

Pavilion 331

Chapter 331: Brocade Dance in the Sky

It turned out that not only did the will of the people reflect their expectations, but the more profound the cultivation of those Confucianists was, the more unimaginable the expectations would be.

This dense aura was compatible with the Great Spirit of the Confucian Dao Master Realm.

If the will of the people is compatible with the Great Spirit, can I suppress a county and become a County Governor? Han Muye thought.

Forget it. I'm not interested.

Han Muye restrained that will of the people with all his might and activated his Great Spirit to fuse with his spiritual energy and soul.

The flying ship continued its flight without stopping.

On the third day, it finally stopped.

"Is this Jinchuan City?"

At the bow of the ship, the great demon Mu Jin sighed.

Han Muye stood up and walked out, looking emotional.

Ahead, the rising spiritual light covered the sky with colors.

The lofts stretched all the way to the horizon.

Great Dao and rivers divided the city into sections.

The will of the people.

At this moment, Han Muye's eyes were filled with a purple halo.

The so-called will of the people was the people's longings.

The Confucian Dao suppressed the world with the power of these thousands of longings.

The world was harmonious, and the general situation was alright.

This was the Central Continent.

This was Jinchuan City.

"The mountains and rivers are beautiful. We Confucian cultivators can control this world. How can we not offer our lives in sacrifice?"

Standing at the bow, Kong Chaode sighed softly.

The city of Jinchuan was beautiful like a brocade.

It was no wonder that Minister Wen wanted to protect these mountains and rivers.

Which cultivator in the world was unwilling to see such a world become invincible?

Han Muye suddenly understood.

"If Shuxi's Jinchuan is so prosperous, what does the Imperial City look like?" Mu Jin stood there, a trace of confusion flashing across her face.

Imperial City?

Kong Chaode's eyes were dazed as he said softly, "There are 12 capitals in the sky. The immortal clouds are 30,000 feet high, and divine light shines where there are outstanding people."

"The Imperial City is the Heavenly City."

....

Mu Jin led the wood demons on the flying ship and followed the guidance of Jinchuan City to deliver the spiritual herbs to the County Governor's mansion.

Han Muye and Kong Chaode quietly alighted from the flying ship with Lin Shen and the little demon, Tan Tan. They followed the thousand-foot-wide limestone path into the city.

When they entered the city, they saw cultivators everywhere.

There were spiritual cultivators shining with spiritual light and sword cultivators carrying swords.

There were Confucian cultivators with surging Great Spirit and strange demon cultivators.

There were even demonic cultivators with surging demonic auras and bald Buddhist cultivators.

Mortals, cultivators, Daoists, Buddhists, and demons. This was the Central Continent's great city.

The shops on both sides of the streets had all kinds of signages.

There was no lack of food, clothing, accommodation, or transportation. Pill shops, Dharma artifacts, and enchanted armaments were everywhere.

After entering a few shops, Han Muye and the others saw many extraordinary pills.

Finally, after Kong Chaode paid 200 medium-grade spiritual rocks, the four of them got into a carriage.

The horse pulling the carriage was a spiritual colt that could travel 8,000 miles a day.

Only the driver of the carriage was familiar with the entire Jinchuan City and could take them to the Fujin Trading Company.

Ten minutes later, after the carriage circled the street, they alighted.

The carriage belonged to a rich merchant.

It stopped in front of the 51st shop of the Fujin Trading Company.

The shrewd Kong Chaode watched the carriage leave and stomped his feet twice.

If they had taken a few more steps forward just now, they would not have spent these 200 spiritual rocks for nothing.

Misspending spiritual rocks was secondary. The most important thing was that it embarrassed him.

Among the four of them, he was the only one who was born and raised in the Central Continent.

It was said that the people of the Central Continent would not take advantage of their own people.

"I can tell from your accent that you're from the south. If I don't rip you off, who will?" The old man sitting by the road and basking in the sun grinned.

"This trading company is really not small," Han Muye said in a low voice as he looked up at the shop that occupied half the street.

"Of course. The Fujin Trading Company is one of the three major trading companies in Jinchuan City. There are 72 shops in Jinchuan City alone."

When the old man who was basking in the sun spoke, his tone revealed the pride of a local.

Han Muye and the others had only taken a few steps when a shop assistant in green welcomed them to the shop.

This shop assistant accompanied Han Muye and the others the entire time to help them select the goods in the shop.

"Young Master, please take a look. Most of the items on this floor are brushes, ink, paper, and inkstones. There's everything from items used by mortals to Confucian Dao treasures.

"The Dharma artifacts and enchanted armament talismans are on the second floor. We have everything from mortal to spiritual weapons.

"Young Master, please follow me. The third floor is filled with pills and spiritual materials. Pills from ninth-grade to sixth-grade are sold here.

"The VIP reception area is above the third floor. If Young Master needs anything, I can make arrangements for you."

What a worker needed the most was judgment.

This green-clothed shop assistant had good judgment. He could tell that Han Muye was the pillar of the four of them. When he spoke and introduced the goods, he directed his attention to him.

There were all kinds of treasures in Jinchuan City, where the essence of this county was located.

Forget about the treasures in the literary room. Han Muye saw many spiritual weapons, spiritual materials, and spiritual herbs that were pleasing to the eye.

The refinement method of spiritual weapons was not bad. More importantly, there were a lot of spiritual materials mixed in.

Based on their prices, if he brought them back to the Western Frontier, he would be able to make a profit even if he smelted them to extract spiritual materials.

The quality of spiritual herbs was also extremely good here. Many of them were rare in the Western Frontier. They were sold in this trading company and were not too expensive.

Han Muye was not only here to sell pills and swords, but also to buy whatever he needed.

After handing a jade slip to Lin Shen and asking the wood demon, Tan Tan, to help him collect the spiritual herbs he liked on the third floor, Han Muye and Kong Chaode walked up to the fourth floor.

Tan Tan's understanding of spiritual herbs was much stronger than Lin Shen's. She could help Han Muye choose the best spiritual herbs.

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Hearing Han Muye ask her for help, the little wooden demon, Tan Tan, was extremely happy and readily agreed.

The shop assistant led Han Muye and Kong Chaode into a quiet room by the window. A moment later, a young man in a navy blue robe stopped by.

"I'm Liao Chen, one of the shopkeepers here." The young man glanced at Han Muye and Kong Chaode, then cupped his hands at Han Muye. "Young Master, it's my honor to have you here."

He waved as he spoke.

A few maidservants in pink stepped forward and served fruits and refreshments.

Sitting opposite Han Muye, Liao Chen looked up and said, "Young Master, what do you need? My Fujin Trading Company has some resources in Jinchuan City."

There was humility and a little pride in his words.

The Fujin Trading Company was so big in Jinchuan City that almost everything that could be sold in Jinchuan City could be found here.

As for those that couldn't be sold, that depended on who was buying them.

Han Muye nodded and handed over the note from Dongfang Shu.

The note was a pleasant surprise.

Originally, according to the discussion with Kong Chaode, they would come to Jinchuan City to slowly find a cooperative trading company.

Now that they had Dongfang Shu's note, it would save them a lot of effort if Fujin Trading Company would cooperate.

Liao Chen took the note and unfolded it. He hurriedly stood up and said, "Young Master is actually introduced by Mr. Dongfang."

He carefully closed the letter and returned it with both hands. "Mr. Dongfang is very knowledgeable and is a good friend of my father. The descendants of our Liao family have all studied with Mr. Dongfang."

At this point, he shook his head and said regretfully, "Unfortunately, my Liao family pursues the business path. None of the younger generation can really have great achievements in the Confucian Dao."

Of course, Han Muye knew that Dongfang Shu was lying when he said that he didn't teach any disciples.

How could no one come to seek knowledge when such a great scholar was living in seclusion?

It was just that they did not have any great achievements and he was unwilling to admit that they were his disciples.

The Liao family was in the business circle. Dongfang Shu probably looked down on them.

"My Young Master traveled the world and had a pleasant chat with Mr. Dongfang.

"Mr. Dongfang introduced us to the Fujin Trading Company and said that we can trade at ease here."

Kong Chaode stepped forward and introduced himself and Han Muye.

"Young Master Han, don't worry. Since Mr. Dongfang has introduced you, we're on the same side." Liao Chen cupped his hands and said, "I'm ranked 17th in the Liao family. Young Master Han, you can call me Liao Seventeen."

This ranking was not according to age, but according to aptitude and comprehensive ability.

Most of the Central Continent aristocratic families determined their successors this way.

To be ranked 17th, he could be considered a core member of the direct line of descent.

"So it's Young Master Liao Seventeen." Han Muye nodded and cupped his hands.

They chatted again and became much closer.

Han Muye sat at the side, and Kong Chaode took out a few spiritual pills and swords.

These were all superior-class treasures. He did not have to worry about selling them.

The specific price negotiation was Kong Chaode's business.

Han Muye sat at the side drinking tea and eating pastries. A moment later, they reached an agreement.

"Young Master, in the future, the pills and swords of the Han Family Trading Company can be sold through the Fujin Trading Company. The Fujin Trading Company will take 10% of the profits."

Kong Chaode reported in a low voice.

This 10% profit was 10% of the total profit. According to the price of Han Muye's pills and swords, 10% was at least thousands of high-grade spiritual rocks a year.

That would be tens of millions of low-grade spiritual rocks.

This business was not small.

Han Muye nodded.

He raised his hand, and dozens of jade bottles and a hundred swords appeared.

Liao Seventeen carefully checked the swords and pills, his face filled with joy.

He never expected that this nonchalant, casual, and indifferent guest would bring such a big deal.

The pills Han Muye sold were of excellent quality, and most of them were precious pills like the Pure Divine Pill and the Feather Condensing Pill.

If he could continue this business for a long time, his status in the family would increase greatly.

After putting away the sword and pills, signing the contract, and letting the accountant collect the spiritual rocks to hand over to Kong Chaode as a deposit, Liao Chen smiled at Han Muye.

“Brother Han, it’s rare for you to come to Jinchuan. I have to entertain you.

“Jinchuan is a three-layered city. Today, I’ll show you the scenery by the Jinchuan River.”

If he did not see the scenery of Jinchuan, wouldn’t he have come for nothing?

Han Muye did not refuse and followed Liao Chen downstairs.

Downstairs, Lin Shen and Tan Tan had already bought all kinds of spiritual materials and spiritual herbs that Han Muye needed, as well as a few semi-spiritual weapons.

Liao Chen’s gaze swept across Lin Shen. When he saw the demon, Tan Tan, his smile widened.

The deacon shopkeeper on the second floor stepped forward and whispered a few words in Liao Chen’s ear. Liao Chen waved his hand and smiled. “Don’t accept spiritual rocks for these goods. Consider them a greeting gift for Brother Han.”

What Lin Shen and the others bought was nothing compared to the deal they had just made.

At this moment, Liao Chen gave the goods to them for free, so he could more or less win their favor.

As expected, when she heard that they were free, the little wood demon, Tan Tan, beamed happily.

As they were leaving the trading company, there was a very spacious carriage waiting at the door.

The carriage was pulled by two 10-foot-tall double-horned spiritual colts.

This spiritual colts were true demon beasts. They had qi condensation cultivation and could understand human nature.

After boarding the carriage, they saw that the interior of the carriage was also gorgeous.

However, be it Han Muye, Lin Shen, or Kong Chaode, they were not too surprised by this.

The Nine Mystic Mountain’s Nine Mystic Sword Sect was a large sect in the Western Frontier. They had seen many good things.

Kong Chaode had experience in preparing county documents and even maintaining the logistics of a 30,000-strong army. He could be considered to have seen the world.

As for the little wood demon, Tan Tan, she looked around curiously.

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Pulling open the curtain, one could see the busy streets and shops.

“Jinchuan City is a prosperous city in Shuxi County. It’s indeed lively.”

Kong Chaode smiled and said, “This is different from those small cities in the south.”

Liao Chen’s eyes lit up when he heard his words.

As expected, the Han family’s trading company came from the south.

It’s said that there are conflicts in the Southern Wasteland. It seems that these pills, swords, and other items are war bounties, he thought.

Those who are qualified to make money are not ordinary people.

Looking at Han Muye and the others, Liao Chen discovered many things.

Han Muye was unusually young, but his bearing was calm and he had the demeanor of a big shot. This was not something a small family clan could nurture.

Kong Chaode said that he was a shopkeeper of a trading company, but his tone was a little official.

Lin Shen’s figure was like a sword. It was obvious that he was a guard.

Is it a big clan in the south that made a fortune from battles, or do they have military connections?

Perhaps both.

Thinking of this, Liao Chen became even more excited.

Although Jinchuan was rich, it was too remote. If they could get close to the big families in the south or the influential people in the military, the Fujin Trading Company would be able to expand beyond Shuxi County.

The Patriarch had long said that whoever led the Fujin Trading Company out of Shuxi would be the next head of the family.

He did not dare to dream about the position of the head of the family, but he would still think about it from time to time.

“Brother Han, Jinchuan is so beautiful that you will be carried away. Don’t miss the scenery.” Liao Chen looked at Han Muye with an even more eager expression.

The scenery...

Han Muye had never seen anything like it before.

As the carriage moved forward, water vapor surged towards them. Looking out of the window, clouds lingered and a fragrance wafted.

As they were getting out of the carriage, they saw willow leaves on both sides of the endless river.

The incessant rustling of bamboo trees could be heard. A cruise ship was docked on the sparkling waves.

An extremely charming voice that seemed to make one’s muscles and bones go limp could be heard.

“This song is so nice...” Standing on the shore, Tan Tan’s eyes were dazed.

“Also, their dresses are so beautiful.”

On a cruise ship ahead, there were girls dressed in clothes that fluttered like immortals walking on water.

“Since you are visitors, I’ll lead you to my Fujin Trading Company’s cruise ship.” Liao Chen looked at Han Muye and smiled. “Brother Han, come. I’ll accompany you to the Brocade Immortal Cruise Ship.”

He pointed at a tall ship that was clearly visible 10 miles away.

“This is the property of the Western Garrison King in Jinchuan Town. If you’re lucky, you might even be able to see Princess Yunjin dance.

“Princess Yunjin is the number one beauty in Jinchuan.”

There was a dynasty in the Central Continent, so there was naturally a royal family.

However, the imperial power of this mortal world was in the hands of the Prime Minister and the Martial Lord. For thousands of years, there had been countless kings but the Prime Minister was still the Prime Minister and the Martial Marquis was still the Martial Marquis.

Not many cultivators in the world knew who had become the king this year.

Although the royal family had no power, they did not lack wealth and glory.

Not only did the imperial city have a royal palace, but the various counties also had royal mansions guarding them.

The Western Garrison King’s mansion of Shuxi County had been guarding Shuxi for 3,000 years. The current King, Qin Yong, succeeded to the throne 50 years ago.

However, he was passionate about cultivation and did not value the prosperity of the world.

On the other hand, his beloved daughter, Princess Yunjin, ran the Brocade Immortal Ship and accumulated wealth. No one could compare to her on the Jinchuan River.

“Princess Yunjin respects the Confucian Daoists’ talents the most. She even visited Mr. Dongfang back then.

“Brother Han, if you have good poems, don’t hide them later.

“If you can obtain Princess Yunjin’s favor, you won’t have to work so hard in these businesses in the future.”

Sitting in the light boat, Liao Chen whispered.

Liao Chen was indeed from the business world.

Apart from Han Muye and the others, there were also two attendants that Liao Chen brought with him.

There was a white-haired old man and a middle-aged scholar.

The two of them were seniors in the Fujin Trading Company. They were both Liao Chen’s guards and helped him handle chores.

The small boat swayed gently and arrived in front of the thousand-foot-long Brocade Immortal Ship in a moment.

“It’s really worthy of its name. The hull is made of spiritual connection wood, and the ship’s beam is made of purple cloud gold. This immortal ship is comparable to a Dharma treasure.”

Looking up at the thousand-foot immortal ship, Han Muye spoke softly.

It was not just comparable to a Dharma treasure, but it was a Dharma treasure-level flying ship!

Princess Yunjin was really generous to use such a treasure as a cruise ship to entertain guests.

“Brother Han is so knowledgeable.” Liao Chen turned around and asked curiously, “I didn’t expect you to have studied the cultivation of spiritual items.”

Most Confucian cultivators studied hard. It was unusual to travel and do business at the same time.

He did not expect Han Muye to know so much about the cultivation of spiritual objects.

As expected, Young Master Han Mu’s background was definitely not ordinary.

Han Muye smiled but said nothing.

Leaving room for imagination was the best response.

They ascended the 100-foot-tall deck of the immortal ship which was as vast as land. The flowers and spiritual plants on it intertwined with red and green lights.

In Han Muye’s opinion, one of these flowers picked so casually was enough to cover the expenses of those itinerant cultivators in the Western Frontier for a year.

It was really an immortal ship.

Standing on the deck and looking into the distance, they could see the blue rippling waves and the immortal aura.

"It's so beautiful..." Tan Tan stood at the bow, mesmerized.

Even Lin Shen and Kong Chaode were a little dazed.

"Brother Han, how's the scenery in Jinchuan?" Liao Chen smiled at Han Muye.

"It's a treasure, the city of brocade." Han Muye nodded.

This was the mortal world.

In his divine treasure, the golden Spell of the Mortal World trembled, and the Great Spirit surged, as if it was about to seep out of his body.

"What a good phrase!" Liao Chen's eyes lit up as he exclaimed.

"Young Master Seventeen, it's really Young Master Seventeen." A fragrant wind blew as a group of women in pink dresses welcomed him.

Liao Chen smiled and turned around. "Will Princess Yunjin dance for us today?"

Hearing his words, one of the woman in pink chuckled and reached out to hold Liao Chen's arm. "Young Master Seventeen, whether the princess will dance or not depends on whether there are any good poems on the ship that can move her today."

Liao Chen nodded and looked at Han Muye with a smile. "Brother Han, whether we can meet the number one beauty in Jinchuan today depends on you."

Before Han Muye could speak, a cold snort came from not far away. "Ridiculous. Do you really think everyone can see my sister dance?"

Chapter 334: Comprehending the Mortal World, Han Muye Enters the Grandmaster Realm of Confucianism

Han Muye turned around and saw a 15 or 16-year-old boy in a jade-white brocade robe and a purple jade crown standing at the bow in front of him.

This young man had red lips and white teeth. His face was as white as powder, and he looked a little delicate. However, his eyes were glaring fiercely, revealing a lot of resentment.

"So the crown prince is here." Liao Chen also saw this young man and bowed with a smile. "I was just confused for a moment and said nonsense. It can't be taken seriously."

He cupped his hands as he spoke.

This young man was the heir of the Western Garrison King. It was no wonder that he was angry. After all, Liao Chen was talking about his sister, even if there was no saying in the Central Continent Dynasty that women could not appear in public.

Liao Chen had apologized. Although the little heir was still angry, he did not pursue the matter. He glared at Han Muye and turned to walk into the cabin.

Seeing him leave, Liao Chen stood up and cupped his hands apologetically at Han Muye. Then he said in a low voice, "The Western Garrison King is obsessed with cultivation, and it's difficult for him to have children. The young princess, Yunduan, was raised like a prince since she was young."

I see, Han Muye thought.

"In any case, let's not provoke this person." Liao Chen laughed and raised his hand. "Brother Han, please."

A few women in pink walked forward, and Han Muye waved his hand.

He was not exactly clean-living, but he was not interested in flirtation.

Liao Chen laughed and walked into the cabin with the women in pink beside him.

The cabin was vast, and the decorations were luxurious.

Pearls shone everywhere, illuminating the cabin.

Such pearls cost 100 spiritual rocks each.

As for the various hanging ornaments, they were all made of superior-class spiritual materials.

In the middle was a hall that looked like a well, and there were a few musical instruments on a high platform.

Around him, many women in colorful clothes passed through like butterflies.

There were all kinds of paintings hanging on the corridor pillars on four sides of the cabin.

There were also all kinds of handwriting on some pink and white walls. Some were delicate, some were wild, some were messy, and some were neat.

"Those Confucian cultivators who can only stay in the hall always feel that their talents are outstanding. As long as they write a poem, they can move the women in this immortal ship.

"It's not wrong. There's a poem circulating all over Jinchuan River, so it led to the story of a fairy marrying down."

Pointing at the words on the wall, Liao Chen shook his head and said, "However, if the cultivator only has some talent and doesn't have any family background or wealth, how can a woman on the immortal ship take a fancy to him?

"Those stories are just attracting people to the immortal ship to gain popularity."

Gain popularity.

That was the real purpose.

Previously, Han Muye could tell that there were people gathering on the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship.

It seemed that the Central Continent cultivation world really used all kinds of methods for the sake of popularity.

In the cultivation world of the Western Frontier, the Central Continent placed people first.

“Then, Han, if Young Master Han writes a poem, will it attract a fairy to marry him?” Tan Tan, who was following behind and sizing up the surroundings, suddenly asked.

Hearing her words, Liao Chen turned to look at Han Muye with a smile. “Brother Han, even if you don’t write a poem, your character, appearance, and family background can still move a fairy’s heart.”

His voice was not soft. Many people around him turned to look.

Be it Han Muye or Liao Chen, their status and bearing were not something ordinary Confucian cultivators could compare to.

Someone who recognized Liao Chen whispered something.

The Fujin Trading Company was one of the three major trading companies in Jinchuan. It was rich and could be said to own half the city.

Immediately, many women had different expressions.

Tan Tan glanced at Han Muye, muttered a few words, and lowered her head.

They walked up to a suspended floor. The tables and chairs in the elegant loft were all made of superior-class spiritual wood.

From this loft, one could not only see the scenery of the river outside, but also watch the music and dance in the hall.

If not for Liao Chen’s identity, they would never have arranged such good seats.

Han Muye sat there and listened to Liao Chen tell him about the interesting things on the Jinchuan River in a low voice.

Whether it was the romance on the cruise ship or the manifestation of the treasures in the river, the ups and downs were all very interesting.

Kong Chaode, who was from the Central Continent, had heard many similar stories, and he echoed them from time to time.

Lin Shen was not interested in these at all. He stood with his arms crossed and his eyes narrowed.

Tan Tan blinked her big eyes, completely attracted by the love and hatred in the stories.

This was the mortal world.

Love in the world was the most heartbreaking.

Han Muye sat there, fan swaying in his hand. His expression was indifferent, and the Spell of the Mortal World in his divine treasure flashed with golden light.

The will of the people and the Great Spirit passed through his body and turned into an invisible spiritual light.

At this moment, his divine sense split into two. One stayed in his body and comprehended the endless mortal world. The other hung high in the sky and fused with the endless river.

The river flowed without stopping for thousands of years.

His divine sense landed in the river, and he seemed to be able to sense the silent emotions inside.

Do mountains and rivers have emotions?

Perhaps they really do?

Images of the river surging appeared in Han Muye's mind.

Tiny streams trickled and converged to form the river.

This great river was naturally formed and dug by countless people.

On the river, there were boatmen and fishing boats.

There was singing and dancing on the river, and there were literary people in full concentration.

This river was the means of livelihood for the people, and it was also the condensation of the water lineages of the world.

Jinchuan River and Jinchuan City coexisted.

Do the people make this river, or does the river feed the people?

Han Muye's divine sense looked up ahead.

That was the direction to the County Governor's mansion in Jinchuan City.

"Hum"

A golden light rose from the mansion.

A 100,000-foot phantom appeared.

It was the phantom of a golden-armored general. It stood in the sky and looked around.

However, after searching and finding nothing, it dissipated.

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After the divine general phantom dissipated, Han Muye's soul power gently decreased and returned to his main body.

During this process, he saw that on the top floor of the immortal ship, a young princess in men's clothes was talking to a young man in a purple robe.

When Han Muye's soul descended, the young princess frowned and looked around.

Her features were picture-perfect, and her phoenix eyes were amorous. Although she was wearing men's clothes, her charm was still stunning.

If she wore women's clothes and danced, she would really live up to her reputation as the number one beauty in Jinchuan.

It seemed that this was Princess Yunjin.

Han Muye's soul only glanced at her briefly before returning to his main body and becoming one with the Spell of the Mortal World in his divine treasure.

A small smile appeared on his face.

He had this sort of soul-splitting experience a few times before.

Either at the beginning of cultivating a powerful cultivation technique when his soul would guide him, or during a battle when his soul power would be activated to the limit.

Every time his soul was split, the benefit was that his soul power could be refined.

For example, this time, there was an additional drop of water in Han Muye's divine treasure.

This water droplet was the accumulation of the power of the Jinchuan River.

With this water droplet, his water-type affinity was limitless.

Previously, he had obtained the blessings of the Western Frontier. His earth lineage was at the maximum level. He was down-to-earth and invincible.

At this moment, with this drop of water in him, he could travel freely among the water lineages of the world and even attract the attention of the water-type demons.

Moreover, it was much more convenient to refine pills with the power of the water lineage.

The power of the water lineage soothed his meridians and complemented his Nine Suns Technique.

Surprise.

With this unexpected gain, Han Muye was in a good mood.

The decorated lanterns lit up and the river was as bright as day.

As they danced and sang, the world went soft.

"It's so nice to be a mortal!" Tan Tan whispered as she lay on the long table and watched the graceful dance below.

Han Muye shook his head.

Tan Tan, who had grown up on Green Wheat Mountain, naturally felt that the mortals on the Jinchuan River were exciting. However, she did not know that in the mortal world, there was not only singing and dancing, but also life, old age, illness, and death. There was also poverty.

Today, Tan Tan only saw the glamorous side of the Jinchuan River.

She couldn't see the bottom of the Jinchuan River which was covered with human bones.

The show in the hall below was indeed exciting.

There was a group of women dancing like immortals on the platform. Their slender waists were supple and they were as soft as water. It made people show tenderness toward them.

There was also a woman in brocade clothes. Her singing was loud and clear. As she sang, the cabin fell silent.

The songs were good and the dancing was good. It made people reluctant to leave.

In the hall, many people were intoxicated by now.

A green-robed scholar shouted the name of the woman on the stage and declared that he would marry no one but her.

There was a dilapidated Confucian scholar holding a wine glass and swaying. He recited a poem that no one could understand, and laughed and cried at the same time.

It was pleasurable sitting at a high place and taking in the sights.

Liao Chen turned around and saw that Han Muye's eyes were shining. He was slightly stunned, then shook his head and said, "Brother Han is indeed not an ordinary person. With all that's going on around, you can actually be aloof."

Transcendental.

Han Muye looked around the lofts.

There were many people sitting around.

These important people were in the hall looking down at the people below. They could use this to sharpen their conscience.

The green-robed scholar who shouted the woman's name did not know that the woman who was unattainable to him would stay overnight at the whim of those people in the loft.

Those downtrodden scholars who were crying and laughing might not know that the women they could not forget in their entire lives might have been abandoned by the men in the loft.

The prosperity of the Central Continent could not hide the coldness of the world.

At this moment, a faint Great Spirit moved gently in Han Muye's body before disappearing.

However, the moment this Great Spirit appeared faintly, Liao Chen's entire body trembled and he was completely stunned.

The Great Spirit was compatible with the will of the people. the techniques of Heaven and Earth, and the Grandmaster Realm!

Is Han Muye a Confucianist Grandmaster? he wondered.

There were no Grandmasters in Shuxi but Liao Chen had heard rumors about them.

He knew that those who could become grandmasters in the world were all famous scholars with literary fame.

Every one of them had cultivated for countless years.

How could Young Master Han Muye be a Confucianist Grandmaster?

When he wanted to take a closer look, Han Muye's Great Spirit, which had just broken through, had already been restrained.

"Young Master Liao, what's wrong?" Han Muye turned around with a smile.

"Uh, no, nothing." The only thing Liao Chen could think of was that he was seeing things.

Of course he wasn't seeing things.

Han Muye had already reached the peak of the Confucian Dao Master Realm. Today, he finally broke through and reached the Grandmaster Realm.

After the Great Spirit entered the Grandmaster Realm, Han Muye immediately understood many things that he had not understood before.

For example, the feeling of being an outsider was like being in the second level of the Heavenly realm of the cultivation world, the Out of Body Realm.

His soul left his body and traveled thousands of miles.

However, Han Muye's true cultivation level had not reached the Out of Body realm. It was just a coincidence that his soul had such a method.

He did not know in the past that his soul would leave his body without any protection. If he encountered an expert, he could shatter his soul with a wave of his hand.

He wasn't dead. What an ignorant fool I am, he thought. I'm lucky to have escaped death.

At this moment, when the Great Spirit reached the Grandmaster Realm, it could transform into a body, leave an incarnation, and lock the soul.

This was a true Confucian Daoist's might. His words were law, and he traveled thousands of miles every day.

The Great Spirit protected the soul and was even stronger than his body.

Chapter 336: Comprehending the Mortal World, Han Muye Enters the Confucian Dao Grandmaster Realm (3)

A Confucian Dao Grandmaster was a being above the Heaven Realm Nascent Soul realm.

Unfortunately, Han Muye did not have many Confucian Dao methods now. The power of the Confucian Dao was also suppressed by the Heavenly Dao in the Western Frontier, so he could not unleash much power.

Otherwise, with his Confucian cultivation, he could dominate the Western Frontier.

“Princess Yunjin, will you dance today?” Just as Han Muye was comprehending the changes in his body, a voice came from a loft.

Liao Chen frowned and said in a low voice, “Jiang Chongyang.”

Seeing Han Muye looking at him, Liao Chen quickly introduced Jiang Chongyang.

The three major trading companies of Jinchuan were Fujin of the Liao family, Rongchuan of the Zhu family, and Shuxing of the Jiang family.

These three trading companies each had the support of the forces behind them. The Liao family had the City Lord of Jinchuan City, the Zhu family had the County Governor, and the Jiang family had the Heavenly Cloud Dao Sect.

There were not many Heaven Realm experts in Shuxi County. In Jinchuan City, the County Governor, Su Zizhan, the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards, He Jing, and the commander of the Red Flame Army, Zhuang Han, were all beings that suppressed a region.

Outside Jinchuan City, among the cultivation sects, the Heavenly Cloud Dao Sect was respected. There were two Heaven Realm experts there.

With such strength, as long as they did not offend the dynasty or go against the County Governor, they could dominate Shuxi County.

The Central Continent did not prohibit cultivation. Other than the prosperity of the Confucian Dao, there were all kinds of other cultivation techniques.

“Not only is Jiang Chongyang the third son of the Jiang family, but he’s also an elite disciple of the Heavenly Cloud Dao Sect.” Liao Chen shook his head and said in a low voice, “He cultivates both Dao and Confucianism. Such a person is indeed a genius of Jinchuan.”

Only such a person would dare to invite Princess Yunjin to dance on the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship.

In the eyes of the large sects, the royal family was just an empty shell.

There was no need for much respect.

Hearing that someone had invited Princess Yunjin to dance, the entire hall fell silent.

It was said that Princess Yunjin's Rainbow Feather Dress Dance was peerlessly beautiful, but no one had seen it before.

Princess Yunjin's dance was just like those stories. They were all true, but people had never really seen them.

In the past, there were drunkards in the hall who invited the princess to dance, but the outcome was unresolved.

Even if Liao Chen said that he wanted to watch the princess dance, it was just a gimmick that was not to be taken seriously.

Unexpectedly, Jiang Chongyang spoke up today and invited the princess to dance.

Han Muye looked ahead. Through the open hanging window, he could see the purple-robed young man who had spoken just now standing in front of the window. His figure was slightly bowed. There were a few green-robed men sitting behind him in the quiet loft.

These people's bearing was extraordinary.

Seeing that no one answered, the purple-robed Jiang Chongyang said again, "Princess Yunjin, I brought a few Senior Brothers of the Hongcheng Sword Sect from Yunxiang County to the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship today to watch you dance.

"Princess, will you do me the honor?"

Yunxiang County was adjacent to Shuxi County. It was vast and had many experts.

The Hongcheng Sword Sect was the number one sect in Yunxiang County.

Hearing Jiang Chongyang's introduction, discussions immediately broke out in the immortal ship.

What did it mean for the people from the Hongcheng Sword Sect to come to Shuxi County and be received by the third young master of the Jiang family?

Liao Chen's expression was solemn.

"The Hongcheng Sword Sect has long wanted to rule the three counties. Could it be that they really want to invade the Shuxi cultivation world?"

The Confucian Dao of the Central Continent suppressed the world, but it did not care much about the matters of the cultivation world.

As long as these cultivation sects did not go overboard, the dynasty and the Confucian Dao would not care about their rise and fall.

However, the cultivation world also belonged to the Central Continent. The turmoil in the cultivation world would affect the mortal world no matter what.

Especially a merchant family like the Fujin Trading Company that relied on the cultivation world to gather wealth.

The main business of the Fujin Trading Company was in Jinchuan City, but they also needed to connect with various counties to transport goods.

The cultivation world was really in chaos. Their cargo flying ship would probably not be able to leave Jinchuan City.

“Third Young Master Jiang, our Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship has its own rules.”

A voice came from the top floor of the immortal ship.

Gentle, lively, and intoxicating.

Princess Yunjin.

Princess Yunjin was on the immortal ship and even answered Jiang Chongyang.

In the hall, countless people looked up.

At this moment, many people had complicated emotions.

On one hand, they naturally hoped to see Princess Yunjin’s Immortal Dance in the sky.

On the other hand, they did not want the number one beauty of Jinchuan to really dance for them.

Even if she wanted to dance for them, there should be a talented Confucian scholar who would present a good poem to the princess and let her take the initiative to dance instead of being invited by a descendant of a merchant family to dance.

A mere merchant.

“The rules of the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship?” Jiang Chongyang laughed and turned to look at the green-robed men behind him.

“Senior Brothers, whether we can watch Princess Yunjin dance depends on your talents.”

Hearing his words, the green-robed men looked at each other.

A Daoist in his thirties stood up and slowly walked to the window. He said indifferently, “The rule on this Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship is to use a poem to suppress the ship. Then you’re qualified to ask the Princess to dance, right?”

His gaze swept the hall below, then the lofts all around.

“I’m Luo Wuyang of the Hongcheng Sword Sect. I happen to have a poem. Please evaluate it.”

With that, he placed his hands behind his back and looked up at the top floor of the cabin. “I visited Shuxi’s Huayang Sect and the beauty of the scenery inspired me to write a poem.

“What will become of the three peaks of Huayang Sect? Previously, the immortals ascended the clouds and cranes, and Shuxi’s lands bloomed with clouds and flowers in spring.”

The poem was neat and ordinary.

However, the information revealed was extraordinary!

Huayang Sect!

Liao Chen, who was sitting where he was, clenched his fists with a hint of fear on his face.

“The Huayang Sect? Wasn’t the Huayang Sect destroyed last year?” Someone in the hall exclaimed.

“Yes, last year, the three peaks of the Huayang Sect were severed and the sect was destroyed.”

Someone looked up at Luo Wuyang, who was standing in front of the hanging window, with fear in his eyes.

Hearing the discussion below, Luo Wuyang’s expression did not change. He smiled faintly and said, “Indeed, the three peaks of Huayang are now an ornament at the back of my Hongcheng Sword Sect.”

After destroying the sect and cutting off the three peaks, he brought them to the Hongcheng Sword Sect in Yunxiang County as decorations.

Such domineering behavior instantly stunned everyone.

Even the arrogant Confucianists turned pale and did not dare to speak.

Luo Wuyang laughed and looked around. “Everyone, do you think my poem is qualified to invite the princess to dance?”

Those who were seen by him looked away.

Is he talking about poetry? they wondered.

He’s talking about the momentum of the Hongcheng Sword Sect in annexing the cultivation world of the three counties!

Inviting the princess to dance was a facade that day. His true intention was to test the various parties in Shuxi.

The Hongcheng Sword Sect had formed an alliance with the Heavenly Cloud Dao Sect to unify the Shuxi cultivation world.

Now he was here to test the reaction of the Western Garrison King in Shuxi County.

At this time, who dared to speak?

Silence filled the hall.

In the loft, Tan Tan lowered her voice and said, “Young Master Han, do you think his poem is good?”

Her voice was not loud to begin with, but at this moment, it was so quiet that countless people heard her.

Everyone looked at the loft where Han Muye and the others were.

"It's someone from the Fujin Trading Company," someone in the hall said softly.

"Fujin Trading Company? The Liao family probably doesn't dare to offend the Jiang family, right? If they really fight, the Jiang family can prevent the Liao family's goods from leaving Jinchuan City." Someone shook his head and sighed.

He thought someone would help the princess out.

In the loft opposite, Luo Wuyang narrowed his eyes, and a cold sword light flashed in them.

Jiang Chongyang, who was standing behind him, took a step forward and looked at Liao Chen, who was sitting in the loft.

"So it's Liao Seventeen."

Looking at Liao Chen, a trace of disdain flashed across Jiang Chongyang's face. He said loudly, "Liao Seventeen, what do you think of my Senior Brother Luo's poem?"

The Confucianists in the hall looked up at Han Muye and the others.

In the end, it was one of the three major trading companies in Jinchuan City. At this moment, might there be a resistance?

"Third Brother Jiang, aren't you making things difficult for me?" Liao Chen stood up and cupped his hands. "It's not like you don't know me. How can I understand this poem?"

They didn't understand.

In Jinchuan City, the Young Masters of the three major trading companies said that they did not know poetry?

Ha ha.

Hearing Liao Chen's words, Jiang Chongyang laughed in satisfaction. Just as he was about to speak, Luo Wuyang, who was standing in front of him, suddenly said, "What do you think of my poem?"

His gaze was fixed on Han Muye.

Liao Chen was stunned and hurriedly cupped his hands. "Senior Brother Luo, my good friend has just come to Jinchuan and doesn't know much about poetry."

At this moment, if Young Master Han said a few hurtful words, he would offend the Jiang family and the Hongcheng Sword Sect.

However, before Liao Chen could finish, Han Muye's voice sounded. "Are you saying that I don't know poetry?"

Chapter 337: Looking at the Red Flowers, Wet with Rain at Dawn, Really Reading for a Night

Liao Chen trembled.

Oh no!

Liao Chen was used to being a businessman. In such a situation, he subconsciously wanted to figure out how to protect himself.

But Young Master Han Mu was not!

This was a Confucian scholar who had traveled the world at a young age.

This was the hero that Mr. Dongfang had personally introduced!

Liao Chen sighed softly, turned around, and bowed to Han Muye. "Brother Han, I was wrong."

Han Muye stood up, his expression indifferent, but he did not reach out to help him.

"It was no wonder Dongfang Shu didn't acknowledge your Liao family's disciples as disciples. You're a merchant. Have you even lost your temperament as a Confucian Dao cultivator?"

Han Muye looked at the opposite window sill and saw that Jiang Chongyang and Luo Wuyang were fine.

"I, Han Mu, traveled the world and came with poems and essays. You're saying that I don't know poetry?"

It was a perfect fit!

Poetry and essays came freely to him!

As soon as he said this, Jiang Chongyang and Luo Wuyang's expressions darkened.

Below, everyone looked up at Han Muye, who was standing in front of the window sill.

On the top floor of the cabin, the young princess in a moon-white robe, Qin Yunshan, approached Princess Yunjin. "Sister, it's this person."

She had complained to Princess Yunjin earlier, but her sister ignored her, making her a little depressed.

However, at this moment, her eyes revealed a spiritual light. "Sister, do you think this guy can compose a good poem and defeat that person from the Hongcheng Sword Sect?"

"Even if you dance for him, it's better than dancing for the people from the Hongcheng Sword Sect."

At this point, she was stunned. Then she reached out and hugged Princess Yunjin. "No, you're not showing anyone."

Princess Yunjin laughed and reached out to touch her head. Then she said in a low voice, "I hope he has the courage to write this poem."

Not only did the poem suppress Luo Wuyang, but he also had the courage to become enemies with the Hongcheng Sword Sect.

Ordinary people did not have such courage.

“Traveling the world?” Luo Wuyang stared at Han Muye with an inexplicable smile on his face. “Then you must come to my Hongcheng Sword Sect.

“Most of the glory of the three counties has been taken over by our Hongcheng Sword Sect. It would be a pity if you didn’t come.”

“Alright.” Han Muye nodded and said seriously, “I’ll naturally go take a look.”

Hearing his words, an arrogant smile appeared on Luo Wuyang’s face. “Good, good. You’re a proper Confucian scholar after all. You’re still a little arrogant.

“I obtained this poem from a half-baked Confucian cultivator.

“Tell me, is this poem good or bad?”

Behind him, a green-robed man stood up.

Spiritual light and sword intent flashed on these people’s bodies. Clearly, their cultivation levels were profound.

Killing a Confucian Dao cultivator and obtaining a poem.

“You already said that you’re a dabbler. What can you do?” Han Muye shook his head.

Not much.

Luo Wuyang’s expression darkened.

He was provoking the Hongcheng Sword Sect.

Jiang Chongyang looked at Han Muye and said in a deep voice, “The rules of the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship. Since you say that this poem is not good, compose a song.”

Make a poem and suppress the other party?

Han Muye shook his head.

Not interested.

Jiang Chongyang frowned. Before he could speak, he heard Han Muye say loudly, “There are many people who can make something better than this poem. If you don’t believe me, you can ask.”

Jiang Chongyang looked down at the hall below and said coldly, “Let’s see who dares to—”

“The Central Continent is the Central Continent of Confucianism.” Han Muye’s voice interrupted him.

“Today, someone dared to suppress the Confucian Dao. In the future, someone will dare to break through Jinchuan and the Imperial City.”

Han Muye's voice was filled with deafening heroism. "The Confucian Dao has suppressed the luck of the Central Continent for tens of thousands of years. Today, someone actually suppressed the Confucian Dao in Jinchuan City.

"Are you guys going to rebel?"

Rebel?

Who would dare?

Jiang Chongyang's face turned pale and his eyes widened.

Beside him, Luo Wuyang and the others also had solemn expressions as they stared at Han Muye.

No one dared to shoulder the blame.

On the top floor of the cabin, Princess Yunjin's eyes were bright.

She lowered her head and looked at Han Muye through the curtain.

Han Muye seemed to sense something and looked up.

"Young Master, aren't you going overboard?"

Jiang Chongyang suppressed his emotions and said in a low voice, "The matters in the cultivation world have nothing to do with the dynasty."

"Unrelated?" Han Muye raised his eyebrows and said calmly, "Tell Su Zizhan that it has nothing to do with him.

"Tell He Jing that it has nothing to do with him."

"Tell Zhuang Han that it has nothing to do with him."

After a pause, looking at the pale Jiang Chongyang, Han Muye said coldly, "Perhaps you have the courage to say this to Wen Mosheng."

The County Governor of Shuxi County, Su Zizhan.

He Jing, the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards in Shuxi County.

Zhuang Han, commander of the Red Flame Army in Shuxi County.

The dynasty's Minister Wen, the Confucian Dao's sage, Mo Wensheng.

The entire cabin was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop.

Jiang Chongyang's expression changed, but he did not dare to say anything.

The world belonged to the king.

The Confucian Dao focused on external kings and internal sages.

A Confucian Daoist was gentle to his own people and ruthless to his enemies.

If anyone dared to cross the line with the Confucian Dao, the Mystic Sun Guards would finish him off.

The Hongcheng Sword Sect was strong, but no matter how strong a cultivation sect was, they had to lower their heads before the Confucian Dao!

Beside Luo Wuyang, a middle-aged man in his forties waved his hand and asked Jiang Chongyang to retreat.

He took a step forward and looked at Han Muye. "Young Master is good at debate."

He raised his hand and cupped his hands at the top of the cabin. Then he said, "Jinchuan's scenery is indeed extraordinary.

"We cultivators are from the wilderness after all. We can't be tainted by the mortal world. Goodbye."

With that, he flicked his sleeve and flew out of the window on the other side.

Luo Wuyang and the others also flew away.

Gone.

They were straightforward and did not even leave a few words to save face.

Chapter 338: Looking at the Red Flowers, Wet with Rain at Dawn, Really Reading for a Night (2)

Jiang Chongyang, who was staying in the loft, gritted his teeth and glanced at Han Muye. He did not take the right path and flew out of the immortal ship.

After these people left, the hall erupted in cheers.

With just a few words, Han Muye made those cultivators lower their heads and refute the Young Master of the Jiang family until he fled. Such methods were the true way of the Confucian Dao!

Confucianism was not just about poetry, zither, chess, calligraphy, and painting.

In the Confucian Dao, there was a saying that one could travel a thousand miles with a single word. A single word could defeat 10,000 troops!

In the hall, they advanced to recite a poem and shouted that this poem was a hundred times better than before. They shouted for Han Muye to meet them and invited him to compose a poem.

Cheerful and unrestrained.

Han Muye shook his head and looked at Liao Chen behind him. "I've seen Jinchuan. It's almost time to leave, right?"

Hearing his words, a strange expression appeared on Liao Chen's face. "Brother Han, your romance hasn't started yet."

As soon as he finished speaking, a voice came from the door.

"Young Master Liao, the princess invites your good friend to the top cabin."

Liao Chen looked at Han Muye with a smile.

...

On the top floor of the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship, in the quiet loft, Han Muye pushed open the window and looked into the distance.

Han Muye swore that he did not go to the top floor to see the number one beauty in Jinchuan.

He came here because he wanted to stand on the highest floor of the immortal ship and look at the scenery outside.

Really.

However, just as he looked out of the window, the loft's door was pushed open.

The white-robed, purple-crowned young heir of the Western Garrison King ran toward Han Muye.

"Let me tell you, you're not allowed to compose poems later, do you hear me?" Glaring at Han Muye, Princess Yunduan waved her fists again and lowered her voice. "Also, if my sister dances for you, you're not allowed to look."

With that, she turned and ran out the door. Then she turned and waved her fists before closing the door.

When the door opened again, a beautiful woman in a light purple dress walked in.

Even though he had guessed that Princess Yunjin would be beautiful in female clothes, Han Muye still felt a little stunned when he saw her in person.

She was as gentle as a light cloud and as beautiful as a blooming flower.

The beauty of Jinchuan was different.

"Yunjin thanks Young Master for helping me out today."

Seeing that Han Muye's eyes were clear and not distracted at all, Princess Yunjin took a few steps forward and bowed slightly.

Hearing her words, Han Muye's expression did not change. He said calmly, "In Jinchuan City, on the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship, even a Heaven Realm cultivator won't dare to be impudent.

"If Han Mu doesn't speak today, someone else will."

Ordinary Confucianists in the hall could not see through this, but could not the various forces in the loft?

He didn't say anything because he didn't want to offend the Jiang family.

If these people did not say anything, could it be that Princess Yunjin did not have anyone useful?

Today, it seemed that Princess Yunjin had been forced into a corner and might even have to dance. In fact, she was just deliberately provoking the Confucianists in the hall.

This resentment could also be converted into popularity.

After becoming a Confucianist Grandmaster, Han Muye could see through it even more.

To him, the will of the people that he easily obtained was something that the Central Continent cultivators were desperately looking for.

All her thoughts were exposed by Han Muye. Princess Yunjin chuckled and looked up. "Young Master, no matter what, you're the one who helped Yunjin out today.

"Now, you can make a request to Yunjin.

"Yunjin will do her best."

There seemed to be water vapor flashing in Princess Yunjin's eyes.

Her gaze was lovely.

Han Muye glanced at her and said, "Can I really make any request?"

Princess Yunjin bit her lip and nodded gently.

That look was really tempting.

Han Muye pondered for a moment and said, "I want to see the Confucianist books in the King's Mansion."

As soon as he finished speaking, confusion flashed across Princess Yunjin's eyes.

It wasn't what she thought at all.

"Why, is it inconvenient?"

Seeing that she was silent, Han Muye spoke.

Princess Yunjin shook her head and said, "It's not inconvenient, but you can't take this book with you."

After a pause, she looked up at Han Muye. "You can only read it for one night."

One night was enough.

Seeing Han Muye nod, Princess Yunjin flipped her palm, and a few ancient books appeared in her palm.

Han Muye walked to the desk and swept away the fruits and wine on it. Then he reached out and the books landed on the desk.

These were all the treasures of the Western Garrison King's Mansion.

Although the royal family did not have much power, treasures were not something outsiders could have.

Flipping open the books one by one, the Spell of the Mortal World in Han Muye's divine spot vibrated, and the Great Spirit kept circulating.

However, he was now in the grandmaster realm. The Great Spirit all over his body was locked in his soul and fused with his body. Even if the Great Spirit surged, it did not show at all.

Han Muye's Great Spirit was cultivated by chance and relied on the Spell of the Mortal World.

Although he had cultivated some Confucian cultivation techniques and read some books in the Sword Sect's library, how could it compare to the treasures of the Central Continent's Imperial Family?

The words in the book turned into images that appeared in Han Muye's mind.

The cultivation process, divine powers, and travel memoirs.

These books involved Confucian cultivation, understanding of the Confucian Dao, Seniors' comprehension, and so on.

All of this was what Han Muye was lacking now.

As soon as the Confucian Dao cultivator said that, the method of accompanying the Heaven and Earth powers turned out to be a Confucian Dao divine power.

The scene of poetry becoming a soldier was called the Confucian Dao Way of War.

Using poetry as a battle, using ink as a soldier, turning a brush into an army, and following the law with his words, the literary qi, the will of the people, and the Great Spirit permeated the world. One word could fight against 10,000 troops. How carefree!

Various Confucian Dao methods appeared in Han Muye's mind, making him want to test them out.

Chapter 339: Looking at the Red Flowers, Wet with Rain at Dawn, Really Reading for a Night (3)

But now was really not the time.

He read extremely quickly. In ten minutes, he had flipped to the end of the book.

Moreover, he did not read nonchalantly, casually, indifferently. From time to time, he would recite a few words softly and even comment in a low voice.

Hearing his comments, Princess Yunjin's eyes lit up. She hurriedly leaned over and looked at the sentence. As she took out her brush and ink, she quickly recorded these words.

When he finished one, he switched to another.

At this moment, he could not even be bothered with the number one beauty in Jinchuan.

Princess Yunjin was not angry. She noted down Han Muye's comments as she tidied up the book.

A moment later, Han Muye finished reading the book on the table. Princess Yunjin put away the book and handed over another stack.

This was probably what it meant to read books.

"Young Master, what does the deep clouds you mentioned mean?"

"Young Master, is there a reason why you said that a whale fell and all living things were born?"

"Young Master, Young Master, what was the last sentence you said just now? I didn't hear it clearly."

...

Unknowingly, dawn arrived in the east.

Han Muye reached for the new book, but he missed it and touched something soft.

Stunned for a moment, he looked up and saw Princess Yunjin retracting her palm with a resentful expression.

That night, Han Muye didn't even look up.

"Sorry, a night has passed."

Han Muye shook his head and stood up regretfully.

He had read more than a hundred books in one night, and they were all precious books of the Confucian Dao. He had gained a lot.

The dozens of Confucian Dao divine powers turned into golden characters that existed in his sea of Qi and reflected the sword intent inside.

There were similarities between divine powers and sword intent.

After stretching his muscles, Han Muye cupped his hands and said, "Thank you for accompanying me for the night, Princess. Han Mu will take his leave."

Why did this sound like something else?

Seeing Han Muye walk towards the pavilion school, Princess Yunjin suddenly said in a low voice, "Young Master Han, last night, you said that you know everything about poetry. I wonder if you can leave a poem for Yunjin?"

Leave a poem?

Princess Yunjin had helped him read for the entire night. Could he satisfy this small wish?

Han Muye nodded and walked to the desk. He picked up the ink brush that Princess Yunjin had copied and evaluated previously and gently placed it on the ink.

He wrote a poem and strode out of the loft.

As soon as he opened the door, the little princess who was rushing in almost fell.

"You, tell me, what did you and my sister do all night?" The little princess gritted her teeth and clenched her fists.

"Read." With that, Han Muye went straight downstairs.

"Read?" The little princess's eyes widened. "A man and a woman reading alone all night?"

She pushed open the half-closed door and walked into the loft to see Princess Yunjin kneeling in front of a desk. Her clothes were neat and tidy, and there were various books and papers in front of her.

"You really read?"

The little Princess Yunduan leaned forward curiously and saw a poem on the paper in front of Yun Jin.

"Good rain knows the season. When spring happens, it will sneak into the night with the wind. It will moisten things without a sound. The clouds on the wild path will be black, and the flames on the river boat will be bright. Look at the red flower, wet with rain at dawn.

After reciting a few poems, the little Princess Yunduan's expression changed and she stomped her feet.

"Look at the red flower, wet with rain at dawn. You're a lecher and you are saying that you didn't do anything. You've clearly done everything..."

With a low curse, she turned and ran out.

Yunjin, who was sitting there, carefully folded the paper and looked at the stack of words he had memorized with a smile.

"According to the rules of the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship, if there's a poem left behind, I have to dance. When will you come and watch me dance..."

....

Outside Jinchuan City.

Liao Chen looked at Han Muye regretfully and cupped his hands. "Brother Han, are you really not staying in Jinchuan for a few more days?"

As soon as they left the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship, Han Muye said that he wanted to leave Jinchuan City.

Liao Chen teased him and asked if he was staying on the immortal boat for the night, afraid that the entire city of scholars would come and break through the courtyard.

However, he did not expect Han Muye to really decide to leave Jinchuan City.

"Although Jinchuan is good, it's not my hometown." Han Muye shook his head and looked ahead. "I gained a lot from this trip. I'm satisfied."

After becoming a Confucianist Grandmaster, reaching a deal with the Fujin Trading Company, and reading the imperial family's books, the gains from this trip to the Central Continent exceeded Han Muye's imagination.

Watching Han Muye lead Lin Shen and the others away, Liao Chen's expression was complicated.

Whether it was the pill and sword business or Han Muye's bearing and knowledge, they both left an extremely deep impression on him.

Last night, Han Muye was actually left on the top of the immortal boat by Princess Yunjin.

Such a thing was unimaginable.

Although he had heard of the viscountess dancing, he had never heard of her staying overnight.

What happened on the immortal boat that night?

"Young Master Seventeen! The family head wants you to return to the trading company quickly." A figure ran behind Liao Chen and said in a low voice.

Liao Chen nodded and followed him into Jinchuan City.

"Have you heard? Someone actually stayed on the top floor of the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship last night!" On both sides of the road, someone whispered.

"Of course I heard. It's said that that person really stayed the entire night and even left a poem. The little heir is already looking for that guy with a whip." Someone lowered his voice and exclaimed excitedly.

Overnight, the entire city knew Han Mu's name!

Many people in Jinchuan City gritted their teeth in anger!

A poem?

Liao Chen was stunned for a moment. He did not know that Han Muye had left a poem.

There was no need for him to ask any poems. Someone had already quietly recited them.

"Good rain knows the season. When spring happens, it will sneak into the night with the wind. It will moisten things without a sound. The clouds on the wild path will be black, and the flames on the river boat will be bright. Look at the red flower, wet with rain at dawn.

After savoring a few poems in a low voice, Liao Chen looked confused.

Is this real poetry?

If not for Princess Yunjin's deliberate effort, would such poems have circulated?

Was it for Han Mu to become famous, or was there another motive?

Looking up, the little crown princess with the horse whip in front of her galloped over on a little red horse.

Liao Chen grinned. It was no wonder Brother Han wanted to leave quickly.

"Little Crown Princess, that guy has already run away." He straightened his clothes and strode forward.

...

“Granny Lan.”

A hundred miles outside Jinchuan City, Tan Tan looked at the great demon Mu Jin walking over.

There was a mystic technique between the wood demons. As they were leaving the immortal ship, Han Muye asked Tan Tan to summon Mu Jin.

“The spiritual herbs have been delivered. Shall we return to the Western Frontier now?” Mu Jin looked at Han Muye.

“Senior, you guys go back to the Western Frontier first.” Han Muye looked up into the distance with a smile on his face.

“I’m going to see the scenery of the three counties on invitation by my friend.”

Mu Jin frowned and looked ahead.

Over there, a few sword lights seemed to shoot into the sky.

Is he really Han Muye’s good friend in the Sword Dao?

Watching Lin Shen drive the flying ship away with Kong Chaode and Han Muye, Mu Jin shook her head and looked at Tan Tan.

“Girl, how’s their business?”

‘Business?’

Tan Tan gaped.

She had forgotten about this.

Mu Jin laughed and reached out to stroke Tan Tan’s head.

Mu Jin turned around and looked at the magnificent Jinchuan City. She sighed and said, “The prosperity of the Central Continent is not a place for us to stay for long.”

At her words, Tan Tan turned to look at the distant river.

The light song and dance were like a dream.

...

After the flying ship traveled for two hours, a few green-robed figures floated over and blocked the way.

“3,000 miles outside Jinchuan City, he killed a Confucian scholar with his sword. The law of the Central Continent is really going to be re-cultivated.” Han Muye smiled and looked at Luo Wuyang, who was holding a sword.

Someone from Hongcheng Sword Sect.

“Are you talking about the law now? Where did your heroic spirit on the immortal ship go?” Luo Wuyang looked at Han Muye coldly, his eyes filled with killing intent.

“Today, 30,000 sword cultivators of my Hongcheng Sword Sect will enter Shuxi. Take a look and see if the law is faster or the sword technique is faster within 500 miles of Jinchuan City.”

Chapter 340: A Gentleman’s Sword!

As soon as he finished speaking, sword light rose!

Luo Wuyang’s sword tore through the void and slashed at Han Muye’s neck.

This sword move was not sloppy at all. The sword light was direct. It was really a good sword technique!

Han Muye looked impressed.

This was the first swordsman he had seen who had struck with his sword in the Central Continent, although the sword was aimed at himself.

This did not affect his evaluation of the sword.

He was fast, ruthless, and stable. His strength and qi were harmonious, and his sword and body were harmonious. He was a sword cultivator of the Central Continent with extraordinary methods.

Seeing Han Muye’s expression, the corners of Luo Wuyang’s mouth curled up.

He was indeed a scholar who had never seen killing in the cultivation world.

Do you really think this murderous sword is not as sharp as your tongue?

For a sword cultivator to approach and kill a sharp-tongued Confucian scholar, it was as easy as pie!

Lin Shen, who was standing beside Han Muye, took a step forward and slashed horizontally.

“Boom—”

The thousand-foot-long sword light exploded and appeared. Luo Wuyang’s expression changed drastically as he quickly retreated. However, his retreat was not as fast as the sword light. He collided with the sword light and shattered.

With one strike, the Earth Realm expert, Luo Wuyang, was dead.

The sword howl was like a landslide and a tsunami, rolling down and surging, causing clouds to circulate within a radius of five miles. The world was in turmoil.

Lin Shen’s eyes lit up. He held the hilt of his sword, and the sword intent on his body condensed into a long sword that soared into the sky and floated for a thousand feet.

This strike had the aura of a half-step Heaven Realm expert!

The Heaven and Earth powers in the Central Continent were powerful and the spiritual energy was rich. When Lin Shen used his sword move, the Heaven and Earth powers he triggered completely exceeded his imagination.

This strike was really carefree!

Drawing the Heaven and Earth powers like a torrent and moving the mountains and rivers with one strike was a sword cultivator's method!

After killing an Earth Realm expert with one strike, the remaining dozen or so Hongcheng Sword Sect disciples retreated in panic.

A 50-year-old Daoist wearing a purple golden lotus crown took a step forward and stared at Lin Shen.

"So it's a great sword cultivator who has already condensed his sword bones."

A sharp sword intent rose from his body, and the restrictive power unique to Core Formation cultivators surged.

"How can such a sword cultivator be a follower and guard?"

"Come to my Hongcheng Sword Sect. The matter of killing is written off. My Foreign Affairs Hall still lacks a deacon."

The Daoist placed his hands behind his back and looked calm, as if Lin Shen would definitely not refuse him.

The Hongcheng Sword Sect was about to surpass the cultivation world of the three counties and rule over hundreds of thousands of miles of mountains and rivers.

Even the Confucianists of the three counties would give the Hongcheng Sword Sect face.

To those Confucian cultivators who advocated hard work and purity, there was no need to care as long as the cultivation world was not in chaos.

Whether the Hongcheng Sword Sect monopolized three counties or divided into 30 to 50 small sects to compete with each other, they turned a blind eye.

As long as there were a lot of offerings.

In any case, this Central Continent was the Central Continent of Confucianism.

Kong Chaode turned to look at Lin Shen.

He had seen the prosperity of the Central Continent from the Western Frontier and knew how powerful the sword cultivation sect that united the three counties was.

If he really joined the Hongcheng Sword Sect, his future achievements would definitely be much stronger than on the Nine Mystic Mountain of the Western Frontier.

How should he choose?

Kong Chaode looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye's expression did not change.

Was his Young Master so sure that Lin Shen would not betray him?

"Boom—"

Lin Shen's sword made its choice.

The sword light slashed down.

Draw a million swords and shatter a mountain.

The sword light turned into a surging mountain wall. As the sword slashed down, the rocks shattered and the mountains collapsed.

The combination of the Strength Sword and the Sword Intent triggered the Heaven and Earth powers.

Golden earth-attribute spiritual energy surged and enveloped Lin Shen like golden armor.

At this moment, Lin Shen, who was swinging his sword, was like the favored child of the earth.

"What a good sword cultivator!"

The Daoist from the Hongcheng Sword Sect shouted advancedly. The sword light in his hand collided with the sword in Lin Shen's hand.

Then he vomited blood and flew out diagonally.

"Quick, form the array. This guy is so powerful!" The old Daoist priest shouted in panic.

The sword cultivator disciples of the Flood City Sword Sect hurriedly guided the sword Qi in their hands and formed a sword formation that surged with sword Qi to block Lin Shen's sword light.

The sword slashed at the sword array. With every strike, the dozens of Earth Realm sword cultivators blushed.

This was a sign that the power of the Sword Dao was too strong and difficult to resist, causing his blood to surge.

"Block it!"

"Send the signal!"

"Call for help!"

Sword lights rose.

In the distance, there was a roar.

Sword lights tore through the sky like meteors.

"Young Master, why don't we retreat to Jinchuan City first?" Kong Chaode whispered as he watched the sword light fly over.

The sword light was at least at the half-step Heaven Realm.

Although Lin Shen was strong, he definitely could not stop such an expert.

“Retreat?” Han Muye raised his hand, and in his palm, the jade-white fan gently unfolded, then closed with a whoosh.

“The Confucian Dao of the Central Continent is known for suppressing luck. How can such a situation retreat?”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Kong Chaode shook his head and said in a low voice, “If a Confucian Dao cultivator doesn’t have the authority of heaven and earth, his Great Spirit cultivation alone isn’t stronger than a sword cultivator. In fact—”

He paused for a moment and said softly, “Confucian Dao methods are mostly about attracting the Heaven and Earth powers for battle. With a wave of the brush, poems become soldiers. They all draw on the Heaven and Earth powers.

“That’s why Confucianism is famous for its hard work.

“A Confucian cultivator without the Heaven and Earth powers is really no match for a Spiritual Dao cultivator of the same level.”

Looking at Han Muye, Kong Chaode said regretfully, “Young Master, if you can become a scholar official, no matter how powerful the Hongcheng Sword Sect is, they won’t dare to attack you.”

This was the disadvantage of the Central Continent’s martial arts.

It wasn’t exactly a drawback.

After reading the imperial family’s books, Han Muye knew that the prosperity of the Central Continent was situated in the Imperial City.

With the Imperial City Academy and the Absolute Sage of the Confucian Dao holding down the fort, the Central Continent would not be chaotic.

The authority of the Central Continent was taken away by the Confucian Dao and distributed everywhere. Only the dynasty could suppress a region.