

## Pavilion 321

### Chapter 321: Han Muye's First Trip to the Central Continent (3)

He was afraid that no one would fight for it!

Seeing Han Muye's expression, Kong Chaode chuckled and nodded.

His Young Master's talent and comprehension were rare in the world. The rarest thing was that his temperament was almost flawless.

It was no wonder he was so powerful in the Confucian Dao.

In the cabin, Han Muye took out the pills in his hand and a few swords from the Fire Source World to discuss with Kong Chaode how to get their foot in the door in the Central Continent.

Earning Central Continent spirit rocks was a big business.

The flying ship kept flying. Three days later, they arrived outside Green Wheat Mountain.

Standing at the bow, they saw the spiritual energy flashing on the entire Green Wheat Mountain, and the trees were lush.

"It was no wonder that the Shuxi County Governor wanted to pay tribute to the Green Wheat Mountain. Just the spiritual energy on the mountain alone can produce countless spiritual herbs."

Kong Chaode looked at the forest in front of him and asked curiously, "I just don't know why a treasure like the Green Wheat Mountain wasn't famous back then."

*Such a good place filled with spiritual energy and spiritual herbs was actually not occupied by a sect?*

*When did the Western Frontier sect become so easy-going?*

Hearing his words, Lin Shen said indifferently, "The spiritual energy was drawn here by Senior Brother Han's sword slashing open the Heaven and Earth Barrier."

A sword slashing open the barrier of heaven and earth and attracting the spiritual energy of the Central Continent?

Kong Chaode's eyes widened.

*Could my Young Master split open the world barrier?* he wondered.

*Did my Young Master dare to split open the Heaven and Earth Barrier?*

*No, my Young Master split open the Heaven and Earth Barrier and is fine.*

Looking at the lush forest where spiritual energy flashed, Kong Chaode muttered, "As expected, there are opportunities everywhere..."

In front of him, in the mountain range, Tan Tan with her purple hair and purple eyes had flown over and landed on the bow of the flying ship.

"Immortal Han."

A happy smile appeared on Tan Tan's face as she looked at Han Muye. "Granny Lan asked me to pick you up."

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

Tan Tan led the flying ship across a thousand miles to the valley of Mu Jin's spiritual land.

The flying ship landed and was put away by Lin Shen.

Looking at Han Muye and Tan Tan, who were chatting and laughing in front of him, Kong Chaode went to Lin Shen's side. "Brother Lin, is Young Master lecherous?"

Lin Shen thought for a moment and shook his head.

"What a pity. It's said that wood demons..." Kong Chaode muttered with a regretful expression.

A moment later, when they arrived at the small village filled with little wood demons, Mu Jin walked forward and smiled at Han Muye. "Since Immortal Han has come, I have to treat him well."

The last time he came, Han Muye's name was not famous enough.

Now Han Muye's reputation was not much different from the elders of the large sects in the Western Frontier.

Hearing Mu Jin say that she would show him hospitality, Han Muye's heart skipped a beat.

It seemed that the Mu family's patriarch had said that he was treated well here.

"Senior Mu, the Mu family's patriarch in Mushen City seemed to have visited this place before?" Han Muye asked curiously.

Mu Jin froze at his words, then snorted. "None of you men are good."

With that, she left in a flash.

*What happened to hospitality?*

Han Muye looked confused.

Tan Tan leaned close to Han Muye's ear and muttered softly.

Han Muye's eyes widened as he muttered, "Chaos... Tsk tsk, I couldn't tell that this old man and your Granny Lan..."

...

The next morning, after a night of rest, Mu Jin left the spiritual land with Han Muye and the others, Tantan, and a few junior demons.

Han Muye had made a deal with Mu Jin the previous night.

He bought a lot of the spiritual herbs he needed.

This time, he spent a million spiritual rocks.

Han Muye paid with the spiritual pearl, making Mu Jin overjoyed. She told him that he could use the spiritual pearl to trade in the future and lower the price by 5%.

Hard currency was hard currency after all.

Everyone headed towards the Heaven and Earth Barrier. A halo rose from the token in Mu Jin's hand, enveloping all of them.

Without the protection of this halo, the power of the Heaven and Earth Barrier could wear down one's cultivation.

The power of the Heaven and Earth Barrier was so strong that without being an Earth Realm Soul Awakening, one could not withstand it at all.

Spiritual light flashed, covering the sky. It was colorful and circulating.

The sky transformed.

A bird seemed to hallucinate and collided with the light screen.

"Bam!"

Bones shattered. Tendons snapped.

This was the Heaven and Earth Barrier.

The more beautiful a thing was in the world, the more dangerous it was.

"This token can protect 20 people at a time. You can pass through once a month."

Holding the token and taking everyone to the spiritual barrier, Mu Jin turned around and said, "It's not too much for me to take 10% of the benefits, right?"

*Receiving 10% of the spiritual rocks after crossing the Heaven and Earth Barrier?*

*This is simply snatching spiritual rocks.*

Han Muye raised his eyebrows.

Friendship was friendship, business was business.

She was a great demon after all.

She was standing in front of the Heaven and Earth Barrier.

"Ahem, Senior Mu, that's too pricey.

“We’re also in a small business now. I calculated that our profit is at most 800,000 spiritual rocks.”

Before Han Muye could refuse, Kong Chaode, who was beside him, hurriedly spoke.

“10% is too much. Why don’t we do this yearly? One million spiritual rocks a year.

“Senior, you know that it’s impossible for us to walk 12 times a year. We might only come once a year, or even only come to the Central Continent once every few years.

“If we pay yearly, you stand to benefit the most.”

Kong Chaode looked sincere.

As he spoke, he took out a ledger to calculate how much profit they had made on this trip.

He calculated accurately details such as the number of spiritual herbs that were difficult to sell and their consumption on the way.

“Alright, alright, I’ll lead you there this time.” Mu Jin frowned and waved her hand.

It seemed that the demons were afraid of settling these small scores.

Mu Jin glanced at Han Muye, then pointed at TanTan. “Tantan, help me watch them and see how much they can earn from this trip.

“Come back and we’ll calculate.”

With a straight face, Tan Tan nodded heavily. “Granny, don’t worry. I guarantee that I won’t miss a single spiritual rock.”

Mu Jin raised her hand, and the token in her hand emitted a green light. A gate opened in the Heaven and Earth Barrier.

Opposite the school courtyard was the Central Continent.

The Heavenly Mystic World, where spiritual energy was most abundant.

The holy land of cultivation in this world.

It was said that the Central Continent was filled with treasures.

It was said that there were many great cultivators in the Central Continent.

It was said that the Central Continent’s Earth Realm was inferior to a dog’s. There were Heaven Realm experts everywhere.

It was said that...

Han Muye took a deep breath and strode into the courtyard.

As soon as he stepped into the courtyard, a dazzling halo flickered on his body. The token spiritual light that was originally protecting his body shattered, and the power of the Heaven and Earth Barrier pressed down on his head!

“Be careful!” Lin Shen shouted and rushed out.

Kong Chaode's expression changed drastically, and a golden aura rose from his body.

Mu Jin frowned and held the token, wanting to activate the power inside again.

Tan Tan covered her mouth and stared.

With Han Muye's cultivation, how could he withstand the suppression of the Heaven and Earth Barrier?

As the Heaven and Earth powers pressed down on him, a golden spiritual light rose above Han Muye's head.

The power of heaven and earth!

Using the Heaven and Earth powers against the Heaven and Earth powers!

The Western Frontier was blessed by the heavens to deal with the Great Dao Barrier of the Central Continent!

"The Heavenly Dao of the Western Frontier is invading?" At this moment, Minister Wen in the Central Continent Imperial City suddenly stood up and narrowed his eyes.

"The Western Frontier has rebelled?" Outside the sky, Marquis Chongwu, who was dressed in golden armor and holding a long saber, turned around. The endless red-armored soldiers behind him were filled with fighting spirit.

### **Chapter 322: No Sword Strike from the Central Continent**

The power of the Heaven and Earth Great Dao!

Han Muye had never felt the existence of the Heaven and Earth powers so clearly.

It was a mysterious feeling.

The world was like a furnace, and everything was in his heart!

Endless colorful images appeared in his mind.

As the world began to open, lava gathered and turned into stars.

This was the scene formed by the stars!

The stars had their own Dao and gathered spiritual energy.

This was the process of the Dao of Heaven and Earth forming.

Then, with endless rumbling, phantoms descended and gathered up this world. They gathered with powerful strength and turned into the vassals of the other world.

Heavenly Mystic World!

As time passed, worlds were captured one by one and gathered into one world.

This was the current Heavenly Mystic World!

The world was originally boundless and mysterious. The Heaven Mystic Realm was built by a mighty figure!

The power of the human world could defeat heaven and earth!

There was an explosion and thousands of figures appeared.

Countless ancient mighty figures collided, and the world collapsed.

In the end, only the Central Continent and the four regions were left, enveloped by a green-robed phantom.

Then a barrier descended between heaven and earth, and the Central Continent was isolated from the four regions outside.

The connection between the four regions was different, and so was the power of the barrier.

The barrier of the Eastern Sea was weak, and Qi Condensation cultivators could pass through freely. The Southern Wasteland required Foundation Establishment cultivators, and only Earth Realm cultivators could pass through the Northern Region. The Western Frontier was a little different.

Sword light filled the sky. Han Muye saw Sword Master Yuan Tian in front of the Heaven and Earth Barrier.

The sword light shattered the barrier.

Then, a scholar in a green robe waved his hand and erected another barrier.

“Why does the Central Continent extract the essence power of the four regions but not allow spiritual energy to flow together?”

“Why should the Great Dao of the Western Frontier be suppressed?”

The Heaven and Earth Barrier shattered in front of Sword Master Yuan Tian. Then the green-robed scholar waved his hand and formed a stream of light barrier.

The barrier slowly became imposing.

In the beginning, Qi Condensation could work, but when it came to Foundation Establishment, it was blocked. When it came to the Earth Realm, one could not advance.

“Mo Wensheng, we’re both Heaven Mystic cultivators. Why can’t we cultivate together?”

Sword Master Yuan Tian’s voice was like thunder.

“This is Master’s intention.” Minister Wen’s voice was calm and illusory.

“Boom—”

After shattering the barrier of heaven and earth with one strike, Sword Master Yuan Tian shouted angrily again, "Apart from using Master to suppress me, what other abilities do you have?"

"Is the Confucian Dao just a group of kowtowing worms?"

Minister Wen did not answer, but an even more magnificent Heaven and Earth Barrier rose.

This time, Sword Master Yuan Tian did not attack again.

"Alright, after today, there will be no more Confucian inheritance in the Western Frontier.

"In the future, the Western Frontier will be isolated from the Central Continent!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the world shook.

Looking at the vast Heaven and Earth Barrier in the image and the isolation of spiritual energy, Han Muye had a hint of understanding.

Ten thousand years ago, the cultivation world of the Western Frontier slowly declined.

This might be the beginning.

Using the spiritual energy of the four regions to support the Central Continent would naturally result in the Central Continent being strong and the spiritual energy of the four regions weakening.

"Hum—"

Above his head, the magnificent Heaven Wall pressed down.

The earth affinity that belonged to the Heavenly Dao of the Western Frontier surged on Han Muye.

The two powers collided, causing time flashes.

This power was no longer something that humans could resist.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, and a sharp sword light flashed on his body.

"As a cultivator of the Western Frontier, even if I'm powerless to resist, I should try my best."

Han Muye whispered, and a sword light appeared in his hand.

"You're crazy. This is the power of the Central Continent's Heavenly Dao!" Daoist Dayan exclaimed.

"If the Heavenly Dao sees it as a provocation, you will be destroyed by the lightning.

"Back then, Sword Master Yuan Tian was hated by the Heavenly Dao of the Central Continent, so he never entered—"

Before Daoist Dayan could finish speaking, the sword light on Han Muye's body condensed into a line.

"Sword cultivators of the Western Frontier should naturally help the Heavenly Dao of the Western Frontier!"

Han Muye shouted, and the sword in his hand struck with sword intent.

The green sword light collided with the stream of light on the Heaven Wall and shattered.

Han Muye's strength was puny in front of the Heavenly Barrier.

However, with this strike, the entire Heavenly Barrier shook.

It was as if it had been angered by a weakling.

In the next moment, endless wailing welled up in the Western Frontier.

The clouds rolled. In the sky, it was as if a pair of invisible hands had turned into fists.

This was the manifestation of the Heaven and Earth powers!

The Heavenly Dao of the Western Frontier was actually going to fight a decisive battle with the Heaven and Earth powers of the Central Continent!

Even if he could not defeat them, he had to fight to the death!

The barrier of the entire world creaked in front of the huge force.

In front of the Heaven and Earth Barrier, be it the great demon Mu Jin, Kong Chaode, or the others, their bodies trembled and they could not move at all.

Lin Shen, who was charging forward with his sword, was frozen in place.

The collision of the Heaven and Earth powers caused all the spiritual energy and the power of the Great Dao to become chaotic.

At this moment, as the fuse for the battle between the two Heaven and Earth powers, Han Muye's eyes flickered.

Behind him, Daoist Dayan, who had revealed himself, was completely stunned.

They were still in the courtyard formed by the Heaven and Earth Barrier and could be crushed into powder at any time...

"I'm a sword cultivator.

"But I'm not a sword cultivator like Sword Master Yuan Tian."

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly spoke.

He raised his hand, and the sword in his hand suddenly turned into a green and white fan. The fan unfolded, revealing a picture of a mountain and a river.

He fanned himself gently. On the back of the fan were the words 'Clear Heart'.

In an instant, the sword Qi on Han Muye's body disappeared, and a golden aura surged.

Sword Dao transforming into Confucian Dao.

The power of the Western Frontier's Heavenly Dao sensed something and trembled slightly, as if it was nodding in relief before slowly dissipating.



Compared to the spiritual Heavenly Dao of the Western Frontier, the Heaven and Earth Barrier was much more sluggish.

The Heaven and Earth Barrier seemed to be very confused and kept shaking, but no one knew the reason.

### **Chapter 323: Don't Draw Your Sword in the Central Continent (2)**

*What about the guy who provoked me?*

*What about the sword cultivator?*

*Why is there only one of them left?*

"Hehe, interesting kid."

Han Muye heard a rough laugh.

Then there was another snort.

Han Muye didn't know who the first voice belonged to. The second voice was the voice of Minister Wen, Mo Wensheng.

Han Muye had heard this voice a few times.

"Hey, book nerd, this is Junior Brother Yuan's direct disciple. No, this kid should be your little scholar. Haha, interesting."

The rough voice faded.

"Kid, don't draw your sword in the Central Continent in the future. Otherwise, I won't protect you."

The voice of Mo Wensheng sounded and then faded.

*I can't draw my sword in the Central Continent?*

*Of course.*

Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands.

The Central Continent Heavenly Dao remembered his Sword Dao aura.

If he drew his sword in the Central Continent, lightning would instantly strike and kill him.

"Well, then, I won't draw my sword."

Han Muye laughed, straightened his clothes, and strode forward.

Only at this moment did all the pressure in front of the Heaven Wall dissipate.

The pressure on Mu Jin and the others, who were standing in front of the Heaven and Earth Barrier, dissipated.

Lin Shen rushed into the courtyard and followed Han Muye into the Central Continent.

Mu Jin and the others looked puzzled. They looked at the uninjured Han Muye and followed him into the courtyard formed by the Heavenly Barrier.

Fortunately, they saw Lin Shen walk into the Heaven and Earth Barrier and did not attract any reaction.

He'll probably be fine, won't he? they thought.

"This is the Central Continent."

Standing on the cliff, Han Muye looked at the continuous mountains and spoke softly.

The lush greenery stretched for tens of thousands of miles.

The world was vast, and the Great Dao hung in the wilderness.

In this world, one could actually see wisps of spiritual energy floating!

Rays of spiritual light enveloped Han Muye.

This was the natural spiritual energy circulating in the void. It was attracted by Han Muye's immortal spiritual root and spontaneously surged into his body.

Only one place on the Nine Mystic Mountain could surpass this concentration of spiritual energy.

The spiritual land.

The concentration of spiritual energy contained in the ordinary forests in the Central Continent was actually comparable to the spiritual energy in the spiritual land of a large sect in the Western Frontier!

Such a world was naturally a holy land for cultivation!

The great demon Mu Jin, who had walked out of the Heaven and Earth Barrier, had a solemn expression.

"The Central Continent is actually very rich in spiritual energy. Doesn't that mean that Heaven Realm experts can be seen everywhere?" Lin Shen, who was standing beside Han Muye, said in a deep voice.

How many experts could such dense spiritual energy create?

Moreover, the more abundant the spiritual energy, the more natural treasures it would produce.

How powerful was the Central Continent?

"Hehe, Brother Lin, you're thinking too much." Behind him, Kong Chaode, who had walked out of the Heaven and Earth Barrier, shook his head and chuckled.

"The Central Continent has a lot of spiritual energy and treasures, but the Great Dao of the Central Continent is dense. Under the suppression of the power of the Heavenly Dao, a calamity will descend once one enters the Earth Realm.

“The Earth Realm Meridian Opening Realm has entered the Soul Awakening Realm. The Soul Awakening Realm has formed a Golden Core, and the Golden Core has transformed into a Nascent Soul. Every level has lightning tribulation.

“With so many lightning tribulations, very few people can enter the Heaven Realm.

“There are many Earth Realm experts in the Central Continent, but there are still very few Heaven Realm experts.”

At this point, a trace of arrogance flashed across Kong Chaode’s face. “However, the Central Continent Dynasty uses the Confucian Dao to suppress the world. Those Confucian Dao masters have the power of the Heaven Realm.”

Master of Confucianism.

Previously, in the flying ship, Han Muye had discussed it with Kong Chaode.

Confucian cultivation was difficult to cultivate and comprehend.

Confucian candidates who had just entered the school were inferior to ordinary Essence Energy cultivators. Their lifespan and strength were much inferior in all aspects. They could only be said to be slightly stronger than ordinary people and could activate some of the Heaven and Earth powers.

Of course, those elites among the candidates had treasures on hand, they would have some combat strength.

At the Elementary Scholar Realm, which was recognized by the world, they would begin to exhibit the power of Confucian Dao cultivators.

Whether it was the Great Spirit expelling evil or guiding the Heaven and Earth powers to use spells and divine powers, they all had unfathomable power.

A scholar of the Confucian Dao was between the Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment realms. The strong could suppress the Foundation Establishment realm, and the weak could not defeat the Qi Condensation realm.

When one cultivated to the High Scholar realm, they would be an expert. They would activate the Heaven and Earth powers and compete with the Earth Realm Meridian Opening Realm.

Advancing to the Confucian Dao Scholar Realm was a leap in strength.

In the realm of scholars, one needed the recognition of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth, the talent to suppress others of the same level, and extraordinary comprehension and talent.

Also, one needed to build a reputation.

In order to become a scholar in the Confucian Dao of the Central Continent, one needed the admiration of all the people and cultivate together.

This was also the contract between the Confucian Dao of the Central Continent and the Heavenly Dao.

A scholar could become a heavenly official.

With the authority of heaven and earth in hand, an official could display the power of a half-step Heaven Realm expert and use the luck of heaven and earth to compete with a Heaven Realm expert.

There were county governors in the various counties of the Central Continent. They governed expanses of water, land, and mountains. They were scholars who became officials and suppressed the luck of the dynasty.

In the county, there were dozens of scholar officials. They submitted to the power of the Confucian Dao.

Above the scholar level, a Confucian Dao master was equivalent to a Heaven Realm expert.

If a Confucian Dao master had the protection of a Heaven and Earth official, even a Heaven Realm Nascent Soul cultivator would not dare to be impudent in front of him.

The County Governors of the various counties in the Central Continent needed to have the cultivation of a Confucian Dao master.

This was because if the leader of a county did not have a powerful Confucian cultivation, he could not carry out the wishes of the people of the county.

The people and officials were like water and ship.

As the tide rose, the ship would sink.

Without the knowledge and talent of a Confucian Dao master, the governor would not be able to control this ship—the people of the county.

Moreover, the cultivation world in the Central Continent was flourishing. Be it those large cultivation families or cultivation sects, they all had experts. The county governor did not have the ability to suppress a Heaven Realm Nascent Soul, so he naturally could not suppress the various sects and families.

As for those above the master level, they were grandmasters.

According to Kong Chaode, 99% of the Central Continent Grandmasters were in the Imperial City Academy.

### **Chapter 324: I Won't Draw My Sword in the Central Continent (3)**

That was where the dynasty's luck gathered.

90% of the Central Continent Heaven Realm experts were in the Imperial City.

These experts were gathered in the Central Continent to condense the luck of the world.

Unlike the diffuse power of the cultivation sects in the Western Frontier, the great cultivators of the Central Continent had their own responsibilities.

There were great cultivators in the Central Continent, but they were rare. Most of them were gathered in the Imperial City, and there were not as many as he had imagined.

This made Mu Jin heave a sigh of relief.

“Let’s go,” Han Muye said calmly as he put away the fan in his hand.

At this moment, the spiritual light on his body dissipated, leaving only a faint golden aura circulating.

This trace of the Great Spirit was not dense, but it was extremely clear.

“There’s no one within a thousand miles of the Heaven and Earth Barrier. We have to travel a thousand miles and contact the guards.” Kong Chaode was familiar with the regional layout of the Central Continent.

He raised his hand, and the Great Spirit turned into a green crane.

The crane spread its wings and flew ahead.

The flying ship in Lin Shen’s hand appeared, carrying Han Muye and the others behind the green crane.

The Central Continent was vast. A county was comparable to most of the Western Frontier.

The entire Central Continent was as big as dozens of Western Frontiers!

A thousand miles later, a village with endless rows of houses indeed appeared in front of them.

The endless streets were filled with people.

The Central Continent was the Central Continent of the human race after all.

Before Han Muye and the others’ flying ship arrived, a green stream of light rose from the village below.

“This is the inquiry rune of the guards here. It’s to investigate our identities.” Kong Chaode put away the flying crane and turned to look at the great demon, Mu Jin.

Although Kong Chaode was a Confucian cultivator and passed through the Central Continent, he had offended the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, Qian Yiming, in Heze County. He was found guilty.

If his identity was discovered, there would be trouble.

Among this group of people, the one with the official identity was Mu Jin.

The token in Mu Jin’s hand emitted a golden light that collided with the green light rising below.

The green light vibrated, then dissipated.

When the flying ship landed, there were three figures standing on the limestone square in front of them.

“Jiang Tong, the guardian of Xisai Town, greets the guardian of Green Wheat Mountain.”

The person who spoke looked to be in his sixties. He was wearing a green robe and had a faint Confucian aura circulating around him.

Elementary Scholar Realm.

Behind him, the two cultivators were both at the Earth Realm.

Although the Confucian Scholar Realm was not proficient, it was the orthodox lineage of the Central Continent.

The guard of the town did not have an official status and did not have the enhancement of the Heaven and Earth powers, but he had the protection of the treasure given by the county.

Even in the Earth Realm, as long as one wanted to cultivate in the Central Continent, they would be restricted by the Confucian Dao.

“Guardian, you’re going to the county to pay your annual tribute, right? The county governor has instructed you about this.”

Jiang Tong raised his hand and said, “Everyone, go to the town to rest first. Tomorrow, Xisai Town will send a flying ship to send you to the county city.”

Han Muye and the others did not refuse Jiang Tong’s invitation.

After all, they had just arrived in the Central Continent. It could be said that they were in the dark. It was better to be safe first.

Jiang Tong led Mu Jin and the others to the town.

Along the way, cultivators and mortals could be seen.

“Our Xisai Town is located at the edge of Shuxi county. There are forests around it. Mount Xisai is thousands of miles away and has many natural treasures.”

“Many cultivators come here to pick spiritual herbs and find mineral resources.”

Glancing at Mu Jin and the wood demons, Fey, and demonic spirits behind her, Jiang Tong said softly, “There are many demon beasts in the mountain. These cultivators also hunt them.”

Hunting demon beasts.

A complicated expression flashed across the faces of Mu Jin and the wood demons.

They were also demons and were naturally close to demonic beasts.

However, now that they had obtained the title of Central Continent, they were destined to befriend the human race.

Turning to look around, many cultivators looked at Mu Jin and the others strangely.

However, Mu Jin’s aura showed that she was a powerful demon. No one dared to provoke the low-level cultivators in this remote mountain pass.

“Guardian, don’t worry. There are also demons and humans living in the Central Continent. They get along well.”

“As long as you abide by the rules of the dynasty, everything will be fine.”

Jiang Tong, who was leading the way, turned around and smiled.

When he arrived at the guarding residence of Xisai Town, Jiang Tong instructed for a welcoming banquet and prepared a cultivation room.

At the banquet, the great demon, Mu Jin, naturally sat at the head of the table. Below, Han Muye and Kong Chaode were both refined and knowledgeable.

Although Han Muye had never been to the Central Continent, he had seen the rules of the Central Continent Confucian Dao from various swords and books.

Kong Chao’s cultivation level was much stronger than Jiang Tong’s. He had been a county clerk and was generous and appropriate.

Their behavior made Jiang Tong very curious.

There was actually such a person in the Western Frontier.

Didn’t they say that only the Central Continent had the inheritance of Confucianism?

As he toasted and served dishes, Jiang Tong indirectly asked about Han Muye and Kong Chaode’s identities.

According to the Confucian Dao rules of the Central Continent, Han Muye gave himself a single-word alias.

Kong Chaode introduced himself as Kong Rong.

Kong Rong, Kong Chaode.

According to the identity he mentioned, he was Han Muye’s follower and an inspector arranged by the family clan.

Lin Shen and Kong Chaode, who were following behind Han Muye, really looked like they were training the Young Masters.

However, Jiang Tong did not know where the Han family of the Central Continent was from.

With his limited experience as a guardian, it was normal for him not to know.

“Young Master Mu, our Mount Xisai doesn’t have any special produce. Only the spiritual heron and green perch are the most delicious.”

“Also, this peach blossom wine was brewed by the villagers in town.”

After finding out Han Muye’s identity, Jiang Tong became even more attentive.

He was even more eager to treat Han Muye than Mu Jin.

It was very simple. In his opinion, Han Muye was a disciple of a big clan in the Central Continent and cultivated the Confucian Dao. He was one of them.

Mu Jin was just a demon guarding the Green Wheat Mountain in the Western Frontier.

If not for the fact that the Heaven and Earth Barrier had shattered before the new year and spiritual energy had poured into the Western Frontier, creating the Green Wheat Mountain, such a great demon would never have the chance to see the prosperity of the Central Continent in her life.

Han Muye smiled and replied. He tasted the dishes and wine, then asked about the situation around Mount Xisai.

Jiang Tong told him everything he knew.

Xisai Town was at the edge of Shuxi County in the Central Continent. There were dozens of such streets and towns around it, and they were all under the jurisdiction of Xiyuan City.

The county magistrate of Xiyuan County, Shen Si, was a scholar of Confucianism. It was said that his cultivation was profound.

There were a total of 33 cities like Xiyuan City in Shuxi County.

“Among the cities, Jinchuan City is very prosperous.

“Young Master Mu, when you travel to Shuxi County, you must take a look at Jinchuan City, where the county’s system is located.”

Jiang Tong raised his glass as he spoke.

Of course, Han Muye would go to Jinchuan City.

That was the largest trading market in Shuxi County.

The next day, Jiang Tong prepared a 100-foot flying ship with the flag of Xisai Town on it. Then he delivered all kinds of specialties of Xisai Town, almost filling the cabin.

“It’s not worth a lot of spiritual rocks.

“Young Master Mu, it’s rare for you to come to Xisai Town.

“Please leave a copy of calligraphy treasure. In the future, my Xisai Town will benefit from Young Master’s literary influence.”

Jiang Tong smiled and waved his hand. A few maids behind him stepped forward with brushes, ink, paper, and inkstones.

The Confucian Dao of the Central Continent emphasized the pursuit of Dao and the harmony of heaven and earth. Many Confucian Daoists who traveled everywhere would leave behind literary writings when they had comprehension.

They were either poems or essays.



Those places where words were left behind could also obtain the favor of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth.

As the guardian, Jiang Tong would entertain all the traveling Confucian cultivators and ask them to leave behind their calligraphy treasures.

There were poems and essays engraved on the city walls of Xisai Town.

Among them, two of them were very literate and flashed with spiritual light.

*Leave behind a calligraphy treasure?*

Kong Chaode was stunned and prepared to step forward.

Han Muye was cultivating in the Western Frontier. Although he had the Great Spirit of Confucianism, he was not sure how much literary talent he had.

If he could not compose a good poem, it would be a small matter losing face. Losing the favor of the Heaven and Earth Great Dao would be a loss that he could not make up for.

Kong Chaode regretted not discussing more poetry with his Young Master.

“Okay.”

At this moment, Han Muye suddenly spoke, then walked forward and picked up the ink brush.

“The specialties of Xisai Town have left a deep impression on me. I’ll leave behind a few lines of poetry.”

### **Chapter 325: From Confucian Daoist to Scholar Official**

Holding the ink brush, a faint golden aura surged from Han Muye’s body.

Looking at the Great Spirit, Jiang Tong’s eyes lit up and his face was filled with surprise.

Although this Great Spirit was not dense, it was pure. It could be seen that not only did Han Muye have a transparent personality, but he also had superb talents.

What kind of literary treasure would such a person leave behind?

Not only Jiang Tong, but others from Xisai Town also looked at Han Muye expectantly.

“Granny Lan, does Immortal Han know how to compose poems and essays?” Tan Tan went to Mu Jin’s side and whispered curiously.

Before her eyes, Han Muye had a special aura.

It was the kind that lacked the sharpness of a sword cultivator and had a hint of literary talent that was endearing.

This aura smelled good.

Mu Jin shook her head.

Some people were really not fathomable at will.

Han Muye gave her the feeling that he was unfathomable.

*Sword Dao and alchemy. Now is he actually proficient in the Confucian Dao inheritance that has never appeared in the Western Frontier?*

Under everyone's gaze, the ink brush in Han Muye's hand began to move.

With the accumulation of talent over two lifetimes, Han Muye's brush strokes were elegant and strong, unlike anything in the Heavenly Mystic World.

Force tampered with softness.

As the brush landed, spiritual light appeared.

"In front of Xisai Mountain."

On the paper, the shadows of mountains appeared. Green mountains stretched on and on, and pine trees surged like waves.

"The manifestation of literary grace!" Jiang Tong's eyes widened, and his shoulders trembled.

Kong Chaode was also staring at Han Muye.

His Confucian Dao cultivation and literary grace complemented each other.

However, literary grace was not something that could be achieved through bitter cultivation.

Why were there so few scholars among the millions of Confucian cultivators in the world?

It was because there were countless ascetic cultivators, but it was difficult to find someone with corresponding literary talent.

However, today, Han Muye had manifested his literary talent. It was obvious that he had the blessings of Heaven and Earth powers.

*Could it be that Young Master really has astounding talent?* Jiang Tong wondered.

*Is that possible...*

"In front of Mount Xisai, the white heron flies."

As soon as Han Muye said 'fly', a faint sword light flashed.

He watched with a smile as the sword light turned into a flying heron and spread its wings.

He was a sword cultivator with Confucian Dao as his trappings and Sword Dao in his bones.

So what if he did not use his Sword Dao in his cultivation?

What in the world couldn't become a sword?

For example, could this ink not become a sword?

The white heron flew up and down, flapping its wings on the green mountain. It was like a sword light, its trajectory impossible to grasp.

"In front of Mount Xisai, the white heron flies. What a good poetic line!" Jiang Tong exclaimed. The people behind him looked at Han Muye anxiously.

Just this line alone could turn into a spiritual heron that soared into the sky. What would the next line be like?

Han Muye turned his brush and a line of words appeared.

"In the flowing spring of peach blossoms. the mandarin fish fattens."

A clear spring flowed, carrying light red petals with it. There was a hint of wine in the water.

"Crash—"

A fat fish jumped out of the spring. As its sword qi flashed, it created a spray of water.

Han Muye transformed his literary grace into mountains, rivers, and falling flowers, and transformed the sword light into birds and fish.

When he put down the ink brush, his aura was indescribably profound.

As expected of someone who reads 10,000 books and travels thousands of miles... Jiang Tong thought.

Feeling the fusion of the Great Spirit in his body and the spiritual energy and sword intent in his dantian, Han Muye chuckled and turned to leave.

"In front of Mount Xisai, the white heron flies. In the flowing spring of peach blossoms. the mandarin fish fatten. Good poem, good poem!" Jiang Tong's eyes lit up as he chased after Han Muye. "Young Master Mu, these two lines encapsulate all the glory of Mount Xisai. I wonder what the next two sentences will be like?"

Beyond the scenery was the concept of cultivation.

Jiang Tong was waiting for the manifestation of his comprehension of cultivation!

Hearing his words, Han Muye didn't turn around. He waved his hand and said, "The mountain is there, the river is there. What other concept do you need? I'm not writing anymore."

The flying ship soared into the sky. Jiang Tong and the people behind him stood there regretfully.

"Sigh, what a pity. There's only half a poem that can gather luck." A white-haired, gray-robed old man spoke with a trembling voice and a regretful expression.

"That's right. If we can complete this poem, our Western Frontier might be able to receive great luck and help you become a great scholar." Another green-robed scholar sighed.

Why was Jiang Tong so eager to receive visiting Confucian cultivators? Wasn't it because he could borrow some literary talent to help him break through?

How could there be a free lunch in this world?

"The mountain is there, the river is there.

"The mountain is there, the river is there."

Jiang Tong slowly turned around and looked at the scroll that the maidservant had unfolded. Looking at the golden spiritual light emitted from it, his expression turned to joy.

"Well, Young Master Mu. You're really talented in calligraphy and in comprehending the Confucian Dao...

"Isn't Xisai Town lucky to have this scroll with the mountain and river, and the half-poem?

"If Young Master Mu leaves a complete poem today and helps me break through, I'll be the only one who benefits.

"When the fame of this half-poem spreads, it will be recited for thousands of miles and attract countless people. They will look at the mountains and rivers of Western Frontier and taste its wine and delicacies. Only then will Western Frontier become famous!

"Quick, engrave this at the most eye-catching spot at the entrance of the town."

With that, he stepped forward and carefully rolled up the scroll that Han Muye had autographed.

"Help me invite the guards and scholars from the streets around here.

"I want to help Young Master Han Muye become famous."

....

On the flying ship, the little wood demon, Tan Tan, stared at Han Muye and muttered something.

On the other side, Kong Chaode looked at Han Muye, who was sitting opposite him, with uncontrollable surprise.

On the other hand, Lin Shen sat cross-legged at the side, the sword light and blood qi flashing on his body.

Nothing that Han Muye did was strange to him.

"Young Master, I really didn't expect your literary talent to reach the stage of Talent Qi manifestation." Looking at Han Muye, Kong Chaode said in a low voice, "With Young Master's talent, if you cultivate Confucianism in the Central Continent, you could easily become a scholar official."

## **Chapter 326: From Confucian Daoist to Scholar Official (2)**

*Become a scholar official?*

Han Muye smiled and shook his head.

His current Confucian cultivation was only a step away from becoming a Grandmaster.

He did not fancy becoming a mere scholar official.

However, when he left a poem in Xisai Town that day, his literary talent combined with the Sword Dao allowed him to gain a lot of insights.

Slowly closing his eyes, Han Muye restrained his divine sense.

Sword light flashed on Lin Shen's body, protecting Han Muye.

It was his duty.

In Han Muye's divine spot, the original golden Great Spirit was constantly spinning, as if it was constantly brewing.

There was also a faint golden color on seven long swords.

This was something that had never happened before.

Previously, the Great Spirit and the soul sword Qi did not interfere with each other at all. There were no signs of such fusion.

The Great Spirit had the power to suppress all demons in the world.

If it could fuse with the sword light, the combat strength of the soul sword qi would more than double.

Also, streams of the Great Spirit circulated in his body. Not only did they pour into his dantian, but a trace also seeped into his body and fused with his spine that had turned into a sword bone.

Golden spiritual light flashed on the jade-white sword bone.

What was this?

Sword bones or literary bones?

The sword bones with golden light seemed a little different.

Han Muye closed his eyes and cultivated. Kong Chaode, Mu Jin, and the others looked at him and felt the aura on his body change, from the warm literary aura to the flashing sword intent.

When Han Muye opened his eyes, his aura was different.

It looked like the original literary aura now had a hint of toughness in it.

They didn't understand.

No one understood.

“Hum—”

Ahead, a spiritual light rose.

They had arrived in Xiyuan County.

A large city occupied an area of 500 square miles.

There were endless rows of buildings and spiritual light soared.

All kinds of Confucian aura rose, casting a golden hue on the world.

Such a magnificent city was only a small city at the border of the Central Continent.

“Sun Cong, the Registrar of Xiyuan County, is here on the orders of the county lord to welcome the guardian of the Western Frontier’s Green Wheat Mountain.”

In front of the flying ship, a middle-aged scholar in a green and gray brocade robe cupped his hands.

The county magistrate of Xiyuan County did not come to welcome them personally. He was giving Mu Jin face by sending an official to receive the flying ship.

The registrar had a proper official status. He had the registrar’s literary treasure in his hand and could mobilize the Heaven and Earth powers within a hundred miles of his territory.

Han Muye, Mu Jin, and the others walked out of the flying ship and landed outside the city of Xiyuan County with Sun Cong.

Sun Cong was the registrar of Xiyuan County, so he was not as attentive to Han Muye and the others as Jiang Tong.

He sent them to the courier station and before he left, he said that the county magistrate was receiving visitors now and would meet them later.

According to Jiang Tong’s introduction, Mu Jin’s identity as the guardian of Green Wheat Mountain was the same as the 32 county lords of Shuxi County.

It was only slightly lower than the status of the county lord of Jinchuan City.

The county magistrate of Xiyuan County was on the same level as the guardian of Green Wheat Mountain.

However, Mu Jin was a great demon and was in the Western Frontier. How could she be really valued?

In the evening, the registrar, Sun Cong, came again. He first apologized and invited Mu Jin and the others to the banquet.

Although it was said to be a banquet hosted by the county magistrate, there were also visitors from other counties.

Not many people attended the banquet. In the end, Mu Jin, Han Muye, Kong Chaode, and the little demon, Tan Tan, went together.

Mu Jin brought Tan Tan over to enrich her experience. Kong Chaode knew the rules of the Central Continent better and could give her pointers from time to time.

When they arrived at the pavilion where the banquet was being held, they saw a few extraordinary figures standing in front of the school courtyard.

The person in front was wearing a green official uniform and a veil hat. It could be seen that the Great Spirit and the Heaven and Earth powers intertwined.

Those who could obtain the Heaven and Earth powers here were definitely the sovereigns of a county.

“Previously, the County Governor sent a message that Shuxi County had a new guardian from the Green Wheat Mountain. Unfortunately, the Green Wheat Mountain is far away from the Heaven and Earth Barrier. I have no chance to visit it.”

The person who spoke was the county magistrate of Xiyuan County, Shen Si.

Mu Jin shook her head and said calmly, “You’re too polite. I didn’t expect to be the guardian of the Central Continent.”

She was a great demon and did not have so many rules. She spoke directly.

Shen Si laughed and turned to look at Han Muye, Kong Chaode, and the others.

Kong Chaode took a step forward, and a noble aura flashed on his body. Then he cupped his hands and introduced himself and Han Muye.

“The Han family?”

Shen Si sized up Han Muye, pondered for a moment, and said with a smile, “So it’s Young Master Han Muye. You’re indeed a young hero.

“Coincidentally, Young Master Su Lin of the Su family from Changhe County came to visit my Xiyuan County today. You’re all talented scholars of the Confucian Dao. You should have a lot to talk about.”

With that, he led the young men behind him forward and cupped his hands.

Su Lin of the Su family of Changhe County and a few of his good friends were all scholars who traveled the world.

The few of them cupped their hands and introduced themselves briefly before turning to the side.

The great demon of the Western Frontier, Young Master Han, who had come from somewhere.

Was such a person qualified to befriend Young Master Su?

If not for the fact that the county magistrate of Xiyuan County had to take into account the reputation of the Green Wheat Mountain’s guardian, this banquet would have been a poetry gathering.

He knew that the great demons from the Western Frontier definitely could not understand literature, so he changed the banquet.

This made Su Lin and the others quite regretful.

After all, Shen Si was a scholar official, and his literary talent was outstanding.

If Shen Si held a poetry gathering, they would definitely be able to receive his guidance and even appreciation.

This was the Central Continent.

Confucianism was respected.

Be it Han Muye or Mu Jin, no matter if you were a Heaven Realm demon or a Western Frontier Sword Dao Immortal, they were all treated coldly in the Central Continent.

Shen Si smiled and invited Mu Jin, Han Muye, and the others up to the loft. There were seats arranged in the brightly lit hall.

As Shen Si casually asked about the Western Frontier's style, he chatted with Su Lin and the others about poetry.

He had invited Han Muye a few times, but Han Muye had declined.

Because of that, Su Lin and the others were even less interested in Han Muye.

### **Chapter 327: From Confucian Daoist to Scholar Official (3)**

The county magistrate's banquet was an opportunity to show his talent and gather reputation. He was actually unwilling to reveal it. It was most likely because he did not have any real talent and was afraid that would be revealed.

Han Muye did not participate in the discussion of literature, and Kong Chaode did not join either.

He was good at physical things and only knew a little about poems.

However, when Shen Si and Mu Jin were talking about the spiritual herbs transaction and the pill business, Kong Chaode became energetic.

"Lord Shen, this is a pill sold by my Han family's trading company. Lord, take a look at the quality."

Kong Chaode took the opportunity to take out two small jade bottles and handed them to Shen Si.

"The Han family's trading company?" Su Lin frowned and looked at Kong Chaode. "Mr. Kong Rong, why haven't I heard of your trading company?"

The Su family was not a small family clan in the area. They had a lot of pill and spiritual herb businesses. Su Lin knew some family clans in the business circle, but he had never heard of a Han family's trading company.



“Hehe, our Han family’s trading company is only beginner-level at the moment.” Han Muye looked up and said with a smile, “Only Mr. Kong and I are here on this trip.”

*A two-person business?*

Su Lin shook his head and immediately lost interest.

The people around him also smiled and shook their heads.

Scholars should not be involved in such business matters. It would disturb their peace.

A Confucian cultivator who gave up on studying hard was destined to have no future.

Not only Su Lin and the others, but even Shen Si no longer thought highly of Han Muye.

Previously, he thought that Han Muye was a traveling student like Su Lin. Now it seemed that he was a traveling merchant.

The Central Continent valued scholars over business. A traveling merchant was not even fit to sit with a scholar official.

Shen Si pondered for a moment and reached out to take Kong Chaode’s two jade bottles. He said indifferently, “I rarely use the power of pills in my cultivation. Shopkeeper Kong, I’m afraid your pills—”

Before he could finish, his body trembled and his eyes widened. “The Pure Divine—”

In the jade bottle were two supreme-grade Pure Divine Pills.

A supreme-grade pill was considered extremely high-quality in the Central Continent. It was qualified to be considered a Spiritual Pill.

The Central Continent’s alchemy was prosperous. The quality of the pills refined by alchemy cultivators was very high.

No one in the Central Continent was interested in ordinary pills from the Western Frontier.

Fine-quality pills were considered ordinary pills in the Central Continent.

Only supreme-grade pills with a trace of spirituality were considered Spiritual Pills. They were the most popular pills in the Central Continent.

Immortal-grade pills were high-quality Spiritual Pills. Their value was extraordinary. Even in the Central Continent, only alchemy masters had them.

The Imperial City had pills that were above the immortal grade.

Although alchemy was flourishing, the Central Continent still lacked medicinal pills.

Especially the pills to temper the soul and refine the body.

Cultivating the Confucian Dao in the Central Continent consumed one’s soul. Most Confucian Dao cultivators had weak bodies and needed to be refined.

According to Kong Chaode's suggestion, Han Muye had brought the best divine pills to temper the soul and the feather condensing pills to temper the body when he came to the Central Continent.

These two types of pills were both sixth-grade pills and were extremely valued in the Continent.

"I didn't expect the Han family's trading company to have such a good pill."

Shen Si's expression changed. He chuckled and looked at Kong Chaode. "I wonder how much Mr. Kong's pill is for?"

As he asked, he gripped the jade bottle tightly.

Han Muye and Kong Chaode looked at each other and smiled.

This business was done.

The Central Continent was rich and did not lack spiritual rocks.

These two supreme-grade Pure Divine Pills were exchanged for 800 high-grade spiritual rocks, various spiritual herbs, and materials from Shen Si.

The total value of spiritual herbs and materials exceeded 1,000 high-grade spiritual rocks.

After all, they were only supreme-grade pills. Two of them were priced at 1,800 high-grade spiritual rocks, after a discount of 18 million low-grade spiritual rocks.

This price was nearly five times that of what they could fetch in the Western Frontier.

Seeing that the business deal was settled, Han Muye smiled and stood up to leave.

Mu Jin also stood up.

Watching them leave, Shen Si hurriedly returned with the pills.

Such soul-tempering pills were good stuff.

"Hmph, I thought he was a traveling scholar, but it turns out he's here to do business."

A young man in linen clothes standing beside Su Lin said in a low voice as he looked at Han Muye and the others walking out of the restaurant.

If not for Han Muye and the others, the banquet would have lasted for at least an hour.

They could have approached the scholar officials and asked them more questions.

Shen Si, an official who governed a region, was not only knowledgeable, but also practical. He was a true elite among Confucian cultivators.

To be able to communicate with him was a rare opportunity for the junior scholars.

On the other side, a young man said disdainfully, "When you cultivate the Confucian Dao and get involved in business matters, your thoughts are basically useless."

Su Lin nodded and was about to speak when his eyes widened.

Below, a faint purple spiritual light rose from Han Muye's body.

"Destiny!"

Su Lin let out a low cry and said in disbelief, "How did he condense the People's Expectations?"

The People's Expectations were the wishes of the people. It was an indispensable element in the cultivation of Confucianism.

Every scholar official needed to gather the wishes of the people to inherit the power of the Heaven and Earth Great Dao.

How could a Confucian cultivator like Han Muye, who had become a businessman, condense the People's Expectations?

"Could it be because of the county magistrate?" Someone frowned and looked at Han Muye.

"No." Su Lin's expression was solemn as he said in a low voice, "This person has a purple aura. It's condensed because of his literary talent.

"When all is said and done, who is he?"

When Su Lin found out who Han Muye was, it was already a day later.

Half a day after Han Muye and the others left Xiyuan County, the garrison of Xisai Town sent the poem written by the traveling scholar.

"In front of Mount Xisai, the white heron flies. In the flowing spring of peach blossoms. the mandarin fish fattens."

These two sentences alone caused a stir in the county city of Xiyuan County.

*Is there such a poem at the border of Shuxi?*

Mount Xisai would definitely become the holy land of the literary world!

"I actually failed to befriend such a person. I, Su Lin, am really blind..." Standing at the entrance of the Xiyuan county city, Su Lin had a gloomy expression.

At this moment, on the flying ship that had long left Xiyuan County, Han Muye looked curious.

"Is this the Confucian Daoist's human will?"

In his palm, a faint purple spiritual light changed. Sometimes it turned into a crown, sometimes it condensed into an ink brush, and even formed a seal.

Kong Chaode, who was sitting opposite him, looked envious. He nodded and whispered sourly, "Young Master, based on this People's Expectations, you can become a scholar official..."

*Become a scholar official?*

*Not interested.*

Han Muye held the purple spiritual light in his hand and let it change. In the end, it turned into a light purple cloud and attached to the folding fan.

In an instant, the folding fan of mountains and rivers turned purple.

### **Chapter 328: Enlightenment of a Grandmaster**

The nourishment of the Eight Treasure Ruyi could actually increase the spirituality of the treasure!

Feeling the feedback from the fan in his hand, Han Muye's smile widened.

*Does that count as a pleasant surprise?* he thought.

After all, he only needed to write half a poem to achieve this.

Having the will of the people in the folding fan as a bridge, he could use the Great Spirit to cast all kinds of spells.

By activating the Great Spirit, the Dao technique would become a Confucian Dao divine power.

This fan was like a real literary treasure displaying the power of Confucianism.

Interesting.

It was not known if the power of will of the people would continue to stack.

If it was really that good, wouldn't he be able to casually create a literary treasure?

"Young Master's power of the will of the people was activated when the half-complete poem reached Xiyuan County."

Seeing Han Muye retract his power of the will of the people, Kong Chaode said.

At this point, he shook his head and said enviously, "I will give advice to the county lord in Heze County to worry for the people just to raise a trace of the will of the people."

He raised his palm. There was a faint purple halo in it.

Compared to Han Muye's dark purple ball of light, this halo was simply like a candle competing with the bright moon.

"With a great scholar nurturing you for a hundred years, it's difficult for you to become a scholar official.

"There are many white-haired children in the Central Continent.

"You really can't compare yourself to others..."

Looking at Han Muye, Kong Chaode said expectantly, "I wonder how many people will look forward to Young Master's literary writings when we arrive in Jinchuan.

"If it can spread to the various counties in the Central Continent and garner everyone's attention, it might be able to help Young Master become a Confucian Dao master within a hundred years."

In Kong Chaode's opinion, the position of a Confucian Dao master was out of reach. He was a being that could run a county.

However, Han Muye felt that it would take a hundred years to propagate.

*Is it that long?*

He frowned and said, "Why take so long? Can't you write a few more poems?"

Hearing his words, Kong Chaode was stunned for a moment, then shook his head with a wry smile.

"Young Master, can you write such a poem just because you want to?"

Han Muye said nothing.

It shouldn't be difficult to compose a few more such poems, right?

As the flying ship moved forward, purple spiritual light flashed on Han Muye's body from time to time.

This made Kong Chaode's heart ache.

Fortunately, Han Muye didn't want to be too ostentatious when they were going to Jinchuan City. According to Kong Chaode's suggestion, he concealed his presence.

Even so, he had an additional bearing.

Even if the flying ship was extremely fast, it would take five days to travel from Xiyuan County to Jinchuan City.

At sunset, the flying ship landed in a village with spiritual light rising.

As soon as the flying ship landed, many people surrounded it.

"So it's an official ship from Xiyuan County. Quick, please rest in the village." The leader who spoke was an old man in a linen robe.

The old man called himself Qi Rang. He was the village head of the Qi Family Village and the head of this relay station.

This place was a necessary stopover enroute to Jinchuan City. There were often flying ships docked here.

There were relay stations between the Central Continent counties and counties to renovate and settle down for official flying ships or merchants.

Qi Rang led Han Muye and the others to the courier station and cleaned up the room.

Although it was a mountain village and was relatively simple, it was clean and tidy.

Not only did he have a room, but Qi Rang also asked the villagers behind him to deliver various specialties.

The person in charge of controlling the flying boat was a small official from Xiyuan County. He took the specialties with ease and took out a few Spirit Stones to hand to Qi Rang.

Qi Rang and the villagers behind him left with smiles on their faces.

According to the low-ranking official, there was no salary at this courier station. He had to rely on the villagers to give him some specialties in exchange for Spirit Stones.

It was not good to stop empty-handed along the way.

Hearing his words, Mu Jin was expressionless. Kong Chaode smiled and took out a few medium-grade spiritual rocks to give to the low-ranking official.

Great demons were great demons after all. They were much inferior in the ways of the world.

Han Muye walked into the room and saw only a wooden couch and a small table. There was a large word hanging on the wall in front of him.

This word was bold and powerful. It was an extremely good ranking book.

When he reached the words, Han Muye's gaze landed on the signature below.

"White Deer Mountain Elder?"

A faint spiritual light flashed in his eyes, and the golden Righteousness Qi fused.

The power of the Spell of the Mortal World surged and collided with the word 'quiet'.

Images flashed through Han Muye's mind.

An old man with ink on a brush and paper.

The merchants who came and went.

The student who was pondering in front of these words.

There were also cultivators who stood in front of this word for the entire night.

The word 'quiet' revealed the various forms of the human world.

It was easier said than done for the noisy world to be quiet.

"Good cultivation," Han Muye muttered, the spiritual light in his eyes dissipating.

The person who wrote this word had a profound cultivation.

However, it was strange. Why would such a profound Confucian cultivator live in seclusion in this small mountain village?

Since he was living in seclusion, why did he share these words with others?

This set of words could be called a literary treasure. It was infused with the Great Spirit and could calm one's heart.

Han Muye did not rest in the room. After walking out of the school, Kong Chaode stuck his head out.

"Young Master, there's something nice in this relay station." He smiled and pointed at a painting hanging on the wall of the room he lived in.

Han Muye smiled and said, "You guys rest first. I'll go take a look."

Then he strolled back into the village.

Lin Shen carried his sword and quietly stood guard behind him.

The mountain village quietly lit up.

As they walked along the mountain path, they occasionally smelled chickens and dogs.

It was rare for Han Muye to come to such a secluded village.

As he walked along the mountain path, he immediately felt at peace.

"To protect his country from betrayal, what can the king do?"

"If he's greedy, he will ask for help from the elder statesman he wants to be with. If not, he will eliminate the treacherous official who has no popular support."

## **Chapter 329: Enlightenment of a Grandmaster (2)**

Ahead, the sound of reading came from a straw hut. The voice sounded aged.

When the sound of reading reached one's ears, it made one feel as if they were standing in a desolate night.

This was literary talent infused with the power of the soul.

*Is the reader a great scholar?* Han Muye wondered.

*Is he a scholar or a master to be able to saturate people's hearts with his words?*

Han Muye looked up. The window of the straw hut was open, and a white-haired old man in a linen robe was sitting at a desk. In front of him were five or six boys sitting at a few dilapidated wooden tables.

*Isn't this White Deer Mountain Elder who left his writings?*

As if sensing that Han Muye was at the door, the old man stopped reading and turned to look out the window.

“Hehe, we’re destined to meet, night travelers. Do you want to come into my straw hut?”

The old man put down the book and smiled.

Han Muye nodded and walked into the straw hut.

Lin Shen quickly followed behind him.

When they entered the straw hut, they saw that the four walls were empty. There were only two or three paintings hanging on the wall.

The handwriting was bold and powerful. The paintings were of pine trees, cold plums, and green bamboo orchids.

“There are guests today. You can go back first. You must not forget to study diligently.” In front of the desk, the old man waved his hand at his students.

The boys sitting in front of the small wooden tables quickly packed up the books, bowed, and then dispersed.

Han Muye looked at the four walls and sized them up carefully.

“Young Master, it seems that you’re quite knowledgeable about painting and calligraphy?” Seeing Han Muye looking at the paintings around him seriously, the old man chuckled.

Han Muye shook his head and said, “It’s not considered knowledgeable. I only know a little.”

His gaze landed on the wild cursive script. “The book has always been the voice of the heart. The words ‘still water’ are really touching.

“Old mister, your actions are like still water, your heart is like a rock, and your words are like tough grass. You’ve reached greater mastery of this Dao.”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, the old man laughed and pointed at the other paintings. “Then what do you think of these paintings?”

Han Muye looked at the four paintings, and a faint noble aura rose in his eyes.

The moment he injected his Great Spirit into his eyes, the old man sitting upright trembled and narrowed his eyes.

In Han Muye’s eyes, which were filled with Great Spirit, the four ordinary paintings became illusory.

“The pine tree has an unyielding wind that is difficult to suppress. The bamboo has the tenacity of breaking rocks. The plum tree is cold and fragrant, and the orchid fragrance is elegant. They’re not limited to one style.

“Junior admires Mr. Dongfang’s character.”

Dongfang Shu.

The signature on the paintings was Dongfang Shu’s.

White Deer Mountain Elder, Dongfang Shu.



"Alright." The old man looked at Han Muye with a bright gaze, then said, "I wonder what else Young Master can see?"

*Is he testing me?*

Han Muye smiled and nodded. Then he looked at the paintings and said indifferently, "The calligraphy says 'still water', but there are wild waves in your heart. It's a waste of your talent to be in this straw hut."

The old man's expression did not change as he looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye looked at the four paintings and said gently, "Although the pine is staunch, I don't know where the wind comes from. Sir, you have resentment in your heart."

"Although the bamboo is upright, the leaves are drawn sloppily. Sir, you're angry."

"The plum blossoms are like fire, and the snow can't hide it. It can be seen how proud you are."

"Orchids, you used the wrong brush."

"One brush stroke for mountains, two for rivers, three for the phoenix's eyes. Sir, you deliberately didn't expose the phoenix eyes. Are you waiting for someone with eyes? Or are everyone's eyes empty?"

Han Muye turned and looked at the old man.

The divine light in the old man's eyes converged. It was as deep as an ancient well, making people feel as if they were about to drown in it.

However, Han Muye's mind did not waver at all.

"Alright." Dong Fangshu stood up, straightened his clothes, and cupped his hands. "In the past 30 years, countless people have visited my straw hut. You're the first young man to have such foresight and bearing."

"Greetings, I'm Dongfang Shu of White Deer Mountain."

Han Muye also raised his hand and cupped his hands. "Han Muye greets Mr. Dongfang."

Dongfang Shu smiled and invited Han Muye to sit down. He picked up three teacups on the desk and poured tea into them. "The plain tea in the wilderness might not be palatable."

Han Muye picked up a half-full teacup and took a light sniff. Then he smiled and said, "I really don't know anything about tea."

Then he put the tea into his mouth.

Behind him, Lin Shen also picked up his teacup and drank it in one gulp.

"Yes, it's a little bitter, but it's still acceptable." Han Muye put his cup back on the desk and smiled.

"Haha, it's tea grade. As long as it's not too bitter, isn't it fine?" Dongfang Shu laughed and picked up the teacup in front of him and drank it in one gulp.

Those who make an issue of something are all pretentious."

Han Muye smiled but said nothing.

There were many people who could comprehend the Dao. It would be too much to say that they were all pretentious.

Seeing that Han Muye was silent, Dongfang Shu chuckled and said, “Young Master Han, are you traveling the world to broaden your horizons?”

Han Muye nodded and said, “I’ll do a little business while I’m at it.”

Hearing Han Muye say that he was doing business, Dongfang Shu first frowned, then his eyes lit up. “It’s rare.

“If you want to be extraordinary, you have to be experienced in the secular world first. At your age, to be able to bow to a merchant and not do fake Dao essays, you must have real talent.”

With that, he spread his hands and said, “Tell me, what business do you do? I have a few friends in Jinchuan City who are in the secular world. Let’s see if they can help you.”

Han Muye raised his hand and took out a long sword and a jade bottle.

Seeing the sword and the jade bottle, Dongfang Shu’s eyes lit up even more. “There’s no external or internal Dao in cultivation. Your sword and pills are an internal-external dual cultivation. This business is not small.”

Reaching out to hold the sword, Dongfang Shu’s expression changed. He looked at Han Muye as he held the jade bottle.

### **Chapter 330: Enlightenment of a Grandmaster (3)**

At this moment, his expression turned solemn. “Little friend Han, You can take your business anywhere in the world.”

It was a supreme-grade pill and a semi-spiritual sword.

How could such treasures not be sold?

After pondering for a moment, Dongfang Shu took out a piece of paper and wrote some words. Then he handed it to Han Muye and said, “The Fujin Trading Company in Jinchuan City. If you go with this note, you will get to meet its head shopkeeper.”

Han Muye smiled and took it.

Dongfang Shu was very talkative. He would tell Han Muye everything about the Central Continent’s literary world.

Minister Wen suppressed the Central Continent's literary world, and the world's literary talents belonged to the Imperial City Academy.

Most of the Confucian and Dao Grandmasters in the world were at the Imperial City Academy.

As for the good essays done in other places, there were many young people who could write poems. In Dongfang Shu's words, young people nowadays were all arrogant.

Dongfang Shu did not hide his identity.

He was originally a great cultivator of the Confucian Dao. He studied hard for 60 years and became a scholar.

He was a county magistrate in other counties, and an instructor in the academy. He went to the Imperial City Academy 30 years ago to seek a position as an instructor.

In the end, of course, he lost.

"The Confucian Dao is the Confucian Dao of everyone in the world. Why can't there be no discrimination?"

"What temperament? What talent? The Imperial City Academy wants everyone to submit to them, not to inherit the Confucian Dao.

"It's off course."

There was no wine in the tea, but Dongfang Shu's face was red. When he spoke of anger, his voice was high-pitched as he pounded the table and shouted angrily.

"Is that why you came to White Deer Mountain to study?" Han Muye's expression did not change as he said softly.

"I was originally prepared to go to the Western Frontier to spread the Confucian Dao. I heard that the Confucian Dao inheritance in the Western Frontier has been severed, but it's difficult to cross the Heavenly Wall of the Western Frontier." Dongfang Shu shook his head and said regretfully.

"I can only build a hut on the White Deer Mountain and teach wild children."

Han Muye nodded and said, "Did you gain anything?"

Dongfang Shu laughed. "There are two more carpenters in the south of the village. A few juniors from the west of the village went to the county city to work as workers."

"The kid from the village chief's family became a bailiff. If Qi Xiaoshan didn't die in battle, he would definitely be able to become a scholar official.

"How many girls can read and spin?"

Dongfang Shu smiled bitterly and looked a little lonely.

A great scholar could only teach mortals in the mountain village. After 30 years of achievement, he was useless.

"Is that why you hung your calligraphy painting at the courier station?" Han Muye smiled.

Dongfang Shu generously nodded and said, "I've studied hard for 60 years. I can't bury it like this."

"Sir, do you want to show your talent and compete with the Imperial City Academy?" Han Muye looked at Dongfang Shu.

"I dare not think of competing with the Imperial City Academy. I only hope that I can teach a few capable people and not ruin my reputation." At this point, Dongfang Shu's eyes lit up.

He looked at Han Muye and said softly, "Little friend Han, are you interested in staying in my White Deer Mountain straw hut for a few days?"

*Stay for a few days and become a disciple?*

Han Muye laughed, shook his head, and stood up. "Mr. Dongfang, in my opinion, your actions are even more admirable than the instructors of the Imperial City Academy.

"Those talented disciples of the Imperial City Academy do not lack an instructor. The children in the wilderness lack a Mr. Dongfang.

"As you have said, the Confucian Dao is the Confucian Dao of the world.

"Sir, you have already comprehended the Dao and you're living in it."

With that, Han Muye picked up the remnant tea in front of him and finished it in one gulp. Then he smiled and said, "This tea is really bitter."

Han Muye walked out of the straw hut and looked up at the clouds surging in the sky, covering the stars and moon.

"He finally comprehended it."

He laughed and strode down the mountain path to the courier station.

As soon as he walked out of the village, a long howl came from the forest behind him.

A soaring noble aura crashed through the clouds in the sky and competed with the stars and moon.

"There should be no discrimination in teaching. The path of a master should be clear—"

His voice was like thunder, and the mountains and rivers shook.

Within a hundred miles, flashes of time converged.

This was the enlightenment of the Confucian Dao.

A day of enlightenment blessed by the heavens.

The long howl did not stop all night.

Countless cultivators came when they heard the sound and stood dozens of miles away, not daring to approach.

When a great scholar was comprehending the Dao, they would be easily injured by the Great Dao that appeared if they approached him.

When the Great Dao was whispering to others, someone who tried to listen in would be punished.

The skylight was bright, and the long howl stopped. Dongfang Shu walked out of the straw hut.

“Mr. Dongfang, you, what are you doing?” Outside the straw hut, the village chief, Qi Rang, and the others looked at Dongfang Shu in surprise.

At this moment, Dongfang Shu’s hair was black, and his black beard was wispy. He looked to be only in his fifties, completely different from his previous aged appearance.

Dongfang Shu looked at Qi Rang. The indescribable meaning in his gaze stunned Qi Rang.

“Where are Young Master Han Muye and the others?” Dongfang Shu looked away and asked.

Qi Rang trembled slightly and hurriedly bowed. “Sir, the official flying ship of Xiyuan County left this morning.”

*Left?*

Dongfang Shu frowned.

Young Master Han Muye enlightened him last night and allowed him to greater mastery of his enlightenment.

*He left just like that?*

“Sir, that Young Master left a letter and asked me to pass it to you.” As Qi Rang spoke, he handed over a letter.

There was no word on the envelope.

Dongfang Shu pulled out the folded letter and unfolded it.

“Boom—”

Endless purple power surged out of Dongfang Shu’s body. The golden Great Spirit turned into clouds that filled the sky and dissipated.

“Grandmaster!”

“The Confucian Dao cultivator who is comprehending here is a grandmaster!”

“There’s a Confucianist Grandmaster staying outside the Imperial City. Who is this Great Confucian?”

Dozens of miles away, countless exclamations sounded.

With such magnificence and surging Righteousness Qi, who else could it be but a grandmaster?

However, they could not see Dongfang Shu, who had already reached the Grandmaster Realm. At this moment, his entire body was trembling. The thin page of the letter weighed tens of millions of pounds in his hand.

His breathing was rapid and he widened his eyes. The cultivation of a Confucianist Grandmaster had all dissipated.

His face was filled with arrogance. He gently unfolded the paper, and elegant words appeared.

“Han Mu wants to build a White Deer Academy on the White Deer Mountain. If you want, stay in the Academy.

“Han Muye sent a message for anyone who enters the White Deer Academy.

“As Confucianists, we should establish our hearts for the world, for the people, for the sages, and for the peace of all ages.”

Staring at the thin page, Dongfang Shu laughed at the sky after a long time.

“With this statement, you can express the true meaning of my Confucian Dao.

“It’s worth it even if I die of old age on White Deer Mountain.

“Alright, alright. From today onwards, I, Dongfang Shu, will wait for you at the White Deer Mountain Academy.”

...

On the flying ship, a purple stream of light enveloped Han Muye.

This was the appearance of the will of the people surging and rising too quickly.

Seeing this scene, Kong Chaode shook his head and turned his face away. Then he said softly, “Young Master, let’s not stop this flying ship along the way. Let’s go straight to Jinchuan City.

“You can’t hide your eagerness. If you get off the flying ship halfway, it will attract tens of thousands of people to pay their respects.”

Hearing his words, Han Muye nodded with a wry smile.

He could not imagine how just a letter would stimulate such intense popularity.