyoto today?”

“What are you thinking? We are not allowed to.”

The crowd of literati shouted up once again.

These ten great talents from the ten kingdoms, who had flaunted their power these past few days, were now scared by Xu Qingnian, and as a result, they wanted to run away?

How were they willing to do that?

Yesterday, they were all shocked by the three thousand talents, so they didn't have time to be sarcastic before they found out that the ten great talents of the ten countries had slipped away.

They were all thinking of making a good sarcastic remark tonight.

But what they didn't expect was that people would just run away? Although it was a good thing that they were scared off.

But they weren't happy about it, were they?

It was like going to a dark shop and being blackmailed, threatened and even verbally abused by the boss, and just as they revealed their identity, the boss ran away.

Is that cool? It's not cool at all, right?

"Nothing is not allowed, the request text has been given to Sun Ru, and Sun Ru has also negotiated with the great scholars of the country, has been allowed, the next two days, the peace poetry meeting is our participation, the vacant countries of great talent, will allow more readers to enter to fill."

Someone spoke up and informed everyone not to say anything, the Palace of Literature had already given this decision.

But when this was said, the crowd could not help but be even more angry.

"It's Sun Ru again, when it's really abominable."

"Be careful what you say."

"Careful what you say, I'm not going today either."

"I'm not going either."

"This peace poetry meeting is too nasty."

They voiced out, with a real feeling of being disgusted.

The crowd of literati were talking, and then they even met up and went to their homes to discuss the matter.

"Gentlemen, I will leave you first, I want to be alone."

However, Li Shouming in the crowd sighed as he bid farewell to the crowd, not wanting to bother with these matters either.

When he said this, the crowd did not stay, after all, it was good to leave Li Shouming alone after such things had happened.

In this way, Li Shouming left alone, while the crowd of literati looked at the departing Li Shouming, their hearts inexplicably not feeling well.

Soon.

It was about two quarters of an hour.

Li Shouming walked on.

But unknowingly, he came to Outside the Shouren Academy.

Looking at the plain and incomparable Shouren Academy.

Li Shouming's admiration for Xu Qingnian grew even more. Many literati in the Palace of Literature said that Xu Qingnian was arrogant and arrogant, but compare the luxury of the Palace of Literature with the simplicity of Xu Qingnian's school, which is so talented.

This made him feel more and more guilty about Xu Qingnian.

Thinking of this, Li Shouming could not help but walk towards the Shouren Academy.

Stepping into the school hall, Li Shouming's voice rang out.

"Excuse me, Xu Shouren, is Lord Xu here?"

A calm voice rang out.

The next moment, a figure walked up, it was Yang Hu.

"Who is the gentleman?"

Yang Hu glanced at Li Shouming and could see the Confucian robe Li Shouming was wearing, so he appeared more polite.

"My name is Li Shouming, I am a scholar of the Great Wei, and I would like to pay a visit to Lord Xu, so I hope that your Excellency will inform me, and if I disturb you, please don't blame Lord Xu."

Li Shouming said so.

“Good, sir, wait a moment.”

Yang Hu didn't think much about it, and directly turned around to inform.

And inside the Shouren Academy.

Xu Qingnian had all the plans all lined up.

The next step was just to wait for the execution, then all the troubles would be completely solved in a short period of time, and one would still have two extremely powerful forces at one's disposal.

One was His Majesty's.

The other, on the other hand, was his own.

But at that very moment, Yang Hu's voice rang out.

“Your Majesty, there is a man called Li Shouming outside who wants to see you for something, can I see him?”

Yang Hu asked directly.

And Xu Qingnian was somewhat curious.

Li Shouming? He knew this name, the man who destroyed his own Ming Yi at the Taiping poetry meeting yesterday.

He was a scholar with bloodlust.

But what did he want with himself?

But after thinking about it, Xu Qingnian calmly said.

“See.”

After saying this, Xu Qingnian jotted this plan down in her mind, and the next moment put it back on the candle flame to burn.

When it burned clean.

Xu Qingnian walked out of the room, and just the next moment, Li Shouming had already appeared.

“Mister Li, meet Xu Shouren, Lord Xu.”

Upon seeing Xu Qingnian, Li Shouming was the first to bow towards Xu Qingnian, looking respectful.

“Greetings, Brother Li.”

Xu Qingnian also returned the greeting and said so.

“Shame on you, shame on you.”

“Lord Xu is a minister of the Ministry of the Household and a sixth-ranked Confucian, so I’m ashamed to call him Brother Li.”

Li Shouming said from the bottom of his heart.

“Brother Li is very kind, come, have some tea.”

Xu Qingnian invited the other party to take a seat, and was curious as to what the other party wanted from him.

“There is no need to sit, I came today mainly to apologise to Lord Xu.”

“In the past, it was Li who was foolish and ignorant, and listened to other people’s compulsions, and had resentment towards Lord Xu. Today, I have come to my senses, so I am paying a visit to apologise to Lord Xu, and I hope that Lord Xu will be generous and forgive Li for his foolishness.”

Li Shouming did not take his seat, but bowed deeply towards Xu Qingnian to express his apology.

When this was said, Xu Qingnian was a little surprised.

He hadn’t really thought that the other party had come to find himself to apologise.

This person still had some conscience.

Knowing that he was wrong, he changed.

Not bad, not bad at all.

“Brother Li’s words are important.”

“Take your seat first.”

Xu Qingnian pulled Li Shouming to sit down, not really so magnanimous, but Xu Qingnian needed to use people now, especially literary people.

Right now this Li Shouming seemed to be quite good, so let's have a chat first and see if he is sincere.

"Lord Xu, I'm ashamed."

Li Shouming settled down, but his expression still looked incomparably ashamed, he was like this, but he didn't expect Xu Qingnian to treat him like this, could he not be ashamed?

"Brother Li has really overstated the case, in fact, Xu has not disrespected the saints, it is just that Xu has his own way, the way of Zhu Sheng, Xu also studied and deeply admired, but everyone has his own way."

"Not suitable is not suitable, but I did not expect to be bad-mouthed by some people and to tarnish Xu's reputation, but all this does not matter, Xu firmly believes in his own Dao, that's all."

Xu Qingnian poured tea for the other party and at the same time elaborated on his thoughts.

These words were not polite or ingratiating to the other party, but genuine.

He had never disrespected Zhu Sheng.

It was just that he was not suitable for it.

It was impossible to force himself to learn the way of Zhu Sheng, right?

"Mister Li once did not understand, but now he does."

"That is why I came here specially, also to apologise, and I hope Lord Xu will forgive me, otherwise Li Mou's heart will be troubled."

Li Shouming said so.

"It's a small matter, I won't take it to heart, this cup of tea, it's just a way to forget the enmity."

Xu Qingnian smiled slightly and raised the cup of tea in his hand, before drinking it all in one go.

"Lord Xu, be magnanimous."

Having received Xu Qingnian's understanding, Li Shouming could not help but have his eyes moistened, while he also took a sip from the cup of tea.

Soon, Li Shouming could not help but continue to ask.

“Lord Xu, in fact, I have always been curious, what exactly is the meaning of this heart study of yours?”

After the enmity was extinguished, Li Shouming also asked a question.

What exactly was Xu Qingnian’s Heartology.

“It actually means literally, knowing and acting in unison.”

“To know what is wrong, to change it.”

“To understand the truth, to practice it.”

“Why are there people in this world who mourn and complain about themselves? In fact, either they don’t know the truth or they don’t practice it.”

“If one knows and acts, and acts and knows, one can attain conscience, understand the great truths, know the great truths, and also appreciate the great truths.”

Xu Qingnian expounded on the school of the heart, which was his own understanding and did not represent the true school of the heart.

Li Shouming, on the other hand, looked a little thoughtful.

He was silent.

Sitting in front of Xu Qingnian, he fell into contemplation.

Little by little, time passed.

A quarter of an hour.

Half an hour.

An hour.

Eventually, Li Shouming, whose eyes were somewhat dazed, suddenly had a clear gaze.

“I feel as if I know something, but I’m a little confused.”

“But I feel that this path interests me.”

“Lord Xu, I may join your school of thought?”

“As long as you do not mind my self-destruction of the Confucian Way, I am willing to join your school and become your student.”

Li Shouming opened his mouth, with a look of expectation in his eyes.

And with these words.

Xu Qingnian, however, smiled faintly.

“Since I have established a school, I naturally accept every student.”

“If you are sincerely willing, bow to me three times and enter my Heart School, from now on you will be the Senior Master of Shouren Academy.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, not caring that his opponent had destroyed Confucianism.

And with Xu Qingnian’s reply.

Li Shouming barely hesitated and knelt down directly towards Xu Qingnian.

He bowed three times and nine times.

He entered the school of the heart.

Beginning anew.

And at that very moment.

The qi of talent hanging from the east and west for three thousand miles suddenly burst out in a beam of literary qi, like a true dragon, and surged into Li Shouming’s body.

And this vision drew the attention of many people.

Li Shouming’s injuries were also healed in a flash.

And the rolling talent qi didn’t enter his body, and in an instant, he recovered his seventh grade.

Only it was necessary to re-mark the intention.

Awaken Chapter 140 -

In the middle of the academy.

Li Shouming’s entire body froze in place.

Above the dome of the sky, three thousand miles of talent energy burst forth and fell upon him in a beam of light.

The talents that had been lost had all returned.

It was repairing his injuries from his self-destruction of the Confucian Way.

This Unbelievable.

If the Confucian dao is self-destructed, the person is basically cut off from this path, unless a great Confucian reshapes the foundation for you, or, say, you make a thousand famous poems and at the same time re-explain the meaning.

Otherwise, to destroy the Confucian Way is to cut off the future of the path.

But now, having worshipped under Xu Qingnian's tutelage, one has surprisingly shared in Xu Qingnian's talent, repaired all injuries and renewed the path.

"Don't think too much, Ming Yi."

It was also at this moment that Xu Qingnian's voice rang out, reminding the other party not to think too much and to quickly clarify their intentions, lest something happen to them as well.

With Xu Qingnian's voice ringing out, Li Shouming did not dare to think about it indiscriminately and began to ponder what 'knowing and acting in unison' meant.

Everyone has a different understanding of the unity of knowledge and action.

This is normal, as long as you understand the meaning and do not leave the main idea, it does not matter if you have other ideas.

The unity of knowledge and action, in its crudest form, means either understanding 'reason' first, then 'practising' it, and finally, through your own way, doing things well, which is also known as 'to conscience'.

It is not that, if I want to kill someone, I will do it. Rather, if a person is evil, you can persuade him to do good, or you can just kill such an evil person, if you feel that it will be in your heart to let him do good, you will persuade him.

If you feel that the person does deserve to die, you may kill him, but you must not trample on the law, you must not violate morality, and the punishment of evil and the elimination of evil must not be confused with the law.

The deeper meaning, which Xu Qingnian has only touched on in the second layer, is to know first and then to conscience.

The truths contained are very deep, and everyone has a different understanding of the school of the heart. Expounding on the fundamentals of the school of the heart is something Xu Qingnian has to do, but how the other party comprehends it, Xu Qingnian cannot interfere.

He could only say that he would speak out his own understanding as much as possible, so that everyone could understand it for themselves.

However, with his own talent, after sharing it with Li Shouming, an even more mysterious and mysterious energy surged into his body.

This kind of thing, not talent qi nor hao zheng qi, nor public opinion, was odd but harmless to oneself.

It was at the same moment that Brother Broken Evil's voice rang out.

"Magnanimous Brother, this is the power of preaching, you can understand it as the power of faith, it will be of immense benefit to your future stepping into the holy dao, and the effect of this object is not weaker than public opinion, it can be coalesced under the dantian to cover the demon seed."

Brother Broken Evil's voice rang out, causing Xu Qingnian to be somewhat surprised.

The power of faith? He had not expected that this would be the power of faith, and that such a thing, which could conceal the demon seed's aura, would be of immense benefit to his stepping into the Holy Dao.

This was great, a total bargain, sharing one's talent with one's student, the latter becoming one of his own, and gaining the power of faith himself, and also solving a current pressing problem, it was like killing three birds with one stone.

As expected, good people have good rewards.

Xu Qingnian lamented in his heart.

He couldn't wait for another batch of people to come, he didn't want the 3,000 miles of talent energy, at least not right now.

The fact that he had so much talent energy would only cause him trouble, not to mention the fact that his Confucianism had escalated a bit too quickly along the way, and the suppression of the supernatural arts had caused Xu Qingnian a lot of headaches.

If the 3,000 miles of talent qi is incorporated again, it is estimated that if you are not a great Confucian, you will be a great Confucian.

So one could not continue to improve one's Confucian strength.

And now, giving the talent energy to one's students in exchange for the power of faith is a good deal no matter what.

Furthermore his second plan could not be done at all by himself alone, he had to have a large number of talents, and they had to be literati, and ordinary people would not be of any help.

So Xu Qingnian was inexplicably looking forward to having more people come to his own academy and study under his teachers.

What was happening at Shouren Academy was also being watched by the outside world.

The first to react were the literati, and the 3,000 talents hanging in the sky were now the talk of the people of Wei.

Some were curious as to whether Xu Qingnian would become a great Confucian directly, or even a great Confucian of heaven and earth, if he absorbed such a large amount of talent qi.

After all, talent energy comes from the east for 3,000 miles.

How exaggerated would that be?

The people were curious, and so were the literati, so they all scrambled towards the Shouren Academy.

They wanted to see what was going on.

Thus, one, two, five, six, a dozen, dozens, hundreds of literati appeared outside the Shouren Academy.

Their eyes, one after another, fell on the talent.

But what intrigued everyone was not that Xu Qingnian was absorbing the talent qi again, but an acquaintance.

"Brother Li? What's going on Brother Li absorbing Talent Qi?"

"What's going on? How did Brother Li absorb Xu Shouren's Talent Qi?"

"Could it be that Brother Xu has helped Brother Li renew his Confucianism?"

“It’s possible. Brother Li destroyed himself yesterday at Liyang Palace and had the pride and bloodlust to do so, so perhaps he has gained Brother Xu’s appreciation and is now renewing his Confucianism for him.”

“If that’s the case, Xu Shouren is really a good man.”

“When I think of it this way, Sun Ru is really going too far. Ever since Brother Xu rebuked Yan Ru, we have been hating on him, and we don’t care to be with him.”

“We even made up poems to humiliate Brother Xu, but I never thought that Brother Xu would not take it to heart, but instead helped Brother Li.

“Alas, shame on you, shame on you.”

The moment the Great Wei literati saw Li Shouming enveloped in talent in the middle of the academy, they could not help but make a series of emotional sounds, they thought that Xu Qingnian had a saint-like mind as he repaid virtue with grievance.

For a moment, they were even more ashamed.

And then, more and more literati gathered, and the people also appeared.

They watched curiously, wanting to see what was going on.

About an hour later.

Finally, Li Shouming’s voice rang out.

“I am Li Shouming, in the Liyang Palace, I destroyed myself in Confucianism, however, when I met Mr. Shouren, I understood the unity of knowledge and action, and realized the heart of the Great Way, and once again understood the meaning.”

“Today, I, Li Shouming, am here to make a statement, to honour the school of the heart, to pass it on for the rest of my life, to unite knowledge and action, and to wish that the world would know reason and understand conscience.”

Li Shouming’s voice rang out.

His voice, at first, was not very loud, and merely spread throughout the street, for it was a clear intention.

Only in the next moment, his voice, however, spread throughout the area, especially reaching the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

For he made a statement.

May he honor the school of the heart and be willing to pass it on to everyone until the last moment of the rest of his life, and may all the people of the world know the truth, understand the conscience of their hearts, do the right thing, understand the wrong thing, and do good without complaining.

In an instant, the rolls of talented qi fell down again and poured into him.

While outside the academy, thousands of Great Wei literati were frozen in place.

Li Shouming had gone from abolishing his own Ming Yi and destroying his own Confucianism with his own hands, to joining the School of Heart and becoming Xu Qingnian's disciple in just less than a day, to surprisingly breaking straight through the seventh rank and straight to the sixth rank, Li Yan Zhengruan.

This It is simply unbelievable.

It was already considered extremely unbelievable to come back from retraining, to go even further, it was simply a miracle.

All the literati swallowed their saliva.

The first thing you can do is to get a good idea of what you are doing.

But what was the reason for their anger? It was because they couldn't afford to ruin it, and if they did, their years of study would be wasted.

Who would dare to take on a scholar who had offended the Great Wei Palace, for example, to teach in the county?

Who would? Do you?

With all these factors, they did not dare to speak up, and even if they had grievances in their hearts, they could only hold them in and swallow them down.

But now, Li Shouming has not only restored the Confucianism grade, but has even taken it to a higher level, causing them to inexplicably feel a sense of inexpressibility.

Li Shouming's voice rang out in the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Sun Jing'an, who was meditating on his studies, suddenly froze.

After hearing these words again, his eyes looked a little cold before he waved his hand and wrote a line in the void.

It was rare for a student to self-destruct the Confucian Way and choose to join another school, because basically no one would self-destruct the Confucian Way after Ming Yi.

Usually it is before Ming Yi that one chooses one's own school of thought, so it is normal to jump around.

If the Great Wei Palace of Literature is divided in detail, there are actually five schools of thought, representing the five sages, and among the four great schools of learning, there are even more schools of thought, but most of them are of the older generation.

The schools of some ancient great Confucians, or the schools of some semi-saints and sub-saints.

It is just that there are many schools of learning, but few disciples, and there is absolutely no comparison at all with the Zhu Sheng lineage.

Li Shouming's stand-up speech carried a sense of indignation, making it clear to the Great Wei literati that he had left the Great Wei Literary Palace and did not need the Great Wei Literary Palace to pity him.

He himself had joined the School of the Heart and had taken it to the next level.

To say provocation has such a meaning.

But there is no big problem, after all, it was your Great Wei Palace of Literature that first did something wrong, and later was unwilling to admit its mistake, and had to make people apologise to you, now that Li Shouming has made a statement, there is nothing to say.

But soon, Sun Ru's voice followed.

"Since you have left the Great Wei Palace of Literature and chosen another school, from now on, Li Shouming is removed from the Palace of Literature, and such a Confucian who betrays Zhu Sheng, the Confucians of the Palace of Literature, must not associate with him."

Sun Ru's voice rang out. He did not reprimand, nor did he insult, nor did he shout, but he expressed his attitude and made a statement on behalf of the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

He did not reprimand, nor did he insult, nor did he shout, but he expressed his attitude and made a statement on behalf of the Great Wei Palace.

This is the most direct and easiest way to suppress Li Shouming.

The main thing is that there is no problem with this kind of suppression, after all, this is how school disputes are like, if you choose to betray Zhu Sheng, then it is normal to have Zhu Sheng's disciples break ties with you.

It was like if Li Shouming was his disciple and suddenly betrayed him, Xu Qingnian would not have been kind to Li Shouming, including the disciples of the School of Heart.

But the main reason for this incident was not that Li Shouming left of his own accord, but because Sun Ru was unjust.

There was a reason for what happened.

And there was another remark that made them extremely uncomfortable.

A Confucian in the Palace of Literature is not to be associated with him?

Why? It was true that they were Confucians of the Palace of Literature, but Li Shouming was not an enemy spy, and it was not as if he had insulted Zhu Sheng, so why could they not come and go with him?

This was a bit disgusting, restricting their freedom.

It was quite uncomfortable for them, and even had a commanding tone that was offensive.

Sun Ru's voice resounded through this street, and within the Shouren Academy, Xu Qingnian could also hear the threat in Sun Ru's tone, which also carried an inexplicable sense of condescension.

"Heh."

In the school hall.

Xu Qingnian laughed coldly, this Sun Jing'an had been targeting himself from the very beginning, and now that he had caused public anger, he still did not know that he was wrong.

But to say that he is not stupid is to say that he has other objectives, as Chen Zhengru said, someone wants to divest the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and Sun Jing'an has already revealed himself to be a bright child.

This kind of person is no different from a businessman, one is just after profit and the other after fame.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian also gave a counterattack.

"I am Xu Qingnian, the righteous Confucian of Great Wei, I have founded the Heart School for three months, today, I am accepting Confucian disciples, those who enter my Heart School can enjoy endless talent, but if any Confucian student with clear intention destroys his intention, I will use endless talent to renew his path."

Xu Qingnian spoke indifferently, and this sentence was extremely domineering.

If there is a Confucian scholar who is willing to destroy his or her Confucianism and join the Heart School, he or she will use the endless talent to renew his or her dao.

This is something that others dare not say, but he, Xu Qingnian, dares to say.

With 5,000 years of civilisation in his mind, how could he be afraid of a mere consumption of his talent?

This was Xu Qingnian's strength. As long as he was willing to give as much talent energy as he wanted, he could give it to his disciples and exchange it for the power of faith, so why not do so in one fell swoop?

And once there are more people, his own plan, also convenient to implement, plus the school grows, there are a thousand and one benefits to himself, not to mention the loss, completely blood money.

As expected.

As soon as Xu Qingnian said this, many great scholars in the Great Wei Palace of Literature frowned. They originally did not want to get involved in this matter, but as Xu Qingnian's voice rang out, they could not help but go to the real great scholars in the Palace of Literature and consult with them, not wanting to make a complete mess of things.

Otherwise, there was a good chance that it would lead to trouble, real trouble.

Inside the Palace of Literature, Sun Jing'an did not show his anger after hearing this again, instead he was calm, but his gaze was fixed in the direction of the Shouren Academy.

"Xu Qingnian."

"You are too presumptuous."

"Do you think that by doing this, someone will enter your academy? You have underestimated the saints and overestimated yourself."

"Moreover, if you really pull in the Great Wei literati, you are rushing to your death."

A low murmuring voice rang out, and Sun Jing'an did not speak anymore, but continued to look at the book in his hands, while the title of the book in his hands appeared slightly longer, but a few fonts were vaguely evident.

[Bizarre Arts] [Discerning the Law]

Shouren Academy.

Along with these words of Xu Qingnian rang out.

For a moment, many of the literati who were already full of grievances were somewhat shaken.

They were not swayed by Xu Qingnian's willingness to share his talent, but rather by the fact that leaving the Great Wei Literary Palace would mean that they would have to abolish their own Confucianism, which would be gambling with their future.

But now that Xu Qingnian was willing to share his talent, he wasn't worried about his future, so why didn't they waver?

It was at this point that Li Shouming spoke again.

Li Shouming spoke up once more.

"Gentlemen."

"I dare to say a few words, Li."

"At the Peace Poetry Conference, we were initially considered to be courteous to the ten nations, not to lose the etiquette of Great Wei."

"But the literati of the Ten Kingdoms, who have disrespected and disrespected our Great Wei, have done us wrong in the first place, but Sun Ru of the Palace of Literature, has been partial in every way."

"All because he hates Mr Xu."

"This behaviour is unbecoming of a great Confucian, and we, the literati, have lost face in front of the great talents of the Ten Kingdoms."

"I have abolished the Confucian Way since then and have never regretted it. Today, I have learnt the Heart Studies and have taken it to a higher level, but I still respect Zhu Sheng in my heart."

"It is only that nowadays, the Great Wei Palace of Literature has long been controlled by a group of corrupt scholars who have misinterpreted Zhu Sheng's intentions and forced themselves upon me."

"I would like to ask you all, Li, to think it over, sharpen your eyes and make a choice, three thousand miles of talent is not enough for many people to enroll in the school, if you miss this opportunity, next time, even if you want to destroy your will, it will be impossible."

Li Shouming spoke up, he was now Xu Qingnian's disciple, he called Xu Qingnian sir, and spoke from the bottom of his heart, stirring up the crowd's emotions.

For a moment, the crowd could not help but recall the events of the past few days.

The hated faces of the literati of the ten countries also came to mind one by one.

At that moment, some of the people could not help but speak up.

"What are we waiting for? Definitely follow Lord Xu and learn from him, you don't even think about it, who is Lord Xu? The future saint."

"Besides, when has Lord Xu ever treated his own people badly? This Sun Ru would rather help outsiders than his own people, and that time when Lord Xu made a fuss, wasn't it for his own people?"

"If I wasn't a pig killer, I would have joined Lord Xu's tutelage."

A pig-killer among the people shouted, his voice extremely loud, thinking that it was simply a bit foolish for these literati to still hesitate.

But this one sentence flashed through the minds of the people like lightning.

Yes, other than that, Xu Qingnian's ability to protect his shortcomings was the best in the world, and Xu Qingnian had never backed down from anyone who bullied his people.

When compared to Sun Ru's behaviour, the two were simply one and the same.

In a moment, the crowd no longer hesitated and walked into the Shouren Academy one by one.

"Student Wu Qizi, since the abolition of Ming Yi, would like to enter the Heart School and worship Mr., I also hope that Mr. will not abandon.,"

"Student Zhou Pu, who has abolished his Ming Yi, wishes to enter the School of the Heart and take you as his teacher, and hopes that you will not abandon him."

A series of three or four Ming Yi Confucian students walked in, they bowed deeply towards Xu Qingnian, if Xu Qingnian was willing to accept them, they would directly bow three times and perform the big salute to their teacher.

But Xu Qingnian did not accept them directly.

Instead, he looked at the students who walked in one after another and smiled faintly.

“Since we have established a school, we will naturally accept students, but you are not yet familiar with the Heart Study, so today I will explain the way of the Heart Study.”

“After the exposition, you will understand it carefully, and if you are willing, you can come back tomorrow to pay your respects, so as not to regret it.”

Xu Qingnian said so.

He did not need hypocritical disciples, but rather disciples who truly understood the School of the Heart and wanted to join.

Choices made in a moment of anger would often lead to regret, and choosing to join again after calming down was the core.

Sure enough, these words of Xu Qingnian were spoken.

The crowd’s view of Xu Qingnian had changed a lot more.

It was reasonable to say that Xu Qingnian had established a school and accepted disciples extensively, especially against the Great Wei Palace of Literature, which anyone else would have chosen to accept.

After all, once accepted, even if they regret it, there is no use, the word is out, then regret who still dare to want them?

But Xu Qingnian did not take them in, instead he expounded on the study of the heart, allowing them to understand and then choose whether or not to join.

This kind of tolerance alone was beyond their ability to match.

This was a true scholar of the establishment.

“We thank you, sir.”

In the next moment, more literati entered, and they bowed towards Xu Qingnian, no matter whether they chose to join the School of the Heart in the future or not, they could not change Xu Qingnian’s position in their hearts anymore.

After a few moments.

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth and expounded on his own way of learning from the heart.

“In life, apart from the desire of the skin, there is the desire of the spirit.”

“We, the scholars, learn reason, understand reason, and thus know reason.”

“The scholar of the heart learns for the sake of knowing and acting in unison, and for the sake of conscience.”

“To prophesy and then to act, to know first and then to know, to know the reason of all things, to know the reason of being human, to know the reason of killing, to know the reason of the heart, to act again the reason of all things, the way of being human, the way of killing, and so on ad infinitum.”

“And to conscience is the root and the destination, all to goodness, all with conscience and only the mind, all prophetic and only the mind.”

“To know first and to know, and to allow mistakes, to know and then to act, then to act and then to know, to know and then to act, to conscience.”

Xu Qingnian put the theory of mindfulness in as simple a way as possible.

The ones that were too profound were not very clear themselves and would take time to ponder, but these alone would be enough for the crowd to understand for a good while, and perhaps the question of whether to prophesy and act or to know beforehand alone might haunt them for the rest of their lives.

But whether it is knowing beforehand or acting as a prophet, the last three words are inescapable: to conscience.

Amongst the academy.

Aura of talent pervades.

A lotus flower bloomed.

As Xu Qingnian preached, talent qi naturally emerged, and these were the talent qi of the three thousand miles of Donglai, forming a vision that evolved the scene of the academy.

It can help the students to understand and enlighten themselves, and it also enhances Xu Qingnian’s image.

At this moment, more and more literati gathered here.

They listened attentively to Xu Qingnian’s exposition on the study of the heart.

The expressions of the crowd were also full of confusion and surprise.

Because no one had ever lectured like this before, Xu Qingnian was using a kind of self-thought, throwing out ideas and cores, leaving himself to think and comprehend and understand.

And Zhu Sheng's learning was like a frame, but it was not like that in the beginning, it was the generations of great scholars who went on to self-expound and self-understand, and so changed a lot.

So much so that when many literati learn the Way of Zhu Sheng, they often have to start by imitating it, for example, by scrimping and saving, by speaking and behaving in a manner that requires attention, and so on.

Let the mind be fortified.

But Xu Qingnian, however, unlocked their shackles, allowing their thinking, self-derivation, self-understanding, and thus self-understanding of their own 'school of the heart', no matter how one goes about knowing and acting in unison, but the three words to conscience, then locked the last line of defence.

It cannot be that I can kill when I want to kill and rob when I want to rob.

It was a full two hours.

Xu Qingnian did not say a word for almost two hours of preaching.

And two hours later.

Only then did Xu Qingnian slowly stop, he took a sip of tea, and the middle of the academy was already full of people, many of whom were even standing outside the academy, their faces filled with thought.

Some were bitter, unable to understand.

Some were laughing and frowning at times.

Others had a look of excitement and thrill in their eyes, as if they had realised something.

No matter what, it did not matter to Xu Qingnian.

He got up and all the visions disappeared.

He had to go to the palace, there were still some things that needed to be dealt with, to be more precise, there were still quite a lot of things to deal with, and there was no time to delay here.

All that needed to be said had been said, and indeed it was time to go.

"Sir, where are you going? Do you want my disciple to go with you?"

Looking at Xu Qingnian who was leaving, Li Shouming immediately got up and asked.

“No, Shouming, do something for my master.”

“This is my Squire’s Order, go to the Ministry of Punishment and ask them to make a trip to the Ministry of Military Affairs and inform them to guard the various passages in Great Wei’s Kyoto.”

“Do not allow the talented scholars from the ten countries to leave, the Peace Poetry Competition is not yet over, if they leave early, it will be said that we in Great Wei have been neglected.”

Xu Qingnian spoke up and said so.

“Please rest assured, sir.”

Li Shouming took Xu Qingnian’s order, and at the same time, he could not help but ask.

“But what if this talented man from the Ten Kingdoms does not go to the banquet?”

He asked curiously.

“Not going to the banquet? You’re on your own!”

“Do what you want.”

“If the people of the Great Wei Palace of Literature come after you, don’t bother, you are now a disciple of the Heart School and don’t need them to control you.”

“And if the ten great talents of the ten kingdoms go to the banquet, you do what you want to do, as long as you don’t violate your conscience, and if anything happens, I’ll be there for you.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, his tone unmistakably certain.

He had also heard about the matter of the Ten Kingdoms’ Great Talents trying to run away.

Want to run away after scolding someone?

How could this be so good?

If it weren’t for the urgent matters at hand, Xu Qingnian would have gone to the banquet in the past few days to disgust the Ten Kingdoms’ great talent.

But now there are many things to do, so naturally Xu Qingnian will not go to the banquet.

Xu Qingnian's words are somewhat casual, but when they reach the ears of the crowd, they inexplicably seem The actual fact is that you can find a lot of people who are not able to get a lot of money from the internet.

This teacher of his is really crazy.

But The fact is that this is a very good character, Li Shouming inexplicably feels very good.

At least a hundred times better than staying in the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

"Sun Jing'an, Sun Jing'an, if you dare to say one more word against me today, I will make a fool of you in public."

Li Shouming muttered to himself in his mind.

The next moment, someone came back to his senses and found that Xu Qingnian had already disappeared, so he could not help but ask Li Shouming about the matter of heart learning.

And Li Shouming answered seriously, carefully stating his understanding and corroborating it with the other party.

In a moment, the entire Shouren Academy was filled with the sounds of various discussions.

At this time.

The court of the Great Wei.

Xu Qingnian took out the Order of the Hidden Scripture Pavilion and walked into the palace.

He deliberately bothered the eunuch who was guiding him to find someone for himself.

Soon, a familiar figure appeared.

Li Xian.

Eunuch Li.

Li Xian looked twenty-two or thirty years old, but was already a seventh-grade martial artist, and this alone was proof that men could indeed strengthen certain abilities if they didn't have that thing.

"Lord Xu!"

"Lord Xu!"

"What do you want from your servant?"

Li Xian came trotting all the way here, looking incomparably fawning upon seeing Xu Qingnian.

"Eunuch Li."

"I haven't seen you for a long time and would like to have a chat with Eunuch Li."

"And lest we get sentimental."

Xu Qingnian smiled gently, causing the latter to be somewhat surprised.

"Lord Xu, you are really too kind to your servant."

"You are now the Lord Squire, yet you still think of your servant, how can I, in return, make my servant."

Li Xian was truly touched.

When he first met Xu Qingnian, Xu Qingnian was a talented man, but even an ordinary talented man had a higher status than himself.

Later, Xu Qingnian shook Great Wei time and time again, and was promoted to official positions again and again.

Now he had become a minister of the Ministry of Household Affairs in Great Wei.

The gap between the two was a hundred thousand miles. Normally, he would brag to some eunuchs that he knew Xu Qingnian to boost his status.

But to his surprise, Xu Qingnian actually still remembered him, how could this not move him?

"Eunuch Li, why do you have to say such things?"

"We are all human beings, there is no difference between high and low."

Xu Qingnian still wore a gentle face, but just such simple words moved Li Xian even more and almost brought tears to his eyes.

They were eunuchs and lackeys, inferior people in the Great Wei Palace, not even human beings when they went outside, but they had never imagined that Xu Qingnian was so talented and of such a high status, barking out the words of Eunuch Li.

I was really touched.

“Lord Xu, thanks for your love, I really can’t repay you, but Lord Xu, don’t worry, as long as you can use me, I will definitely be there for you.”

Li Xian didn’t say much, since Xu Qingnian thought so highly of him.

He would not let Xu Qingnian get cold feet either.

“Eunuch Li has spoken highly of you.”

“I heard that Eunuch Li has a younger brother in Kyoto who seems to have reached school age, if Eunuch Li doesn’t mind, he can send him to me to study and learn.”

Xu Qingnian spoke again, giving another great gift.

“To learn where you are?”

“Hiss!”

“Lord Xu, you You You’re not joking again, are you?”

Li Xian was really a bit confused.

Nowadays, who in Great Wei didn’t know that the children of the state princes and marquises were all attending Xu Qingnian’s Shouren Academy.

That was a real private school for the powerful and noble.

I did have a younger brother who was also old enough to go to school, and I had some money, but it was only enough to attend an ordinary private school in Kyoto.

Going to Xu Qingnian Academy?

That! What virtue and what ability.

“Eunuch Li, when I speak, I always say one thing, but of course if Eunuch Li does not want to, it does not matter.”

Xu Qingnian said seriously.

When he saw how serious Xu Qingnian was, Li Xian directly fell to his knees with a poof and said with tears in his eyes.

“Lord Xu, you are really too kind to my servant, my father and mother died early and I only have a younger brother, who is now being brought up by my aunt.

“You let my brother go to your private school, this kindness is greater than the sky, I really don’t know how to repay you.”

Li Xian cried out, his words did come from the bottom of his heart, he really didn’t know how to repay.

“Eunuch Li.”

“Get up.”

“It’s just a small matter, but there is one thing that I really need Eunuch Li’s help with.”

Xu Qingnian assisted Li Xian, and then smiled slightly.

Upon hearing this, Li Xian was instantly excited.

“Please speak clearly, Your Excellency, as long as there is something that my servant can do, I will definitely not resist.”

Xu Qingnian asked himself to help, he was willing!

And incredibly willing.

Otherwise, he really didn’t know what to say when he owed so many favours.

“It’s not really a big favour.”

“Eunuch Li, come with me.”

Xu Qingnian led Li Xian in the direction of the Hidden Scripture Pavilion, his pace slow, while pressing his voice.

“Eunuch Li, Mister Xu asked you three questions, you answer first.”

Xu Qingnian said.

“Please speak straightforwardly, my lord.”

Li Xian wiped the tears from his eyes and asked this.

“First, does Eunuch Li want to grasp power?”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth with such a sentence, which directly put Li Xian in a position to ask.

Do you want to hold on to power?

Of course he wanted to.

But what power did a eunuch have? At most, he was just a superior among the subordinates, who could command the new eunuchs.

But when faced with Xu Qingnian’s question, Li Xian froze for a moment and then immediately answered.

“I want to.”

Who wouldn’t want to hold power?

“Do you want to become an existence that everyone fears? For example, a hundred officials? A prince? Not including His Majesty and me, of course.”

Xu Qingnian asked again, but with the additional addition that it was except for herself and the empress.

“Hundred officials? Princes?”

Li Xian swallowed his saliva, but his body trembled a little.

The Hundred Officials were like gods in his eyes.

The Prince that was simply the god of gods.

To make them fear him? Fear themselves? Was that possible? It was completely impossible.

But in the face of Xu Qingnian’s expression, Li Xian still spoke his heartfelt words.

“I want to!”

Although this was bold, he could not help but answer.

“Then, Eunuch Li, I ask you one last question.”

“If you want to gain power and the world’s awe, you need to pay a great price, are you willing to pay it?”

Xu Qingnian’s voice was extremely calm.

But behind this calmness, there was a indescribable feeling.

Li Xian was silent.

He looked at Xu Qingnian quietly.

An extremely large price?

But in exchange for unparalleled power, and the world’s awe.

Li Xian was silent as he pondered.

After a while, Li Xian finally came back to his senses.

“Lord Xu!”

“Minion Li Xian! With no family other than a dear brother, I know that a person like a slave cannot even compare to a fingernail of Lord Xu.”

“But I am a man who remembers kindness, and Lord Xu has been as kind to me as a mountain, not looking down on me as others do, but being polite and courteous to me.”

“Lord Xu, you are a good official and you are also a good man, from now on, the slave Li Xian, apart from His Majesty, will do his best to help Lord Xu.”

“My slave is willing to be a pawn in Lord Xu’s hand, even if one day, Lord Xu wants to abandon my slave as a pawn, my slave will definitely not have any complaints.”

Li Xian knelt on the ground and kept kowtowing with a thud, he was not stupid, how could someone who could work in the palace be stupid?

At this moment, he understood what Xu Qingnian’s intentions were, so he was very excited, very excited.

He understood that a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity had appeared in front of him.

Although he did not know what method Xu Qingnian would use.

But what he knew was that he absolutely could not miss this opportunity.

It absolutely could not be missed.

So he knelt down and kowtowed to Xu Qingnian to express his loyalty.

“Eunuch Li, you have spoken too much, you have spoken too much.”

“Today, I am mainly looking for His Majesty to discuss some matters.”

“It just happened to occur to me that some such matters came to mind, so I asked Eunuch Li.”

“But I am a bit touched by Eunuch Li’s words... Eunuch Li, if you become rich one day, don’t forget about me.”

Xu Qingnian smiled and said.

“Lord Xu, don’t worry! If one day, if my servant makes it to the top, you will still be my lord, whether you are involved or not.”

Li Xian said earnestly and incomparably.

And Xu Qingnian only wiped the blood on his forehead, and immediately afterwards, he changed direction and walked towards the Hall of the Raising Heart.

For Li Xian.

Xu Qingnian has a high regard for Li Xian, don’t look young, but he must have suffered a lot, you pick an older eunuch, although smart and careful, but also old oil, not easy to control.

It is better to be younger, you have suffered, you have ambition, and you can control it better. If one day you can’t control it anymore, there are ways to deal with it.

In addition, he has a younger brother who is enrolled in his own school, in other words, this is a kind of indirect ****.

Whether it’s a bundle of interests or a mutual help, in short, Li Xian is a very suitable person to be his own pawn.

But if you really want to cultivate a castrati party, it is absolutely impossible to directly put Li Xian on the throne.

Rather, first let His Majesty choose someone, just let Li Xian live well, preferably lay low for a while, and then slowly recommend him, or else directly recommend Li Xian.

Would the empress agree?

This was something Xu Qingnian did not know, and he never did anything he was not sure of.

“In the days to come, train well in martial arts, study more, don’t interfere in anything, and don’t offend people easily, got it?”

Xu Qingnian explained some things to Li Xian.

The latter carefully noted down every word Xu Qingnian said and kept it firmly in his mind.

However, halfway towards the Hall of the Raising Heart, Zhao Wan’er suddenly appeared, and when she learnt that Xu Qingnian wanted to meet the saint, she personally guided the way, while Li Xian automatically excused himself.

After Li Xian had left, Xu Qingnian and Zhao Wan’er made their way to the Palace of the Sacred Heart.

Xu Qingnian chatted with Zhao Wan’er all the way.

When facing Zhao Wan’er, Xu Qingnian didn’t think much of it. This was the Empress’ maid, so it was fine to chat, but if you really wanted to use it, you should stop.

About half a quarter of an hour later.

Xu Qingnian arrived outside the Hall of the Nurtured Heart.

Zhao Wan’er went inside to inform her.

Soon, she had walked out.

“Lord Xu, His Majesty has called you in.”

The voice rang out.

Xu Qingnian slowly stepped inside the Hall of the Nurturing Heart.

After a period of time, Xu Qingnian was not the least bit nervous to face His Majesty again, and was more calm than the previous times.

“I, Xu Qingnian, have met Your Majesty, long live my emperor.”

Xu Qingnian spoke out and bowed towards the empress.

“Aiqing, please excuse yourself.”

The Empress' voice rang out.

And then continued to speak.

“Aiqing Xu, what do you want to see me about today?”

The Empress asked, opening the door.

“Your Majesty!”

“My servant, today's temporary appearance to the sage is for the casting of the sword.”

Xu Qingnian looked at the empress behind the purple veil and said so.

“Casting a sword?”

“Casting what sword?”

The empress spoke in a calm tone.

“The sword of killing and destruction.”

Xu Qingnian replied.

“How a killing sword?”

The Empress remained calm.

“Kill the traitors! Cut down the rebellious party! Execute the vassal kings! Pacify the scourge!”

Twelve words.

They came out slowly from Xu Qingnian's mouth.

And when these twelve words fell.

The Empress' eyes inevitably flashed with a hint of dissimilarity.

“Aiqing continue.”

She didn't think much about it, her voice was still high and calm.