

## **Pavilion 511**

### **Chapter 511 - 511 Lu Yang Greets Granduncle**

Qian Yunong's body shook, and the chains on his body shattered.

Zhang Yaohui's expression changed, and he slashed down without hesitation.

"Clang—"

Qian Yunong's body emitted a golden spiritual light to block the sword.

Talismans flashed around him.

Zhang Yaohui's face darkened as he shouted in a low voice, "How is this possible? Where did this protective talisman come from?"

Not only was Qian Yunong's Confucian cultivation sealed, but all his belongings were also sealed. Where did the talismans come from?

Qian Yunong did not turn around and only looked at Han Muye. "You said that the Dao Sect would attack openly at the Guan Estuary. You were right about that.

"However, along the way, I encountered 12 batches of fishing boats. Every time, they would give me a few protective talismans.

"You didn't expect this, did you?"

Han Muye turned around and looked at Qian Yunong.

"Think about it. Escaping is a serious crime.

"Are you really going to self-destruct in the Heavenly Mystic?"

Heavenly Mystic, the Central Continent, this was the world of Confucianism.

Those who betrayed Confucianism never had a good ending.

"Outside of the law and principles, it's just a favor. I'll preside over the wedding ceremony for my former brother. It's not too much to drink a glass of wine, right?" Qian Yunong chuckled. He straightened his clothes and slowly walked forward.

As long as he left this ship, he would be out of Dynasty's control.

In front of countless people, the Daoist Sect successfully rescued a criminal official.

Such a thing was a slap in the face for the rule of the dynasty.

If Qian Yunong escaped today, the Daoist Sect would be able to infiltrate the eight counties in Dongnan.

On the ship, Zhang Yaohui flew up and slashed down with the Mystic Sun Sword in his hand.

However, the sword still couldn't break the rune light on Qian Yunong's body.

Spiritual light flashed. Zhang Yaohui was forced back dozens of feet by the light of the talisman and crashed into the cabin.

The pillars of the cabin behind him instantly shattered.

Qian Yunong turned around and looked at Zhang Yaohui.

“Lieutenant Zhang, you should have sent a distress signal.”

“Lu Yang, the commander of the three counties of the Mystic Sun Guards, is now in Dongshan County. Why aren’t you asking for help?”

The commander of the three counties, Lu Yang!

Zhang Yaohui’s face instantly turned pale.

“Y-you’re plotting against Lord Lu Yang!”

His words made Qian Yunong laugh out loud.

With his hands behind his back, Qian Yunong walked forward step by step.

“I’d offer my head in exchange for Lu Yang’s loss of his Dao path and the collapse of Dongshan County. It’s worth it.”

Qian Yunong stopped at the end of the deck.

“Lu Yang, if you don’t come, I’m really going to preside over the wedding ceremony!”

Qian Yunong shouted at the water in front of him.

“Boom!”

In the distance, on the surface of the river, a blood-colored pillar of light shot into the sky.

A young man in his thirties wearing black armor with a black sword hanging from his waist stepped on the waves.

The surging blood-colored murderous aura shattered the clouds that filled the sky.

The roaring cloud dragon whimpered in front of the baleful aura pillar, not daring to raise its head.

The young man standing on the cloud dragon’s head gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

Below, the surging Phoenix-Tailed Carp seemed to be incomparably afraid. It kept sinking, bringing the woman in wedding clothes back to the surface of the water.

Lu Yang, commander of the Mystic Sun Guards in three counties.

Butcher Lu.

Lu Yuzhou’s eldest grandson.

The one who abandoned Confucianism and joined the martial arts.

Qian Yunong stood at the bow of the ship, clenching his fists tightly.

Luyang's nickname, Butcher, came from killing.

He dared to kill.

He could kill.

No less than 10 scholar officials had lost their lives under his sword.

He was not lacking.

Figures appeared in the void.

"I'm Shi Yuanzi, the sect master of the Cloud Sweeping Sect. Today is a joyous occasion for my sect. Commander Lu, it's best not to see blood."

Spiritual light surged from his body as the purple-robed Daoist spoke in a low voice.

"My Fuchen Dao Sect has never interfered with the affairs of the dynasty. However, I hope that you will stop here today." The person who spoke was thin and held a jade horsetail whisk in his hand. His eyes flickered.

Heaven Realm cultivator.

Today, every one of them was a Heaven Realm cultivator.

Which one of those standing in the void wasn't a cultivator of the Daoist Faction?

Among the eight counties in Dongnan, Daoism was the most respected.

Qian Yunong heaved a sigh of relief as he felt the pressure from the figure in the air.

At the very least, he was not abandoned.

He also knew that Butcher Lu was not crazy.

If Lu Yang dared to kill him today, he would be falling out with the Daoist sects of the eight counties in Dongshan.

With so many Daoist masters present today, even if they did not kill Lu Yang, they could force him to release the suppression of his cultivation and even severely injure him.

Lu Yang walked on the waves. His aura was like a sword cultivator from the Eastern Sea, gathering with every step.

When he arrived in front of the ship, the power on his body had already been condensed to the extreme. He was like a suppressed volcano, waiting for a fire.

Standing on the waves, Lu Yang's gaze swept across Qian Yunong.

Qian Yunong's face was pale, and the corners of his mouth twitched, but he did not say a word.

In the sky, the spiritual light had already connected.

Once Lu Yang dared to draw his sword, there would be a thunderous strike in the sky.

On the surface of the water, the waves had already surged hundreds of feet above the riverbank.

Once the waves were unrestrained, the water would immediately flood a thousand miles.

Within a radius of a thousand miles, the area would turn into a swamp country.

Countless commoners and living beings would turn into fish food.

Of course, Lu Yang had to bear the blame.

Everyone's gaze fell on Lu Yang.

If he did not use his sword, the reputation that he, Butcher Lu, had built after fighting for half his life would be ruined

Without drawing his sword, he watched helplessly as the criminal, Qian Yunong, left in front of him and was taken away under the rule of Dongshan County.

This was an unbearable crime for Lu Yang and the Lu family.

Once the sword was drawn, it would be beyond redemption.

Even 10 Lu Yangs might not be able to withstand the resentment of the people and the power of 10 great cultivators.

Zhang Yaohui, who was standing behind Qian Yunong, was ashen-faced. He held his long sword and knelt on one knee.

"Lord Lu, I'm incompetent."

Qian Yunong grinned and whispered, "Butcher Lu, hehe, Butcher Lu..."

Lu Yang placed his hand on the hilt of his sword.

## **Chapter 512 - 512 Lu Yang Greets Granduncle (2)**

At this moment, all the attention in the sky and river was focused on his palm.

This sword might change the situation of the eight counties in Dongnan!

Lu Yang took a step forward and landed on the deck.

Qian Yunong closed his eyes.

On the deck, all the Mystic Sun Guards knelt on the ground and bowed.

In the sky, all the spiritual light condensed into substance.

"Lu Yang greets Granduncle."

On the deck, Lu Yang let go of the hilt of his sword. Then he cupped his fists and bowed.

Han Muye turned around and sized up Lu Yang, then said, "Would your father let you call me that?"

Lu Chen had always voiced his own opinions.

They were brothers.

Lu Yang lowered his head and the corners of his mouth twitched. He said in a low voice, "Respect for seniority. My grandfather said that I can't listen to my father's nonsense."

With that, he cupped his fists and said, "With the elders by my side, Lu Yang will listen to your teachings. Please decide what to do today."

Han Muye laughed and looked at Lu Yang. "What decision do you want me to make?"

Lu Yang looked up at Han Muye and said solemnly, "Granduncle, please tell me how many to kill."

At this moment, no one in the world had recovered from their shock.

Han Muye and Lu Yang's conversation was all gobbledegook to them.

Zhang Yaohui, who was half-kneeling on the deck, looked up at Han Muye and Lu Yang with a blank expression.

Qian Yunong slowly turned his head, his face blank.

In the void, the spiritual light that was originally condensed was about to collapse. It was a mess.

Lu Yang's senior?

On the ship ahead, Xiao Chu and Jia Yang looked at each other.

They had thought highly of Han Muye's identity.

But they still couldn't imagine who he was.

Young Master Mu Ye, who looked unusually young and had nothing to do, was actually the commander of the three counties, the elder of Butcher Lu, Lu Yang, and his granduncle?

Lu Yang's grandfather was Lu Yuzhou, a half-sage who suppressed an entire county. He was the deputy head of the Imperial City Academy.

The brother of this mighty person should be a martial grandmaster, right?

Could a Confucian Grandmaster resolve the current situation?

They didn't know.

Even if a martial grandmaster could not suppress today's situation, many changes would occur.

For a moment, the faces of countless people in the sky darkened.

Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye.

She knew that she could not see through Senior Brother Han.

However, the current Senior Brother Han was getting further and further away from her.

It was the kind of distance that she could not catch up to even if she tried her best.

Even though he was so close, she felt that she could only look up to him for the rest of her life and watch him walk away.

“Hmph, today is a joyous occasion for the Cloud Sweeping Sect. Even if a Confucian Grandmaster comes, he can’t break the rules of our Dongnan Dao Sects.

“If anyone dares to attack today, they will fight to the death with the various sects in Dongnan.”

In the sky, the Daoist from the Fuchen Dao Sect took a step forward with the green jade horsetail whisk in his hand. The spiritual light around his body combined with the surrounding light as he spoke in a low voice.

There was no turning back.

By the time they forced Lu Yang out, they could no longer turn back.

If they could not suppress Confucianism and the dynasty today, the Daoist sects in the eight counties in Dongnan would become scattered sand again.

Han Muye didn’t look at the sky, but at Lu Yang. “I’m very curious. Why are they blocking your path to Dao?”

Butcher Lu’s name resounded throughout the Central Continent. These people from Daoism had nothing better to do and wanted to fight Lu Yang head-on.

“Granduncle, the battle in the No Resentment Realm is urgent and we need reinforcements.

“In the No Resentment Realm, the Dao is achieved through incense.”

No Resentment Realm.

Attaining the Dao through incense offerings.

Everything clicked.

The No Resentment Realm was conquered by the Heavenly Mystic sects and could only subvert.

Those who could become the leaders of the Heavenly Mystic army’s reinforcements were all experts who had formed their own Great Dao and had their cultivation suppressed to the extreme before making a breakthrough.

Qian Yiming had broken through the suppression in the Ten Thousand Demons Mystic Realm. Now the only one who could lead the reinforcements was Lu Yang.

If Lu Yang broke through the suppression today, his Great Dao would be flawed. Even if he led an army to war, he would not be able to suppress everything.

Han Muye nodded and looked at the sky. “They colluded with the No Resentment Realm to split the power of the Heavenly Mystic Great Dao. They deserve to be killed.

“They’re in Daoism. They don’t want to cultivate in peace and they disturb the order of the mortal world. They deserve to be killed.

“Gathering a crowd and causing chaos, oppressing mortals with the power of the world, ruining the matters of the Heavenly Mystic World. Their thoughts are vicious. They deserve to be killed.”

When Han Muye said that they deserved to be killed, Lu Yang’s expression became happier.

His face was full of smiles.

“I will obey the order of my granduncle to destroy the Daoist sects in the eight counties in Dongnan.”

With three sentences from Han Muye, Lu Yang would wipe out the Daoist sects of the eight counties!

Don’t these two people in front of us take the tens of thousands of Daoist cultivators in the eight counties in Dongnan seriously? everyone wondered.

Although the Confucian Dao Dynasty suppressed the Heaven Mystic World, it was not to the extent where they could destroy the Daoist sects with a single word!

Even Wen Mosheng didn’t dare to utter such bold words!

In the void, the clouds surged.

Since Lu Yang had already spoken, this battle was inevitable.

If he wanted to fight, he would decide his life and death!

Whether the Daoist sects would decline or rise would be decided today!

Han Muye looked at Lu Yang.

This guy is really murderous.

“Your father asked you to look for me, but you’re just spouting empty words?”

Han Muye smiled and spoke.

Lu Yang grinned and took out a golden seal with both hands.

Dongshan County, County Governor Seal.

“Lu Yang alone is not enough to wipe out the Daoist sects of the eight counties.

“Granduncle, please help.”

Lu Yang held the seal with both hands and bowed to Han Muye.

He dares to present the seal of the county governor like this?

This is the authority of heaven and earth!

In the sky, the expressions of many Daoist experts changed.

If the Daoist sects had been plotting to force Lu Yang to come, what they were seeing now was a life-and-death struggle in Dongshan County.

If the County Governor Seal was lost, the authority of Dongshan County would be reduced to nothingness.

At that time, even if the Daoist sects went to Dongshan County to seize the authority, the Heavenly Mystic Dao would consent to it.

The experts of the Fuchen Dao Sect were filled with fighting spirit.

### **Chapter 513 - 513 Lu Yang Greet Granduncle (3)**

However, the other Daoist cultivators behind him were nervous.

No one was willing to fight the Dynasty to the death.

The situation today was out of control.

Han Muye reached out and took the golden seal.

Lu Yang's eyes flashed with killing intent. He placed his hand on the hilt of his sword and turned around to draw his sword to kill.

"Wait a minute."

Han Muye's voice rang out.

With a wave of his hand, Han Muye took a few steps forward, looked at the water, and said calmly, "Today, I want to be a witness first."

As his voice fell, a long sword flew out from the river ahead.

The sword was three feet long and covered in mud and rust.

This was an ordinary sword.

It was the long sword worn by ordinary Confucianists.

The practice of scholars wearing swords had started at the White Deer Mountain.

A faint shadow appeared on the surface of the water.

"Qi Ziyu?"

Lu Yang was stunned.

"It's Lord Qi!" someone on the riverbank exclaimed.

"How could this be? Lord Qi has ruled the Flowing Jade River for three years. Hasn't he been promoted?"

"Lord Qi is a good official. The embankment along the river was built by Lord Qi, together with everyone."



Lu Yang's face darkened as he shouted in a low voice, "Qi Ziyu, when you abandoned your position and left Dongshan County, why were you only left with your remnant soul?"

"Who harmed you?"

The violent aura on Lu Yang's body seemed to be about to explode.

"You've worked hard for Dongshan County. If anyone dares to kill you, they'll be making an enemy of Dongshan County, an enemy of the dynasty, an enemy of Heavenly Mystic. Even if my path to Dao is cut off, I'll definitely avenge you!"

Qi Ziyu bowed to Lu Yang. His mouth moved slightly, but no sound came out.

He bowed to Han Muye again. Although he didn't say anything, he could see the shape of his mouth.

However, outsiders did not notice it.

"Ziyu..."

On the surface of the water, a woman in a red robe and a phoenix crown had a pale face and tears in her eyes.

"They said that as long as I agreed, they would let you go."

The woman stepped forward with a bitter expression on her face. She wanted to reach out to grab the green-robed figure, but she missed.

Qi Ziyu looked at the woman with concern on his face, but there was no sound from his mouth.

On the river, two figures were crying.

A remnant soul and a red robe.

Lu Yang turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the two figures.

Images flashed through his mind.

He had discovered this at the bottom of the river when he probed with the power of his divine soul earlier.

There was a remnant soul of unwillingness on the sword.

'Qi Ziyu, a student of the White Deer Mountain Academy, was ordered to come to Dongshan County three years ago. The County Governor arranged for him to guard the Guan Estuary.'

'Qi Ziyu built a dike and channeled water to benefit the people.'

'By chance, Qi Ziyu saved the Phoenix-Tailed Fish Demon, Feng Jiu who was going upstream.'

'In gratitude, Feng Jiu transformed herself to repay him.'

Han Muye's eyes shone as he looked into the distant sky.

His eyes were filled with killing intent.

“The Cloud Sweeping Sect used Feng Jiu’s demon body as a threat to force her to leave. Then you used Feng Jiu as bait to trap Ziyu at the bottom of the river.

“Now you want to use Feng Jiu’s demonic power as a guide to condense incense to achieve the Dao.

“Is all of this what Daoist sects do?”

Han Muye held the golden seal in his hand and said coldly, “Such a Daoist sect doesn’t need to stay in the Heavenly Mystic World.”

As he spoke, a purple aura condensed on the golden seal.

The Qi of the People’s Will trembled continuously and turned into a roaring lion.

“Boom!”

Lightning exploded in the sky.

The law followed his words!

He was at the Grandmaster Realm at the very least!

The young man standing on the cloud dragon trembled and was enveloped by lightning.

The Sect Master of the Cloud Sweeping Sect, Shi Yuanzi, moved and knocked away the lightning. Then he stood in the air and looked down at Han Muye.

“Hmph, the Dao of incense offerings has been completed. As long as I give the word, a swamp country will be established within a thousand miles of the Guan Estuary today.

“In my opinion, why don’t we stop here and continue the ceremony of becoming Dao companions? Daoism will still get along well with the dynasty in the future.

“We will also manage this Guan Estuary well. We will definitely ensure that things run smoothly and steadily.”

Along with Shi Yuanzi’s words, the cloud dragon beneath his feet roared and his body floated.

The waves below surged into the sky.

If Han Muye refused, the water at the Guan Estuary would certainly overflow the riverbank and drown and devour all the commoners and spiritual fields.

On the river, Qi Ziyu let out a long sigh. He looked at Feng Jiu and shook his head gently.

He bowed to Han Muye again, then cupped his hands at the surrounding commoners and bowed to the ground.

“Lord Qi...”

The commoners who were pressed by the waves whispered and kowtowed to Qi Ziyu.

Although they couldn't hear what Qi Ziyu said, they all knew that Qi Ziyu wanted to protect the people and the dam.

The cultivation of Confucianism was the world.

"Do you remember those four sentences on White Deer Mountain?"

Han Muye looked at Qi Ziyu and said calmly.

Qi Ziyu nodded. He couldn't make a sound, but people could see him reciting loudly.

Han Muye held the large seal and whispered.

"To establish a heart for the world, to establish a life for the people, to inherit the ultimate techniques of the past, to establish peace for all ages."

The golden seal in his palm emitted an endless golden light that instantly enveloped a radius of 10,000 miles.

"Feng Jiu, let me ask you, are you willing to become Qi Ziyu's Dao companion and manage this stretch of 3,000 miles of water in the future?"

Han Muye's gaze landed on the girl in red.

The tear-stained woman nodded quickly.

Han Muye looked at Qi Ziyu.

"Qi Ziyu, are you willing to oversee the Guan Estuary from now on and keep watch on the waters with Feng Jiu to benefit the people?"

Qi Ziyu bowed.

Han Muye looked up at the Daoist experts in the sky with a smile.

"You guys haven't even mastered the basics of incense offerings, yet you dare to play with incense offerings."

With the golden seal in his hand, Han Muye raised his head and shouted.

"Edict—

"In the eight counties in Dongnan, incense will gather. Those who seek blessings for the people will enjoy honor and glory. They will be conferred a title when they die. They will guard a region and become incense deities...

"In the Heavenly Mystic Great Dao, the Confucian Dao reigns supreme, and the incense will not be extinguished.

"Qi Ziyu, who's overseeing the Guan Estuary, has contributed to the people and is conferred the title of the River Deity of the Guan Estuary.

"He will be known as the True Lord."

Heaven and earth shook, and the incense smoke that filled the sky instantly descended. The cloud dragon shattered and poured into Qi Ziyu's body!

Golden armor covered his body and a golden crown covered his head.

Incense fused with the body, and the Great Dao would live as long as the world!

#### **Chapter 514 - 514 An Investiture at the Guan Estuary, The Golden Seal Suppresses the Eight Counties**

Fused with the power of the world, the power of the Great Dao was undying and indestructible!

Such a cultivation technique might have a shallow foundation, but it could really live forever!

An unimaginable method but it entered the path of immortality directly.

Who didn't want immortality?

"Boom!"

Endless lightning descended.

Throughout the Central Continent, the People's Will intertwined with the spiritual qi and turned into heavenly dragons.

Dragon roars continued as illusory figures appeared one after another.

In the eight counties in Dongnan, countless incense smoke condensed into a body.

The Confucian cultivators who had once contributed to the people of the Central Continent and only had remnant souls appeared one by one.

They attained the Dao through incense offerings and were ordered by the dynasty to suppress an area.

The Heavenly Dao bestowed the power to defend and turned it into authority. It was the same as the official position of Confucianism.

The Confucian Dao suppressed the mortal world, and incense suppressed the mountains and rivers.

The Immortal Deity of Incense fused with the Heavenly Dao, becoming the spirit of the mountains and rivers.

At this moment, the entire Central Continent was in turmoil!

The power of incense that had quietly gathered in the eight counties in Dongnan instantly spread in all directions.

It wasn't enough.

There were immortal deities guarding everywhere. How could this little incense aura do it?

In the future, countless immortal deities would definitely appear in Dongnan and gather together the incense aura.

The accumulation of the Daoist sects over countless years was divided by a decree.

Heaven and earth were in a daze.

With a single statement, the world shook!

With a single statement, immortal deities appeared!

With a single statement, the Great Dao appeared.

With a single statement, another Dao of immortality appeared in the world!

In the Imperial City a million miles away, golden light rose.

Looking at the Heavenly Mystic Realm from the outer realm, one could see a purple void with golden spiritual light constantly emerging.

The Heavenly Dao sought perfection. The more Dao one cultivated, the stronger one would be. The power of the Heavenly Dao here would become stronger!

The golden spiritual light on Han Muye's body converged.

His clothes fluttered in the wind, making him look like a mortal.

If not for the golden seal in his hand, no one would have thought that the person who had caused the changes in the world earlier was right in front of them.

If not for the fact that he controlled the divine beast bloodline of the Desolate Wilderness, which contained many inheritances of incense offerings, Han Muye would not have dared to trigger the change in incense offerings in the eight counties by himself.

If the incense offerings from the eight counties were gathered, no one in the Central Continent would be able to resist them except for Wen Mosheng.

However, who would have thought that such a mighty force would be appointed by Han Muye?

"Such a person is really an immortal in the world..." Xiao Chu looked at Han Muye, who was standing at the bow of the ship, and muttered softly.

Beside him, Jia Yang nodded silently.

With the power of the Heavenly Dao on his body, how could he not be an immortal?

Shao Datian, who was standing in front of the cabin, gulped. Behind him, Cuicui, who was in the cabin, quietly pushed open the window lattice.

Such methods were not something the two of them could understand.

The only thing they felt was that it was amazing.

The corners of Lu Yang's mouth twitched slightly as he glanced at Han Muye.

No wonder my father didn't come. He said that everything will be handled by this granduncle.

Even that unreliable half-sage old man won't be able to do something like this, right? he thought.

Granduncle is really impressive.

Although my old man is a little rotten, he steps up at critical moments.

At least this sworn brotherhood works.

The Daoist sect experts hanging in the air were all ashen-faced.

The power Han Muye displayed was not something they could speculate at all.

They had never thought that they would one day face such a powerful Confucian cultivator.

Didn't people say that the Fuchen Dao Sect has a Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivator overseeing it and that there are experts from outside the realm who are strategizing?

Can an expert, a great cultivator, defeat this person in front of us?

For a moment, other than the churning waves, there was no other sound.

"As you command."

Qi Ziyu, who was wearing golden armor and a golden crown with a sword hanging from his waist, bowed to Han Muye.

Divine force flashed on his body, and spiritual light interweaved in his eyes.

A golden rune moved continuously between his brows.

Looking at Feng Jiu beside him, Qi Ziyu stretched out his hand.

Feng Jiu carefully stretched out her hand and her face was full of surprise.

It was warm to the touch. His body had truly been reconstructed!

"Ziyu..."

Tears welled up in the woman's eyes again.

Qi Ziyu smiled and reached out to wipe away her tears.

"The chief of the mountain is presiding over the marriage ceremony. We're husband and wife from now on. You're not allowed to cry anymore," Qi Ziyu said in a low voice.

Feng Jiu nodded vigorously.

Qi Ziyu turned around and looked at the Daoist sect cultivators who were still in a daze.

His expression slowly turned cold.

"You harmed loyal people and slaughtered the commoners out of selfish motives. Your intentions are punishable.

"I'm in charge of the Guan Estuary. I won't let you ruin this place."

As soon as he finished speaking, the waves in the entire river were restrained and turned into a long dragon.

The splashes of the water that were originally pressing down on the people turned into dragon scales.

Controlling the power of heaven and earth, and 3,000 miles of mountains and rivers with a statement!

This was the orthodox deity of the mountains and rivers!

The dragon formed by the river roared and rushed into the sky.

With the power of heaven and earth and the momentum of the 3,000-mile river, a heaven-defying strike!

This was the wrath of the gods.

Before the water dragon arrived, the power of heaven and earth had already sealed the void.

In the void, under the pressure of millions of pounds, no one could move at all.

Even a Heaven Realm cultivator could not break free from the power of heaven and earth for a moment and could only watch as the water dragon came crashing.

“Boom!”

The spiritual light gathered by the Daoist sect experts was shattered by the dragon.

Dozens of Golden Core Realm and half-step Heaven Realm experts were enveloped by the long stream of water vapor and were immediately swept into the Flowing Jade River.

The Golden Cores who were swept into the river turned into a reef.

Golden divine patterns sealed the reef.

He suppressed dozens of Golden Core cultivators with one strike!

This was the strength of a true lord, a method to achieve the Dao through incense offerings!

By borrowing the power of the Great Dao to defend the 3,000-mile river zone, Qi Ziyu could fight a fifth level Nascent Soul Realm cultivator as long as he didn't leave the Guan Estuary!

## **Chapter 515 - 515 An Investiture at the Guan Estuary, The Golden Seal Suppresses the Eight Counties (2)**

Most importantly, he had attained the Dao through incense offerings. Furthermore, Han Muye had used the Dongshan County Governor's Golden Seal to grant him immortality.

Even if his divine body was shattered, as long as the incense burned and the Heavenly Dao existed, he could still regenerate his divine body.

Divine light soared into the sky as tens of thousands of people knelt and worshipped.

“How could this be!”

“Is this the Divine Dao condensed from the power of incense?”

“Reaching the heavens in a single step, it's really reaching the heavens in a single step...”

In the sky, the great cultivators who retreated all had ugly expressions.

A mere Confucian scholar with only a remnant soul could actually suppress Heaven Realm cultivators like them with just a statement.

In the world of cultivation, what rules were there to speak of?

If cultivation was really that easy, wouldn't everyone seek incense offerings to achieve Dao?

"The true lord has manifested himself, the true Lord has manifested himself..." Below, the commoners' faces were filled with joy as they prayed in low voices.

There were not many things that powerless mortals could do.

Before, the only thing they could do was pray that they could survive.

In this vast world, what could powerless mortals do?

Qi Ziyu had displayed his tyrannical strength and he was also the one who worked for the commoners back then. The people were delighted.

In the void, the invisible power of hope became even deeper.

When incense was used to achieve the Dao, the power of hope was the fuel, just as the Confucianist People's Will.

Qi Ziyu, who was shining with golden light, stood on the waves. Endless water vapor surged behind him.

He used the power of water to condense the Great Dao and established the foundation of the Divine Dao.

The true lord showed his divinity in front of everyone and gathered the power of hope. The Guan Estuary would be his dojo from now on.

Shi Yuanzi's expression was dark as he looked at the bodies that were swallowed by the waves.

Many of these people were from his Cloud Sweeping Dao Sect. Even his disciples and the young sect master of the sect were suppressed at the Guan Estuary.

How could such a loss not hurt?

If they retreated today, the Cloud Sweeping Dao Sect would definitely be destroyed!

Since they had already become mortal enemies, they would fight to the death!

Shi Yuanzi shouted and the spiritual light around him formed a light formation. A golden pagoda appeared in the sky.

The golden pagoda was 100,000 feet tall and was exceedingly oppressive.

The body of the nine-layered pagoda was made of bronze. Spiritual runes intertwined on every level of the pagoda. Dark runes flickered with a faint glow.

Dharma treasures.



The power transmitted from the pagoda was clearly a magic treasure with the power to suppress the situation.

Although it had yet to transform into a weapon spirit, the power of this magic treasure could already suppress a region.

The golden pagoda howled as it smashed down.

Endless pressure pressed Qi Ziyu and Feng Jiu to the ground, rendering them immobile.

Magic treasures could temporarily control the power of heaven and earth as their own strength.

The power of a Peak Nascent Soul Realm expert was a sect-protecting magic treasure.

Even if Qi Ziyu had the imperial title and the power of incense, he wouldn't be able to withstand this attack.

If he wanted to fight such a great cultivator, his divinity had to be at least 10 times more stable.

Achieving the Dao through incense offerings allowed one to reach the heavens in a single step, but one would still be lacking in combat strength.

Shi Yuanzi was filled with killing intent.

As long as he could kill Qi Ziyu with one strike, the Daoist sects would not be defeated.

Many great cultivators in the clouds revealed looks of joy.

Victory and defeat had yet to be decided!

Looking at the golden pagoda in the sky, Qi Ziyu frowned and raised his hand to protect Feng Jiu.

Divine light surged from his body, stabilizing the waves stirred up by the golden pagoda.

in the face of death, his expression did not change. He held on to the hopes of the common people.

Han Muye chuckled and nodded. Qi Ziyu from the White Deer Mountain Academy was not bad. His investiture was not in vain.

He turned around and looked at the golden pagoda.

It descended from the sky with unparalleled might.

It could not be said that Shi Yuanzi's choice was wrong.

There was nothing to say about his vision and decisiveness.

Unfortunately, he chose the wrong time.

In front of the commander of the three counties, he used his magic treasure to attack the orthodox deity of the mountains and rivers.

If he really succeeded in this attack, the name 'Butcher Lu', the commander of the three counties, must have been bought with spiritual rocks.

“Kill.”

Sword light rose.

The sword was like a dark dragon, shining with a cold light that covered a hundred miles!

Although there was no great force entering the sky, the sword light revealed the awe-inspiring determination of life and death.

Lu Yang’s voice was low and filled with killing intent.

The sword light showed no mercy, bringing with it a cold sword intent. It immediately shattered the golden pagoda in the sky and then slashed down at Shi Yuanzi’s head.

He shattered the magic treasure with a single strike!

Lu Yang, who seemed to be half a step into the Heaven Realm, was suppressed by the sword light. With a single strike, he shattered the sect’s treasure. The sword light did not stop and continued forward.

At this moment, everyone was stunned by the sword light.

Butcher Lu, the commander of the three counties of the Mystic Sun Guards.

Such a sword was truly ferocious!

The might of the Mystic Sun Guards was so terrifying!

“Fellow Daoist Shi Yuanzi, be careful!” The Daoist from the Fuchen Dao Sect shouted and flew forward.

The horsetail whisk in his hand turned into a stream of light and collided with the sword.

The other great cultivators also rushed forward. Sword light and spiritual light scattered, either enveloping the light screen or becoming sharp as they collided with Lu Yang.

Today, if they could not protect Shi Yuanzi, the Dongnan Daoist sects would collapse.

If they killed Lu Yang today, Dongnan would be split among the Daoist sects!

Han Muye’s expression did not change as he chuckled and shook his head.

The sects of the Central Continent’s Heavenly Mystic had been peaceful for too long. They could not even see how to deal with the battles.

If they came to save Shi Yuanzi now, the result would be to fight to the death with Lu Yang!

Could the famous Butcher Lu, the commander of the three counties, really be stopped by a few ordinary Heaven Realm experts?

“Boom!”

Spiritual light soared into the sky. Endless sword light rose from the ground. The sword light coincided with the waves and soared into the sky.

Lu Yang finally slashed down with his sword.

The sword light turned into a monstrous flame. The sword rose, accompanied by the howling of wind and thunder.

Sword shadows filled the world.

The power of the Great Dao intertwined with the sword light, turning into a crazy lion. It opened its mouth and roared, then its legs pounced forward.

### **Chapter 516 - 516 An Investiture at the Guan Estuary, The Golden Seal Suppresses the Eight Counties (3)**

#### **516 An Investiture at the Guan Estuary, The Golden Seal Suppresses the Eight Counties (3)**

The huge lion opened its mouth and swallowed Shi Yuanzi and the Daoist of the Fuchen Dao Sect.

The endless sword light turned into a grindstone, grinding the two great cultivators into pieces.

He killed two Nascent Soul Realm cultivators with one strike!

This was the might of Commander Lu Yang.

Below, Qi Ziyu smiled. The divine light on his body surged to the surface of the water and suppressed all the waves.

This was his divine realm, and the Great Dao followed his heart.

“Kill.”

Lu Yang shouted again, and the sword light rose again, chasing after the frightened cultivators.

Since Butcher Lu's sword was unsheathed, he would not sheathe it unless he killed carefreely.

"Boom!"

A sword slashed through the clouds.

The sword light shattered the sky.

In the sky, those great cultivators dispersed in an instant.

The situation of the Daoist sects had become a joke.

A single strike from the commanders of the three counties of the Mystic Sun Guards broke the siege of the Dongnan Daoist sects.

This was true power!

The sword light gradually faded away, and the spiritual light fled.

On the ship, the spiritual light on Qian Yunong's body turned into ashes.

He sat on the deck in a daze.

The powerful Daoist sects could not stop the young man in front of them.

They couldn't block Lu Yang's sword.

They had abandoned Confucianism and entered Daoism. What were they seeking?

There was an irresistible force surging around Han Muye.

He turned around and looked at Mu Wan, who was looking at him nervously.

"Junior Sister Mu, go to the Imperial City and scout for a suitable shop. I'll come later.

"We agreed to open a pharmacy."

Mu Wan bit her lip and nodded.

Han Muye took a deep breath and looked at the sky, holding the county governor's seal in his hand.

The Daoist sects kept scheming repeatedly.

Without the golden seal, Lu Chen was suppressed.

Although Lu Yang's sword was powerful, it could not withstand the siege of countless Peak Nascent Soul Realm experts.

Even if the incense offerings were destroyed, the Daoist sects' schemes were unfathomable. Perhaps they would devour the Lu father and son.

"Buzz!"

The world shook.

In the sky above the eight counties in Dongnan, a huge golden armored phantom blocked the entire sky.

In the next moment, endless dark currents surged in the eastern sky. The sword light ahead was blocked by streams of flowing light.

In the sky, several figures surrounded Lu Yang.

In the distance, spiritual light surged in the sky above Dongshan County.

In Dongshan County, a great cultivator had made a move.

An expert had blocked Lu Yang's path!

The Daoist sects had a backup plan!

In the next moment, a powerful repulsive force came from the Heavenly Mystic World.

The golden armored phantom resisted the power of heaven and earth and mobilized the power of the Dao sects in the eight counties in Dongnan to resist the power of the Heavenly Dao.

The mountains and rivers of the eight counties shook as streams of essence power were extracted by the golden armored phantom.

The mountains and rivers of the eight counties shattered, and spiritual light rose.

On the ground, purple streams of the People's Will condensed into pillars of light.

These dynasty guards attacked with all their might, hoping to stabilize the place.

"Minister Wen, since you're waiting for me to make a move, I won't stand on ceremony." Han Muye smiled.

Han Muye knew why Wen Mosheng did not attack.

The Great Dao of the Heavenly Mystic was fused with Wen Mosheng. No matter how much trouble the Heavenly Mystic World caused, it would not cause any chaos.

Moreover, Wen Mosheng knew that he was here.

In the Void, he could use a poem to suppress Wen Mosheng.

In the Central Continent, with him by his side, there was no need for Wen Mosheng to make a move.

Holding the golden seal in his hand, Han Muye took a step forward and flew into the air. Then he swung the golden seal.

“Smash—”

The golden seal expanded to 100,000 feet and was thrown 10,000 miles away!

“Boom!”

The 100,000-foot-long golden seal whizzed past, bringing with it endless astral winds. It transformed into a golden stream of light that traversed the world!



Wherever the golden seal passed, the world was torn apart and the void appeared!

On the Flowing Jade River, countless people widened their eyes.

Qian Yunong sat there paralyzed and trembling all over.

The golden seal condensed by the power of a county, which was as huge as a mountain range, was thrown thousands of miles away.

Is he even human?

This is something that even ancient divine beasts can't do, right?

Lu Yang, who was fighting fiercely with his sword, swung his sword and retreated thousands of feet. Then a trace of confusion flashed across his face.

This cheap granduncle is actually this strong? he thought.

There are only a few people in the Imperial City who have such strength, right?

Which one of them is not an Almighty who governs a region?

Who is this cheap granduncle of mine?

Recalling the rumors he heard from his old man, Lu Yang had a strange expression.

My father has his own opinion about things.

Can it be that this granduncle has biological ties with me?

At the bow of the ship, Mu Wan gently looked at Han Muye, who was walking in the air.

After I go to the Imperial City and find a shop, my senior brother will be back, right? she thought.

On the ship in front, Xiao Chu and Jia Yang's eyes were wide open, unable to express the shock in their hearts with words.

Just how strong is this Young Master Mu Ye?

"Boom!"

In the sky, the void shattered.

The golden seal tore through the void and collided with the countless golden armored phantoms.

The golden armored phantoms instantly exploded.

The golden seal crashed into the sky of Dongshan County.

The dark clouds in the sky above Dongshan County were shattered.

Countless great cultivators cried out in grief.

A Confucian in a long robe with long sleeves and a tall crown laughed and reached out to hold the seal in his palm.

Dongshan County Governor, Lu Chen.

With the golden seal in hand, Lu Chen could withstand the siege of all the Daoist sect experts.

Han Muye was in midair, and he didn't care if Lu Yang could withstand the siege of the cultivators.

He took a step forward and appeared in the void like a meteor.

The shattered and reformed golden-armored phantoms escorted thousands of cultivators to safety as they flew away.

Some of these people were cultivators from the No Resentment Realm, and some were willing to follow them there to seek the path to immortality.

There were also several great cultivators who were extremely powerful.

Using the power of heaven and earth, they broke through the suppression of the Heavenly Mystic World and flew away. In any case, they would never return from now on.

#### **Chapter 517 - 517 An Investiture at the Guan Estuary, The Golden Seal Suppresses the Eight Counties (4)**

##### **517 An Investiture at the Guan Estuary, The Golden Seal Suppresses the Eight Counties (4)**

At this moment, the golden-armored phantom formed by the incense offerings of the No Resentment Realm escorted thousands of cultivators to safety as they escaped from the Heavenly Mystic World.

Han Muye stood in front of the golden-armored phantom.

Without saying anything, the shadow of his fist instantly descended.

The golden-armored phantom raised its hand, and a mighty astral wind collided with Han Muye's fist.

"Boom!"

His single punch shattered the golden armored phantom.

Han Muye was confused.

Is this the power of Baxia? he wondered.

Indeed, it felt good.

Looking at the golden-armored phantom that had condensed again, Han Muye raised his fist again.

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

Outside the void, explosions sounded continuously.

The Daoist cultivators who had escaped from the Heavenly Mystic World were at a loss.

The deity of the Incense Dao, who was said to be able to shake the foundation of Wen Mosheng’s Confucianism, could not withstand a punch?

This golden armored phantom could suppress a Heaven Realm Out of Body Realm cultivator, but it could not block a pair of fists?

The golden-armored phantom kept shattering, unable to fight back.

As for the Dao techniques and divine powers that it had gathered, Han Muye did not need to block them at all.

It was only at the Heaven Realm. Who could break through the defense of the divine beast, Baxia?

After receiving a hundred punches, the golden armored phantom was extremely faint.

It ignored the Heavenly Mystic cultivators and turned to flee into the void.

If it didn't leave now, it would die.

Han Muye laughed and took a step forward, then raised his fist and smashed it down.

"Boom!"

The golden armored phantom shattered again.

Those Heaven Mystic cultivators stood in the void, at a loss, like babies abandoned by their mothers.

Where is home in the vastness of the world?

Before the golden armored phantom completely shattered, beams of divine light rose in the void ahead.

The divine light was vast and bound the void.

The divine intent was a net.

The net was ready.

“Hmph, I thought I could catch a Heaven Mystic Half-Sage or something. I didn’t expect him to be just a guy with a little more strength.”

In the void, a middle-aged man in a purple robe spoke coldly with a solemn expression.

Beside him, figures were surrounded by divine light.

The power of incense had reached the Dao.

“No Resentment Realm?” Han Muye stood in the air and asked.

What answered him was the golden saber beam above his head.

Han Muze let out a long laugh. Without using any methods, he only raised his fist and punched.

Fist shadows supported the sky as incalculable qi and blood power surged.

Half of the sky in the void was stirred by the power of this punch.

“Bang!”

The saber beam that slashed down shattered.

The blades shattered, and the divine patterns on them shattered, bringing with them a bright stream of light.

Han Muze reached out and grabbed a fragment in his palm, injecting sword Qi into it.

“Brat, how dare you destroy my treasure!” On the other side, an old man in a black Daoist robe gritted his teeth.

His saber was a magic treasure.

Such a supreme treasure was a protective item that he had condensed for a thousand years.



With the saber broken, his combat strength was instantly reduced by more than half.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head. He whispered, "I'm sorry, I really didn't mean it."

He looked up at the shattered golden saber beam. "My heart aches too."

Unfortunately, he really couldn't control his strength.

The sword qi entered the blade fragments, and images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

The No Resentment Realm cultivated the power of incense to attain the Dao. There was also a Divine Court in the realm.

There were 18 Deity Kings in the Divine Court. Each of them was an Immortal God Realm expert who had surpassed the Heaven Realm. Their combat strength suppressed the myriad worlds.

However, a thousand years ago, this No Resentment Realm was besieged by the Heavenly Mystic World.

The Heavenly Mystic World's Marquis Chongwu led his Red Flame Army to attack them continuously. Out of the 18 Deity Kings of the No Resentment Realm, four were killed by Chongwu Marquis.

Now Deity King Huyuan had been planning for hundreds of years. Using the incense offerings from the eight counties of the Heavenly Mystic as a guide, he wanted to shake the foundation of the Heavenly Mystic World.

Even if he couldn't really injure the Heavenly Mystic Dao, he could at least lure one or two experts from the Heavenly Mystic World and kill them.

However, he was not expecting someone like Han Muye.

He was not a great cultivator of Confucianism.

One had to know that when Confucian cultivators stepped out of the Heavenly World, their combat strength would be greatly reduced.

They might not be able to withstand the siege of a Deity King and several guardians and generals with the combat power of Nascent Soul.

Taking down a few Confucian cultivators was a huge blow to Heavenly Mystic's morale.

There was not much information on a blade fragment, and Han Muye saw through it in an instant.

They would fight to the death!

Before the other party could speak again, Han Muye had already rushed out and punched again.

His fist shadow was like a galloping bull, and his figure was like a bow.

It was a very ordinary fist technique that refined the body with the Iron Bull strength.

However, this punch had the power of tens of thousands of pounds that caused the void to tremble.

Behind him, the phantom of a black bull horn appeared.

Kui Horn.

The power of the divine beast fused with his body.

After the Kui Horn appeared, no one could see the phantom of the divine beast, Baxia.

“Swoosh—”

A flying saber appeared behind Han Muye. The saber light flickered and smashed into his back.

The flying daggers were swift and the saber light was dark, making it impossible to guard against them.

Han Muye seemed to not notice this flying knife. He continued to press forward and punch non-stop.

“Bam!”

The flying daggers hit Han Muye’s back.

The flying daggers broke, and the phantom of the divine beast, Baxia, slowly appeared behind Han Muye.

To be able to injure the divine beast, Baxia’s body from behind, not to mention flying daggers, even a world would not be able to do it.

“Divine Beast, Baxia!”

“How is this possible? Hasn’t the Desolate Wilderness been destroyed...”

“Be careful, this kid is not easy to deal with!”

At this moment, Deity King Huyuan let out a low shout and raised the golden sword in his hand.

“The body of the divine beast, Baxia. How is this possible?” they gasped.

The few of them couldn’t retain such a body!

Han Muye moved and appeared in front of Deity King Huyuan, then delivered a punch.

Facing Han Muye's fist, the sword light kept swinging down.

Breaking the sword with a fist?

The black Kui Horn behind Han Muye flashed and turned into a half-foot-long fist spike that attached itself to his fist.

Receiving a sword strike with a fist, defeating a sword strike with a fist!

### **Chapter 518 - 518 Han Muye Enters the Imperial City**

The fist collided with the long sword. The huge force shook and then turned into thousands of vibrations.

Every time the sword vibrated, its power would decrease a little.

Han Muye's eyes shone coldly.

What Deity King? His Sword Dao cultivation is only so-so!

Attaining the Dao through incense and leaving their dojo, their combat strength would be inferior to that of Confucian cultivators.

Moreover, these so-called Deity Kings did not cultivate their own temperaments.

Of the 18 Deity Kings, only five of them were truly powerful.

The others were just for show.

"Boom!"

The sword shattered, and Han Muye took a step back.

"Divine Dao methods are nothing much," Han Muye shouted coldly, his battle intent surging like a tide.

Now, with the power of the divine beast, Baxia, his body could carry an entire world. This powerhouse from the No Resentment Realm could not take him down!

Deity King Huyuan looked terrified. He gritted his teeth and looked at the broken sword in his hand.

The body of a divine beast was absolutely powerful!

“Deity King, this kid is too arrogant. Let’s attack together.” Beside him, an old man with a black beard shouted.

The others nodded.

Deity King Huyuan raised his hand and was about to gather everyone’s strength to fight when his expression suddenly changed.

He turned his head and looked into the distance.

From the other side, a blood-colored stream of light rushed over.

It wasn’t just from one side. In the void, endless blood-colored streams of light surged over.

Encirclement!

“It’s the Red Flame Army!”

“Let’s go!”

A few of them exclaimed. Then, without hesitation, they turned around and left.

Han Muye stood where he was and stretched his body regretfully.

Although the battle earlier was just a warm-up, it made his muscles and bones feel much more relaxed.

In the Heavenly Mystic World, there weren’t many people who could allow him to exercise his muscles and bones without being afraid of breaking the other party.

What a pity...

If he could fight for a while longer, his speed of refining the divine beast’s body would definitely be faster.

His fingers moved slightly, and he felt much more agile.

Glancing at the Red Flame Army that was sweeping over, Han Muye also turned around and flew towards the Heavenly Mystic World.

He also did not want to meet the Red Flame Army in the void.

Marquis Chongwu was a true expert who could suppress the myriad worlds.

“Good kid, you became so strong so quickly.” A moment after Han Muye left, a figure flew down.

He was wearing armor that was covered in divine patterns. His long beard reached his chest, and his face was simple. His battle intent soared.

“Marquis Wu, those fleeing false gods of No Resentment Realm have been surrounded,” a general reported.

Martial Marquis Wu.

Heavenly Mystic World, Marquis Chongwu.

Hearing the report, Marquis Chongwu laughed. He turned into a stream of light and rushed into the depths of the void.

“Kid, I’ll wait for you in the No Resentment Realm.”

His voice pierced through the void and sounded in Han Muye’s ears.

No Resentment Realm?

It seemed that the No Resentment Realm was really powerful. That was why Marquis Chongwu invited him.

If there was a chance, he would go and take a look.

The pursuit in the void seemed to last for a short time. But by the time Han Muye returned to the Heavenly Mystic World, 10 days had passed.

This was the reason why many great cultivators who cultivated outside the realm unknowingly spent countless years doing so.

In 10 days, the situation in the Central Continent had changed again.

At the Guan Estuary, a mysterious Great Confucian conferred deity titles with a single statement.

In the eight counties southeast of the Central Continent, there were 3,000 orthodox deities and 100,000 minor deities. They suppressed thousands of miles of mountains and rivers.

The People’s Will might be divided by the Divine Dao, but the Heavenly Mystic’s momentum was stable. The Divine Dao and Confucian Dao combined, and the power of heaven and earth increased by another level.

99% of those who became deities were Confucianists.

Through the method of achieving Dao through incense in the eight counties in Dongnan, they replaced the previous Daoist sects and became an orthodox Daoist sect.

The Fuchen Dao Sect and the Daoist sects under them guarded the mountain gate and did not dare to make a move.

The commander of the three counties, Lu Yang, had killed hundreds of cultivators with a single sword strike. Among them, there were several Heaven Realm experts.

Several Daoist sect experts were slaughtered and their sects collapsed.

The Sweeping Cloud Sect, which had once suppressed the Flowing Jade River, was directly uprooted. The sect’s base became the training ground for True Lord Xiansheng.

In Dongshan County, Lu Chen was also a ruthless person.

Using the several powerful demons suppressed by Dongshan County as a guide, he activated the power of the Confucian Golden Seal and broke the siege of the three Out of Body Realm cultivators in one go.

The three Out of Body Nascent Souls were suppressed by him at the estuary of Dongshan County and the Eastern Sea.

Although the investiture battle at the Guan Estuary that shook the Heavenly Mystic was short, its impact was extremely far-reaching.

The might of the Confucian Dao made those forces hiding in the Central Continent tremble in fear.

With the help of the Heavenly Dao, the Central Continent was solid and unchanging.

Han Muye did not care about the commotion.

He went up the river and saw that the people were enjoying peace and the water situation was stable.

The village by the river was originally filled with scholars and the People's Will. Now, there was incense as well.

As the saying went, when in doubt, ask the ghosts and gods.

To mortals, there were too many things in the world that they were powerless to deal with. It was not a bad thing to entrust the power of faith to the world and seek the help of the orthodox deities of the mountains and rivers.

He went upstream and landed in Beihe County.

He traveled another 10,000 miles, his purple People's Will turning the sky in the distance golden-purple.

Even at night, the brilliance of the starry sky couldn't compare to the golden purple color.

Imperial City.

Gold and purple colors illuminated the 30,000-mile void, and tomes of poems and books shook the clouds.

The capital of Confucianism.

Along the way, from Beihe County to the Imperial City, one could see Confucianists in long robes walking alone or in groups of three to five.

Some of them carried large book boxes on their backs and walked forward silently. Some of them had swords hanging from their waists and wore long robes with large sleeves. They looked elegant and carefree.

Along the way, at scenic spots, one could see stone tablets engraved with poems.

Along the way, Confucianists could be found everywhere, holding folding fans and making merry.

The culture of the world was flourishing.

Han Muye was wearing a light green robe with small sleeves.



## **Chapter 519 - 519 Han Muye Enters the Imperial City (2)**

There was no Great Spirit or People's Will emerging from his body.

Those scholars who were sitting in the same carriage and living together did not know that he was the great scholar of the investiture at the Guan Estuary.

However, from what Han Muye heard, the Confucian scholars were very happy to be honored during their lifetime and be conferred the title of deities after death.

Many rumors circulated that a certain county lord did his best for the people and became a god after his death.

Or perhaps a certain Confucian was cultivating somewhere. After his death, he ruled over the local mountains and rivers and became the deity of the region.

Not only did the Dao of incense not conflict with Confucianism, but it also stimulated the obsession of Confucian cultivators to help the commoners and a part of the mortal world.

Ten days later, outside the Imperial City's Eternal Destiny Gate.

Han Muye stood in front of the thousand-foot-tall city tower and looked up.

The river of clouds was like a waterfall, and the spiritual qi was like a tide.

The spiritual qi of the Central Continent was concentrated in the Imperial City. It was so dense that one would get drenched after immersing in it.

He could really feel it running through his entire body when he took a breath.

After the long river of spiritual qi, tens of thousands of miles of buildings entered the clouds. They were stacked densely and connected to the clouds.

Golden light enveloped and purple qi lingered. The power of the Great Dao that had been accumulated for countless years protected this Confucian Holy City.

"With a circumference of 10,000 miles around the Imperial City and 30,000 citizens, who would not be shocked?" Countless people who were also standing outside the Eternal Destiny Gate sighed.

Back then, when he was outside the Heavenly Mystic World, Han Muye saw that the Heavenly Mystic World was lush and vibrant.

Everyone would be willing to protect this world with all their might.

Now that he saw how magnificent the Imperial City was, he finally understood why Wen Mosheng could not leave the Imperial City for 10,000 years.

It was worth it even if he had to protect the Imperial City his entire life.

Standing outside the city gate, Han Muye felt his mind surge. His soul seemed to split above his head and headed into the void.

His body trembled slightly, and the intoxication in his eyes turned into clarity.

Impressive.

The power of the Imperial City's Heavenly Dao was so powerful that even he almost split his soul to fuse with it.

If he really fused with his soul, he would really have to compete with Wen Mosheng in the future.

Shaking his head, Han Muye composed himself and slowly walked forward.

Outside the city gate, groups of soldiers in golden armor stood.

No one came forward to check on him, but there were golden lights flashing above the city gate.

The golden light swept over everyone who entered the city several times.

Han Muye could feel that this was a method of using the Confucian Great Spirit.

This golden light could break one's temperament and cultivation.

Those who harbored malicious intentions were easily mesmerized by the golden light and knocked into the golden pillar at the city gate.

When the golden light entered his body, Han Muye did not deliberately suppress it.

His Confucian Dao cultivation was so deep that he was able to absorb the golden light.

At this moment, deep within the Imperial City, purple qi vibrated before turning into nothingness.

"Yi, which martial grandmaster has returned?" In a palace, someone muttered. Then he raised his brush to record the scene.

"Purple Qi like a tide, and surging Great Spirit. I'm afraid it's not just a grandmaster. Could it be that the assistant monastery head has gone out of the city to tour the flower boats again?"

As he strode into the city, Han Muye was stunned.

The path ahead was a thousand feet wide and one could not see the end of it.

Endless pavilions lined the side of the road. Layer upon layer, the three-storied, five-storied, and 10-storied pavilions were arranged in a stack.

The road was filled with people, and there were houses on both sides of the road.

The Imperial City was too big.

Han Muye stood there, not knowing where to go.

He was not the only one.

Almost everyone who walked into the Imperial City was at a loss.

Walking into the Imperial City was like walking into another world.

Where there were people, there was business.

Han Muye's confusion was interrupted by people in gray.

These people smiled and walked over enthusiastically. They asked in a low voice where he was going and then extended their hands with smiles.

Fee for leading the way.

As long as he paid one or two spiritual rocks, they would lead the way. It was not impossible for him to tour the entire Imperial City.

He just had to pay more money.

Those who were smart went to look for people in scholarly robes. People dressed like Han Muye were not very popular.

Several people glanced at Han Muye and walked around him.

In the Imperial City, Confucian cultivators were more popular.

In fact, as long as it was in the Central Continent, Confucian robes were more popular.

"This young master, is this your first time in the Imperial City?"

Politeness.

This was probably the first time he stood in a daze.

Han Muye looked up and saw a middle-aged man in his forties in a greenish-gray robe standing in front of him.

The middle-aged man had an eager smile on his face. He shrugged his shoulders slightly, looking hunched and slightly humble.

Thinking back, Han Muye said, "I'm going to the Xiao family. I wonder if you can lead the way?"

Mu Wan had followed the Xiao family's caravan to the Imperial City.

Even if the Xiao family did not let Mu Wan stay with them for a long time, they would still be concerned about where she was staying.

If they didn't even concern themselves with this, the Xiao family wouldn't be an aristocratic family in the Imperial City.

After entering the Imperial City, the power of his soul was suppressed by the Heavenly Dao. Even if Han Muye wanted to spread out his divine sense to find Mu Wan, he could not.

This was a super city with a radius of 10,000 miles and 30,000 citizens.

When the middle-aged man heard Han Muye say where he was going, he immediately smiled.

"Young Master, don't worry. As long as it's somewhere in the Imperial City, I can take you there."

After saying that, he thought for a moment and said in a low voice, "Young Master, there are many families with the surname Xiao in the Imperial City. I wonder if Young Master is looking for the Xiao family in the upper city, the middle city, or the lower city?"

Upper, middle, and lower city?

Han Muye frowned.

The middle-aged man quickly explained.

The upper city was closest to the center of the Imperial City. The people living there were all nobles of the dynasty.

In the middle city, near the Imperial City Academy, most of the officials in the royal court lived there.

The lower city was located around the Imperial City. There were thousands of streets of various sizes. It was where the Imperial City's soldiers, officials, merchants, and various sects were located.

### **Chapter 520 - 520 Han Muye Enters the Imperial City (3)**

He nodded.

In that case, the Xiao family that Xiao Yueli is from should be in the upper city, right? he thought.

After all, the head of the Xiao family, Xiao Lingshan, is one of the three commanders of the Red Flame Army in the Imperial City.

"Yan Mountain's General's estate should be in the upper city, right?" Han Muye looked at the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man shrunk his neck and hurriedly nodded. "Young Master is going to the Grand General Xiao's residence?"

"That's uptown."

With that, he bowed and led Han Muye to the side of the road.

"Young Master, the upper city is still far from here. If you want to go over, you have to take a carriage.

"Otherwise, I'm afraid you won't even reach there after walking for two days."

Although flying was not prohibited in the Imperial City, it was a custom that no one flew in the city.

It was indeed unknown how long it would take to walk.

The middle-aged man introduced the city to Han Muye as they walked.

His name was Zuo Lin, and he could be considered a native of the Imperial City.

Unfortunately, his cultivation was not smooth and he did not know Confucianism. He had to rely on his familiarity with the Imperial City to lead the way as a means of living.

Those who could do this business in the Imperial City could be considered to be making a living.

When they arrived at the carriage shop, Zuo Lin went forward to negotiate the price. Han Muye took a medium-grade spiritual rock as a deposit and rented a carriage.

The rental of the carriage was 10 spiritual rocks a day.

The carriage rental had many shops in the city. As long as the carriage was returned to any of these shops on the same day, the deposit would be refunded.

Zuo Lin drove the carriage, and Han Muye sat in the carriage with the curtain raised.

The carriage drove on the wide road at a decent speed.

Zuo Lin smiled and introduced the scenery to Han Muye loudly.

“Young Master, this is the Fire Maple Forest. There was once a great poet who wrote poems here.”

“Young Master, do you see the five floors on the left? That’s the famous Banquet Restaurant in the Imperial City. It’s said that all Confucianists who want to be on the Golden List have to eat a bowl of rice soup downstairs.

“Wind and Rain Pavilion. This is the Wind and Rain Pavilion. It’s said that there are 800 Wind and Rain Pavilions in the Imperial City. They are all used to shelter passers-by from the wind and rain. Many people live in the Wind and Rain Pavilion for a long time.

“It’s not easy to live in the Imperial City. As you can see, this carriage costs 10 spiritual rocks a day. It’s really difficult for ordinary Confucianists to live in the Imperial City...”

Even though the Imperial City was Heavenly City, there was a haze under its splendor.

Sitting in the carriage and listening to Zuo Lin’s story in the Imperial City, Han Muye smiled.

At this moment, his mind was divided again.

However, it was not the Great Dao that merged into the sky. Instead, he was like an audience standing outside the Imperial City and looking at it.

The heart of the Imperial City might not have changed since ancient times.

However, the people in the city were like flowing water, constantly changing with the passage of time.

This was a city that could not even leave a trace of time. Who could remember those figures that had once lived here?

Among the living beings of the world and the myriad worlds, who isn’t a passerby? he thought.

Is there really immortality?

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, and his aura vibrated slightly.

The change in his state of mind allowed him to refine the divine beast’s body faster.

Half a day later, there was a change in the scenery outside the carriage.

The hustle and bustle had lessened, and there was a hint of solemnity.

“Young Master, this is the middle city. That’s the direction of the Imperial City Academy.”

Zuo Lin raised his hand and pointed to the right.

Over there, the purple aura of the People’s Will and the drifting literary talent turned into floating clouds.

Even if one did not approach it, one could tell that it was truly a good place.

“The middle city is mostly an important place in the dynasty. Many of the Mystic Sun Guards’ bases are there, so the middle city is not as noisy.”

Zuo Lin’s driving speed also slowed down slightly.

There were many government offices in the middle city. Zuo Lin lowered his voice and introduced them.

Some of the yamens were not big and had a lot of power. Some of them looked grand, but they were actually free from corruption.

There were also some interesting stories among the officials.

Only those who had lived in the Imperial City for a long time knew about them.

These stories and rumors could mesmerize those who had just arrived at the Imperial City.

It was not until sunset that the carriage slowly stopped beside a large mansion surrounded by green willows.

Through the white courtyard wall, one could see the lofty pavilions in the residence.

This residence occupied an area the size of a small city.

In the upper city of the Imperial City, such residences were connected.

“Young Master, this is Yan Mountain’s General Manor.

“The general is in the military camp and hasn’t returned to the residence for a few years. He usually leaves the door here open.”

If it wasn’t for the fact that they were welcoming an absolutely esteemed guest, they wouldn’t have opened the middle door.

In Zuo Lin’s opinion, Han Muye’s status was not enough to welcome him.

After getting off the carriage, Zuo Lin pointed to a row of green-armored soldiers standing by the door and said in a low voice, “Young Master, who are you looking for in the mansion? I’ll help you report it.

“There are too many things in the Imperial City that require relatives to seek officials. These guards are usually unwilling to make reports.”

Who am I looking for?

Xiao Lingshan was not in the residence.

Even if he was here, it was impossible for Han Muye to look for this general directly.

He had come to the Xiao family to ask where Mu Wan was.

He was not interested in anything else.

Han Muye pondered for a moment and said, "Help me ask if the deacon named Xiao Chu has returned to the city.

"If he has, tell him that Mu Ye is here to look for him."

He would look for Xiao Chu and ask where Mu Wan was. Then he would just leave.

Zuo Lin nodded.

Just as he thought.

This young master should be a relative of a Xiao Family deacon.

He is here to seek refuge.

Zuo Lin thought as he strode forward and reported in a low voice to the soldier standing at the door.

He was born in the Imperial City and usually did this business of leading the way. The soldiers at the door did not make things difficult for him.

A soldier in green armor nodded and turned around to report.

Zuo Lin turned around and smiled at the carriage.

It was almost done.

For this trip, he should be able to collect three to five spiritual rocks later.

This young master could have a relative in a big family in the upper city. With a little help, it would not be difficult for him to stay in the Imperial City.

If he could build a relationship with this young master, he might be able to run errands and earn more spiritual rocks in the future.

Living in the Imperial City was really difficult. If not for the fact that his family would miss this place, they would have left the Imperial City long ago.

Suddenly, Zuo Lin's expression changed.

In Yan Mountain's General's Mansion, the clanking sound of armor clashing could be heard.

More than 10 figures rushed out of the open door.

The leader was wearing a navy blue robe and a black veil.

His expression was solemn as he looked ahead and strode forward. The few people behind him were all wearing red armor.

Zuo Lin's eyes widened.

This was Xiao Changfeng, the master of the Xiao Family, the grandmaster of Confucianism and the Censorate of the left capital!

There was also a person wearing the lion-swallowing fire armor. It was clearly the second master of the Xiao family, the Red Flame Army's vanguard general, Xiao Changchun.

The others were all powerful figures of the Xiao Family!

Zuo Lin, who was in a daze, watched as Xiao Changfeng led a few important figures of the Xiao family and strode to the front of the carriage.

The Confucianism Grandmaster, the Xiao Family's Elder, the Dynasty's Xiao Changfeng straightened his clothes and raised his hands to bow.

The martial grandmaster bowed to welcome him!

Zuo Lin would have gone limp if he hadn't been leaning against the porch post.

Who is the person that I drove around today?