

Pavilion 591

Chapter 591 - 591 The Sage Is Not Dead, the Heavenly Dao Reincarnation, and Karma! (4)

591 The Sage Is Not Dead, the Heavenly Dao Reincarnation, and Karma! (4)

“I’m afraid my opportunity to break through lies with them.”

An opportunity to break through?

Han Muye was slightly stunned, but a smile appeared on his face.

The opportunities in the world were really hard to explain.

Sometimes, it was not an opportunity for low-level cultivators when they encountered great cultivators.

Great cultivators could also find opportunities in low-level cultivators.

“If I take them in as disciples, they will be considered your seniors. Shouldn’t you show your respect?”
Gongsun Shu stood up and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye laughed and raised his hand to take out the two jade bottles.

“Alright, take these two Bright Sword Pills as a greeting gift.”

Hearing his words, Jin Yunmei’s eyes widened.

She knew the value of the Bright Sword Pill. Even the major sects in the Imperial City would not be so extravagant as to offer the Bright Sword Pill as a greeting gift.

Gongsun Shu turned to look at Han Muye and waved his hand. “If it were an outsider, two Bright Sword Pills would be enough.

“As for you, I’m afraid offering two Bright Sword Pills is not enough.”

Gongsun Shu knew Han Muye’s net worth. It seemed that he was not prepared to let him off and wanted to extort him.

Han Muye’s smile did not fade.

He was naturally happy that Gongsun Shu would take Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun as his disciples.

Cultivation emphasized karma.

Be it Lin Chongxiao or Daoist Chongyun, they had interacted with Han Muye before, which resulted in karma.

Settling karma, then receiving karma again.

Wasn't cultivation in the world to control the power of karma?

At this moment, Han Muye's heart was touched. His soul trembled, as if his nascent soul had left his body and was hanging in the void.

He instantly understood why Confucianism suppressed the world and why the incense offerings of the Divine Dao could be formed.

Karma.

Wasn't the People's Will karma?

This karma was the yoke of great cultivators but was also the mark of their path of cultivation.

After traveling for tens of thousands of miles, when they lost themselves, it was karma that restrained them and brought them back.

Naturally, they were cultivating karma!

At this moment, Han Muye's mind seemed to be transforming.

Karma was the reason why a sage did not die but was reincarnated through the Heavenly Dao!

The power of his soul changed again. Han Muye had never expected such an improvement.

Such a change could not be achieved even in 10,000 years if one did not have the opportunity to comprehend it!

He thought that today was an opportunity for Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun, but it turned out to be an opportunity for Gongsun Shu.

He thought it was Gongsun Shu's opportunity. In the end, it was actually his own!

Things in the world were just so wonderful.

"Alright, I'll pay for the medicinal pills and magic treasures they need for their future cultivation.

"In addition, I'll go to the Imperial City Academy to ask for two spots.

"Since they're in the Imperial City, they have to go to the Imperial City Academy to study."

Han Muye laughed.

Gongsun Shu nodded and said calmly, "That's more like it."

With that, he took out a jade token and handed it to the stunned Jin Yunmei. "Keep this token well. I'll send someone to make arrangements for your family."

Han Muye also raised his hand and placed the River Mountain Sword on the wooden table in front of him. Then he took out a jade bottle. In the bottle was a Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishment Pill.

This pill was enough to treat Jin Yunmei's injuries.

From the beginning to the end, Gongsun Shu and Han Muye did not ask Jin Yunmei for her opinion.

Even after they left, Jin Yunmei was still in a daze.

She came from a sect and was also the daughter of the sect master.

However, she had never seen such a person. He had given her a gift worth millions of spiritual rocks and a magical treasure.

Dharma treasures. Of all the cultivators in the world, how many had seen Dharma treasures?

"Senior Sister Yunmei, I heard that we have guests?" Bi Wuhe's anxious voice came from the door of the hut.

Bi Wuhe, who was carrying a big basket on his back, rushed into the hut. When he saw that the three of them were at home, he heaved a sigh of relief.

“If it’s not those guys from the Fucheng Dao Sect...”

Before he could finish, his gaze fell on the sword on the small table.

“River Mountain Sword?”

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Looking at the River Mountain Sword on the table, Bi Wuhe’s expression darkened.

For cultivators, it was not difficult to track people down with their swords.

If the soul imprint was not removed, any Earth Realm cultivator could find it.

However, the person in the pill store had sent this sword over. Did that mean that the Bright Sword Pill he wanted was gone?

The Gathering Sword Sect was a sect in the Imperial City.

Even though it was stationed in the lower city of the Imperial City, it wasn’t something the small sects of other prefectures and counties could compare to. Within the Gathering Sword Sect, there were two Heaven Realm Supreme Elders, and one was already at the fifth level of the Nascent Soul Stage.

If such a person went to a prefecture, he would be considered a top expert even if he could not suppress an area.

In the Imperial City, the Gathering Sword Sect was based in the lower city.

It had more than 10,000 disciples and a lot of resources.

Some time ago, an elder of the Gathering Sword Sect who was half a step into the Heaven Realm had taken a fancy to Bi Yun and Bi Chong’s talent and said that he was willing to recruit them into the Gathering Sword Sect.

However, the talent of these two boys could only be ranked above average among the new disciples of the Gathering Sword Sect.

According to that elder, if Bi Wuhe could steel his heart and find medicinal pills to increase their talent, he would give these two children a chance to become his disciples even if they showed only a small improvement.

Otherwise, they could only become the disciples of a Golden Core deacon and cultivate slowly and painstakingly.

He and the world's Jin Yunmei no longer had any expectations in their lives. Wasn't everything for their two children?

It was for this reason that Bi Wuhe was prepared to exchange his sword for pills.

He knew that his sword was not worth the spiritual rocks for two Bright Sword Pills, so he did not dare to pawn it in an alchemy house in the marketplace.

After searching for a long time, he finally found a small pill store that had just opened and was said to have a good reputation.

However, he did not expect that in the end, he still could not exchange it for medicinal pills.

"The deadline for the Gathering Sword Sect's recruitment of disciples is almost here. What a pity..." Bi Wuhe sighed and shook his head.

He reached for his sword.

Without the River Mountain Sword, his combat strength would decrease by more than half. He would not dare to accept dangerous missions.

It didn't matter to him if he died. However, he still had Senior Sister Yunmei to take care of and two kids to feed.

Just as he reached for his sword, Jin Yunmei opened her hand.

In her palm was a jade bottle covered in sweat.

Bi Wuhe was stunned and quickly whispered, "This, this was left behind by them?"

Return the sword and leave the pills?

What kind of pills?

Bright Sword Pills?

Impossible.

It was impossible for anyone to send over the Bright Sword Pills that were worth millions.

Jin Yunmei nodded mechanically.

Nervousness flashed across her face.

Ever since Han Muye and the others left, she had not dared to investigate the pills in the jade bottle.

She was afraid of disappointment.

She was afraid that this was all a dream.

In her other hand, there was a jade pendant and two small jade bottles. She held them tightly.

“What pill is this?” Bi Wuhe asked softly.

Or can it be that the shop could not refine the Bright Sword Pill and took other pills to make up the numbers?

His expression changed slightly.

His family’s resources had already been emptied, other than the few spiritual rocks that were his senior sister’s dowry. Could she have used them to exchange for medicinal pills?

Those spiritual rocks were saved for a rainy day. Since his senior sister was seriously injured, they might have to use them.

However, if they really used those spiritual rocks, it would probably be for his senior sister’s funeral...

There was a hint of sadness in Bi Wuhe’s eyes.

He had been drifting for half his life with his senior sister. In the end, he might be alone.

“I-I didn’t dare to investigate.” Jin Yunmei handed the jade bottle to Bi Wuhe and said softly, “They said that this is the Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill.”

Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill!

That fourth-grade spiritual pill that was worth tens of millions!

Bi Wuhe’s eyes widened as he grabbed the jade bottle and used his Divine Sense to probe. His entire body trembled while the corner of his mouth trembled.

“The medicinal power is so pure...”

His eyes shone brightly as he lowered his head and looked at Jin Yunmei, whose face was filled with anticipation.

“Senior Sister, this, this is probably a real Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill.”

He held the jade bottle tightly, as if he was afraid that if he let go, the jade bottle would fly away.

The real thing.

Jin Yunmei blushed as tears welled up in her eyes.

“Mother, quickly take this medicine.” Bi Yun, who did not dare to make a sound, rushed over and shouted excitedly.

“That’s right. Mother, quickly take your medicine.” Bi Chong also clenched his fists and growled.

Although they did not know how precious this medicine was, they knew that it was useful from their parents' expressions.

"Yes, yes. Senior Sister, quickly take this medicine."

Bi Wuhe quickly stuffed the jade bottle into Jin Yunmei's hand.

Jin Yunmei was at a loss.

"Husband, this pill is precious..."

It was really too precious.

It was not something they could afford.

"Haha, so be it. As long as it can treat your injuries, I'll just sell my life to him."

Bi Wuhe smiled and opened the stopper of the jade bottle, knocking it against Jin Yunmei's palm.

A ball of cloud qi surged out and landed in Jin Yunmei's palm.

Before she could move, the Cloud Qi Pill had already melted into Jin Yunmei's palm.

When the medicine entered her body, her originally severed meridians and blocked dantian began to slowly wake up.

A green spiritual aura surrounded her.

Bi Wuhe rubbed his hands in surprise.

So this is a Grade Four spiritual medicine?

Is it that magical?

Bi Wuhe, who had never seen a Grade Four Spiritual Medicine, had no idea at all. If there was really a Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill in front of him, Jin Yunmei would not even have the power to refine it.

With Jin Yunmei's current body, an ordinary Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill could immediately make her body collapse.

This was also the reason why Gongsun Shu did not make a move and asked Han Muye to give her the Golden Cloud Plum Pill.

The medicinal power of the pill surged like a tide. At this moment, Jin Yunmei could no longer care about Bi Wuhe. She closed her eyes and triggered the medicinal power to penetrate her entire body.

Chapter 593 - 593 Exclusive Sponsor (2)

593 Exclusive Sponsor (2)

The vigorous medicinal power triggered the spiritual qi of his cultivation. His cultivation, which had been dormant for many years, was rapidly recovering!

Looking at Jin Yunmei who was circulating her spiritual qi, excitement flashed across Bi Wuhe's face. He reached out to hold Bi Yun and Bi Chong's hands and left quietly, closing the door.

When he reached the door and sat on the limestone threshold, Bi Wuhe felt his bones go soft.

He grinned, but there were tears in his eyes.

He turned around and wiped his face before pulling Bi Yun and Bi Chong to his side.

"Kids, tell me, did the person who delivered the pills say anything else?"

These two boys were smart and would be able to remember things.

Hearing Bi Wuhe's words, Bi Yun and Bi Chong looked at each other and quickly told him about Han Muye and Gongsun Shu's arrival today.

Giving pills and taking in disciples?

Not only did he return the River Mountain Sword, but he also sent three medicinal pills?

Other than the Spirit Channeling Meridian Replenishing Pill that Senior Sister used to heal her injuries, there are also two Bright Sword Pills as a greeting gift?

What kind of person would give two medicinal pills worth millions of spiritual rocks just as a greeting gift?

Bi Wuhe resisted the urge to enter the room and take a look at the two medicinal pills. He reached out and rubbed the two boys' messy hair.

Can it be that my lucky break has really come?

His senior sister's injuries had healed, and the two boys had the Bright Sword Pills to increase their talent.

He, Bi Wuhe, was willing to sell his life.

Grinning, he sat on the threshold and smirked.

Bi Yun and Bi Chong, one on each side, were also happy for some reason.

The three of them sat there in a daze. They did not even know that the door behind them had quietly opened and Jin Yunmei was slowly walking over with tears in her eyes.

Jin Yunmei bent down and leaned against Bi Wuhe's sturdy back. She reached out and hugged the father and sons from behind. The family of four snuggled tightly together.

Bi Wuhe reached out and gently held Jin Yunmei's hand. He kept smiling, and large tears rolled down his face.

Behind him, tears wet his collar.

"Mother, your hands are so warm..."

"Yes, I'm glad I have the strength."

Bi Yun and Bi Chong reached out and held Jin Yunmei's arm, refusing to let go.

Their family had never been so peaceful before.

"Coo, coo..."

Someone's stomach rumbled.

Jin Yunmei laughed and stuffed a few items into Bi Wuhe's hands. "I'll go cook."

With that, she got up briskly and in a flash, she was already in the kitchen preparing to cook.

Bi Wuhe opened his palm. There were two small jade bottles in his left palm.

In his right palm was a warm jade token.

The jade token was not big and was filled with cloud patterns. On the front were two simple words, and on the back, sword qi surged.

Is this the token of the senior who wants to take Bi Yun and Bi Chong as his disciples?

Looking at the light sword qi on the token, he wondered how this person's cultivation was. Can he defeat the elders of the Gathering Sword Sect?

However, thinking about it, even if this person was not at the Heaven Realm, Bi Wuhe would still let his two children become his disciples.

He had to repay the favor of saving Yunmei's life and giving her medicine.

Bright Sword Pills.

The pills in the two jade bottles had sword intent and were of extremely high grade.

"Kids, I'm afraid we've met a benefactor..." Bi Wuhe looked at his two kids and chuckled.

Benefactor?

Bi Yun and Bi Chong looked at each other and nodded gently.

In the Imperial City, there were many legends of people being valued by benefactors and then given opportunities.

Perhaps the opportunity has landed on my family today?

A moment later, the rich fragrance of food came from the room. The family sat around the table. The two children were attracted to the rare sumptuous dishes. Bi Wuhe and Jin Yunmei, who were sitting opposite them, looked at each other and smiled.

At night, Bi Wuhe and Jin Yunmei fed the two brats the Bright Sword Pill and slowly catalyzed it with their spiritual qi.

The Cloud Qi Transformation Pill was extremely easy to refine. It landed in the two children's bodies and slowly flowed along their meridians towards their dantian.

Bi Yun and Bi Chong were still young and had yet to open up their dantian. However, the medicinal power surged in their bodies and finally opened up a small dantian.

The meridians in the two little guys' bodies were stimulated by the medicinal power. With the effect of changing their tendons and refining their marrow, traces of sword qi seeped out of their bodies.

With such talent, they could become extremely important junior disciples in the Imperial City's Sword Dao Sect.

Seeing the two fell asleep, Bi Wuhe turned around, "Senior Sister, since that senior will send someone to take Bi Yun and Bi Chong as disciples, we'll wait.

"After we arrange for these two brats, let's go to the Pill Destiny Pavilion in Moon Viewing Town together."

Jin Yunmei nodded and whispered, "Does the Pill Destiny Pavilion really form ties with pills..."

Dense spiritual energy circulated around her body, and her face was no longer pale.

On this day, three pills changed the fate of an ordinary family in the lower city.

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After Han Muye and Gongsun Shu left the city, they reached an agreement to trade for medicinal pills and returned to their respective places.

With the relationship between Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun, Han Muye's relationship with Gongsun Shu would be closer in the future.

Seeing Gongsun Shu leave, Han Muye did not return to Moon Viewing Town directly. Instead, he turned around and walked to the other side.

Instructor Lin had been summoned into the army, but Han Muye didn't know which camp he was in.

However, there was someone in charge of contacting the Han Trading Company in the city who knew where Lin Shen was.

He believed that Lin Shen would be extremely happy to find the reincarnations of Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun.

Of course, this news had to be passed on to Lin Shen.

However, before Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun's memories from their previous lives were awakened, they had to consider how Lin Shen would get along with Bi Wuhe's family.

Chapter 594 - 594 Exclusive Sponsor (3)

It was not a good thing to let Bi Yun and Bi Chong know that they were the reincarnations of great cultivators.

It was better to form a relationship first and see how the arrangements could be made in the future.

The Han Trading Company had several shops in the Imperial City. The largest one was on Mingxuan Street in the middle city.

There were 12 door fronts in a row. There was a wide parking space for horses and carriages in front of the door, and there were wooden chairs for travelers to sit on.

The design of the Han Trading Company's shop was based on many of Han Muye's suggestions.

At this moment, none of the surrounding shops were as lively as the Han Trading Company.

Han Muye had just walked to the front of the trading company when a young female attendant greeted him with a smile.

"The Han Trading Company welcomes our esteemed guest."

Most people would go into the shop to take a look.

As he followed the female attendant into the shop, he saw that goods were on display everywhere and people were coming and going, casually choosing the items.

Only precious medicinal pills or spiritual weapons would be handled by assigned employees.

The Han Corporation started from the Western Frontier with the medicinal pills that Han Muye had personally refined as its foundation. At this moment, it no longer relied on him alone.

Looking at the store, there were all kinds of medicinal pills and spiritual weapons. Most of them were produced in the Central Continent.

The Han family's business in the Central Continent mainly relied on Kong Chaode. Looking at the shop now, it could be seen that Kong Chaode was talented.

Recently, Kong Chaode had not been in the Imperial City. Before he left, he went to the Pill Destiny Pavilion to see Han Muye and told him that he could just look for Chen Ru, the manager in the Imperial City.

Chen Ru was from the Imperial City and came from a small aristocratic family. His family's dao had declined, so he abandoned scholarly research and joined the merchants.

When the Han Trading Company entered the Imperial City, Kong Chaode valued Chen Ru's ability and immediately bribed the family behind him.

Such a large sum of money made Chen Ru stay with the Han Trading Company willingly.

"Is Shopkeeper Chen here?"

Looking around the shop, Han Muye turned to look at the female servant beside him.

The female attendant was slightly stunned. She bowed slightly and said, "How should I address you, esteemed guest? Do I need to inform Shopkeeper Chen?"

Han Muye nodded and handed over a jade token.

"He knows who I am."

The maid quickly took the jade token and turned to go upstairs.

A moment later, a middle-aged man in his forties in a green robe walked over quickly.

This was the manager of the Han Trading Company in the Imperial City, Chen Ru.

"Chen Ru greets Master." Chen Ru walked forward and said in a low voice.

He had visited Han Muye with Kong Chaode last time.

At that time, he was stunned.

The Pill Destiny Pavilion's small shop was filled with calligraphy and paintings. If converted into spiritual rocks, they could set up a few Han Trading Company shops in the Imperial City.

His master lived in seclusion in the most low-key way and flaunted his wealth in an even more low-key way.

Also, the medicinal pills refined with the Pill Destiny Pavilion's Pill Transformation Technique were clearly created by his master.

To be able to develop such pill refinement techniques, it could be seen that his master was an alchemy cultivator with a profound alchemy cultivation!

The female attendant behind Chen Ru didn't expect that the manager of the Han Family Trading Company in the Imperial City would be so respectful to the young master in front of him.

One had to know that with the status of the head shopkeeper, even if the direct descendants of those large families came, they would not personally receive them.

What is the identity of the person who's here today? she wondered.

Han Muye raised his hand for Chen Ru to get up, then the two of them went to the quiet room on the second floor.

Chen Ru hurriedly reported the recent profits of the shops in the Imperial City and took out a jade box.

Among them were some spiritual herbs that he had collected.

Han Muye had previously said that spiritual rocks were useless to him, but he had to keep the good spiritual herbs.

Be it refining pills himself or practicing for Mu Wan, he needed spiritual herbs.

Han Muye put away the spiritual herbs and handed a jade slip to Chen Ru.

"Where is Lin Shen now? Pass this to him."

Back then, Lin Shen had escorted Kong Chaode to the Central Continent to open up a trade route. He was a senior in the Han Family Trading Company, and all the higher-ups in the trading company knew him.

Chen Ru had worked with Lin Shen before and knew that Instructor Lin was a trusted aide of the family head.

After receiving the jade slip, Chen Ru said, "Brother Lin Shen is currently in the Huwei Camp in the south of the city. He has received the military position of lieutenant of a thousand troops and is training the soldiers every day."

Most of the generals in the Red Flame Army had families and forces behind them. It was rare for someone like Lin Shen to be able to enlist by himself and become a commander of a thousand troops.

Han Muye nodded. Chen Ru would arrange for someone to give the jade slip to Lin Shen.

Han Muye had explained the rebirth of Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun in the jade slip.

As Chen Ru was putting away the jade slip, Han Muye commented on what struck him immediately when he came to the shop. Then he said, "There are too few Confucianist literary treasures in the shop. It's difficult to attract Confucianist cultivators.

"Confucianism reigns supreme in the Central Continent. If we can't attract these Confucianism cultivators to our shop, we lose a lot of business."

Earlier, Han Muye noticed that there were many spiritual materials and spiritual artifacts for sale in the shop. There were also some medicinal pills that were worth a lot.

However, the value of these things was fixed, and the profits were not as big as expected.

The customers in the shop were mostly cultivators and some wealthy mortals.

There were very few Confucian cultivators.

Han Muye did not see many literary treasures.

"Master, most Confucian cultivators are virtuous and refrain from material pursuits. Even if we have literary treasures, they're unwilling to buy them." Chen Ru shook his head with a wry smile.

"Also, the Confucian Dao Treasure Trade in the city is monopolized by those booksellers and literary pavilions. It's very difficult for outsiders to compete in this business."

Most of the scholars were great cultivators of Confucianism.

These people could gather all kinds of literary treasures without spending any money in the name of interactions.

How could outsiders compete in this kind of business?

In fact, speaking of literary treasures, the great cultivators of the Imperial City Academy would have a pile of them, right?

Han Muye understood Chen Ru's difficulties.

He pondered for a moment and took out a few scrolls.

"These are all great scholarly writing treasures. Hang them in a conspicuous place in the shop."

Great Confucian calligraphy!

Chen Ru was delighted and quickly took them.

Such treasures were worth millions.

The value of these things exceeded the power they could unleash.

As the saying goes, a thousand pieces of gold can't buy a person's heart.

"These are not for you to sell. Just hang them up. If anyone asks, just say that you're friends of the owner of the trading company."

Seeing Chen Ru's expression, Han Muye shook his head.

Not to sell, but only to hang?

Chen Ru looked up at Han Muye and whispered, "Master, is there a problem?"

Using the reputation of these scholars to attract customers might offend these people.

The great cultivators of Confucianism all had strange tempers. If they were to cause the great cultivators to burn down the shop, who could they reason with?

"Don't worry, they will give me face," Han Muye said calmly.

After that, he lowered his voice. "Go to the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship and tell Princess Yunjin that the Han Family Trading Company is going to be the exclusive sponsor of the upcoming Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference."

Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship!

Princess Yunjin!

The legitimate daughter of King Qi!

Chen Ru suppressed the surprise in his eyes and asked in confusion, "Master, what is an exclusive sponsor?"

Chapter 595 - 595 Invitation to the Conference

What is an exclusive sponsor?

Han Muye chuckled and explained.

From the brushes, ink, paper, and inkstones used in the literary conference to the servants' robes, tables, chairs, and refreshments in the venue, all of them would be provided by the Han Family Trading Company for free.

In other words, for this literary event held on the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship, not only would Princess Yunjin not have to spend a single spiritual rock, she would also get countless goods for free.

Chen Ru blinked and looked at Han Muye.

Isn't this a fool?

Can it be that my master has the intention to pursue Princess Yunjin, which is why he's spending his wealth and spiritual rocks for nothing?

However, with Princess Yunjin, this kind of action will probably not succeed. Instead, it's counterproductive...

If a mere treasure could win Princess Yunjin's heart, then those who were willing to use spiritual rocks to pile up the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship would probably line up from the Yongding River to the Imperial City.

Taking a deep breath, Chen Ru lowered his head and said softly, "Master, Chen Ru is slow-witted. I wonder what the underlying motive behind this exclusive sponsorship is?"

A scholar should have the temperament of a scholar.

Since he, Chen Ru, had been hired by the Han Family Trading Company, he had to think for the master.

Perhaps his master was infatuated and had lost his standard in his actions. He should advise him.

Of course, one had to be wise to advise.

Chen Ru felt that by asking like this, not only would he not embarrass Han Muye, but he could also reach a conclusion and admonish his master after he analyzed the pros and cons.

As for whether he would be looked down upon by his master because of his modesty and stupidity, as long as this master was not a mediocre person, he would understand his painstaking efforts.

You don't understand?

He nodded.

This was a knowledge barrier.

Cultivation practitioners often encountered knowledge barriers.

One could not see the wood for the trees. When people's understanding could not be integrated with new knowledge, most people would subconsciously think that their thoughts were right.

Escaping and hiding were subconscious fears of the unknown.

However, Chen Ru was a thoughtful person who was able to persuade him in person.

"On the day of the literary conference, all the servants' clothes will have the 'Han Family Trading Company' trademark. Everyone on the immortal ship will be dressed uniformly.

"All the guests will be given an expensive gift. There will also be the mark of our Han Company on the gift.

"There will be banners sponsored exclusively by the Han Company hanging in all the visible places on the immortal ship.

"When receiving guests, we must mention that the literary conference is sponsored by the Han Company.

"Then everyone in the Imperial City will know the name of my Han Family Trading Company.

"It's just like gathering the People's Will. Chen Ru, I believe you know the benefits of being famous for a company."

Han Muye explained, bit by bit. Initially, Chen Ru was about to refute, but the more he listened, the stranger his expression became.

Towards the end, his eyes were sparkling.

"There are 13 big businesses in the city. Which one of them isn't famous in the Central Continent? Their reputation is their strong signboard!

“Master, Chen Ru understands the purpose of this exclusive sponsorship!

“I’m amazed! Master is really a business genius!”

Chen Ru could not help but praise. Then he suggested in a low voice.

“Master, since we want to sponsor the entire process, the quality of this inkstone can’t be too low. I suggest using the inkstone of the Ma Family Workshop in the Imperial City, the paper of the Hu Family, the ink brush of the Sun Family, and the Yunzhou ink of the imperial family.”

“Also, use all the melons, fruits, and wine of superior quality. Servants will bring them out and tell the guests that these melons and fruits are carefully selected by the Han Corporation.”

As if enlightened, Chen Ru spoke faster and faster. He really had something in mind and there was light in his eyes.

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

Sometimes, a person’s talent needed to be discovered.

Chen Ru was a guy with a sharp business sense.

With a little guidance, he could deduce the subsequent sponsorship matters clearly.

“Master, I’m afraid that these ordinary goods won’t be able to win the attention of those great Confucian scholars participating in the literary conference.”

Chen Ru looked at Han Muye.

Those who were qualified to participate in the literary conference were all great scholars in the Imperial City. They won’t be moved by brushes, ink, paper, inkstones, or other goods.

“Of course, ordinary things aren’t for them.”

Han Muye smiled and took out an invitation.

“Two things.

“First, use this invitation to find a Confucianist cultivator in the Imperial City and invite him to write a handwritten letter for this literary conference.”

As soon as Han Muye finished speaking, Chen Ru subconsciously shrank back.

Is he trying to fleece the great scholars in the city?

Isn’t he afraid of offending all the scholars?

“It’s fine. The handwriting on this invitation belongs to Deputy Head Lu Yuzhou. Those scholars would give him face.”

Han Muye’s expression did not change as he spoke softly.

The corners of Chen Ru’s eyes twitched. Before he could speak, he heard Han Muye’s words again.

“Anyway, after the literary conference, we won’t care about what happens in the future.

“How about this? Replicate 100,000 copies of the invitation and sell them to the Confucian students in the city.

“100,000 is not a lot. So sell the invitation card for 3,000 spiritual rocks apiece.”

Selling invitation cards!

Chen Ru widened his eyes and looked at Han Muye.

Can the Master really do such a thing?

“Master, I’m afraid you’re cutting yourself off from the Confucian Dao...” Chen Ru had to remind him.

Confucian scholars had a smug and self-righteous attitude and hated people with a profit-seeking spirit. Chen Ru was willing to enter the business world, but he could not sell invitations...

“Idiot.” Han Muye glanced at Chen Ru and lowered his voice. “I’m opening a path for the poor students in the Imperial City and giving them an opportunity.

“During the literary conference, there might be a few famous poems passed down from ancient times. These students can observe them from afar. If they get any inspiration, it’s worth three to five thousand spiritual rocks.”

Chapter 596 - 596 Invitation to the Conference (2)

“If you explain this matter clearly, all the students in the city will be grateful to you.”

Gratitude?

Can things be done like this?

Chen Ru looked at Han Muye and nodded mechanically.

“Master, I’m afraid the immortal ship can’t hold 100,000 students. Also, there are many students who can’t afford 3,000 spiritual rocks. If these people make a scene...”

As the saying goes, people do not worry about scarcity, but rather about uneven distribution in this world.

The poorer a student was, the stronger his self-esteem and the more sensitive he is.

The name ‘Sour Confucian’ was not for nothing.

“That’s easy.

“Find hundreds of pleasure boats and surround the immortal ship. Find some cultivators to use array formations to transmit sound images from the immortal ship.

“As for those poor students, if we allow them to pool their quotas, three to five people should be able to pool an invitation, right?

“On the day of the literary conference, pick some lucky poor students to participate in the literary conference on the immortal ship.

“In that case, everything depends on luck. I don’t think anyone can protest, right?”

...

Everything Han Muye said could effectively solve the problem Chen Ru raised.

At this point, Chen Ru felt that there was no problem in organizing the literary conference as Han Muye had said.

“By the way, Master, in the end, if the princess is unwilling to give us the exclusive sponsorship, what should we do?”

Chen Ru said nervously.

No matter what he said, his own trading company treated the Immortal Ship’s Literary Convention as a tool to make a name for themselves. If the owner of the Immortal Ship, Princess Yunjin, was unwilling, wouldn’t it be a wasted plan?

Hearing his words, Han Muye clasped his hands behind his back and said softly with an indifferent expression, “The Jade Epiphyllum was all moved from my small courtyard. This document will be exclusively sponsored by my Han Trading Company. What can it have?”

Er...

Chen Ru lowered his head.

It was better not to know too much about some things.

However, since he had to plan this, he had to hurry.

After all, the literary conference would be held in three days.

In the past two days, it was not easy for Chen Ru to do everything Han Muye instructed.

Thinking of this, Chen Ru felt his blood boil.

He had to complete the matter of stirring up Confucianism in the entire Imperial City and even Confucianism in the Central Continent in two days.

How could such a magnificent feat not make him excited?

Han Muye knew what he was feeling and left.

Before he could walk out of the shop, the entire Han Trading Company was already in an uproar. Workers were sent out one after another.

This Chen Ru seemed to have some ability to execute.

Han Muye returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion with a smile.

Before Mu Wan returned, Han Muye set up a formation in the room, then activated the power of the divine beast, Baxia, and his soul incarnation appeared in the Suwei World.

When the Sword Pavilion appeared, the Sect Master of the Four Soaring Swords Sect, Lu Zhenxiang, who had been waiting on the shore, hurriedly stepped forward.

Han Muye raised his hand to hold the sword in Lu Zhenxiang's hands and commented.

"The name of the sword is Fengyang. It's made of Chaos Spirit Gold. It's really meticulous.

"Unfortunately, this sword isn't very compatible with the sword techniques of your Four Soaring Swords Sect. Are you prepared to specialize in the sword techniques that are compatible with this sword, or are you going to modify this sword?"

Lu Zhenxiang did not expect that not only could Senior Han from the Sword Pavilion observe and recognize swords, but he could also give suggestions on the fusion of sword techniques and swords.

He even seemed to have a way to change swords or sword techniques?

He asked carefully how to change the sword techniques and how to modify the sword.

Han Muye told him that if he wanted to cultivate a sword technique that matched this sword, Han Muye could teach him a few sets.

If he wanted the sword to be compatible with the sword techniques of the Four Soaring Swords Sect, he would refine this sword a little.

He imparted sword techniques and reforged swords.

Even though Lu Zhenxiang was the sect master of the Four Soaring Swords Sect and had a high status and was also a great cultivator, he could not make up his mind for a moment.

Han Muye said to give him a few days to consider and then asked Lu Zhenxiang to send a message that Han Muye needed a lot of spiritual herbs to refine pills.

This senior from the Sword Pavilion can refine pills?

Lu Zhenxiang was at a loss, but he quickly agreed.

Before he flew out of the Sword Pavilion, the cauldron in Han Muye's hand appeared, and flames rose.

In half a day's time, he had refined 17 pills from the spiritual herbs he bought from Xuhe Pavilion.

This pill that was filled with sword intent was named Sword Core by him.

The name was straightforward. It meant that this pill could condense sword intent and could also be used as a sword.

The Sword Core was refined, and the lightning was endless. The Divine Beast Baxia below raised its head and swallowed all the lightning.

17 Sword Cores could turn into 17 Sword Pills.

When the spiritual herbs collected in the Suwei World were all gathered, Han Muye planned to spend time refining 361 sword cores to form the 361-week Heavenly Cycle Formation.

He was very curious about what it would be like if the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation and the black and white arrays were combined.

When he came out of seclusion, Mu Wan had already returned.

Seeing him come out of seclusion, Mu Wan went forward with a happy expression. She gently hugged his waist and ran off with a smile.

This girl is getting better at flirting.

They had dinner at the Southern Wasteland Snack Shop.

Cuicui and the others sat around a table. From time to time, Shao Datian would receive the children who came to play.

Mu Wan took Cuicui's pulse and asked her to take it easy to prevent a miscarriage.

Then Mu Wan took out two more medicinal pills and said that they were refined by her elders and asked Cuicui to take them for the next few days.

After dinner, Zuo Lin, Zuo Yuting, and the others left. Han Muye and Mu Wan closed the shop and returned to the small courtyard.

"That Spirit Control Meridian Protection Pill was refined by Grandmaster Baili. It's useful for protecting the bloodline.

"There's also a fifth-grade Spirit Stabilizing Pill that balances the bloodline and spiritual qi.

"Supervisor Baili said that these two pills can at least protect Cuicui and the fetus in her womb for three months."

The value of these two pills was probably millions of spiritual rocks.

To Cuicui and Shao Datian, it was impossible to buy these pills in their entire lives.

Chapter 597 - 597 Invitation to the Conference (3)

Han Muye told her about Gongsun Shu's visit today and how they had gone to deliver pills and saw Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun reincarnated.

These ups and downs made Mu Wan extremely emotional.

She was only an alchemist. Although she had cultivated some spells, she had almost never fought with anyone.

Mu Wan had heard of Lin Chongxiao and his fame.

This was the true cultivation world. Killings were everywhere.

Han Muye also talked about fleecing the scholars and sponsoring the literary conference.

Initially, Mu Wan looked at Han Muye strangely. When Han Muye said that he would replicate the invitation and sell each copy for 3,000 spiritual rocks, her eyes lit up.

“100,000 invites. 3,000 spiritual rocks for each invite. That’s 100,000 multiplied by 3,000...” Mu Wan lowered her head and started counting on her fingers.

When she looked up in surprise, she realized that her senior brother’s eyes were like a wolf’s. He leaned in front of her and slowly lowered his head.

She was at a loss, but she closed her eyes and kissed him.

...

“Senior Brother, Grandmaster Baili invites you to her residence tomorrow.” Mu Wan, who was limp and leaning in Han Muye’s arms, looked up and said in a low voice while panting.

Is this considered meeting a senior? he thought.

Looking at Mu Wan’s plump red lips, Han Muye, whose palms were somewhere, smiled and nodded. “Of course I have to go. I wonder if this Grandmaster Baili will give her nephew-in-law a big red packet if I go?”

Hearing his words, Mu Wan blushed and reached out to push him away. She covered her messy clothes and entered her room, closing the door tightly.

Han Muye stood where he was and looked at the closed door with a smile.

Today, he had a deep understanding.

The difficulties of Bi Wuhe’s family represented the vast majority of cultivators in the world.

They were in the Imperial City, but they had not integrated into the Imperial City.

Most of the 30,000 people in the Imperial City were probably like this.

It was the same for cultivators.

They were guests, but their hearts were uneasy.

Wanting some peace was easier said than done.

The struggle of Bi Wuhe’s family represented the vast majority of casual cultivators and low-level cultivators.

Their fates were completely out of their control.

That was why the Cultivation practitioners sincerely believed in the saying that opportunities could change one’s fate.

It was not that they did not know that opportunities were elusive, but if they did not seek opportunities, they would not see any hope at all.

Perhaps the opportunity that was spread around in the cultivation world was really set up by those large sects to stabilize their rule.

After leaving Bi Wuhe’s house to see Chen Ru, Han Muye had a sudden thought.

After talking to Chen Ru, he had the idea of sponsoring the literary conference.

He didn't know what the outcome of this would be.

However, he knew that the Heavenly Mystic Confucianism was like a pool of stagnant water. The hierarchy was strict and there was too little vitality.

From the books he read, it had been more than a thousand years since he last saw a masterpiece.

This was not a good thing.

Shaking his head gently, Han Muye wondered if Wen Mosheng would thank him or hate him for what he had done.

Who cares?

The literary conference and Bi Wuhe's family were considered matters in the cultivation world, and the insights they gave Han Muye were different from the insights from Cuicui and the others.

When they were having dinner at night, Shao Datian was busy with everything. Cuicui's heart ached for him, so she took the time to feed him some hot food. This scene was extremely heartwarming.

This pitifully weak couple tried their best to build their happiness.

If they were to rely on themselves in the future, it would be impossible for them to have good karma.

Karma.

There was an indescribable aura surging around Han Muye.

This was karma.

Every ounce of power involved the Great Dao of the world. Where did the power of the Great Dao come from?

Everything would be affected by karma.

The karma on Han Muye came from the Nine Mystic Mountain, the Sword Pavilion, the Western Frontier, everyone he came into contact with, every Heavenly Dao, and every living being.

No wonder those great cultivators wanted to cut off all ties.

After cultivating to the Dao merge, mysteriously and inexorably, one would be bound by the power of karma.

Without understanding karma, one would never be able to transcend.

Perhaps Wen Mosheng was the same?

"Creak—"

Mu Wan's door opened a crack.

"Senior Brother, you can't sleep?"

“Then, shall I play with you again?”

Han Muye grinned and rushed into the room.

A moment later, he ran out in a sorry state.

“Senior Brother, you can’t blame me for this. You’re the one who can’t...” A voice sounded from behind.

—

The sun had just risen. The golden Great Spirit and spiritual light intertwined and enveloped the Imperial City.

In the small courtyard, Bi Wuhe led Bi Yun and Bi Chong to brandish their short swords.

The small swords in their hands were unopened, and the sword light was dim.

Jin Yunmei watched from the side with a smile on her face.

Bi Yun and Bi Chong had consumed the Bright Sword Pills, and there was sword intent lingering in their bodies.

Even though the Sword Intent was in their Dantian and wasn’t visible at all, from the strength and angle in which they swung their swords, it was obvious that their comprehension of the Sword Dao had become much more profound.

This was the improvement of their cultivation talent.

At this moment, his two extraordinary children were even more talented in the Sword Dao.

“Haha, this strike is not bad. It’s quite imposing.

“Eh, you spun your sword in one go. You’re really enlightened.”

Bi Wuhe’s voice was filled with joy.

After finishing a set of sword techniques, the three of them put away their swords.

“Alright, Uncle-Master said that the Bi family’s two children are talented in the Sword Dao. Looking at it now, it’s indeed rare.

“They are qualified to join our Gathering Sword Sect.”

A loud shout came from the entrance of the small courtyard. Two middle-aged men in green robes walked over slowly.

People from the Gathering Sword Sect.

Bi Wuhe and Jin Yunmei’s expressions changed slightly as they looked at each other.

If it was yesterday, they would have welcomed them.

But now, they were nervous.

"I am Ke Zhenyue, and this is my junior brother, Du Hai. We are both deacons of the Gathering Sword Sect.

"Uncle-Master Wu Ling said that your children's cultivation talent is not bad, so Junior Brother Du Hai and I came to take them in as disciples."

Glancing at the low eaves, Ke Zhenyue said with an arrogant expression, "Pack up and hand them over to us.

"They don't need to bring anything other than this set of clothes.

"You can visit them in the sect once after three years.

"Of course, life and death are up to fate when it comes to cultivation. If they don't survive the few entrance trials, they can only blame their bad luck."

Ke Zhenyue said coldly with his hands behind his back.

With that, his gaze fell on the two children. He turned around and chuckled. "Junior Brother, pick one first."

Chapter 598 - 598 Instructor Lin's Sword Sect

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Pick.

Like goods.

Bi Wuhe felt sad.

If not for yesterday's great opportunity, he would have bowed and smiled when his two children were chosen today, right?

Taking a light breath, Bi Wuhe took a step forward and bowed.

"Fellow Daoists of the Gathering Sword Sect, these two brats of my family won't become disciples of your sect."

Won't become disciples?

Du Hai, who was looking up and down and was about to choose between Bi Chong and Bi Yun, was stunned. He raised his head and looked at Ke Zhenyue blankly.

After cultivating for so many years, this was the first time he had encountered such a thing. For a moment, he thought that he had heard wrongly.

Ke Zhenyue's face twitched, and his eyes revealed a trace of malice.

A sword light flashed on his body.

This was a provocation to the Gathering Sword Sect!

At this moment, many of the neighbors had gathered around.

Bi Wuhe and the others had lived here for several years, so they were quite familiar with many people in this alley.

The news that the Gathering Sword Sect wanted to take in two brats as disciples had long spread.

This matter attracted the envy of many people, so the other children secretly bullied the Bi brothers.

When the surrounding neighbors saw that members of the Gathering Sword Sect had come today, they knew that they were here to pick Bi Yun and Bi Chong up, so they all came to congratulate them.

They brought two or three spiritual herbs, a few Cloud Qi Pills, and some other goods.

They were all mortals or low-level cultivators who mingled in the lower city. It was not the gifts that counted, but the thoughts behind them.

At this moment, Bi Wuhe's words stunned everyone.

Outside the fence, the neighbors stared at the Bi Wuhe.

Is the head of the Bi family stupid?

Becoming a disciple of the Gathering Sword Sect is a good thing for families like theirs!

"Yunmei, hurry up and persuade your man."

"That's right. Brother Bi loves the children, but the children need to cultivate to become talents."

The surrounding people hurriedly called out to Jin Yunmei, who was standing in front of the door.

Spiritual light surged in Ke Zhenyue's eyes, and a faint sword intent appeared on his body.

"I'll give you a chance to change your tune."

Ke Zhenyue clenched his fists behind his back and said coldly, "You should know that no one in the entire Imperial City would dare to accept a disciple that my Gathering Sword Sect doesn't accept."

His words made Bi Wuhe's body stiffen.

He refused to join the Sword Gathering Sect because that senior said that he wanted to take his children as his disciples and even gave him a gift.

However, he did not know if that senior would stand up for his children and fight with the Gathering Sword Sect.

What if that senior wasn't willing to compete or couldn't win?

"We already have a master," Bi Chong, who was standing behind Bi Wuhe, shouted angrily when he saw his father being forced.

His words made everyone's expressions change.

A trace of bitterness and worry flashed across Bi Wuhe and Jin Yunmei's faces.

They didn't want to tell anyone about this.

The surrounding neighbors were surprised and regretful. Some shook their heads and prepared to retreat.

This Bi Family had offended the Gathering Sword Sect. There would probably be no good ending for them.

The repressed sword intent on Ke Zhenyue's body crashed into the surroundings like a thunderclap, and the strong wind wreaked havoc in the small courtyard.

Beside him, Du Hai's hand was on the hilt of his sword.

A spiritual light surged out of Bi Wuhe's body and protected the two brats behind him.

Jin Yunmei's body also flashed with spiritual light. She took a step forward and stood beside him.

"Good, good, so it's two Earth Realm great cultivators." Ke Zhenyue bit down on the words 'great cultivators'

How could an Earth Realm cultivator be considered a great cultivator in the Imperial City?

A cold smile appeared on his face as he looked at Bi Wuhe and his wife. "Don't worry, the opportunities in this world are unpredictable.

"It's true. Your child didn't become a disciple of my Gathering Sword Sect. It can only be said that we are not destined to be master and disciple."

His tone slowly turned gentle, making the people around him feel a little strange.

When did the members of the Gathering Sword Sect speak so kindly?

"I won't dare. Thank you for your understanding, Fellow Daoist—" Bi Wuhe cupped his hands. Before he could finish speaking, Ke Zhenyue lowered his voice and the cold sword intent on his body pressed down.

"Tell me, who dares to be our enemy?"

Ke Zhenyue gritted his teeth. His eyes seemed to be on fire.

"Fighting with our Sword Gathering Sect for a disciple is a provocation!"

Ke Zhenyue shouted, his voice shaking the surroundings.

The surrounding thatched cottages were shaken by the strong wind, and many messy grass and soil fell.

Bi Wuhe and Jin Yunmei's faces turned pale.

Their strength was not inferior to the other party.

However, it was impossible for them to stop the Sword Gathering Sect.

That senior might be strong enough, but he would think twice before making an enemy out of the Gathering Sword Sect over the matter of accepting disciples.

Was it worth it?

“Clang—”

Du Hai unsheathed his sword and pointed it at Jin Yunmei.

“If you live in the Imperial City, you should know the consequences of disobeying our Sword Gathering Sect.

“It doesn’t matter if both of you die. Don’t you think about the two kids?”

Jin Yunmei was pointed at by the long sword. Bi Wuhe snorted coldly and the River Mountain Sword appeared in his hand. He took a step in front of Jin Yunmei.

Bi Yun and Bi Chong also held their unopened short swords and wanted to protect their mother.

Jin Yunmei’s gaze landed on her two children. She shook her head and raised her hand to reveal a jade token in her palm.

“That senior left a token and will send someone to take them in as disciples.”

She spoke softly.

There was no point in hiding it.

Even if they fought to the death, the Gathering Sword Sect would not give up pursuing the matter. This matter would eventually be investigated.

Ke Zhenyue and Du Hai’s eyes fell on the jade pendant.

“Gongsun?”

Ke Zhenyue frowned.

Du Hai was also stunned for a moment, then said in a low voice with a cold face, “Although our Gathering Sword Sect’s strength is not comparable to the Gongsun Clan of the Imperial City, we will not be scared away by a mere token.”

Chapter 599 - 599 Instructor Lin's Sword Sect (2)

In the Imperial City, there were many families with the surname Gongsun. There were Gongsun families in the upper city, in the middle city, and in the lower city.

This token could only prove that someone with the surname Gongsun was accepting the Bi brothers as disciples, but no one knew which family.

Could it be that an insignificant member of the Gongsun family could also suppress the reputation of the Sword Sect?

Ke Zhenyue nodded and took a deep breath, “That’s right, even if it’s the Gongsun family...”

Before he could finish speaking, a voice sounded from the alley behind him.

“What about our Gongsun family?”

His voice was clear, but there was a hint of authority mixed in.

The people around the alley quickly dispersed, revealing a calm young man in a moon-white brocade robe.

Behind the young man, sword cultivators in green robes stood solemnly.

Upon seeing this young man, Ke Zhenyue frowned.

He seemed to have seen this young man before, but he could not remember where he saw him.

The young man strode forward and stood in front of the small courtyard. He raised his hand and bowed.

“Gongsun Zhi of the Gongsun family is here on the orders of my patriarch to bring the two of you in.”

With that, he straightened his back and looked around.

“My patriarch, Gongsun Shu of the Heavenly Mystic Dynasty, has personally accepted Bi Yun and Bi Chong as his disciples. Today, Gongsun Zhi has come to welcome you into the Gongsun family.”

Gongsun Zhi did not look at the changes in the expressions of the people around him. He only said indifferently, “All those who disrespect the two martial uncles and their families are provoking my Gongsun family and my patriarch, Lord Gongsun Shu.”

Gongsun Zhi.

Gongsun Shu!

Only then did Ke Zhenyue remember who the young man in front of him was.

Among the young sword cultivators in the Imperial City, Gongsun Zhi, the number one of the Gongsun family’s younger generation, had the ability to suppress all directions and fight to a draw with Mo Zishu, who was known as the young dragon of swordsmanship!

His grandfather was the number one expert of the Gongsun family and the top sword cultivator in the Imperial City, the invincible great sword cultivator, Gongsun Shu!

One sword to suppress the Imperial City!

How many people could have such an honor in the cultivation of the Sword Dao?

How many swordsmen in the world could compare to Gongsun Shu?

That was the top sword cultivator in the world!

Are they going to compete with such a person for disciples today? the surrounding people wondered.

Are they worthy?

Is the Gathering Sword Sect worthy?

Du Hai, who was holding a long sword in his hand, was pale. The tip of the sword trembled, as if he could no longer hold the sword in his hand.

Gongsun Zhi did not look at them. His gaze fell on Bi Yun and Bi Chong, then he raised his head with a smile on his face.

“Seniors, pack up and follow us to reside in the upper city.”

Reside in the upper city!

The upper city of the Imperial City was where the important ministers of the dynasty lived.

Those who could live in the upper city, which one of them wasn't someone that could make the Heavenly Mystic tremble with a stomp of their feet?

Bi Wuhe's family, who lived in a low-rise house in the lower city, was invited to live in the upper city!

The surrounding neighbors were all terrified and stared at Bi Wuhe with extremely envious gazes.

At this moment, Bi Wuhe was a little dumbfounded.

He would never have thought that the one who wanted to take his own children as disciples would be the invincible Gongsun Shu of the Imperial City.

When he obtained the jade token yesterday, he had wondered which Gongsun family had taken his children as disciples.

Gongsun Shu's name was the first one he ignored.

Because he didn't dare to think about it.

Why would a top sword cultivator take his own children as his disciples?

Impossible.

However, at this moment, Gongsun Zhi clearly stated that it was Gongsun Shu who accepted Bi Yun and Bi Chong.

“Gongsun, Senior Invincible?” Bi Wuhe looked at Gongsun Zhi in disbelief and asked softly.

“My patriarch does have this name.” Gongsun Zhi nodded.

The eyes of the two little guys standing behind Bi Wuhe lit up.

Invincible. Does this title refer to the Martial Uncle who wants to take us as his disciples?

Jin Yunmei reached out and grabbed Bi Wuhe's arm, her fingers turning white.

At this moment, her mind was in a mess.

How can my own children be taken in as disciples by Senior Gongsun Invincible?

The courtyard and the surroundings were silent. Everyone was looking at Bi Wuhe.

“Clang—”

The sword in Du Hai's hand fell to the ground, and his entire body went limp as he fell to the ground, trembling.

Beside him, Ke Zhenyue was not much stronger.

The sound of the sword falling woke Bi Wuhe up.

He looked around with a smile on his face. He cupped his hands and said to Gongsun Zhi, "Young Master Gongsun, please wait a moment. We'll pack up and leave."

He held Jin Yunmei and the two little guys' hands and returned to the room to pack some clothes. Bi Wuhe and the others walked out and closed the door.

Jin Yunmei looked at the closed door with a complicated expression.

Their family had lived in this hut for nearly a year.

Although life had been tough these past few years, it was still considered peaceful.

Fortunately, the future would be better!

Jin Yunmei, who had recovered from her injuries, smiled and led Bi Yun and Bi Chong out with Bi Wuhe.

Gongsun Zhi did not look at the outsiders. He turned around and led the Bi Family out of the alley. They boarded the carriage and headed uptown.

From the beginning until the end, no one paid attention to Ke Zhenyue and Du Hai from the Gathering Sword Sect.

The direct descendants of the Gongsun family would consider it an affront to their status if they took another look at these people.

The neighbors outside the small courtyard quietly retreated.

Seeing this scene today, the people of the Gathering Sword Sect were furious.

However, they could not care less now. After offending the Gongsun family, the Gathering Sword Sect would probably have to consider how to save their lives.

To ordinary mortals and cultivators, the rules of the Imperial City were insurmountable.

However, true experts and large factions were people who set the rules.

In the small courtyard, Ke Zhenyue slowly turned around and looked at the empty space around him.

"D-Junior Brother Du, we, we-"

Du Hai, who had fallen to the ground, got up and picked up the sword on the ground. Then he lowered his voice and said, "Senior Brother, we can't stay in the Imperial City anymore."

Chapter 600 - 600 Instructor Lin's Sword Sect (3)

600 Instructor Lin's Sword Sect (3)

Ke Zhenyue nodded.

Offending the Gongsun family would bring great trouble to the sect.

If he stayed in the Imperial City, the sect would definitely not show mercy.

The two of them quickly turned around and ran out of the city.

They had made the right choice.

Because at this moment, the Gathering Sword Sect was already in a mess.

A middle-aged man wearing red armor and holding a huge sword could shatter a building with every slash.

Whether it was the Earth Realm deacon or the Heaven Realm elder, no one could stop this sword cultivator.

It was not until he broke through the hall and shattered the plaque of the Sword Gathering Sect that the sword cultivator dragged the sect master of the Sword Gathering Sect, who had fallen to the ground and vomited blood, away with large strides.

The sect master was captured?

The group of Sword Gathering Sect disciples were at a loss.

As they fell from afar, someone hurriedly went to find the Patrol Battalion.

In the Imperial City, private fights were prohibited in the Patrol Battalion.

The Gathering Sword Sect didn't offend anyone and was beaten up just like that. Of course, they had to seek justice from the Patrol Battalion.

In just a moment, the sect master of the Sword Gathering Sect was thrown onto the road leading to the upper city.

In front, a convoy stopped.

Gongsun Zhi, who was riding on his horse, looked ahead, his fighting spirit surging.

He could feel the sword intent coming from the man with the sword on his back.

It was an extremely powerful force.

When did such an expert in the Sword Dao appear in the Imperial City's Red Flame Army?

"General, why are you blocking the way of my Gongsun family's convoy?"

When Gongsun Zhi saw that the burly man in front of him did not have any killing intent, his voice softened slightly.

The burly man raised his head and nodded at Gongsun Zhi. Then his gaze landed on Bi Wuhe.

“This is the sect master of the Sword Gathering Sect. I’ll help you choose the Sword Gathering Sect.”

The large sword in his hand pressed against the neck of the sect master of the Gathering Sword Sect, and then he said coldly, “The Gathering Sword Sect will join the Qiyang Sword Sect in the future. You will be an elder, understand?”

The huge sword was filled with a cold sword intent. As long as he answered no, the sword would stab out.

The sect master of Sword Gathering Sect nodded with difficulty.

He didn’t want to die.

Bi Wuhe and Jin Yunmei widened their eyes.

Qiyang Sword Sect was the name of their former sect.

Jin Yunmei’s father was the sect master back then.

The Qiyang Sword Sect was annihilated. No one mentioned this name anymore.

Who was this burly man in front of them?

“Fellow Daoist, you are...” Bi Wuhe jumped off his horse and cupped his hands.

“My name is Lin Shen. I’m now a lieutenant in the Red Flame Army.”

The burly man replied in a deep voice.

Lin Shen.

Instructor Lin.

Lin Shen’s gaze landed on the carriage behind the convoy and met the eyes of the two boys who stuck their heads out.

“Haha, you guys have to cultivate well. When I come back from the outside world, I will return what should be returned to you.”

Lin Shen laughed and suppressed the tears in his eyes. He turned around and left.

“Where’s the patrol battalion?”

“I offended the Gathering Sword Sect and am willing to be punished. You can report this to the battalion.”

Lin Shen strode away.

Several experts of the Patrol Battalion quietly followed.

Gongsun Zhi’s expression changed as he watched Lin Shen leave.

Bi Wuhe and Jin Yunmei looked at each other and turned to look at their children in the carriage.

For some reason, the two children looked excited, as if they had known this burly man for many years.

The carriage continued forward, followed by a few people from the Gathering Sword Sect.

Now they were members of the Qiyang Sword Sect.

Not to mention Lin Shen's threat, just because the Bi brothers had been taken in as disciples by Gongsun Shu, it was also the wisest choice for them to join the Qiyang Sword Sect.

What was the Gathering Sword Sect that lived in the lower city?

With the support of the Gongsun family, they could go further!

Bi Wuhe discussed with Jin Yunmei for a while before accepting these people.

Revitalizing the Qiyang Sword Sect was something that they did not dare to think about in the past. It was also something that they had suppressed in their hearts and could not forget.

Now that their children were under Senior Gongsun Invincible, some things were different!

Wasn't this how things worked in the cultivation world?

—

Middle city, Floating Spirit Town.

There was a small academy called the Shang Academy.

There were a total of five Confucianists and hundreds of students in Shang Academy.

After all, there were too few people who could enter the Imperial City Academy. Most of the students were studying in various academies.

There were hundreds of academies in the city.

At this moment, a short and fat young man in a brocade robe rushed to the hall of the Academy with an invitation in his hand.

"Dean Qiu, Dean Qiu, something big has happened!"

The young man shouted loudly, attracting the attention of the students sitting in the hall.

This young man's name was Murong Tui, and he was the legitimate son of a large merchant family in Floating Spirit Town.

This fellow was forced into the academy. He was ignorant and incompetent.

Upon hearing Murong Tui's shout, the black-bearded elder sitting at the head of the table frowned. He raised his hand and a spiritual light descended.

"Murong Tui, you're here to disturb the order of the school again!"

The old man shouted. The golden Great Spirit turned into a chain and pressed down on Murong Tui's head.

"Dean, Dean, I really have something big!"

The chained Murong Tui waved an invitation in his hand.

"I have an invitation to the flower boat. I'm here to deliver it to the dean!"

Flower boat invitation.

The surrounding students lowered their heads and chuckled.

The old man's face turned cold and he shouted in a deep voice, "Ignorant and incompetent thing, how can I, Qiu Chuqi, be a womanizer like you?"

"Today, this old man will teach you a good lesson. I will let you know that we Confucianists should cultivate our hearts diligently."

As the old man spoke, the jade ruler in his hand flashed with spiritual light and was about to smash down on Murong Tui.

Murong Tui shrunk his head and shouted, "Dean, this is an invitation to the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference. I spent 100,000 spiritual rocks to buy it. If you don't want it, I'll go myself!"

Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference?

Qiu Chuqi was stunned. In a flash, he landed in front of Murong Tui and took the invitation.

"Is it really an invitation to the legendary Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference?"

"However, can we participate in the literary conference using this replica?"

Muttering to himself, Qiu Chuqi strode out of the classroom.

"I'm going to see a great cultivator of Confucianism. You guys study by yourselves."

Self-study?

The students in the hall agreed.

"Dean, let me go..."

Murong Tui cried out in pain.

...

In less than half a day, news of Gongsun Invincible taking in new disciples after hundreds of years had spread throughout half of the Imperial City.

The sword cultivators in the Imperial City were all curious about what kind of talented person could obtain Gongsun Invincible's favor.

With Gongsun Shu's status as a great sword cultivator, as long as he said that he wanted to take in a disciple, those who were willing to be his disciple could line up from the upper city to the outside of the Imperial City.

Even many elites of the royal family could not move Gongsun Shu.

But today, Gongsun Shu suddenly announced that he was taking in disciples. Who wouldn't be curious?

Many great sword cultivators went around trying to find out more.

However, compared to the news that Gongsun Shu had accepted a disciple, the Imperial City was even more clamorous at this moment. It was the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference in two days.

Not many people knew about this.

All along, only those at the peak of Confucianism were qualified to participate in the literary conference.

Originally, this was just a private literary conference organized by some Confucian cultivators. For some reason, it spread throughout the Imperial City overnight.