

Pavilion 521

Chapter 521 - 521 Opening a Shop in the Imperial City, Refining the Heart in the Mortal World

“Xiao Changfeng greets you.” Xiao Changfeng, who was in front of the carriage, paused and said in a low voice, “Greetings, Mr. Mu Ye.”

After pondering for a moment, he addressed Han Muye as Mister.

He had never heard of a martial grandmaster named Mu Ye.

But he knew that he definitely did not have Han Muye’s ability.

With a single statement, he conferred deity titles.

Heaven suppressing seal.

The battle at the Guan Estuary shook the Central Continent.

The most discussed topic in the Imperial City was who the person who made the deification was.

Not many martial grandmasters could do such a thing.

Perhaps those experts who were preparing to break through to the Sage Realm with extremely powerful physical bodies and divine souls could have such abilities.

Then, where did this martial grandmaster come from?

The Xiao family had the means to gather information.

At the very least, the news that Xiao Chu sent back was much more accurate than the news from other aristocratic families in the Imperial City.

Upon receiving Xiao Chu’s report before his return, Xiao Changfeng, as the eldest master of the Xiao family, began to investigate who Han Muye was when Xiao Lingshan was not around.

“Emissary Xiao, thank you for welcoming me.”

Han Muye sat in the carriage and cupped his hands, then looked at Xiao Changfeng and the people behind him.

“I came to the royal city to find my junior sister. Do you know where she is?”

As expected!

This person did not care about the Xiao family’s grand welcome at all. He only cared about his junior sister’s situation.

Such an attitude was that of a great cultivator.

The stronger they were, the less they cared about the opinions of outsiders. They simply followed their hearts.

Although Xiao Changfeng did not know Han Muye’s exact identity, he had already deduced that Han Muye would come to the Imperial City.

He came to the mortal world to refine his heart.

This Confucianist expert came from the Southern Wasteland.

Qian Yiming of the Southern Wasteland received him, and Xiao Yueli of the Xiao Family took him seriously.

Unfortunately, Xiao Yueli was too far away and he could not pass on the news in time.

However, Xiao Yueli probably did not know the true identity of such an expert.

Han Muye attacked at the Guan Estuary because Lu Yang had come personally to pay his respects.

According to the news, Lu Yang called Han Muye his granduncle.

Half-Sage Lu Yuzhou's brother?

Of course, it was impossible for them to be biological brothers. Perhaps they had come to recognize each other as brothers.

Lu Yuzhou was in the Imperial City, but he was hiding in the academy. No one dared to ask him who Han Muye was.

If Lu Yuzhou was willing to say it, he would have said so long ago.

A Half-Sage who could suppress a county was also a top figure in the Imperial City. No one could suppress him except for Minister Wen.

No matter what, Xiao Changfeng had already deduced the general situation from the information he gathered.

This expert at the Guan Estuary was familiar with a Half-Sage like Lu Yuzhou. He was also a top figure in the Central Continent.

After Xiao Chu returned, Xiao Changfeng personally met him a few more times and even personally asked how Mu Wan, Shao Datian, and the others were settling down.

He knew what was going on.

Xiao Changfeng raised his hand and said in a low voice, "Mr. Mu Ye, Fairy Mu Wan rented a shop in the Jade Alchemy Mill and is preparing to open a pharmacy."

At this point, he looked at Han Muye. "I'll arrange for two juniors to lead the way for you."

Xiao Changfeng would definitely not say anything about hosting a banquet.

Even if the Xiao family wanted to build a relationship with this person, they were not in a hurry.

As long as this person lived in the Imperial City, wouldn't there be a chance?

Hearing Xiao Changfeng's words, Han Muye shook his head and said, "I'll find it myself."

He had come to the Imperial City to open a pharmacy, and to experience the mortal world with Mu Wan and refine his heart. He couldn't be bothered to interact too much with the Xiao family.

Otherwise, wouldn't he have to interact with Lu Yuzhou and the Han Trading Company in the Imperial City as well?

The Han Trading Company had entered the Imperial City two years ago and opened up its business.

"Zuo Lin, do you know the Jade Alchemy Mill?" Han Muye looked at Zuo Lin, who was still in a daze.

Zuo Lin's entire body stirred. "Yes, I do," he said quickly.

He bent his body and jogged over. Then, with a chuckle, he bowed to Xiao Changfeng and the others. He climbed onto the carriage frame, cracked his whip, and drove away.

Watching the carriage leave, Xiao Changfeng's expression was indifferent.

Behind him, Xiao Changchun, who was wearing red armor, whispered, "Big Brother, this person looks calm and doesn't hide his age. Is he really that powerful?"

"Such an expert just wants to open a pharmacy in the Imperial City?"

Xiao Changfeng turned his head and saw that not only Xiao Changchun, but also a few others, looked doubtful.

His expression darkened.

Looking at Xiao Changchun, Xiao Changfeng lowered his voice. "The Battle of the Guan Estuary concerned the safety of the eight counties in Dongnan. Was it a big deal?"

Xiao Changchun and the others nodded.

It was a big deal, of course.

If the Daoist sects had succeeded, the eight counties in Dongnan would be in chaos.

"Senior Lu Yuzhou was not worried at all about such a big matter. Not to mention he did not take action, even though it concerned his family's Dao domain. Why?"

Xiao Changfeng looked at his mansion and asked.

Why?

Xiao Changchun narrowed his eyes and said softly, "He knew that someone else would make a move."

Whether it was a coincidence or a plan, Han Muye was at the Guan Estuary.

Minister Wen and Lu Yuzhou both knew Han Muye's combat strength, so they did not make a move at all.

Han Muye, who was visiting today, was an expert that important figures like Minister Wen and Lu Yuzhou knew.

In other words, the reason why Han Muye did not get off the carriage at the Xiao family today was because his own men's standing was not high enough.

“Go to the military camp and ask the old master.” Xiao Changfeng shook his head and paced back and forth.

“Perhaps the old master will know some news about Mr. Mu Ye.

“Also, don’t contact Mr. Mu Ye if there’s nothing important. These powerhouses who play the mortal world get most annoyed when others ruin their mood.”

Xiao Changchun and the others nodded and quickly followed.

...

At this moment, the Imperial City had lit up.

Spiritual light flashed in the sky, illuminating the street lamps on both sides of the street.

Chapter 522 - 522 Opening a Shop in the Imperial City, Refining the Heart in the Mortal World (2)

The shops on both sides were also brightly lit, illuminating the entire Imperial City which was as bright as day.

The streets looked livelier.

The Jade Alchemy Mill, Imperial Garden Street.

Zuo Lin’s expression was tense as he suppressed the surging emotions in his heart.

The person sitting in his carriage was a big shot whose status was unimaginable!

In their circle in the city, helping to lead the way and getting some spiritual rocks in return was a daily affair. There were many stories about people becoming rich overnight.

For instance, Luo Wu was leading a scholar from the Nancai Sect who was looking for a relative. Unexpectedly, he couldn’t find him. The scholar panicked and collapsed on the spot.

Luo Wu was warmhearted. Not only did he save the scholar, but he also helped the scholar find a place to stay.

Later on, the scholar took the imperial examination and became a government official. Luo Wu’s family followed him to Nanyuan County, and from then on, they did not have to worry about food and clothing.

This kind of thing happened a few times a year.

Can it be that my opportunity has arrived? Zuo Lin thought.

However, the big shots he met today were different from those scholars.

This person today was someone that even the eldest master of the Xiao family had to welcome!

He knew that the sky was already dark. It would be best if he could find the location tonight.

His efficiency determined whether he could satisfy this big shot.

Zuo Lin increased the carriage’s speed to the maximum. It took him more than an hour to travel across the upper city and reach the Jade Alchemy Mill in the middle city.

Imperial Garden Street was a long street that connected the upper city to the lower city. It spanned a hundred miles and cut across the middle city.

Moon Viewing Town was named after its proximity to the Immortal Moon Lake and the view of the moon's reflection in the lake.

This place was a little further from the upper city and closer to the lower city.

Arriving in Moon Viewing Town, Han Muye spread his divine sense.

The sound of the zither seemed to reverberate in the surroundings and disappeared in a flash.

With a smile, Han Muye got out of the carriage, raised his hand, and a medium-grade spiritual rock landed on the carriage frame. Then he slowly walked forward.

100 spiritual rocks!

This big shot is really generous.

Zuo Lin hesitated for a moment but did not take the spiritual rocks.

He drove the carriage to the street and craned his neck to see where Han Muye was going.

Han Muye stopped in front of a small shop.

This shop was very new. It was messy with all kinds of wooden shelves and platforms.

What greeted him was the fragrance of bamboo.

A tall Shao Datian was holding two wooden shelves in one hand. Just as he turned around, he saw Han Muye standing at the door.

"Bam!"

The wooden shelves fell to the ground.

"Young, young master..."

Mu Wan, who was tidying up the broken bamboo branches, turned around.

Han Muye slowly walked forward and leaned very close to Mu Wan. Then he reached out and hugged her soft body.

Drifting in the void world for three years, traveling with Mu Wan in the Southern Wasteland, and parting ways at the Guan Estuary, Han Muye had lived and thought like a mortal.

Together with Mu Wan, he witnessed the happiness of Shao Datian and Cuicui. Together, they witnessed the joys and sorrows of Qi Ziyu and the fish demon, Feng Jiu.

In the mortal world, there were some things that one would miss if one did not do anything or fight for them.

Lying in Han Muye's arms, Mu Wan's face was covered in tears.

For some reason, she couldn't stop her tears.

Cuicui reached out and pulled Shao Datian out of the shop quietly.

Zuo Lin walked to the door and asked a few questions in a low voice. Then he turned around and left.

In the messy little shop, only two people were left hugging each other.

At this moment, Han Muye was not the powerful cultivator who dominated the void, and Mu Wan was not the female cultivator with extraordinary alchemy talent who was obsessed with refining pills.

They were just two mortals with tender sentiments.

"I'm back."

Han Muye spoke softly.

Mu Wan hummed softly and took a step back with a red face.

She did not dare to look up into Han Muye's eyes.

"Senior Brother, I-I rented this shop. What do you think?"

Suppressing the shyness in her heart, Mu Wan turned to look around.

The shop had a storefront. Its interior was quite spacious.

It looked like it had room for fixing up a few wooden shelves.

"This is the middle city, not far from the lower city. It's more convenient to sell medicinal pills here.

"The largest alchemy cultivation place in the Imperial City, the Cloud Alchemy Mill, is not far away.

"There's a small courtyard behind this shop. There's a patio room and a quiet room."

Han Muye smiled and followed Mu Wan around the shop before going to the courtyard at the back to take a look.

The courtyard was not big, and was cluttered with messy wooden shelves and bricks.

The row of rooms at the back looked rather dilapidated.

"Cuicui, Datian, and I were here the past few days. I knew you would come."

When he pushed open the door to the patio room, there was nothing but a small bed.

"I've also rented the shop next door for Cuicui and Datian to run a restaurant.

"They don't have a place to stay in the Imperial City. They are my companions here."

Han Muye didn't say anything and just listened quietly.

Mu Wan turned to look at the empty room and smiled. "Really, I've never stayed in such a place.

"This is also the Central Continent's Imperial City, a paradise-like place.

"I wonder what the mortals in other places are like."

Han Muye's return made Mu Wan talk a lot more.

She happily introduced the room, the small courtyard, where flowers would be planted, and the thatched pavilion.

She had a smile on her face as she planned the layout of the shop.

After leading Han Muye around the small courtyard and room, Mu Wan blushed and said in a low voice, "Senior Brother, you can stay next door to me."

With that, without waiting for Han Muye to speak, she left to take the bedding to make the bed.

Shao Datian and Cuicui tidied up the shop in front and closed the door.

That night, Han Muye stayed in this empty small house.

At this moment, he only felt peace in his heart.

Was this how Huang Six felt when he wanted to be a mortal?

The secular world is really a place of warmth and tenderness...

Chapter 523 - 523 Opening a Shop in the Imperial City, Refining the Heart in the Mortal World (3)

How many people are willing to immerse themselves in it and not wake up?

When the morning sun rose and Han Muye walked out of the room, he saw items for washing up placed in front of the pillar at the door.

Han Muye smiled and picked up the basin.

After he washed up and walked to the front of the shop, he saw Shao Datian looking at the door.

"Young Master, Fairy Mu Wan and Cuicui are making breakfast next door. They asked me to guard the shop." Shao Datian hurriedly went forward and bowed.

Although the shop next door was called a shop, it was actually only half a shopfront. It had only a small room with a kitchen, and no courtyard behind.

Just this alone would cost 300 spiritual rocks a month.

Mu Wan had told Han Muye this.

However, Mu Wan told Cuicui and Datian that the rent was 30 spiritual rocks a month.

Thirty spiritual rocks was already half of Cuicui and Shao Datian's wealth.

Fortunately, Mu Wan was now hiring Cuicui and Shao Datian. Since she asked them to help out, she would pay the rent.

In the small kitchen, Cuicui made omelets quickly. Mu Wan did not know how to be an assistant and even got her hands full of oil.

Han Muye did not enter the small kitchen. He watched from outside.

It's good that the otherworldly fairy has become more like a mortal now, he thought.

He could not comment on the taste of the breakfast. It was not salable.

However, Mu Wan's eyes were filled with anticipation, so Han Muye had to smile and finish the pancake.

Since Han Muye was here, they naturally had to listen to his opinion on how to decorate the shop.

After breakfast, they walked around the two shops. Han Muye smiled and said, "Shao Datian, look at these shelves. Move everything that your restaurant can use next door."

Even if he wanted to open a small pharmacy in the Imperial City in a low-key manner, he should have all the furniture he needed.

He had no use for the things left in the shop previously, so he asked Shao Datian to move them all away.

Turning to look at Mu Wan, Han Muye said softly, "Let's find some good furniture. This courtyard and the patio room have to be decorated.

"We should use good wood for the tables in the shop."

Mu Wan would not refuse whatever he said.

When Han Muye pulled Mu Wan out of the shop, he saw Zuo Lin driving a carriage not far away.

"Young Master, you haven't returned your carriage." Zuo Lin bowed and walked forward. Then he looked at the shop beside him and said, "I think you need someone you know to run errands for this shop.

"Don't worry, Young Master. I don't dare to say anything about the upper city, but I'm familiar with the middle city and the lower city."

This Zuo Lin was really smart.

When he first came to the Imperial City, Han Muye really didn't have anyone he could use.

Shao Datian and Cuicui were not familiar with the Imperial City.

Shao Datian could do some rough work. Cuicui could help Mu Wan tidy up her room and cook three meals a day.

Of course, if Han Muye really wanted to use people, as long as he asked, someone would come, be it the Xiao family or the trading company.

However, Han Muye couldn't be bothered to use anyone.

Won't it be good to slowly decorate the shop with Mu Wan and open the pharmacy? he thought.

Glancing at Zuo Lin, who was bowing in front of him, Han Muye smiled.

Since Zuo Lin waited all night, he had won an opportunity.

"Let's go to the Imperial City Academy."

He held Mu Wan's hand naturally and walked towards the carriage.

Imperial City Academy!

That was the place that the Confucianists in the world yearned for the most!

Zuo Lin took a deep breath and quickly tidied up the carriage. After Han Muye and Mu Wan got into the carriage, he raised his whip and moved forward.

He knew that this young master was an extraordinary person.

The day before, Eldest Master Xiao welcomed him. Today, he's going to the Imperial City Academy. Who is he going to see? he wondered.

Thinking about Han Muye's identity, Zuo Lin slowly slowed down the carriage.

This was because Han Muye had Mu Wan beside him in the carriage. They looked at the surrounding scenery and chatted softly from time to time.

"Young Master, Miss, the Heavenly Willow on the left was planted by Minister Wen 3,000 years ago. All the students who come to the Imperial City will come to see this Heavenly Willow."

Zuo Lin introduced the surrounding scenery loudly as he drove.

The sights and scenes that he was familiar with were all strange to people who had just arrived at the Imperial City.

There were many people sitting around the thick Heavenly Willow.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the willow tree and he chuckled and nodded.

After swallowing the medicinal pill refined by the Magnolia Fruit, Mu Wan's plant affinity had been perfected. She could sense a familiar feeling coming from the big willow tree.

"This willow tree is so intelligent. It wants us to have fun in the Imperial City," Mu Wan said.

Spirituality?

Zuo Lin, who was driving in front, turned around in confusion.

Alright, how can the young lady accompanying this young master be an ordinary person? he thought.

Chapter 524 - 524 Imperial City Academy, Emptying Lu Yuzhou's Courtyard

524 Imperial City Academy, Emptying Lu Yuzhou's Courtyard

It was a scenic drive along the way. Zuo Lin introduced the places loudly, and Han Muye and Mu Wan discussed softly as they looked at the scenery.

Although Mu Wan had come to the Imperial City a few days earlier, she had not visited the Imperial City.

The Imperial City was huge. Even if they were to stroll around, it was not something that could be done in a few days.

“That’s the Han Trading Company. This trading company entered the Imperial City only two years ago and it has already become quite a famous trading company here.”

Zuo Lin pointed to a shop with eight shopfronts and said.

“It’s said that the Han Trading Company started from Shuxi County and is related to the Western Frontier and the Eastern Sea. It also has the White Deer Mountain Academy behind it.”

Zuo Lin did know a lot of information.

All parties would naturally investigate the identity of a new trading company that had just entered the Imperial City.

The Han Trading Company did not hide anything and generously revealed its background.

Without any background, it would be difficult to grow a business in the Imperial City.

The carriage traveled for half a day before arriving at the Imperial City Academy.

Purple Qi turned into clouds and smoke, and the Great Spirit lingered.

The Imperial City Academy was surrounded by purple clouds, like a paradise.

Side by side, pines and cypresses lined both sides of the road.

They were surrounded by Confucian scholars who were either chanting or reciting.

The Imperial City Academy occupied an area comparable to a large city.

There were more scenic spots here.

“This forest of steles was left behind by the Academy’s instructor, Cao Quan. It’s said that Mr. Cao Quan learned calligraphy here for 30 years.

“Young Master and Miss, please take a look. The pavilion over there is the famous Drunken God Pavilion.

“Imperial City, this is where Mr. Liu Gonglin lived in seclusion back then.”

...

The Imperial City Academy had thousands of years of history. Which part of it wasn’t a story?

The carriage stopped in front of a tall gate.

Han Muye and Mu Wan looked up and saw a few words flashing with a faint golden spiritual light.

‘Imperial City Academy’.

“There’s spirit in the words, and the strokes are firm. The cultivation of this person who wrote the name is really extraordinary,” Han Muye said, his gaze landing on the signature below.

He said it softly.

The Half-Sage Deputy Head of the Imperial City Academy.

It was said that this expert lived in seclusion in the Imperial City Academy. He had not taught for a hundred years and no one had seen him.

A few people in scholarly robes came to the front of the carriage and asked Han Muye where they were going.

The Imperial City Academy did not restrict outsiders from coming.

Those who wanted to attend the academy's classes could do so as long as they registered for them.

This was the spirit of the Imperial City Academy.

"My young master is going to visit—" Zuo Lin said, then turned his head slightly.

"Lu Yuzhou." Han Muye's voice sounded.

"Lu. Lu. Deputy Head." Zuo Lin nearly bit his tongue.

Most of the Confucianists in the Imperial City Academy kept a low profile.

Many grandmasters would only come out to give a lecture once every few decades.

And that slovenly old man who looked like an ordinary old man on the street might be a grandmaster.

Many of them were famous and unattractive in appearance.

Among them, Lu Yuzhou was an exception.

In the past few years, the biggest event in the Central Continent, Dongshan County, was Deputy Head Lu achieving his Dao domain.

This was a major event that had not happened for thousands of years. Who wouldn't know Lu Yuzhou's name?

Moreover, this person's reputation...

Zuo Lin's heart stirred.

It was said that Lu Yuzhou had many illegitimate children!

Can it be? he wondered.

"Deputy Head Lu lives in the West Courtyard's Qinghua Garden. Drive west."

A scholarly-robed middle-aged man said as he handed over the brush and ink in his hand.

"Please leave your name."

Han Muye reached out to take the brush, ink, and book. He saw that his visit to Lu Yuzhou's residence was already recorded and he was just waiting for him to leave his name.

Looking up, his gaze landed on the words 'Imperial City Academy'. Han Muye gently wrote his name.

After handing the brush and ink back, the carriage slowly left.

"Another visitor to Deputy Head Lu's residence? Who is this?"

"Don't tell me it's another relative of his looking for him? Deputy Leader Lu's affairs are endless."

In front of the door, a few people chuckled and lowered their heads to look at the name on the book.

"Good calligraphy!" Someone exclaimed.

The words were firm, as if they were carved into wood.

The sharpness of the brush and ink could be seen.

"Do these words actually have some spirituality?" Someone raised his head and looked at the gate in front of him.

The words on the gate of the Imperial City Academy actually added radiance to the words on the book.

"Mu Ye?"

"Mu Ye!"

A middle-aged man holding the book widened his eyes and slowly turned his head.

"The great cultivator of Confucianism who conferred deity titles with a single statement?"

"The Great Cultivator that Deputy Head Lu addressed as brother?"

"So young?"

Although it was rumored that the cultivator was extremely young, everyone felt that the rumors could not be trusted.

But looking at him now, the rumors were really trustworthy...

Zuo Lin, who was driving the carriage, had a blank look in his eyes. He did not come back to his senses even when the carriage drove into Qinghua Garden.

After asking the Confucianists along the way, the carriage stopped in front of a rather quiet courtyard.

Getting out of the carriage, Han Muye looked around.

"These two stone benches are good. And the inscriptions too. Zuo Lin, carry them into the carriage."

Carry into the carriage?

Zuo Lin shuddered.

Can these things be taken away just like that? he wondered.

However, when he looked up and saw that Han Muye was studying other items, Zuo Lin gritted his teeth and bent down to move the two stone benches.

This would be the pledge of allegiance.

How could he gain the trust of this young master if he didn't do something sneaky?

The two stone benches were extremely heavy. It took Luo Lin a great deal of effort to move them into the carriage.

Fortunately, he still had some cultivation. Although he had just entered the Qi Condensation Realm, he could still carry things.

As soon as he moved the two stone benches into the carriage, Han Muye pointed at a few flower pots in the small courtyard.

“Senior Brother, this Jade Epiphyllum is quite precious,” Mu Wan said in a low voice.

“It’s fine. I will take Lu Yuzhou’s things if I fancy them. He won’t dare not give them to me.” Han Muye waved his hand and pointed at the flower pots. “Take them away.”

Chapter 525 - 525 Imperial City Academy, Emptying Lu Yuzhou's Courtyard (2)

525 Imperial City Academy, Emptying Lu Yuzhou’s Courtyard (2)

Zuo Lin glanced at Han Muye.

Can it be that his relationship with Deputy Head Lu is really as I think?

However, Deputy Head Lu still has a legitimate son in his family. If he really dares to empty Deputy Head Lu’s courtyard, won’t he offend the Lu family?

Lowering his head, Zuo Lin gritted his teeth and moved the potted plants into the carriage.

There was nothing he could do about it.

He only hoped that he wouldn’t be caught red-handed.

“Eh, who are you? You even dare to move Old Lu’s Jade Epiphyllum?”

“He treasures it.”

Zuo Lin froze with the flowerpot in his arms.

He looked up and saw a white-bearded old man in a rough shirt with his sleeves rolled up. He was looking at him curiously.

Zuo Lin turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye waved his hand and said, “Keep moving.

“And this one.”

Zuo Lin braced himself and carried the flowerpot to the cart.

The white-bearded old man sized up Han Muye and grinned. “I know. This Old Lu must be in debt again.”

As he spoke, he looked at the small courtyard and shouted at the top of his voice, “Old Lu, Old Lu, get up quickly. Someone has moved your Jade Epiphyllum!”

As soon as he finished speaking, the door to the courtyard opened instantly. Lu Yuzhou, whose clothes and hair were in a mess, rushed out.

“Which bastard dares—”

Seeing that the spot where the pot of Jade Epiphyllum was placed was empty, Lu Yuzhou was about to curse when he suddenly looked up and saw Han Muye standing in front of him with a smile.

“Han, Han, Brother Han...”

“Smack—” Zuo Lin dropped the flowerpot he’d been holding.

The white-bearded old man stared at Han Muye curiously and sized him up.

“Brother Yuzhou, I came all the way here. Aren’t you going to invite me in?” Han Muye put his hands behind his back and smiled.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Lu Yuzhou tidied his clothes and cupped his hands at Han Muye.

“Thank you for your help, Brother Muye.

“Please.”

If Han Muye had not taken action, the battle at the Guan Estuary would not have been resolved so quickly even if Lu Yuzhou had gone there personally.

He, Lu Yuzhou, would not be able to confer the Divine Dao to the eight counties.

Without separating the Daoist sects, Dongshan County would be in chaos.

In any case, Minister Wen would not stand up for such a small matter.

The other Confucianists were even more likely to watch from the sidelines.

“Muye?” The white-bearded old man’s eyes lit up as he strode into the small courtyard.

“Old Yan, aren’t you cultivating at home? What are you doing here?” Lu Yuzhou glared at him angrily.

“Eh, you have a guest. Of course I have to come and take a look.” The white-bearded old man had a smile on his face, his eyes only lingering on Han Muye and Mu Wan.

Lu Yuzhou looked at him and muttered a few words before inviting him in.

Zuo Lin, who was clearing the broken flower pot on the ground at the door, heard Han Muye’s voice.

“Zuo Lin, come in. Move this big chair made of pear blossom wood back.”

...

There were two rooms in the courtyard, a study room, and a small hall.

A few youths in green robes stepped forward and bowed to Han Muye.

These were the small pine trees and grass from the Desolate Galaxy that had attained the Dao back then. Now they were following Lu Yuzhou.

Lu Yuzhou really treats these little fellows as his own children, Han Muye thought.

“They all seem to have improved. Are they studying at the Imperial City Academy?”

Han Muye turned to look at Lu Yuzhou, then his gaze landed on the wall in front of him.

“This orchid is not bad. It’s hidden in the mountains. Is it painted by Mr. Qing Teng?”

As he spoke, he stepped forward and extended his hand.

He stepped onto the desk and put away the painting.

Lu Yuzhou trembled with heartache.

The white-bearded old man’s smile widened.

Han Muye put away another painting.

Since it was hung in Lu Yuzhou’s study, it was naturally good stuff.

Zuo Lin moved back and forth four or five times just moving paintings and calligraphy into the carriage.

He was in a daze and simply did as Han Muye instructed.

Although Lu Yuzhou’s heart ached, he let Han Muye take away his things.

Han Muye didn’t mention that this guy had schemed against him by getting him to make a move at the Guan Estuary.

It was a tacit understanding.

If not for Lu Yuzhou and his family, why would Han Muye thrust himself into the limelight and confer deity titles at the Guan Estuary?

Han Muye and Mu Wan did not stay in Lu Yuzhou’s courtyard for long.

He only emptied the two study rooms and small hall of the bookshelves, paintings, tables, and chairs. After drinking a cup of tea, he stood up and left.

He told Lu Yuzhou that his character was not good and that he would not get close to him.

As he spoke, he looked at Mu Wan.

Mu Wan only lowered her head and smiled.

This made Old Yan laugh.

Watching Han Muye and the others walk out of the empty small courtyard, Old Yan’s smile slowly disappeared, and his eyes lit up.

“Is it really that Mu Ye who conferred deity titles with a single statement?”

If it was not this person, he wouldn’t be interested.

Lu Yuzhou looked at Han Muye and Mu Wan’s backs and nodded, looking emotional.

"I didn't expect him to confer deities with a single statement. However, it was all thanks to him that I was able to attain the Dao."

Without Han Muye's help, Lu Yuzhou would long have perished.

Upon hearing Lu Yuzhou's words, Old Yan turned his head and said with a solemn expression, "The heavens are vigorous. A gentleman should strive for self-improvement. The terrain is vast. A gentleman should take charge of the world with great virtue."

Lu Yuzhou nodded.

Old Yan slowly walked out of the small courtyard.

"Such a character has come to the Imperial City. How interesting."

"That Jade Epiphyllum is about to bloom, right?"

Lu Yuzhou nodded, his lips twitching.

The Jade Epiphyllum was really his treasure...

The carriage was filled with things. Han Muye asked Zuo Lin to send them to the shop first while he and Mu Wan strolled around the Imperial City Academy before hiring a carriage to go back.

Zuo Lin drove away, and Han Muye and Mu Wan walked side by side on the boulevard.

"Senior Brother, those are all treasures. Aren't you afraid that Zuo Lin will escape with them?" Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye laughed.

The items were good, but they were all Confucian treasures. The mark on them was obvious. Even if they were taken away, it would be easy to get them back.

Besides, unless Zuo Lin was stupid, he would not dare to take these things.

"It's said that the scenery of the Spring Tide Pavilion at the Imperial City Academy is very good. Junior Sister, shall we go take a look?" Han Muye reached out to hold Mu Wan's hand.

Mu Wan hurriedly retracted her hand into her sleeve.

There were many people here.

Still, she nodded, blushing.

The two of them walked along the main road towards the pavilion that was filled with water vapor.

At this moment, Zuo Lin, who was driving the carriage, stopped in front of a pavilion.

That pavilion was obviously a classroom, and there were chants coming from it.

Outside the pavilion, there were many young men in long robes sitting on the stone steps. They craned their necks and had books open on their laps.

These were the Confucian scholars who had come to listen.

It was said that the Great Confucian in the Imperial City Academy taught knowledge. There was a formation in the classroom that could isolate the sound of the Great Dao. It was difficult to understand many things without the sound of the Great Dao.

However, for those Confucianists, being able to listen in was already a great blessing. To sit in the classroom and listen to classes like those official students of the academy would be a lifelong dream.

“Zuo Yulong, Yulong—” Zuo Lin, who had jumped off the carriage, shouted loudly, causing the Confucianists listening to the lesson to frown.

An 18 or 19-year-old young man sitting in front of the stone steps stood up. He looked at his vacated spot reluctantly as he squeezed his way down the stone steps.

His vacated spot was quickly taken by someone.

“Father, why are you looking for me?” The young man walked forward and bowed to Zuo Lin before asking softly.

Zuo Lin reached out and grabbed Zuo Yulong’s sleeve. He said in a low voice, “Yulong, didn’t you want to read the personal writings of a great Confucianist?”

“I brought them for you.”

Zuo Yulong was stunned for a moment. Then he smiled wryly and said, “Father, I’m already satisfied that I can listen in here. Don’t spend your spiritual rocks on Confucian classics. Those sold on the streets are all fake...”

Before he could finish, Zuo Lin had pulled him to the carriage and shoved him into it. Then he drove away quickly.

“I’ll go slower. Take a good look.”

Zuo Yulong had slammed his head into the carriage and knocked his forehead against a large chair.

He looked down and froze, his shoulders shaking.

In front of him, there was a book. Every word was lively, like a flower blooming.

‘Record of Ten Years of Grading Flowers’, personally written by Deputy Head Lu?

The writings of a Half-Sage?

He slowly raised his head and looked at the books, scrolls, tables, and chairs that filled the carriage.

“Father, you, I, I’m your biological son, right?”

Chapter 526 - 526 The Water is Shimmering on a Clear, Sunny Day, the Mountains in the Distance are Shrouded in Mist and Rain

Hearing Zuo Yulong's words, Zuo Lin, who was driving the carriage outside, revealed a bitter expression and sighed softly.

"Yulong, I'm useless. It's been hard on you and your sister.

"If I had some ability, I would have found a decent school for you to study. With your hard work, you would have been able to become an elementary scholar. You wouldn't have to be a junior.

"There's also your sister. Her talent in alchemy is very good. If she can persevere, she might be able to become an official alchemist.

"It's just that some time ago, Old Ma's family at the west end of the street came to propose marriage. They offered 800 spiritual rocks as a betrothal gift. I am still hesitating..."

Zuo Lin was still babbling, but Zuo Yulong, who was in the carriage, was oblivious to what was going on in the carriage. He held the book in his hand with a solemn expression and read it carefully.

Every word of the Great Confucian's writing seemed to carry the charm of the Great Dao.

Moreover, the opinions of these scholars were thought-provoking.

'The beauty of the world is like a flash in the pan.'

'People say that there are jade trees and viburnum flowers in Dongnan. I searched hard for 10 years but could not find them. In the end, I comprehended that beauty is like fleeting shadows. It can only be encountered but not sought.'

Zuo Yulong, who was curled up under the big wooden chair, stared hungrily at the book in his hand. He wished he could read every word closely.

A faint scholarly aura emerged from his body.

The combination of literary qi and the Great Spirit would allow one to become an elementary scholar.

The carriage slowed to a stop. Zuo Lin opened the door gently.

The dazzling sunlight shone into the carriage, causing Zuo Yulong to be momentarily dazed. "Father?"

Zuo Lin smiled and nodded. He looked at the book in Zuo Yulong's hand and grinned. "How is it? I didn't lie to you, did I?"

Zuo Yulong nodded, his face flushed red.

He looked out of the carriage and put the book away reluctantly.

"If only I could finish reading these books..."

A look of pain crossed Zuo Lin's face at his words.

"Yulong, these books—"

Before Zuo Lin could finish speaking, the reluctance on Zuo Yulong's face turned into a relaxed smile as he got out of the carriage.

“Father, what Deputy Head Lu said makes sense. The beauty of the world is short-lived. The joy of the world will eventually become regret.

“It’s my fortune to be able to read the Great Confucian’s personal writings. If I demand more, it might be a disaster instead of a blessing.”

As he spoke, he moved the large chair down from the carriage.

“Father, where are you sending them?”

Zuo Lin looked up and pointed at the shop by the road.

At the entrance of the shop, the tall young tiger, Shao Datian, was moving wooden cabinets and shelves out.

Cuicui said that it would be a pity to throw these things away. They could be made into tables.

With their meager wealth of spiritual rocks, they would save as much as they could.

Shao Datian had seen Zuo Lin last night and knew that he had helped Han Muye drive the carriage back.

At this moment, when he saw Zuo Lin and Zuo Yulong carrying a big chair over, he hurriedly went forward to help.

Zuo Yulong and the others could not move the big chairs. Shao Datian held one in each hand.

The items from the carriage soon filled up the small courtyard and shop.

Zuo Yulong was stunned as he looked at the books and scrolls.

How good it will be if I can read these things once...

Earlier, he had caught a glimpse of the Great Confucian’s handwriting.

The materials used for the two chairs were unknown, but the workmanship was definitely done by a famous person.

His father had said that these were all moved from Deputy Head Lu’s house, so it should be true.

Cuicui came over and called them to eat next door. Zuo Yulong reluctantly left the shop and watched Shao Datian lock the door.

“Father, you said that Young Master Mu Ye and Miss Mu are not ordinary people, right?” Zuo Yulong tugged at Zuo Lin’s sleeve and whispered.

Zuo Lin nodded.

“Then tell me, if I come to this shop to be a shop assistant...”

Be an assistant?

Zuo Lin’s eyes lit up.

If it was anywhere else, he would definitely not allow it.

Even if he was exhausted, he did not want his son to work for others.

However, being a shop assistant in Young Master Mu Ye's shop was an opportunity!

Not to mention Young Master Mu Ye's identity, even if he could secretly read some of the Great Confucians' writings, it would be an unimaginable gain.

"Kid, if you want to work in Young Master's shop, we have to start with these two." Zuo Lin looked at the tall Shao Datian and took out two spiritual rocks. "Go buy some good wine and meat."

Zuo Yulong chuckled and left after receiving the spiritual rocks.

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Jade Swallow Lake was shaped like a swallow spreading its wings, and the surrounding pavilions and kiosks stretched on continuously.

The Spring Tide Pavilion was by the Jade Swallow Lake, at the highest point of the mountain range.

When Han Muye and Mu Wan ascended the mountain ridge, they saw many students in the Spring Tide Pavilion, bustling with activity.

They were probably having a literary gathering.

Han Muye and Mu Wan were not interested in getting involved, so they walked past the pavilion to look at the clear ripples of the lake.

A faint purple aura pervaded the air. Golden Great Spirit qi shone and sparkled.

The spiritual qi in the lake condensed into real substance, as if it would turn into a misty rain at any moment.

This dazzling and hazy scenery was indeed like a dream.

At some point, Han Muye had grabbed Mu Wan's hand.

The two of them stood side by side, silently looking at the lake.

It was silent.

In Han Muye's divine treasure, the power of his soul surged and kept carving patterns on the soul sword.

Every mark represented the sublimation of this trace of power.

As expected, the bustling mortal world was the best place to temper one's mind.

This moment was comparable to months of cultivation.

This increase in mental strength was many times faster than the Spell of the Mortal World.

Such an opportunity was equivalent to epiphany. It was not common.

However, his state of mind was triggered by others. With Mu Wan by his side, he would not lack the chance to temper his mind.

"This couple, may I ask if you can help us?"

A voice came from behind, making Mu Wan blush.

This couple.

This was how people addressed a married couple.

Chapter 527 - 527 The Water is Shimmering on a Clear, Sunny Day, the Mountains in the Distance are Shrouded in Mist and Rain (2)

She stole a glance at Han Muye beside her. He had a calm expression.

They turned around and saw two Confucianists standing behind them.

One of them was thin and fair. It was obvious that it was a woman wearing a green Confucian robe.

The other was taller and had spirit in his eyes. The Great Spirit surged from his body. It was obvious that his cultivation in Confucianism was not weak.

"I'm Baili Tongyun, and I'm composing poems here with a few of my classmates. We can't tell who's better at the moment, so we want to ask the two of you to be the judges."

The thin scholar cupped her hands at Han Muye and Mu Wan.

Evaluate poems?

Mu Wan smiled and shook her head. She turned to look at Han Muye. "Senior Brother, I really can't do this. Can you do it?"

Can I do it?

Can a man say no?

Han Muye laughed and said, "Junior Sister, do you think I can do it?"

With that, he pulled Mu Wan and strode towards the Spring Tide Pavilion.

"Senior Sister Baili, can they do it? This is a bet that involves Master Liu Gonglin's composition."

The young man next to Baili Tongyun spoke in a worried voice.

"Let's wait and see. Maybe they can really tell whether the poems are good or bad." Baili Tongyun shook her head and followed him to the Spring Tide Pavilion.

Han Muye walked out of the pavilion and looked up at the plaque.

"Yes, these three words are written interestingly. It's really not bad to ask this person to write a name for our shop." Han Muye's gaze landed on the signature and he smiled.

"Huang Tingshu, is he that great scholar of calligraphy whose words are perfect and highly valued? He is said to have turned half of the river outside the city black with his ink."

Mu Wan shook her head and said softly, "How can we get such a great scholar's calligraphy?"

Han Muye chuckled and said as he walked into the pavilion, "Isn't this person worth a thousand gold coins per word? Let's pay 10,000 gold coins for him to write a few more words."

Mu Wan lowered her head and smiled.

Baili Tong Yun and the young man shook their heads.

The people in the pavilion also heard what he said, and many of them frowned.

"Baili, are these the judges that you found?" In the pavilion, a girl in a purple dress glanced at Han Muye and Mu Wan, then at Baili Tongyun.

"Even if they're not instructors at the Academy, they should be Confucian cultivators. They..." The girl shook her head and said lightly, "I'm afraid they can't even appreciate all these poems fully."

As she spoke, she turned to look at the people around her and said, "I suggest that we ask Teacher Tao Yicheng to judge for us."

Hearing her words, some people in the pavilion nodded while others shook their heads.

"Hehe, if Fifth Miss Qin wants me to judge, I'm willing to do so. I wonder if Miss Baili can accept it," a fat middle-aged man standing by the pillar in the pavilion said with a smile.

"Instructor Tao is indeed proficient in poetry. However, Baili feels that it will be better to find someone who is not familiar with either of us." Baili Tongyun shook her head.

There was a hidden meaning in her words.

Mentor Tao chuckled and took a step back.

He was not familiar with Baili Tongyun, but he was familiar with the Qin Family.

Baili Tongyun looked at Han Muye and Mu Wan and said, "Since the two of you have come to the Imperial City Academy for a tour, it will be interesting to be judges."

She walked to the long table and spread out the poems on it.

"These poems are unsigned. You just have to choose what you like."

Hearing Baili Tongyun's words, Fifth Miss Qin frowned, but didn't say anything else.

Han Muye walked to the long table, and Mu Wan also walked over to read the poems.

Baili Tongyun was right. It was indeed interesting to encounter something like this.

It was rare for someone to be a judge at the Imperial City Academy's Poetry and Literature Conference.

"The sun is setting, and the lake water is red.

"Is this the scenery of Jade Swallow Lake? I think it's not bad. The handwriting is also good," Mu Wan said softly.

Hearing her words, some of the Confucianists smiled.

“This poem is considered good?” someone on the other side said softly.

Mu Wan looked embarrassed and turned to look at Han Muye.

Although she was a cultivator, she was not proficient in Confucianism.

She couldn’t appreciate the deeper meaning behind the poem.

Han Muye raised his hand and unfolded another scroll.

“Beautiful scenery by the bluish green flowing water, clear springs in the mist of the two mountains. Looks like they’re both written about Jade Swallow Lake?”

Mu Wan lowered her voice this time and looked up at Han Muye. “Senior Brother, tell me.”

Hearing her words, someone behind her muttered in a low voice, “As expected, she’s not a Confucianist. She can’t even judge if this poem is good or bad.

“It’s Senior Sister Baili’s fault. She found these people to judge the poems.”

Scholars look down on each other.

However, scholars looked down on outsiders even more.

The Imperial City Academy was the holy land of Confucianism. Even the old man who swept the streets could recite a few poems.

For today’s evaluation of poems and literature, they had found two people who did not understand poetry. Who would approve of the results of the evaluation?

Fifth Miss Qin and the people around her were already sneering.

Han Muye looked at the embarrassed Mu Wan.

He had come to Jade Swallow Lake to have fun with Mu Wan. How could he let these outsiders ruin their mood?

Then I’ll give you a good review!

“The language is too ornate and padded with fancy phrases,” Han Muye said calmly, causing everyone’s expressions to stiffen.

Many people looked at each other with strange expressions.

Baili Tongyun and the young man behind her were also surprised.

Teacher Tao’s gaze landed on the words in Han Muye’s hand and he looked up at Han Muye.

“You mean this—” Someone spoke up from behind.

However, before he could finish speaking, he heard Han Muye’s voice.

“Junior Sister, look. This poem says that the lake water is beautiful. The words are flat and indistinguishable. It even uses the words ‘yi’ and ‘bi’. Also, ‘yi shui’ and ‘liang shan’ don’t rhyme.”

Han Muye pointed at the words. “And these words. Look at the vertical strokes. They’re superficial, and the horizontal strokes are floating. There are a few words that are deliberately left out. This kind of writing is the result of a poor foundation.”

Chapter 528 - 528 The Water is Shimmering on a Clear, Sunny Day, the Mountains in the Distance are Shrouded in Mist and Rain (3)

Putting the poem aside, Han Muye picked up another one and spread it out.

“Junior Sister, look at this one. What’s wrong with it?”

Behind them, everyone looked at each other.

Although Han Muye’s comments were harsh, they were very apt.

How could someone who did not know how to read poetry be able to make such comments?

Even the people present could not say it so clearly, right?

Unconsciously, everyone moved forward and craned their necks to take a look.

“The water is clear and beautiful, and the mountains are covered in clouds. These lines are good, but they don’t seem to be deep enough?” Mu Wan said in a low voice.

She was analyzing the words Han Muye had just said.

“Yes, if you study Confucianism, you will definitely become a great Confucian.” Han Muye’s praise made Mu Wan blush.

“These two lines are not bad, but they can be changed.”

“The water is shimmering on a clear, sunny day, the mountains in the distance are shrouded in mist and rain. Juxtapose ‘clear’ with ‘rain’. It adds charm to the line.

“But such a poem should be written in detail with a fine brush. With this kind of brush, the semi cursive script loses the delicate appearance of the lake.”

With that, Han Muye put the paper aside and went to comment on the others.

He continued to pass them on for Mu Wan to look at them. Then the two of them collaboratively analyzed the meaning and writing styles of the poems.

“This sentence needs to be changed. Change ‘only’ to ‘most’. Change ‘go around the water’ to ‘can’t get enough’. I can’t get enough of the scenery on the east side of my West Lake that I love the most. The white sand embankment is hidden under the shade of green poplars.”

“This poem, um, can’t be changed. It’s hopeless.”

“This song is quite interesting. Junior Sister, look. ‘There are green mountains beyond the mountains. The tall pavilions are hidden in the drizzle.’ You can totally change it to one sentence. ‘On the green mountains beyond the mountains, the tall pavilions stretched on endlessly.’ The next sentence should be about people.”

...

Mu Wan replied softly and said a few words from time to time.

No matter if she was right or not, Han Muye would praise her, making her blush.

It was really interesting to comment on the poems and essays at the students' literary gathering in the Spring Tide Pavilion of the Imperial City Academy's Jade Swallow Lake.

Mu Wan looked at the words that were either wild, elegant, sloppy, or arrogant. She seemed to see scholars standing by the lake and chanting loudly.

This might be the charm of Confucianism.

Bit by bit, every word was the condensation of love and intent.

Han Muye turned around and looked at Mu Wan with a smile.

There were actually traces of golden spiritual light flickering on Mu Wan's body.

The Great Spirit of Confucianism.

However, this aura was superficial. It was born from her comprehension and not from bitter cultivation. It would dissipate after a while.

However, with this Great Spirit, she could condense the power of her mind and cleanse her mind.

After a while, when Mu Wan slowly looked up, she saw Han Muye staring at her.

"Senior Brother!"

She lowered her head shyly.

Han Muye reached out and took her hand. "Let's go," he whispered.

Leave?

She looked up and saw that the poems on the table in front of her had already been flipped through.

Turning around, she noticed that whether it was Baili Tongyun, the Fifth Miss Qin, or Instructor Tao who was standing at the back, all of them looked confused and lost.

The students were still mumbling to themselves.

Han Muye shook his head and led Mu Wan out of the Spring Tide Pavilion.

Mu Wan turned around and looked at the Spring Tide Pavilion.

Such a fortuitous encounter is indeed special, she thought.

Is this the literary conference of Confucian scholars?

Is this how they cultivated?

In the Spring Tide Pavilion, a student in a green robe clenched his fists, looking confused.

A Great Spirit surged from his body, as if there was a great fluctuation.

"In August, the lake water is almost level with the shore and the sky and water are blurred. So the path of cultivation is muddy but not impure. I've learned, I've learned..." The person who spoke looked up at the sky with his hands behind his back. The purple aura of the People's Will on his body vibrated.

"On the green mountains beyond the mountains, the tall pavilions stretched on endlessly. How long will the dancing and singing last? The human world is prosperous, and the mortal world is nostalgic, right?" Beside Baili Tongyun, Fifth Miss Qin lowered her head and whispered with a complicated expression.

The opportunities in life might be different, but the words and truths were all the same.

At this moment, in the Spring Tide Pavilion, the Great Spirit and literary aura intertwined and turned into a golden light screen.

Baili Tongyun ran out of the pavilion and saw that Han Muye and Mu Wan had already walked down the path in front of the mountain ridge.

She hurried forward and bowed.

"Thank you for your guidance, sir."

After saying that, she cupped her hands and said, "Are the two of you going to open a shop in the Imperial City? I can ask Teacher Huang to write a plaque for you."

Hearing her words, Mu Wan was delighted and quickly looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye chuckled and looked at Mu Wan. "Junior Sister, our shop hasn't been named yet."

Mu Wan was slightly stunned and said softly, "Then give it a name."

"Junior Sister, you're the lady boss. I'll listen to you." Han Muye's words made Mu Wan blush.

After pondering for a moment, she said in a low voice, "Then let's call it the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion. Our paths crossed because of alchemy..."

"Alright, let's call it the Alchemy Destiny Pavilion." Han Muye looked at Baili Tongyun and said, "Our shop is in the Moon Viewing Town on Imperial Garden Street. It isn't open for business yet, and it's very easy to find."

With that, he held Mu Wan's hand and slowly walked down the mountain.

"Imperial Garden Street, Moon Viewing Town. Alright." Baili Tongyun nodded.

"Baili, I will give you Teacher Liu's handwritten letter to read for three days." Fifth Miss Qin's voice came from behind Baili Tongyun.

"When you visit this gentleman, please call me."

Hearing this, Baili Tongyun turned around and looked at her curiously.

"Fifth Miss Qin, haven't you always been arrogant? Why are you convinced today?"

Fifth Miss Qin ignored Baili Tongyun and turned to leave.

Baili Tongyun smiled.

“Senior Sister Baili, could that gentleman be a great cultivator of the Imperial City Academy? The accumulation of his cultivation in the field of poetry is simply heavenly.”

A green-robed young man walked over and spoke in a low voice.

“That’s right. Today, it’s not an exaggeration to call this gentleman the master of poetry.” Someone stepped forward and spoke solemnly.

The others also walked out of the pavilion and looked down the mountain.

By the Spring Tide Pavilion, emotions ran high.

Han Muye smiled as he walked slowly down the mountain.

He could feel the People’s Will in his Qi Sea surging constantly.

The accumulation of the People’s Will was much faster than usual.

It seemed that it was more dense in convincing Confucian cultivators than in ordinary mortals.

Mu Wan was also in a good mood. As she looked at the scenery, she chanted the poem that Han Muye had modified previously.

“Is this the White Sand Embankment? It’s indeed as beautiful as a poem.”

“The breeze moves the green willows, my love is like the luxuriant grass.” Unknowingly, Mu Wan tightened her grip on Han Muye’s fingers.

“Eh, this poem is not bad. Did you write it?” Not far away, an old man holding a broom looked up at Mu Wan.

“No, it was written by a student in the Spring Tide Pavilion.” Mu Wan shook her head, then there was a hint of pride on her face. “However, my senior brother modified the poem.”

The smile on her face was coy like a little girl’s.

My senior brother is the most awesome.

“Modify?” The old man looked at Han Muye and muttered a few words. He seemed to have lost interest and started sweeping the fallen leaves with the broom.

Han Muye’s eyes lit up as he looked at the old man’s broom.

The trajectories of the broom sweep were calligraphy strokes.

This person seems to be a great calligrapher as well? Han Muye wondered.

The old man seemed to sense something and looked up at Han Muye.

Chapter 529 - 529 Subtle Emotions

529 Subtle Emotions

“Kid, if you can compose a poem that this old man approves of, I can write it for you.”

Holding the broom, the old man said calmly.

Compose a poem?

Mu Wan looked at Han Muye curiously and expectantly.

Han Muye was amused.

Perhaps this is what the Imperial City Academy is like?

He could not casually compose poems in this place. He was afraid that he would be too embarrassed to go out.

There was a reason why half of the city was filled with purple qi and half of the city was filled with the Great Spirit.

At this moment, Han Muye thought far ahead.

Although the Purple Qi on White Deer Mountain was dense, the Great Spirit was clearly thin because of the difference in foundation.

With only Dongfang Shu holding the fort, it was nothing compared to the Imperial City Academy.

If one didn't go to the Imperial City Academy, one wouldn't know how famous the Imperial City Academy was.

The reason why the White Deer Mountain Academy was famous was because of the four lines Han Muye had left behind. It was also because Han Muye had displayed poetry as a sword in Jinchuan.

The practice of the Central Continent scholar carrying a sword started at White Deer Mountain.

However, these alone could not shake the status of the Imperial City Academy as the Confucian Holy Land of the Central Continent.

Perhaps they would let the students of the White Deer Mountain Academy come to the Imperial City Academy for an exchange.

This was especially for Huang Zhihu and the others. If they continued to stay in the White Deer Mountain Academy, they would not know how prosperous the Confucian Dao was here. It would not be a good thing if they did not see the importance of the Imperial City Academy.

“What, you can't compose a poem in this beautiful scenery?” The old man holding the broom said.

Unable to compose a poem?

You're joking, Han Muye thought.

The head of the White Deer Mountain Academy, Grandmaster Han Mu, who wrote a hundred poems in one night, couldn't compose a poem?

How could a martial grandmaster like Mu Ye, who had conferred deity titles with a single statement, fail at this tiny Jade Swallow Lake?

Han Muye turned to look at the sparkling Jade Swallow Lake and said calmly, "I once saw a snow mountain that was ten thousand feet tall. The snow sparkled like jade, and the winding mountains danced like silver snakes."

Although he only had a glimpse of the scenery of the Great Snowy Mountains in the Northern Region, the snowy scenery was really dazzling.

The old man holding the broom raised his eyebrows. "Northern Region?"

"I've also seen 10,000 miles of clear waves surging upstream." Han Muye's eyes lit up.

The black armor on the Jialing River went against the current, the sword broke the river, and the elites of the Western Frontier gathered. How could one forget such a graceful bearing?

"In terms of going upstream to the source, there were many in the Southern Wasteland and the Western Frontier who went against the surging current. It was indeed spectacular." The old man nodded and stared at Han Muye.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, and an indescribable force pressed down on him.

"I've seen it before. Millions of miles of mountains and rivers rising and falling, and black water dashing to the sky."

The divine beast, Baxia carried the world on its back, floating and sinking in the extinct sea. The vastness of the world was unprecedented and unimaginable!

The old man looked surprised as his gaze landed on Han Muye.

He might have seen the place Han Muye was talking about, but it could not be said.

Mu Wan looked at Han Muye with a complicated smile.

Senior Brother's cultivation path is really exciting.

But my own experience has been extremely lacking.

Compared to Senior Brother, I have nothing.

Han Muye seemed to sense the change in Mu Wan's state of mind. He turned around and said softly, "The world is big, but it's all in one heart.

"At this moment, peace of mind is heaven and earth."

With that, he looked at the lake in front of him and said loudly.

"By the green willows and the lake water that is almost level with the shore, a young man is singing.

"The sun is rising in the east and it is raining in the west. It is sunless but there is love."

Subtle emotions?

Mu Wan's eyes were blurry as she looked at the lake in front of her. For a moment, she was almost in a daze.

On the surface of the lake, purple qi and water vapor surged. It was really raining!

"Haha, good. What a good saying. Sunless but there's love. Isn't the mortal world all about love?"

The old man behind him laughed loudly. The broom in his hand turned into a carving knife. He used the knife as a brush on the bluestone at the side to write a poem.

Purple Qi and golden light condensed on the bluestone.

In an instant, the poem was completed. The golden light turned into a pillar of light that shot into the sky.

"Haha, another unprecedented line by the Jade Swallow Lake!" The elder held the carving knife and laughed proudly.

Han Muye shook his head and looked at the spiritual light and figures gathering around him.

The poem here had attracted the attention of the Confucianists of the Imperial City Academy.

"I won't move this stone. It's too big for my yard."

"You said you'd write one for me."

As Han Muye spoke, he led Mu Wan away.

"Not to mention one, even 10 or 100 would be fine." The old man smiled and shouted from behind, "By the way, what's your name? I'm Zhang Xu."

"Zhang Xu? That Crazy Zhang who's known as Crazy Grass?" Mu Wan muttered.

"Mu Ye, remember to send it to the Moon Viewing Town." Han Muye waved his hand and disappeared into the green willow bushes with Mu Wan.

"Mu Ye? The one who conferred deity titles with a single statement?" Zhang Xu watched Han Muye and Mu Wan leave, his eyes flickering.

"Old Zhang, this poem is good." An old man in a purple robe appeared behind him.

"A youth is singing by the lake. Old Zhang, you want to learn from Lu Yuzhou?" On the other side, an old man in a white robe walked up to the stone carving and muttered.

For a moment, several figures landed in front of the stone carving and observed the words and brush techniques on it.

Zhang Xu's face was full of smiles. He raised his hand and printed a line of words. Then he carried the broom and left.

"Imperial City's Crazy Zhang, a poem by Mu Ye. Mu Ye?"

"That person? Where is he?"

“What a pity. Why didn’t I see this person when he came to the Imperial City Academy?”

“Tsk tsk, judging from the taste of this poem, no wonder he’s on good terms with Lu Yuzhou.”

“Hurry up and copy this poem. It will definitely be useful when we go to the flower boat next time.”

In front of the stone tablet, everyone was discussing. A few elders were beating their chests and stamping their feet.

Many people turned around to look for Lu Yuzhou to study poetry.

Han Muye and Mu Wan left the Imperial City Academy and found some snacks on the street. Then they rented a carriage and returned to the Moon Viewing Town.

It was not that he could not fly back, but he felt that it was quite interesting to follow the rules of the Imperial City.

The old man who was driving the carriage cracked his whip as he told the story of the Imperial City.

Just like Zuo Lin, there were stories everywhere in the Imperial City. Everyone had stories.

It was already afternoon when they returned to the shop. The shop had basically been emptied, leaving behind only the items he had bought from Lu Yuzhou.

“Young Master, this is my son, Yulong. He usually listens in at the Imperial City Academy. Today, I asked him to help me register all the books, paintings, tables, chairs, and potted plants.” Zuo Lin came up and handed a book to Han Muye.

Han Muye took the book and looked at the two people behind Zuo Lin.

One of them was a young man in a green robe. He looked to be around 18 or 19 years old. He looked excited and did not dare to look up.

The other was a 15 or 16-year-old girl. Her eyes were lively as she looked at Han Muye and Mu Wan.

“This is my daughter, Yuting. She has some talent in alchemy and is an apprentice in a place of alchemy cultivation in the Cloud Alchemy Mill. Brother Datian and Sister Cuicui said that Young Master and Miss’s shop is in the alchemy business, so I thought Yuting could help...”

As Zuo Lin spoke, he quietly looked up at Han Muye’s expression.

Unfortunately, he could not see anything.

On the other hand, Mu Wan smiled.

“Young Master, Miss, young people like them don’t ask for anything else. They just want to learn something and gain experience.”

Zuo Lin took a deep breath and bowed to Han Muye.

Success or failure depended on this young master.

Zuo Yulong clenched his fists nervously. He knew what kind of opportunity he would have if he could be a shop assistant.

Zuo Yuting did not cultivate Confucianism, so she could not see the value of those books and paintings. It was just her father's arrangement. He even promised that as long as she worked in the shop, he would not mention marrying her off to that fool from the Ma family.

"Junior Sister, make the arrangements. I'll go see what else can be set up in the courtyard." Han Muye shook his head and walked into the backyard.

He had said that the lady boss of this shop was Mu Wan, so she naturally made the decisions.

Anyway, as long as she was happy.

In the small courtyard, there were various potted plants moved over from Lu Yuzhou's place and a pair of stone stools.

A pile of books and paintings that had yet to be delivered to the room were placed on the stone table.

Han Muye reached out and flipped open the two books. He saw that the words on them were personally written by a great scholar.

He slowly unrolled a painting and saw a green mountain.

A faint Great Spirit emerged from his palm and enveloped the painting.

Today, in Lu Yuzhou's small courtyard, Han Muye had discovered that with the Great Spirit, he could obtain the memories in the book.

Sure enough, with the infusion of the Great Spirit, a blank painting appeared in Han Muye's mind.

A brush dipped in ink painted mountain rocks, ancient trees, pavilions, waterfalls, and springs...

A vast power surged in Han Muye's divine treasure.

The embryonic form of building a world?

Seeing the Great Spirit in the divine treasure turn into chaos and keep surging, Han Muye understood something.

Whether one was depicting the Confucian Dao through literary writing, recording, or painting, one was constructing a world.

This world came from the author's divine sense.

This was close to constructing a Dao domain.

However, the true Dao domain was not so easy to attain.

"What about Sword Dao?"

Han Muye muttered. The sword intent in his Qi Sea surged, as if it was about to break out of his body.

"Break, stand!"

Han Muye's eyes lit up, as if he wanted to shatter the void in front of him.

Sword Dao, the Dao of Breaking Foundation!

“Senior Brother, these things have to be arranged in the room, right?” Mu Wan’s voice sounded from behind.

Han Muye smiled, and all the Great Spirit and sword intent in his body were restrained.

Only by tempering one’s heart in the mortal world and improving one’s state of mind could one improve one’s cultivation rapidly.

The fusion of the divine beast’s body would also be faster.

He turned around and looked at Mu Wan. “Why are these things in the room?”

“All of these, hang them in the shop outside.

“These are all Confucian writings and Confucian treasures.

“With just these paintings, those who came to buy pills would be too embarrassed to ask if they didn’t increase the price by several times.”

Han Muye rolled up the painting and spoke loudly.

“Senior Brother is really a business genius.” Mu Wan nodded and said seriously, “Then why don’t we open a shop that sells books written by great Confucian scholars?”

“It’ll be very profitable.”

Han Muye also nodded seriously. “Take advantage of those old fellows? Good idea.”

In the small courtyard, the two of them laughed and moved the paintings to the shop in front.

“Senior Brother, I’ve taken in the Zuo siblings. They look quite smart.”

“The lady boss has the final say.”

“So you really don’t care?”

“I only care about my lady boss.”

...

In the Imperial City illuminated by the afterglow of the setting sun, spiritual light shone on the Immortal Moon Lake. Viewing Moon Town seemed like a paradise.

Chapter 530 - 530 Kong Chaode's Arrival

530 Kong Chaode’s Arrival

The prosperity of the Imperial City came from a completely different world.

Great cultivators who were people from a different world stayed in the Imperial City, making it the most powerful city in the Heavenly Mystic World.

There were 30,000 cultivators and mortals living in the imperial city, making it the most boisterous city in the world.

The brightly lit Imperial City was even more dazzling than the stars in the sky.

On Imperial Garden Street, when the lanterns were first lit, it was even more lively than during the day.

The officials of the dynasty, the people in the city, and many cultivators were everywhere.

The Immortal Moon Lake was bustling with people.

Many people were looking at the entrance of Han Muye's shop.

The new assistant, Zuo Yulong, was busy greeting them at the side. He first followed Han Muye's instructions.

A 20% discount on the opening day.

Zuo Yuting, on the other hand, was holding a book in her hand. She was recording what medicinal pills she needed to see if she could prepare them later.

Cuicui and Shao Datian, who were next door, also followed Han Muye's instructions and brought out the prepared fish slices and a few Southern Wasteland snacks for free.

Especially Shao Datian. He squatted down and carried the plate to entice the children over.

There were more people in front of their shop than next door where Zuo Yulong and the others were.

Although it had been a long time since they conquered the Southern Wasteland, there were not many snacks in the Central Continent.

In the hearts of the people in the Imperial City, the demons were never like Shao Datian.

Shao Datian teased the children. He carried some of them on his shoulders and three or four on his arms. The children surrounded him in surprise and delight.

Cuicui watched from the side and smiled, her eyes filled with tears.

She didn't know if Shao Datian wanted such a life.

She did not know if her family would miss her in the Southern Wasteland.

Also, if she could keep her child, would he be able to live in the Imperial City in the future and be carefree like the children here?

Perhaps sensing Cuicui's mood, Shao Datian leaned over and whispered, "Cuicui, look at how happy the children here are.

"In the Southern Wasteland, a boy that age would have learned to hunt.

"Our children will be able to go to school like them in the future. They won't have to hunt, right?"

Cuicui nodded gently with a smile on her face.

Not far away, Mu Wan turned around and saw Han Muye smiling at her.

It's not easy to live in the Imperial City, but this place should be a paradise.

At least for this moment, yes.

"Lady Boss, the seventh-grade Void Restoration Pills and the sixth-grade Purple Sun Pills are the most sought after. Many people also want other medicinal pills to improve their body compatibility.

"Many people are interested in customized pills. However, most of the alchemy business in the city is concentrated in the Cloud Alchemy Mill and the Jade Alchemy Mill. There are very few alchemy masters in other places."

Zuo Yuting whispered as she handed the book to Mu Wan.

Mu Wan and Han Muye looked especially young. In those pill rooms, they were probably ordinary alchemists who had just become disciples.

Zuo Yuting was very curious as to why they dared to open a shop on Imperial Garden Street.

Mu Wan asked the siblings to go back first and come back the next morning.

In order to allow the siblings to study alchemy in the middle city, Zuo Lin spent everything he had to rent a house between the middle city and the lower city.

Just like that, every day, they had to travel more than 100 miles in a large carriage to and from the middle city.

There were relatively cheap carriages in the city that only cost five spiritual coins to travel a hundred miles.

It was only after Zuo Lin's introduction that Han Muye, Mu Wan, and the others knew that in the Imperial City, other than spiritual rocks, there were also spiritual coins specially traded by mortals.

It was three inches long and half a finger wide. Spiritual patterns were engraved on it, as well as its denomination.

The smallest denomination was one spiritual coin.

One spiritual rock could be exchanged for 100 spiritual coins.

Of the 30,000 people in the Imperial City, 90% of them were mortals. It was impossible for them to use spiritual rocks to trade.

Such spiritual coins could not be used in the cultivation world. To cultivators, they were like blank sheets of paper.

However, with the Dynasty's credibility guarantee, it was not a problem for mortals to circulate them.

Zuo Lin had said that there were large denominations for such spiritual coins, but he had never seen them before.

"In the end, the mortal world is still different from the cultivation world," Mu Wan said softly as she watched the three people of the Zuo family drive away.

He nodded.

In the cultivation world, strength was important. If one had strength, one would have spiritual rocks. There was no need to reason.

As for the mortal world, there were countless rules that bound people. They could ensure their safety, but they could also restrict them.

“By the way, how many spiritual rocks did you spend to rent this shop?” Han Muye turned to look at Mu Wan and asked curiously.

Today, he went to the horse carriage shop to lease a carriage for an extended period. He spent a total of 1,200 spiritual rocks to lease it for five years.

If these spiritual rocks were converted into spiritual coins, it would be enough for a family of three to stay in the middle city for a few years.

In that case, the shopfront on Imperial Garden Street was probably ridiculously expensive.

“Senior Brother, are you worried that we won’t be able to earn back the rent from opening the shop?” Mu Wan smiled and put away the book. She turned around and walked into the small courtyard.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head behind her.

It’s very likely...

After closing the shop, he walked back to the room. A faint spiritual light flashed around him.

However, he did not cultivate and meditate. After suppressing the spiritual light, he reached out and opened a painting.

In Lu Yuzhou’s collection of paintings, there were many by Qing Teng.

This master of Confucianism was said to be as unrestrained as Lu Yuzhou.

Perhaps they have the same interests? No, it’s more like they have empathy towards each other, Han Muye thought.

As he opened the scroll, the lively birds seemed to be about to fly out of the painting.

A faint Great Spirit and talent qi condensed into a thread and enveloped the painting.

The birds in the painting soared into the sky, spread their wings, and flew around the room.

The painting had a spirit and was comparable to a magic treasure.

In the eyes of Confucian cultivators, this scroll was also a priceless literary treasure.

In his mind, the image of a green-robed middle-aged man who was casually painting appeared.

He had comprehended the ink splashing technique.

He had comprehended the ink painting technique.

...

The Great Dao of the world had different means of achieving the same end.

Seeing the ink move over the paper like a dragon, Han Muye's Qi Sea sword intent trembled slightly.

In his dantian, the sword intent that he had condensed kept spinning.

His sea of Qi gathered the external sword intent, and his dantian stored it to condense his Sword Dao.

When the essence, qi, and spirit were combined, it would be time to condense into the Sword Dao Golden Core.

In fact, he could step into the Golden Core realm in one step now. He was just grinding his body and was not in a hurry.

"Zither, chess, calligraphy, painting, poetry, and song. No wonder Confucianism could suppress the Central Continent. Just relying on these many methods of enlightenment, it can crush other cultivators."

Looking at the birds flying back to the painting, Han Muye muttered to himself.

Although it was difficult for low-level cultivators of Confucianism to improve, when they reached the high level, their skills would be proficient and they could enter the Dao by observing the world. They were really incomparable to outsiders.

Putting away the painting, Han Muye opened a blank scroll.

The Eight Treasures Ruyi turned into an ink brush.

With a smile on his face, he splashed the ink on the inkstone on the table onto the paper and began to apply it.

A moment later, a picture of black grapes appeared.

As he looked at the picture with rapt attention, the ink grapes seemed to have appeared in the divine treasure. They were sweet and nourished the mind.

Satisfied, he left a signature on the paper, "Mu Ye imitates Mr. Green Vine's handwriting." Then he put away the ink brush.

Looking at the empty room, Han Muye sighed again.

The night was long and he was not in the mood to sleep. Should he invite his junior sister to the Immortal Moon Lake to admire the moon?

It was just that the scenery there was really beautiful.

...

The carriage galloped on the streets. Because it was night, its speed could be much faster.

Zuo Lin, who was driving the carriage, looked relaxed, but he tried his best to drive the carriage steadily.

In the carriage, Zuo Yuting held a bright jade stone in her hand and it illuminated the carriage. Zuo Yulong opened the book in front of him and began to write the words he had seen today.

"The Great Dao is only difficult. It does not lie to me..."

When he stopped writing, Zuo Yulong shook his head and sighed.

"I thought I could listen in at the Imperial City Academy. Even if I'm not as good as others, I won't be too far off.

"Now that I've seen these letters written by the Great Confucian, I know how profound the cultivation of the students of the Imperial City Academy who are taught by the Great Confucian every day will be."

Hearing his words, Zuo Yuting nodded and said, "It's the same. In the alchemy room, only official alchemists and direct disciples can receive the best guidance.

"Actually, they don't even care about the opportunities we fight for."

Zuo Lin opened his mouth wide as he listened to their conversation.

Opportunity.

How's the opportunity today?

"Yulong, Yuting, how about we move to the middle city from now on?" Zuo Lin asked as the carriage slowed down.

"Middle city?" Zuo Yuting was stunned. "Father, the rent for the houses in the middle city..."

"I agree." Zuo Yulong's eyes lit up. He turned to look at his sister. "The place we're living in now is filled with people. It's not a permanent place.

"It's much quieter in the middle city."

His eyes flickered as if there was a scorching flame in them. "The most important thing is that we can be closer to the shop, and we can stay in the shop longer."

Hearing his words, Zuo Yuting hesitated for a moment and whispered, "Brother, who do you think the shopkeeper and the lady boss are? Can their shop really thrive?

"If a pill store in the Imperial City doesn't have the background of a pill workshop, it's very difficult to remain in business."

As an apprentice in the alchemy room, she had seen many of the unspoken rules in this industry.

"Others might not be able to do it, but the shopkeeper and the lady boss definitely can." Zuo Yulong's expression was solemn.

"Father, don't you agree?"

Outside the carriage, Zuo Lin laughter rang out.

He had seen Han Muye move whatever he wanted at Lu Yuzhou's house.

Half-Sage.

He was the top figure in the world.

To be able to befriend such a person, how could he be an ordinary person?

The wheels rolled. Zuo Lin growled, "Let's move. We'll move to the middle city tonight."

For the next two days, Han Muye and Mu Wan decorated the shop and bought all kinds of furniture.

The courtyard was decorated with bamboo and stone, and the room was cleaned.

Fortunately, Zuo Lin was familiar with all the places. He drove the carriage and traveled everywhere. He could buy anything they needed.

However, the place they rented in the end was still dozens of miles away from the shop.

It wasn't that he didn't want to be closer to the Moon Viewing Town, but he really couldn't afford to live there.

Even if Zuo Lin gritted his teeth, he could not withstand the rent of a hundred spiritual rocks a month.

The shop looked a little different. Mu Wan began to think about refining some pills and putting them on the table first.

Han Muye still couldn't control his strength. After trying, the spiritual herbs were useless in the furnace, so he had to give up.

Cuicui and Shao Datian, who were next door, had already set up the shop. Four small tables were placed in the shop, and they prepared some food in the kitchen behind.

The kind that attracted children.

After studying it, they took up Han Muye's suggestion.

There were too many shops of all sizes in the Imperial City. There were countless restaurants.

Cuicui and Shao Datian were not chefs. It was not a bad idea to make some Southern Wasteland snacks to attract those children who were willing to come.

For the past two days, they were trying to run the store. Their various types of fried fish balls and flatbread sold rather well.

Especially at night, small tables with fried candy skewers were placed at the door, and Shao Datian, who wore a bulging shirt, squatted there to entice children to play. The entrance of the small shop was simply like an amusement park.

When they closed the stall at night, they could actually enter a few hundred spiritual coins into their account.

If they exchanged them for spiritual rocks, it would be a few low-grade spiritual rocks.

Based on their calculations, after deducting the cost and rent, they could still earn one or two yuan.

This profit made the two of them, who had not made any income, unable to sleep well the entire night.

In the shop, Han Muye was sitting behind the counter, casually drawing with an ink brush in his hand.

He seemed to be more interested in ink painting techniques recently.

This kind of drawing technique that was extremely close to nature and casual was very suitable for tempering one's mental state.

Zuo Yuting was helping Mu Wan refine pills in the quiet room in the backyard. Han Muye was watching from the front, and Zuo Yulong called out to her.

Zuo Lin went to buy furniture again.

He calculated that he had spent a few thousand spiritual rocks just to buy furniture for the shop recently.

In private, Zuo Lin told Zuo Yulong that this young master and young lady were not here to do business properly. They would do whatever they wanted.

What kind of business would spend money on furniture like this?

"Dear customer, we are a pill store. Our store isn't open yet. You can make an appointment first—" Zuo Yulong's voice sounded from the door.

Before he could finish speaking, someone at the door said, "Young Master."

Han Muye looked up with a smile.

Kong Zhaode.