

Pavilion 611

Chapter 611 - 611 Meeting Yunjin Again on the Immortal Ship (2)

The scholars who came to the riverside were intoxicated by the scenery.

The beauty of the world was like this.

There seemed to be a faint song coming from the river in the distance.

Listening carefully, one could hear the faint chanting in the bamboo forest. It was intoxicating.

"I'm a fox that has cultivated for a thousand years.

"A thousand years of cultivation, a thousand years of loneliness."

...

Bai Wuhen's voice.

The divine soul technique of the Heavenly Fox Clan could suppress the impetuosity of the mind and let the students calm down slowly. They sat around the river bank in pairs.

There were clear waves and clear songs.

One by one, the Confucians alighted from the carriages.

Behind them, countless students bowed.

Along the way, each of these Confucian scholars had annotated at least dozens of books.

Obtaining the annotations of the Great Confucian meant they would be able to enjoy them for life.

How could one not cherish such an opportunity?

Su Qi'er stood behind Grandmaster Chen Yi.

Behind Han Muye and Mu Wan, other than the Zuo siblings, there were also Zhao Daosheng and Qiu Chuqi standing behind him.

Two Grandmasters.

On the water ahead, small boats approached one after another.

On the boats, there were handsome boys and beautiful girls. They were wearing tailored Confucian robes.

The sleeves of this Confucian robe were not too wide, unlike a real Confucian scholar's robe. It was also convenient for one to move around in.

The clothes on these people were uniform and looked quite neat.

On the small boats, there were banners that said, 'The Han Family Trading Company's exclusive sponsorship of the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference.'

However, there were many small words under the banners now.

‘All drinking water is provided by Ho’s Wells.’

‘The Jade Epiphyllum special wine is sponsored by the Phoenix Song Winery.’

...

Beside the river, an old man in a purple robe was leading a few youths. When he saw the boats coming, he grinned.

“Haha, Brother Chen Ru is right. The signboard for our Phoenix Song Winery is very eye-catching.

“This million spiritual rocks is worth it.”

A million spiritual rocks in exchange for this banner?

Although the young man beside him was confused, he did not dare to question it.

The old man held his stomach and turned to look at the servant standing behind him.

“Go, bring all the wine down from the carriage and distribute it to various places by the river. Today, all the students by the river will help themselves to the wine. Our Phoenix Song Winery will provide it for free.

“Damn it, the Zhao Family Winery stole the wine supply rights on the immortal ship. I have to take down their publicity by the river. Yes, publicity.”

Servants hurriedly moved the jars down and scattered them around. Then they spread the old man’s words.

When people heard that Phoenix Song Winery was providing free alcohol, cheers sounded everywhere. There were also people praising and thanking the boss.

The old man and the young man behind him smiled when they heard the cheers.

This was fame.

“Chen Ru is really good at this.”

The old man shook his head and took out a moon-white invitation.

It was a copy.

In the river, a small boat docked. A young man in a green robe stepped forward to check the invitation cards.

Each small boat ferried just one person as a sign of respect.

After the invitation card was checked and verified, the young man would give an exquisite cloth bag.

On the outside of the bag was a painting of the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship, with the words ‘Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference Memorial’ written on it.

On the other side were the words 'The Han Family Trading Company's exclusive sponsorship of the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference'.

There was also a signature under the words: Half-Sage Lu Yuzhou.

In the cloth bag, there were not only the Four Treasures of the Study, but also the handwritten scripts of several Grandmasters. Of course, they were also copies.

There were also many other small items.

Jade pendants, exquisite seals, oil-paper umbrellas, and so on.

Just this cloth bag alone was worth more than a hundred spiritual rocks.

Seeing the people with invitations take out the things in the cloth bags and flipping through them, the Confucian scholars without invitations were filled with envy.

"Hmph, what was given to them was actually from them. 3,000 spiritual rocks, hmph, hmph." There were also people who felt sour and turned their heads away with resentment.

On the river bank, a long scroll unfolded. The people who boarded the ship first left their names.

"Zhang Zidong from the Sound of the Rain School of Literature. So it's him. I remember he wrote a good poem. What was it again?"

"He Jinchen. He's He Jinchen, the instructor of Bai Mian Bookstore in Su Yan Town."

People recognized those who left their names, and all kinds of voices came from the surroundings.

Some people chuckled while others remained calm.

Spending 3,000 spiritual rocks naturally made them different from others.

Those with invitations began to board the small boats. Then young men in a jade-white robe came forward and whispered a few words.

Women dressed as Confucian scholars.

The girls dressed in Confucian scholar's robes spoke softly and explained the matter of changing their clothes. After getting permission, they stretched out their fair hands and gently took off the scholars' robes.

Such a gentle appearance, a faint fragrance, and a hint of shyness. It's really difficult...

On the river bank, the scholars who were watching wished they could replace those on the boats.

The people who were a little jealous now stared at the figures that were kneading together and gritted their teeth in hatred.

After taking off the outer robes and folding them, the girls would open white robes and ask the students to write their names on the collar and carefully put the robes on for them.

When the petite women put on the robes for them, their soft bodies leaned against them, and their slender arms wrapped around their waists and belts, many young scholars who had never been to the brothel could not control themselves.

However, these girls nimbly made their way in front of them and squatted down gently. They leaned close to adjust their belts carefully and adjusted the corners of their clothes and pants.

Even after boarding the pleasure boats, many people still felt as if they were in a dream.

A thin young man turned around and looked at a departing boat with an irrepressible glow in his eyes.

“Her name is Meng Luo.”

The young man whispered softly and held the sachet hanging on his belt tightly.

Chapter 612 - 612 Meeting Yunjin Again on the Immortal Ship (3)

The woman who had dressed him earlier had secretly hung the sachet she made around his waist. She even said that this sachet would ensure that his name would spread throughout the world at the literary conference.

Is there really such a beautiful encounter in the world? Is there such an innocent encounter?

“Meng Luo, if I, Wu Tianzhen, can become famous today, I will definitely not let you down.”

What else could a woman’s sachet be but friendship?

Compared to the students sitting on the ground by the riverbank, the scholars with invitations were treated differently.

Changing clothes was nothing.

When they entered the pleasure boats, women in colorful clothes came to lead them to a suitable place to sit down.

The pleasure boats were elegant. Many people were sitting there with pens and paper in front of them. There were fruits, water, and wine on the tables beside them.

If someone came along, they would either stand up to welcome him or nod slightly.

There were also some who lowered their heads and wrote quickly in silence.

This was what it meant to be a scholar engaged in research.

It was a place of culture and elegance.

Looking up from the pleasure boats, not far away was the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship that was thousands of feet long, like a city in water.

On the immortal ship, there was the same huge banner. It could be seen that the Han Family Trading Company had exclusively sponsored the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference.

The melodious sound of the zither, the mellow singing, and the immortal ship were like a fairyland.

Turning his head, the riverbank in the distance was like a mortal world.

The bustling students seemed to be in another world. They would never understand what this pleasure boat and immortal ship looked like.

3,000 spiritual rocks in exchange for a transcendent feeling.

A woman in colorful clothes stepped forward and prepared the brush and ink. Then, she carefully peeled the fruit and gently handed it over.

At this moment, this place was the mortal world.

Before the wine was poured, he was already 30% drunk.

...

On the bank of the river, a large white cloth unfolded.

One by one, delicate-looking women in scholarly robes walked forward with ink brushes in their hands, inviting the Great Confucian scholars to write.

As for the juniors who followed the Great Confucian to the immortal ship, they left their names on the other brocade cloth.

“Look, that’s Xu Guoliang!”

Someone exclaimed. After an old man left behind three words, he led a few juniors onto a 30-foot-long wooden boat. They bypassed the pleasure boat in front and went straight to the immortal ship.

The one who came on board the Immortal Ship was a thirty-foot-long wooden boat. Several women on it welcomed him.

Just like before, the women carried their clothes forward and personally helped the Great Confucians change.

These scholars and disciples were different from the scholars from before. Their willpower and vision were extraordinary. They calmly changed their clothes and headed towards the immortal ship.

Great Confucian Chen Yi.

Great Confucian Zhang Xu.

Great Confucian Huang Yangwang.

...

The originally empty deck of the immortal ship gradually turned into a jade-white sea.

The long robes had large sleeves and were like the wind.

In just a moment, the white brocade cloth was filled with the names of great scholars.

A few young men stepped forward and carefully rolled up the brocade cloth before replacing it with a new one.

"Hiss, if this scroll is sold by the Han Family Trading Company, I'm willing to pay a million spiritual rocks," a white-haired old man said softly by the riverbank.

His words made the eyes of the surrounding Confucianists light up.

However, after thinking about it, he shook his head.

With the names of dozens of Confucian scholars left behind, this brocade cloth would probably be kept as the treasure of the shop.

Han Muye turned to look at Mu Wan and walked forward with a smile, picking up an ink brush.

Behind him, Qiu Chuqi and Zhao Daosheng looked at Han Muye curiously.

After being guided by Han Muye to break through, they still did not know Han Muye's identity.

As the brush landed, the words 'Mu Ye' appeared.

"Grandmaster Mu Ye!"

Qiu Chuqi's eyes widened in surprise.

Zhao Daosheng looked as if he had expected this.

On the way, he had been thinking about what kind of powerful Confucianist could make him become a Confucianist Grandmaster directly.

After thinking about it, he felt that it was most likely to be the mysterious Grandmaster Mu Ye.

To think that such a person would personally guide me.

How lucky was that?

"This is Grandmaster Mu Ye? He's so young?" Someone not far away exclaimed.

"The earlier a grand cultivator achieves a breakthrough, the younger his appearance will be. Besides, when one reaches the grandmaster realm, there's still a chance to regain one's youth. Didn't you see Grandmaster Zhao Daosheng's current appearance?"

Someone shook his head and lamented.

Han Muye left his name and walked onto the wooden boat with Mu Wan.

The Zuo siblings stepped onto the wooden boat excitedly.

They were going to board the wooden boat.

With their backgrounds, they would probably never have such an opportunity in their lives.

Zhao Daosheng and Qiu Chuqi looked at each other and cupped their fists, "Senior Brother, please..."

With that, the two of them looked at each other and smiled before walking onto the wooden boat.

After getting on the wooden boat, Qiu Chuqi turned around, "Murong Tui, what are you waiting for? Get on the boat!"

Murong Tui, who was standing by the riverbank, was stunned for a moment. Then his face was filled with surprise as he quickly walked over.

When he reached the bow of the ship, he paused for a moment and turned around. He stuffed a copy of the invitation card into the hand of a young man in a rough robe with a few gray patches on his lapel.

“My name is Murong Tui. I don’t need this invitation anymore. It’s for you.”

With that, he stepped onto the bow.

The small boat left the shore and headed towards the immortal ship.

When Murong Tui, who had changed into a white Confucian robe, came out of the cabin, a loud shout came from the shore.

“Brother Murong, I am Liu Yong, a student of Yong Prefecture. I will never forget your kindness today!”

Tears streamed down Liu Yong’s face.

No one laughed at him.

On the river bank, everyone watched enviously as Liu Yong was helped onto the wooden boat by a woman in a green Confucian robe and changed into a jade-white Confucian robe.

There’s really such a lucky person in the world!

“I’m Lin Sutong from the Southern Academy. I happen to have a peer slot. Who is willing to come?”

Not far away, someone raised the invitation in his hand and shouted.

Then the riverbank erupted into a frenzy.

From time to time, people from other places would speak up, offering to take people to the pleasure boats.

As a result, the middle-aged men who were hiding by the riverbank and holding dozens of invitations turned pale.

They had originally bought the invitation cards to make a fortune.

Looking at the situation today, an invitation for 100,000 spiritual rocks was definitely not a problem.

However, the people who had the invitation cards were all shouting that they would take people for free. If they dared to shout for a high price, they would probably be thrown into the Yongding River to feed the fish.

“Your name is Murong Tui?”

On the wooden boat, Han Muye looked at the little fatty who was winking at the woman beside him and said softly.

Murong Tui’s body trembled. He turned around and bowed. “Murong Tui greets Grandmaster.”

Han Muye nodded and looked at the side of the ship with Mu Wan.

Qiu Chuqi, who was beside Murong Tui, glared at him and said in a low voice, "Useless thing, don't you know how to behave in such a situation?"

"The people on the immortal ship are all Confucianists. They're all upright and have the highest morals. Aren't you afraid of being reprimanded by your senior for being so unrestrained?"

Murong Tui nodded with a wry expression. The woman beside him pursed her lips and smiled as she retreated.

"Haha, brother, why are you so late?"

"Brother, I've been on the immortal ship for a few days. Anyway, the Han Family Trading Company will pay the spiritual rocks."

Lifting his head to look, he saw an old man with disheveled hair peeking out from the porthole on the second floor of the immortal ship. His clothes were disheveled, and there were two or three naked women beside him.

He was upright and had the best morals.

Lu Yuzhou.

Murong Tui quietly took a few steps back and pressed his body against the woman's side.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head, his gaze landing on the third floor of the immortal ship.

There, a porthole was opened, and a woman stood there.

Back in Jinchuan, he had been in this room with the woman standing there, reading books for the entire night.

Their eyes met. The woman opened her red lips slightly and did not make a sound. Han Muye could tell what she was saying.

"Grandmaster Han Mu, it has been a long time."

"Senior Brother, Princess Yunjin is really beautiful..." Beside Han Muye, Mu Wan's voice sounded.

Can I respond to this topic? he wondered.

Chapter 613 - 613 Death Befalls All Men Alike

"Senior Brother, Princess Yunjin is really beautiful..." Beside Han Muye, Mu Wan's voice sounded.

Can I respond to this topic? he wondered.

Han Muye chuckled and shook his head, stepping onto the immortal ship.

Through the porthole, Princess Yunjin lowered her gaze.

"Sister, why do you have to marry off to the Eastern Sea?"

On the third floor of the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship, Yunduan, who was standing behind Yunjin, said anxiously, "I've written the emperor's poem. The position of the crown prince is already secured."

“Sister, can’t you just stay in the Imperial City?”

Seeing that Yunjin by the porthole was unmoved, Yunduan lowered her voice. “Sister, is it because he already has a Dao companion? You’re a princess. Go snatch—”

Before she could finish, Yunjin turned around.

“Where did you get your poem?”

Yunduan froze.

She muttered a few words but did not answer.

“Why are you wearing female clothes today?” Yunjin’s gaze landed on Yunduan’s slender waist and full chest.

Her younger sister, who was wearing female clothes, was pure and lively. Her beautiful face was not inferior to hers.

The point was, women dressed up for those who appreciated them.

Who is my sister wearing this female outfit for?

A blush flashed across Yunduan’s face. She stomped her feet and said, “Sister, what do you mean? It’s the rules of your immortal ship. All women wear such clothes.

“You, I’ll go change now.”

Although she said that, she did not really turn around.

Princess Yunjin looked at her and sighed softly.

“Silly girl, our family has already been pushed to this point. There’s no turning back.

“Marriage alliance with the Eastern Sea is the royal family’s grand plan. Do you really think we can make the decision ourselves?

“Even if you sit on the throne, I’m afraid you won’t be able to change it.”

Yunjin’s voice was filled with loneliness.

Compared to coming to the Imperial City, she preferred the free and unrestrained life in Jinchuan.

Now their family was about to become a peak mortal existence.

However, was that really what they wanted?

Yunjin lowered her head and looked at Han Muye who had boarded the immortal ship.

That night, she flipped through the books while he made annotations.

Just like many ordinary students in the Imperial City.

“At dawn, look at the red and wet area. Flowers bloom in the imperial city.”

Yunjin muttered something that only she herself could hear, "That red and wet place is supposed to be a girl's shyness. I didn't expect it to be a love that I can't give up..."

On the immortal ship, the melodious sound of the zither and singing became even more mellow.

"Can I dance for you again? It's just for old times' sake. Look, your clothes are fluttering. They'll turn into nothingness forever..."

...

Han Muye boarded the immortal ship and saw Qin Suyang standing there with a smile on his face.

Qin Wuyuan bowed.

Qin Siyu, Baili Tongyun, and the other juniors were not far away, looking over curiously.

Huang Tingshu and Baili Xinglin chuckled and nodded.

Yan Zhenqing, Zhang Xu...

Han Muye and Mu Wan stepped forward. Lu Yuzhou, who had tidied up his appearance, laughed and walked over, leading them to meet the scholars.

As for Qiu Chuqi and the others, they were not qualified to enter that circle.

Murong Tui rolled his eyes, pulled Qiu Chuqi, and whispered a few words into Zhao Daosheng and Zuo Yulong's ears. Then the few of them quietly headed towards the direction of the younger generation of the Great Confucianists.

If they couldn't integrate into the circle of scholars, why couldn't they get familiar with these juniors?

Han Muye didn't know many people on the ship, and not many people knew him.

However, he had heard of most of the great scholars on the deck.

Similarly, these scholars were also curious about Han Muye who had conferred deity titles with a single statement.

Lu Yuzhou's character might be debatable, but he did have a wide circle of friends.

There was also Qin Suyang and Huang Tingshu standing at the side. Yan Zhenqing and the others also helped to introduce them. For a moment, there were fervent exchanges on the deck.

After mingling around, Han Muye felt sweaty all over.

Lu Jiuyuan from Elephant Mountain had once written a Confucian treatise that caused a stir, in which he investigated and expounded the nature of Dao, learning, and reason.

Zhou Dunshi from the Water and Land Academy had comprehended the Dao for 30 years. He was famous in the Central Continent for being principled and incorruptible.

Lu Dacheng from the East Arrival Library. He proposed knowing and utilizing the laws of nature.

...

Every one of them was a literary figure, and every one of them was profound in Confucianism.

Comparing himself to these people, Han Muye felt a sense of shame.

Perhaps the cultivation of these Confucianists might not be as high as his, but these people had cultivated hard all their lives and formed their own Dao. They were the most persistent pursuers.

Such people were worthy of admiration.

Of course, Han Muye's accumulation was not bad either.

At the very least, the golden words that came out of his mouth could make people sigh.

"If I look at the flowers, the flowers will be quiet with me.

"Everything in the world can be sought.

"I think, therefore I am."

Many of the Confucian Dao experts who had cultivated to the peak of the Grandmaster Realm were confused. They were bewitched by Han Muye's words and were instantly shocked.

From deducing the Big Yellow Court, Han Muye knew more about Confucianism cultivation.

As the saying goes, knowledge from another field can help oneself correct one's shortcomings. By borrowing from the divine dao, he could understand the Confucian Dao more thoroughly.

He cultivated his morality externally and his mental state internally.

The bigger the heart, the wider the world.

Confucianism cultivators were most afraid of having no one to rely on.

On the bow and deck of the immortal ship, great scholars from all over gathered. It was truly a rare grand event of Confucianism.

Lu Yuzhou turned around and a trace of regret flashed across his face.

"In the last Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference, it was Green Vine who suppressed all the Confucianists."

Hearing his words, Yan Zhenqing and the others looked around and shook their heads.

Xu Wei, who had been in a confused state, had yet to arrive today.

Perhaps he might not be able to come back in this life...

"I've been down and out for half my life. It's done, it's done..."

On the river, there were people reciting poems and songs as they sailed over.

Chapter 614 - 614 Death Befalls All Men Alike (2)

The small green wooden boats swayed and moved towards the immortal ship.

That line from the poem reverberated, as if the entire world had become sorrowful and lonely.

An invisible desolate aura instantly filled the river.

“Half my life in dire straits. Sigh, who isn’t in dire straits...”

On the immortal ship, someone whispered and sighed softly.

So what if he was a sect master? So what if he was a great sect master or a half-sage? The Great Dao was endless and life was emptiness.

In a room on the third floor of the immortal ship, the jade crown on Yunduan’s head flashed with golden light, causing her expression to constantly change.

Yunjin had fallen to the ground, tears streaming down her face.

Yunduan walked forward and hugged her sister gently.

Cultivators of Confucianism experienced deep sadness. As a woman, Yunjin was grieving over unrequited love.

That line ‘Half a lifetime in dire straits, I have become an old man’ resonated with countless people.

The great scholars on the immortal ship and the people on the surrounding pleasure boats were moved.

The cultivators of Confucianism either lowered their heads in silence or sighed sadly. Many of the women in colorful clothes were sobbing softly.

The women were truly pitiful people.

A few Confucianists who had been down and out before also closed their eyes, their bodies trembling.

On the river bank, the scholars stood up one by one. The white-haired ones had tears in their eyes. Their hands were trembling so much that they could not bring the wine cups to their mouths.

On the immortal ship, Yan Zhenqing frowned and said, “Is Green Vine confused again?”

Green Vine.

Mr. Green Vine, Xu Wei.

Back then, when he fell into a maze, he disappeared for more than a hundred years.

This was because this kind of confusion would unconsciously activate and resonate with outsiders.

Just like now, a poem could make countless Confucian scholars empathize with each other and feel sorrowful.

On the immortal ship, only Yan Zhenqing and the other Half-Sages who had formed their own dao domains were not affected by the maze.

The power of the Dao Domain was above the Maze. One’s heart had its own world as a Dao mark and would not be lost.

On the river, the small boats floated over lightly, and Xu Wei’s voice sounded again.

“Half a lifetime in dire straits, I have become an old man, standing alone at the bow of the ship.”

A cool breeze blew past their faces, making them forget where they were.

“I have talent and learning but am not appreciated, so I have to give up selling paintings for a living.”

Down and out and dispirited.

Xu Wei’s poems and poems portrayed the situation of desolate scholars.

One could say they were aloof from politics and material pursuits, or they had strength of character, but only they knew the ups and downs they had experienced.

This desolate song overlapped with the gentle white fox ballad from before, making people instantly feel that there was nothing left to live for.

Everything in this life would be for naught.

Countless Confucianist cultivators stood up and stared at the water in front of them. It was as if they would be relieved by jumping into the river.

This was the method of a great Confucian cultivator.

A single sentence could make people lose their minds and not even know if they were dead or alive.

This method caused Bai Wuhen, who was playing the zither, to tremble slightly.

Such a cultivator’s mental strength was comparable to the nine-tailed fox.

The last person who surprised her was Han Muye.

Outside the immortal ship, everyone was lost.

On the immortal ship, many people had clear expressions.

Frowning, Lu Yuzhou turned around and looked at Han Muye, slightly stunned.

At this moment, Han Muye seemed fine. What was more, he hugged Mu Wan, who had tears in her eyes, and comforted her softly.

“Brother, you can’t let Xu Green Vine ruin the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference.” Lu Yuzhou laughed and turned to look at the others.

A smile flashed across Qin Suyang and the others’ faces.

They were all Half-Sages. Their expressions were calm and there was no worry of losing their minds.

However, it was naturally not convenient for them to make a move now.

Xu Wei was not yet a Half-Sage.

In their opinion, Han Muye was a junior but he was not affected by the bewildering power of the maze.

Then he should be the one to make a move.

Han Muye nodded and looked up at the wooden boat that was only thousands of feet away.

Xu Wei, who was standing on the boat, wore a black robe and smiled.

The space around him was distorted. It was as if he was in another world.

The power of his soul was too strong. He had to form a dao domain, but he couldn't. His own strength couldn't be stabilized, and he was on the verge of losing himself.

Back then, Han Muye's pill could save Xu Wei's life, but it could not completely wake him up.

Hence, for such a long time, Xu Wei had been sailing on the river and rarely interacted with anyone.

Looking at Xu Wei, Han Muye smiled.

He did not blame Xu Wei for writing a poem that suppressed the entire venue and made the literary conference unable to continue.

The more such things happened, the more the story would spread far and wide.

There were Half-Sages in charge of the literary conference. There wouldn't be any major slip-ups.

However, in this situation, it was time for him to recite a poem.

It didn't matter if Xu Wei took all the limelight, but if he didn't break through this barrier, it would hurt many people's minds.

That would not be good.

Raising his hand gently, Han Muye's voice sounded.

"Thank you for your hard work.

"Your hair is all gray and you are still studying the scriptures. Live to learn."

With Han Muye's words, the expressions of the Half-Sages who were still awake on the immortal ship changed.

Among those who had fallen into a daze, those who were not Confucian cultivators were fine. They did not feel the same way because of this sentence. They only felt a little sad.

Those Confucian Dao cultivators who had studied hard for countless years and were still stuck were filled with grief and indignation.

"I've studied poetry for 60 years, but I did not amount to much. Sigh..."

"It's hard to read. Life..."

The more knowledgeable one was, the more one felt.

Lu Yuzhou, Yan Zhenqing, and the others looked at Han Muye strangely.

Isn't this guy going to break through Xu Green Vine's maze? Why is it that not only did this poem not break through the maze, it complements it, making people want to escape but are unable to?

Han Muye's expression did not change. He looked at the green river in front of him and spoke again.

"After all the hardships I've gone through, the stars around me have fallen. The mountains and rivers have shattered, and the wind is blowing..."

Chapter 615 - 615 Death Befalls All Men Alike (3)

The Central Continent's Imperial City had not seen a fight in 10,000 years, but which family in the Imperial City had not seen white banners fluttering in a cemetery?

Outside the Heavenly Mystic Realm, blood stained the golden armors. Where the Red Flame Army soldiers were buried, there were shattered mountains and rivers.

Han Muye's voice echoed, and there seemed to be whimpers between heaven and earth.

This was the sorrow of this world. It was for the countless heroes who never returned, for the countless shattered mountains and rivers.

If Xu Green Vine's poem was sentimental, then Han Muye's poem was as sorrowful as the world.

The dao of harming oneself could not be maintained by a grandmaster.

However, heaven and earth were in sorrow. The Half-Sage Dao Domain shook as if the Nine Heavens were crying!

At this moment, three feet away from Lu Yuzhou, green qi swirled around him. His body trembled and his eyes widened.

His Dao Domain had just been formed not long ago. Wasn't the world that had merged with the Heavenly Mystic and turned into Dongnan County fraught with battles and broken stars?

Yan Zhenqing's expression was solemn. He turned to look at Lu Yuzhou in confusion, then at Han Muye.

"Aren't they brothers? Looking at it now, it seems..." Huang Tingshu turned to look at Lu Yuzhou and said in a low voice, "Old Lu's Dao Domain is unstable..."

One line to suppress ordinary Confucian cultivators and two lines to suppress Half-Sage Confucians. Han Muye's poem seemed to want to capture everyone by the Yongding River today with Xu Green Vine.

Qin Suyang's eyes flickered as he stared at Han Muye.

He was very curious about Han Muye's entire poem.

Does he want to show off his cultivation and deliberately join forces with Xu Green Vine to suppress everyone and get the Half-Sages to make a move and shock the world, or does he want to turn the tide with his words?

Before the full text was released, no one knew Han Muye's intentions.

However, there was already a faint spiritual light surging on the bodies of a few Half-Sages at the bow of the ship.

If Han Muye's poem really had the intention to cause trouble, they would attack.

Han Muye seemed to sense something. He turned around and chuckled, then spoke loudly.

“After all the hardships I’ve gone through, the stars around me have fallen. The mountains and rivers are shattered, and the wind is blowing. I’m like a rootless duckweed floating on the water.”

The first three lines were about Confucianism, but the last line included everyone on the immortal ship.

The women in colorful clothes cried out in sorrow.

On the third floor of the immortal ship, Yunjin and Yunduan hugged each other and cried.

In another room, the zither strings in Bai Wuhen’s hand vibrated. Her fingers slowly left, leaving behind only a sigh.

Before everyone could react, Han Muye’s voice sounded again.

“The fiasco on the beachhead made me fearful, and I felt so lonely when I was trapped.”

Life was bitter and lonely.

It was extremely sad and there was nothing to live for.

On the wooden boat, Xu Green Vine had a blank expression on his face. He turned around and saw himself standing alone. The Confucian belt in front of him was like the wind, and the pleasure boats around him were noisy.

The joys and sorrows of the world were not interlinked. Life was lonesome.

Wasn’t this kind of despair the scariest thing in life?

Xu Wei lowered his head, and the illusions on his body churned.

One step forward was death.

On the immortal ship, Qin Suyang took a deep breath as sword intent circulated around his body.

He took a step forward, and divine light surged in his eyes.

Tongue Sword Suyang.

At this moment, the only person who could break the world with a word was him, Qin Suyang.

Han Muye’s poems suppressed the Confucian cultivators, suppressed the world, and grieved the mortal world. Even Xu Green Vine could not calm down.

If the effect of Han Muye’s last poem did not reverse, Qin Suyang had to use his tongue sword to break through the world and wake everyone up.

However, when that happened, those whose Dao hearts were shattered could no longer advance in their lives.

This was the power of a grand cultivator.

A single word could decide the path of 10,000 people.

There were many great cultivators of Confucianism present today. If a hundred of them were to be cut off, it would be a disaster for Heavenly Mystic Confucianism.

Qin Suyang's Tongue Sword broke through the world. Today's literary conference would definitely dissipate and not be mentioned again.

Moreover, after today, the world only remembered that Han Muye had suppressed the world with a single poem.

One person and one poem.

Could it be that Han Muye had schemed just to become famous in today's situation?

Qin Suyang narrowed his eyes.

Ahead, Han Muye's voice sounded.

"Death, befalls, all, men, alike—"

Death!

Only death could free him!

He really wanted to use the lives of countless people to fulfill his Dao!

The sword light on Qin Suyang's body combined with the Great Spirit and slashed down.

If he did not break through the world today, the hundreds of thousands of people present would probably die!

Breaking through the world to save everyone, but cutting off the path of countless great cultivators.

After today's attack, Qin Suyang could no longer remain in the Imperial City.

However, he had to use this sword!

He, Qin Suyang, cultivated Confucianism and became a Half-Sage. The combination of his Confucianism and Sword Dao earned him the name of Tongue Sword. Later, he turned to the Dao of alchemy and bemoaned the world, becoming a Half-Sage of the Dao of Alchemy.

His Confucianism, Sword Dao, and Alchemy had all reached the peak of the human world.

But in the end, he was still the decisive Qin Suyang who suppressed the Eastern Sea with his tongue sword!

"Buzz!"

The sword light slashed down.

Han Muye looked up, his face expressionless.

"Let him speak." A voice sounded from the void.

As soon as that voice sounded, the entire world seemed to freeze.

Qin Suyang's sword also stopped in midair.

In this world, there was only one person who could fix the Half-Sage's Sword.

Minister Wen.

Wen Mosheng.

Han Muye laughed out loud, looked up at the world in front of him, and shouted.

"When we cultivate, we cultivate our bodies, our hearts, and the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth. What we seek is not to be carefree, but to live forever.

"With heaven and earth in your heart, longevity is unattainable.

"Even the Heavens and Earth are nothing more than twinkling stars in the boundless void, a speck of brilliance in the River of Time.

"The dead are like this. Life and death are fleeting. What is there to ask for in this life?"

What was there to ask for?

What was there to ask for in this life?

On the banks of the Yongding River, everyone looked up.

Han Muye stood at the bow of the ship, his hand clenched into a fist, and his voice was like metal as he shouted.

"Death comes to all men alike, but they must be worthy of history!"

"Boom!"

Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled between heaven and earth.

In the boundless mountains and rivers, the sky was blue.

On the river, all the sorrow dissipated in a breath.

His impassioned and powerful words resonated, inciting people not to squander time as they would not get another life, to be intensely zealous, and to choose honor over life!

If one wasted time in the world, one would only die.

However, other than life and death, there were many other things in the world!

Death was inevitable after thousands of years of hardship. One had to leave one's name in history.

Above the river, the long sword phantom dissipated.

A cool breeze blew past his face and ripples of light rippled. It was really good scenery.

Chapter 616 - 616 Cultivate in This Life, Inherit, and Educate

Humans lived for a lifetime, and the grass and trees fell in autumn.

Half of one's life was in dire straits. It was hard and lonely.

Who in the world didn't suffer?

The winter bamboo shoots broke through the soil and transformed into butterflies. The pine trees grew into cliffs, and the geese flew from north to south.

Although one's life was short, one could be impassioned.

Since one was born as a human and held a brush in his hand, why couldn't he write for tens of thousands of years?

"One must be worthy of history. Hehe, cultivate the heart, cultivate the heart. So what we really want is to cultivate a sincere, righteous heart!"

Someone on the immortal ship shouted.

Up and down the river, countless Confucian cultivators were either moaning or laughing. The Spiritual Qi and Great Spirit in their bodies condensed into a long dragon that spiraled and circulated.

The Confucianists on the pleasure boats slowly came back to their senses. They recalled the confusion from before and felt endless emotions.

They looked at the woman in green and colorful clothes with tears on their faces and immediately felt pity for them.

They were also pitiful people.

"Meng Luo..." With a pale face, Wu Tianzhen helped the woman in green up. He wanted to say something, but the woman had already run away with a red face.

Earlier, he was plagued by a mystical force, and his heart was filled with sorrow. It was unknown what the two of them said or did when they hugged each other.

Looking at Meng Luo running away, Wu Tianzhen felt lost. He lowered his head and looked at the sachet at his waist.

On the pleasure boat, there were even more excited scholars. They wished they had a sword in their hands to cut open the dark world.

Since they wanted to cultivate sincere, righteous hearts, they naturally had to leave their mark on history.

Those poor old students also had a fighting spirit at this moment.

Even the students by the river bank felt their chests surging. They wished they could finish the wine in front of them.

At today's grand event, with these lines of poetry as an introduction, they should drink their fill!

The cultivation of Confucianism emphasized the state of mind the most.

At today's literary conference, Xu Green Vine's poem almost broke the state of mind of the Confucian cultivators present.

Initially, he thought that this was all there was to it. He did not expect that the first seven lines of Grandmaster Mu Ye's seven-character rhyme would suppress the Confucian Dao of Heaven and Earth. It almost made him lose his mind.

In the end, the Half-Sage Qin Suyang's tongue sword pierced through the sky. Minister Wen, Wen Mosheng, opened his mouth and finished the last line.

Since ancient times, even when Wen Mosheng became a Sage through Confucianism and suppressed the Heavenly Mystic, the cultivation of Heavenly Mystic Confucianism did not clearly determine the ultimate truth of Confucianism.

Cultivating Confucianism and becoming an official were the pursuits of most Confucianism cultivators.

Then there were the cultivators who could become great scholars. They were indifferent to the power of the mortal world and pursued immortality in the void, or a trace of obsession in their hearts.

If they did not seek longevity and did not have any obsession, there was a high chance that they would fall into a trance.

Why was it that the White Deer Mountain Academy, which was located in a remote area, could sweep through the world with just a few Confucian teachers? Why was it that scholars carrying swords became a trend?

Wasn't it because of the four lines, 'To establish a heart for the world, to establish a life for the people, to inherit the knowledge of past Sages, and to create peace for all generations'?

These four lines looked ethereal, but they were countless times more noble than the original vulgar pursuit of promotion and wealth.

Most importantly, no matter how big the Heavenly Mystic Realm was, there was a limit to the number of official positions.

Those Confucian scholars who studied hard but did not become officials or make money found it hard to calm their aspirations. They could use these four lines to direct their aspirations.

So what if I study and don't become an official? I will make peace for all ages.

So what if I don't get rich from studying? I'll make peace for all ages.

So what if I've achieved nothing in my studies? I'm the founder of peace.

With hope in their hearts, there was light in their eyes.

On the immortal ship, Han Muye looked up at the cloudy and windy sky and smiled.

If the four-line mantra of the White Deer Mountain was said to stabilize ordinary Confucian cultivators in the world, then today's lines were left behind to exhort them to be worthy of history. It was to create Great Confucians of the world.

Wen Mosheng became a sage through Confucianism, but he also blocked the path of other Confucian cultivators in the world.

As long as a Sage did not die, there would only be a Half-Sage in the world.

Half-Sages like Qin Suyang had already reached the peak of the human world. What else was there to ask for?

If he didn't ask for anything, wouldn't he fall into a maze?

Today, he said that he wanted to leave his mark on history. Wasn't it because his obsession had dissipated?

On the path of cultivation, a Confucianist did not seek immortality, nor did he seek to become a sage. He only sought sincerity and righteousness, to be passed on through the ages.

At this moment, the Confucian Dao cultivators on the bow of the ship had light in their eyes. It was obvious that they had gained a lot.

Han Muye's poem resolved the huge conflict in the Heavenly Mystic Confucian Dao.

"Xu Green Vine greets all of you."

Xu Wei, who was on a small boat in front, boarded the immortal ship and bowed to the grand cultivators of Confucianism on the deck.

Looking at Xu Green Vine in front of them, many people sighed softly.

This peerless genius who had never appeared in history did not expect to be reduced to a state where he could not extricate himself.

Xu Green Vine would have become the youngest Half-Sage a long time ago if he hadn't been in a trance.

"Hehe, Green Vine, are you trying to intimidate us old fellows?" Yan Zhenqing walked forward and gently held Xu Wei's arm as he spoke with a smile.

His palm reached out through the barrier around Xu Wei without any obstruction and he grabbed Xu Wei's arm.

The illusory, bewildering power on Xu Wei's body seemed to be suppressed.

Xu Wei chuckled and nodded.

On the deck, great scholars walked over.

After these cultivators, who had not seen each other for countless years, greeted each other, Xu Wei looked up at Han Muye, who was standing by the side of the ship.

Mu Wan had been crying in Han Muye's arms earlier. At this moment, she was so embarrassed that she shrank back and did not dare to look up.

"Drinking buddy, how do you think I should cultivate now?" Xu Wei asked Han Muye.

They were drinking buddies who met by the Immortal Moon Lake.

Hearing his words, everyone on the immortal ship turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye's expression was indifferent as he said softly, "I wonder how Mr. Green Vine is planning to cultivate?"

Xu Wei laughed and revealed a trace of loneliness on his face. Then he turned to look at the river.

Chapter 617 - 617 Cultivate in This Life, Inherit, and Educate (2)

"I was going to row a boat on this river for three years. When my body decays, I'll sink to the bottom of the river and become a river deity.

"But your words today made me hesitate."

He chuckled and said in a low voice, "I don't know if I'm hesitating because I still have aspirations, or because I'm afraid of death. It's better to live than to die."

How many people could face life and death calmly?

On the deck, no one laughed at Xu Wei.

So what if he was a Peak Nascent Soul Realm expert?

Han Muye nodded and spoke loudly.

"Senior, I once met Dongfang Shu, the head instructor of the White Deer Mountain Academy.

"At that time, he was already a great cultivator of Confucianism. He taught at White Deer Mountain for 30 years. The most accomplished among them was a constable in the county city. He even died.

"Was he desperate? Desperate.

"How can I not despair when I have nothing in this life and fame and fortune are all in vain?

"Was he confused? Confused.

"He's also a great cultivator of Confucianism. He's famous in the Imperial City Academy, but he's unknown in the White Deer Mountain. How can he not be confused?"

Han Muye turned and looked around.

"Although Dongfang Shu is not famous today, he is at least a great scholar. His reputation is not inferior to anyone in the Imperial City Academy.

"Actually, what's the difference between him and the thousands of Confucian cultivators on the lake?

"Mr. Green Vine, may I ask where the road of life is?"

Before Xu Wei could speak, Han Muye had already said softly, "The road is under your feet..."

Xu Wei stood where he was without moving.

However, there was a bewildering power vibrating continuously on his body, as if it wanted to devour him and Han Muye.

Yan Zhenqing's eyes were filled with doubt and he finally stopped.

He had already suppressed Xu Wei's confusion earlier. Why was he awake now?

"Haha, the road is under my feet, the road is under my feet."

Xu Wei let out a long laugh. With a wave of his sleeve, he said loudly, "Then I will spread my cultivation base in exchange for 50 years of lifespan and pass on everything I have learned.

"Drinking buddy, do you think I should stay in the Imperial Academy or go to the White Deer Mountain Academy?"

Spread my cultivation base in exchange for 50 years of lifespan and pass down the inheritance.

Xu Wei's words made everyone on the immortal ship widen their eyes.

A renowned Confucian was going to use his cultivation to pass down his teachings!

Many scholars' eyes lit up.

The juniors standing not far away could not suppress their urge to go forward.

Becoming Xu Wei's disciples and obtaining his teachings would allow them to achieve immeasurable success in life!

"Mr. Green Vine, there are plenty of scholars in the Imperial City Academy. The White Deer Mountain is too far away. In my opinion, you can teach here at the Yongding River and not reject anyone. Wouldn't that be great?"

Han Muye looked at Xu Wei and spoke loudly.

He did not advise Xu Wei not to spread his cultivation.

Such a Confucian would not change his mind once he set a goal.

However, Han Muye gave Xu Wei advice.

Instead of going to the Imperial City Academy or the White Deer Mountain, he would go to the Yongding River and become a Daoist educator.

Xu Wei went to the Imperial City Academy, and was one of its Great Confucian scholars. Obtaining 50 years of life for dispersing his cultivation might amount to nothing.

If he went to the White Deer Mountain, he could make countless Confucian scholars follow him and raise the reputation of the White Deer Mountain Institute.

However, Han Muye knew that Xu Green Vine's way of doing scholarly research was different from White Deer Mountain's.

White Deer Mountain advocated mingling with the world and cultivating with a sword. Xu Qingteng advocated withdrawing from the world and talking about poetry.

It was better to let him become a legend in the mortal world.

After 50 years, if he had some understanding, he might become a Sage in one step.

If he did not understand anything, he would sink into the river and be unrestrained.

“Alright, alright. If everyone can establish an academy to teach, why can’t I?”

Xu Wei looked around with a smile and shouted, “From tomorrow onwards, I, Xu Wei, will be on the Yongding River...”

Before he could finish, he heard Han Muye say loudly, “Mr. Green Vine, tomorrow and tomorrow, there are so many tomorrows. Why don’t we do it today? Right now.”

Looking around, Han Muye pointed at the pleasure boats surrounding the immortal ship. “There are countless scholars here who admire your talent. Why don’t you choose your disciples today? We can be witnesses.”

As he spoke, he raised his hand and took out a handwritten book. “Earlier, I received a book on the way. The author is Qi Chang, a student from Lakeview County. This manuscript is not bad. Mr. Green Vine, you can read it.”

Han Muye’s voice was loud and clear.

Far away on the riverbank, a young man holding a wine cup was about to bring the wine to his mouth when he heard Han Muye’s words. He suddenly paused and was stunned.

“Brother Qi Chang, it’s your manuscript!” The young man opposite him let out a low cry. He jumped up as if he had been bitten by a snake.

Qi Chang, who was sitting opposite him, nodded. Under the envious gazes of countless students around him, he said indifferently, “Brother Minsheng, calm down. Calm down. Let’s drink.”

He brought the wine cup to his mouth, but it reached the tip of his nose.

On the immortal ship, Xu Wei gently took the book.

His gaze fell on the book and he read it carefully and very slowly.

He ran his fingers across the pages, making a rustling sound.

On the river, a cool breeze blew, and the curtains on the immortal ship moved gently.

No one on the deck spoke.

On the pleasure boats in the distance, everyone was waiting quietly.

On the riverbank, Qi Chang’s wine spilled on his clothes without him realizing it.

There were only a few thin pages in the book. Xu Wei finished reading it in a short while.

Closing the page, he looked at Han Muye and said calmly, “The annotations are not bad.”

Han Muye chuckled and nodded.

They were too far away for outsiders to know what was happening on the deck.

Xu Wei turned around and looked at the riverbank. He said softly, "Qi Chang, hand me a copy of your scholarly research experience tomorrow."

Chapter 618 - 618 Cultivate in This Life, Inherit, and Educate (3)

Submit a copy of his scholarly research experience!

Is he going to take Qi Chang as his disciple?

Mr. Green Vine really wants to take in disciples!

By the river bank, Qi Chang threw away the wine cup in his hand, got up, and bowed repeatedly in the direction of the immortal ship.

His face was no longer as calm as before as he muttered to himself.

"Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir..."

No one cared about his loss of composure.

Today, he might be a student in dire straits, but tomorrow, he might be a disciple of a great scholar.

Life had changed so much. Who could remain calm?

"It hasn't been easy for Qi Chang..." The young men who were obviously Qi Chang's classmates said.

A few of them spoke one after another, recounting Qi Chang's experience.

This student from Lakeview County was a genius when he was young. He could write poetry at the age of seven or eight.

However, Confucianism in Lakeview County was backward. By the age of 14 or 15, Qi Chang felt that he could not learn much.

He left his hometown and went to the Imperial City 300,000 miles away.

He had been gone for 13 years.

In the past 13 years, he had never returned to Lakeview County.

The Imperial City Academy listened in. The larger academies in the city studied and served as instructors in the smaller academies.

Qi Chang's path to learning was firmer and more arduous than most people.

This was a respectable ascetic.

Such people might be everywhere around everyone.

Their talent and ability were not stronger than his, but he had been studying hard.

When the opportunity came, such a person would soar into the sky.

Just like Qi Chang today.

On the immortal ship, on the pleasure boat, and on the riverbank, there were envious whispers everywhere.

To be able to become the first disciple that Mister Green Vine had accepted was a rare opportunity.

On the riverbank, Bai Tao took out the book that Han Muye had annotated. Looking at the red words, he sighed and sent it back.

“Brother Bai, if Mr. Mu Ye gives your book to Mr. Green Vine, I’m afraid this glory will be yours,” a young man in a green robe said bitterly.

“Didn’t you say that you’re an old acquaintance of Mr. Mu Ye’s follower?” The other young man had a faint smile on his face.

Bai Tao shook his head and said calmly, “I know my limits.”

“My bullshit article will dirty Mr. Green Vine’s eyes.”

The surrounding people looked at each other in a daze and turned their heads away.

How self-aware.

“Mr. Green Vine, what do you think of my son?” At this moment, on the deck of the immortal ship, a great scholar couldn’t help but speak loudly.

“Green Vine, take in your eldest nephew.”

“Quick, show Mr. Green Vine the article you wrote.”

...

For a moment, it was clamorous on the deck.

So what if he was a Great Scholar? At this point, who wouldn’t fight for it?

Xu Wei was a rare Confucian genius. To be able to receive his teachings, one had to be outstanding.

Xu Wei stood there with a pile of books in his hand and a wry smile on his face.

Han Muye took a step forward and said loudly, “Everyone, it’s unrealistic for Mr. Green Vine to choose a disciple among these countless students. Why don’t we help him?”

He looked ahead and pointed. “I’ve read the articles on the three pleasure boats in the southeast. There are some that I like. I recommend them to Mr. Green Vine.

“In any case, the epiphyllum will only bloom at night. Everyone has nothing to do now, right?”

Helping to read the essays and books of those scholars on the pleasure boats?

The scholars on the deck looked at each other.

On the riverbank, everyone slowly stood up.

The Confucian scholars on the pleasure boats clenched their fists tightly, not daring to breathe loudly.

Can it be that my opportunity has come today?

The great scholar commented on the essays and recommended the good ones to Mr. Green Vine.

Was this an opportunity that could be exchanged for 3,000 spiritual rocks?

Without waiting for a response, Han Muye found an empty spot on the deck and sat down.

He stretched out his hand to call Chen Ru, who was standing not far away, and instructed him in a low voice.

Chen Ru quickly retreated and led a few young men and women in green to the pleasure boats in front.

The small boats came and went as if they were flying. Some of them went on the pleasure boats and gathered dozens of books and paper scrolls, while others went to various pleasure boats and riverbanks to deliver news.

When the young men and women on the boats returned to the immortal ship with the books, Han Muye had already placed a small table in front of him with brushes and ink on it.

Mu Wan took the books and spread them out in front of Han Muye.

At this moment, a light screen rose on the decks of all the pleasure boats.

The light screen was 30 to 50 feet tall, and it reflected Han Muye sitting in front of the small table.

Not only on the pleasure boats, but on the riverbank, there was a light screen a thousand feet away.

On the light screen, Han Muye and the words on the books in front of him could be seen clearly.

“Huo Yuntong from Qiyang Prefecture, instructor of Guanlin Academy.

“These words are not bad.

“Light food notes?

“People say that everything in the world can be eaten. That’s bad. All things have spirits and are self-generating. How can we eat lightly...

“These notes are not bad. The writing is neat and orderly. How should we change it?”

...

On the pleasure boats, the immortal ship, and the riverbank, everyone watched curiously as Han Muye’s red ink brush landed.

“All things are light and all spirits are important. It’s wonderful to eat lightly.

“It’s too much to say that. The galaxy is bright, and the song is just a song.”

...

On the third floor of the Cloud Brocade immortal Ship, Princess Yunjin leaned on the windowsill and looked at Han Muye seriously, feeling a little dazed.

Yunduan turned to look at her sister and then at the figure with the brush and ink. Her face revealed a complicated expression.

Back then, this person spent a night with my sister like this?

A serious man is the most charming. Which girl will not fall in love reading the annotations that night?

He's really a bad person.

Someone on the deck of the immortal ship exclaimed in a low voice, "Let's sing to our hearts' content. Such a line can be said to be the perfect finishing touch!"

This voice and scene were reflected by the light screen and transmitted to all the pleasure boats and riverbank.

"Even Grandmaster Xu Ao praised this line!" On a pleasure boat, someone whispered. Someone had already flipped the brush and paper in front of him and quickly copied it.

"With this change, the concept is sublimated!" On the riverbank, someone danced and shouted.

"Who's Brother Huo Yuntong from Qiyang Prefecture?"

"Is Brother Huo on our pleasure boat?"

People on the three pleasure boats shouted.

On a pleasure boat on the left, someone stood up with a chuckle and cupped his hands in all directions.

"Brother Huo is so talented!

"I'm Fu Zikun. I'm willing to pursue knowledge with Brother Huo."

"I'm Jin Keci from Tumen County. I want to ask Brother Huo for guidance."

...

On the pleasure boats, gazes fell on the light screen.

That light screen was a dragon's gate!

There were students with real talent who would soar into the sky today!

Chapter 619 - 619 The Jade Epiphyllum Blooms and Dies, The Successor of the Sword Pavilion Arrives

Han Muye was extremely fast with his comments. After each book was annotated, Mu Wan put it away and opened another book.

Immediately, the second student's name was revealed.

"Qu Zhongshao of Hejing County.

"12 verses."

Some people went to look at the poem, some went to find where Qu Zhongshao was, and some waited curiously for Han Muye to comment on the poem.

Han Muye's gaze landed on the poem. After pondering for a moment, he turned around and said, "Grandmaster Liu Zongyuan, you're best at writing poems. Can you take a look?"

Hearing his words, a tall and thin old man in his fifties with a long beard walked forward and picked up the poem.

"It's Grandmaster Liu Zongyuan from the literary world!"

"Oh my god, if I can get a comment from Master Liu on my poem, I'll be willing to jump into the Yongding River!"

...

Amidst countless envious cries, an excited young man in a white robe stood up on a pleasure boat.

He bowed to the light screen and waited quietly.

He was Qu Zhongshao.

As a Confucianist who studied poetry, being able to receive a comment from the Poetry Sect was enough to comfort him for three lifetimes.

"Yes, it's alright," Liu Zongyuan said softly.

This sentence made Qu Zhongshao cry.

After studying hard for 30 years, it was enough to get an 'alright' from the Grandmaster!

Liu Zongyuan did not comment further. He folded the paper and kept it in his sleeve.

Is he willing to accept him as a disciple?

Gasps could be heard from the pleasure boats and the riverbank.

Opportunity!

Not only is Mr. Green Vine willing to take in disciples, but even other scholars are willing to take in disciples?

On the immortal ship, Liu Zongyuan's action piqued the curiosity of many other Confucians.

Is he really taking in a disciple?

Liu Zongyuan took a few steps forward and sat not far from Han Muye. He said softly, "Grandmaster Mu Ye, take a look and see what other poems you've accepted. Show them to me."

Han Muye smiled and flipped through the stack of books, finding a few pages.

Grandmaster Liu Zongyuan wants to evaluate poems!

The last time Grandmaster Liu commented on a poem was 20 years ago, when he was competing with Grandmaster Feng Zhao at Fengyu Restaurant's literary conference, right?

"It's my poem!" Someone on a pleasure boat exclaimed.

The surrounding people were all envious.

However, most people could no longer be bothered to envy others.

On the deck of the immortal ship, great scholars sat cross-legged. The young men and women on the immortal ship placed small tables in front of them and then drove the small boat towards the pleasure boats.

Today, the 100 martial grandmasters and Half-Sages on the immortal ship were going to comment on poems and essays in public!

There had never been such a grand event in the Heavenly Mystic!

Even in the Imperial City Academy, such a grand event usually did not happen!

If they could seize this opportunity today and obtain the recognition of the Grandmasters, they would be able to soar in this life.

Even if their works were not appreciated, they would be able to enjoy the benefits for the rest of their lives if a Grandmaster commented on them.

Some students who had prepared books hurriedly took out their books and waited anxiously.

Those who did not have a book prepared hurriedly bent over the tables and wrote down the essays they remembered from the past.

There were also students who were thinking hard at the last minute. The woman in colorful clothes beside them did not dare to disturb them and prepared pen, ink, paper, and inkstone.

“This, this is truly a literary conference...”

On the riverbank, a white-haired old man spoke shakily.

These words made the people around him nod.

In the past, when masters gathered, they would toast each other and praise each other. Then, they would recite a few poems that they had written long ago to make a name for themselves.

Today, the Great Confucians did not want to become famous, but they would use their true talents to teach countless people.

After today, countless people would pursue Confucianism without regrets.

“Sigh, as the assistant head of the Imperial City Academy, I’m ashamed after seeing this...” Yan Zhen looked at the deck of the Great Confucian Scholar and sighed.

One book after another was opened and annotated. Wouldn’t such a literary meeting be a hundred times better than a casual conversation?

He took a step forward and also sat cross-legged.

From the light screen, the great Confucian scholars could be seen writing their comments on the books. Sometimes, the situation on the pleasure boats would appear on the screen.

The nervous faces and excited and uneasy expressions were all reflected.

No one mocked them. Instead, they were envious.

Some of them wrote furiously and knocked over the ink without realizing it.

Some of them were sweating profusely and could not be bothered to wipe it off. The colorful-robed woman beside them stepped forward to wipe their sweat off with aching hearts.

Their expressions were calm, but their knuckles were white from clenching their fists.

How could the various forms of the world not be cultivation?

At this moment, boundless Great Spirit qi appeared out of thin air and filled the river.

The Great Spirit qi was so dense that it could compete with the Great Spirit in the Imperial City.

Xu Wei, who was sitting cross-legged on the deck, smiled. The bewildering power around him combined with the Great Spirit and slowly turned into an illusory academy.

Green Vine Academy.

The ink-black grapevines and mottled walls were filled with wild words.

“Green Vine, this manuscript by Zhao Puzhi from Huyang County has some merits. Take a look,” Great Scholar Huang Zongzhi said loudly.

At this moment, the scene on the light screen was not of the immortal ship, but of a young man on a pleasure boat with a shocked and surprised expression.

This was a lucky person!

The cultivators controlling the light screen seemed to have received instructions. The light screen focused more on the students than the great Confucian scholars.

Once there was a recommendation, the student’s face would appear on the light screen.

The scholars in the Imperial City were only so-so!

Time passed. At first, they did not notice it, but later on, more people prayed silently that time would pass slower and their books and essays would be discovered.

“He’s always like this, special...” Yunjin whispered on the third floor of the immortal ship.

“Hehe, this guy turned a perfectly good literary event into such a mess. No one even cares that the epiphyllum is about to bloom. He doesn’t even look at the most beautiful person on the immortal ship, and you’re praising him for being special?” Bai Wuhen’s voice came from behind Yunjin.

Chapter 620 - 620 The Jade Epiphyllum Blooms and Dies, The Successor of the Sword Pavilion Arrives (2)

Yunduan pouted and nodded.

Bai Wuhen walked forward with a smile and pulled Yunjin out of the room.

"How can such a beauty hide here? Are those guys blind?" Bai Wuhen's voice stunned Yunjin, and Yunduan chuckled.

When the screen returned to the deck of the immortal ship, the three beautiful women who looked like fairies in the sky made countless people's hearts skip a beat.

"So beautiful..."

"Is this the Fairy Boat Duo?"

"Such beauties, immortal ship, immortal ship, truly..."

"As graceful swans, beautiful beyond compare."

...

Bai Wuhen and Yunjin appeared on the immortal ship. They read the essays written by the Great Confucian and recited in a low voice. Their voices were melodious as they smiled and handed over brushes and papers.

Only by becoming a Great Confucian will one have such privileges, right?

Looking at the beautiful faces on the screen, countless people set themselves a goal.

Become a Great Confucian, board the Immortal Ship.

"Eh, this Yong Prefecture student, Liu Yong's poetry is not bad," Yan Zhenqing, who had been quiet, suddenly said.

The light screen instantly fell, reflecting the poem in his hand.

'The cold cicadas are mournful, singing to the long-winded evening song, the green willows, who are you sincerely complaining to?'

'The flying bird is still happy, coming together and parting ways with the clouds, a thousand miles of misty waves, lend me some wine.'

...

On the immortal ship, several Confucians turned their heads and commented softly.

The scene on the light screen had already turned to a pleasure boat. A young man in a green robe with a patch on his lapel was sitting solemnly.

Beside him, a neatly folded Confucian robe and a cloth bag were placed together.

"As a poor student, I can't bear to see my clothes stained with ink. It's better to wear old green robes.

"The invitation to the pleasure boat was given to me by Young Master Murong Hui. I don't dare to use all the stationery for myself."

In the image, Liu Yong whispered, unaware that his words were heard by everyone on the river.

At this moment, the eyes of a colorful-robed woman not far from him were filled with affection.

To the sad, fallen women of the mortal world, wealth and glory were not what they coveted. Instead, they loved the poor and resolute Confucianists.

Only by leaving a poem on the Yongding River could one be considered a real man!

“This child is a talent that can be nurtured.”

A voice sounded from the immortal ship.

Mr. Green Vine!

On the screen, Liu Yong, who was originally calm, tilted his body and knocked over the ink on the small table, staining his moon-white clothes.

On the screen, Liu Yong was excited and heartbroken. He looked uneasy on the screen.

It was enviable.

On the deck of the immortal ship, many Confucians looked up with nostalgia on their faces.

“Back then, I was the same...”

Inexperienced.

But it was beautiful.

The scene changed. On a pleasure boat under the setting sun, a young girl in green clothes was running quickly with sweat on her forehead.

As she panted slightly, her fair face carried a trace of anxiety and shyness.

“Wu, Mr. Wu, quickly write your poem for me. I’ll bring it to the immortal ship.”

The girl ran to Wu Tianzhen, who was sitting in front of a small table, and spoke in a crisp voice.

In the image, Wu Tianzhen looked up and smiled. Then he wiped the girl’s sweat with his sleeve.

“Mr. Wu, the Jade Epiphyllum is about to bloom. Hurry up and write the poem!”

The young girl bit her lip. Her anxious appearance was reflected on the light screen, looking pretty and cute.

Wu Tianzhen shook his head with a smile and said softly, “You are my poem...”

With just this sentence, the shyness and joy on the girl’s face intertwined like a flower blooming.

When the scene faded, a jade-white epiphyllum slowly bloomed.

The dream rose, and the dream fell.

The Jade Epiphyllum bloomed, as if all the beauty in the world had gathered.

However, the flower only bloomed for a short period of time. Under everyone’s regretful gazes, the petals slowly withered.

It had only been a hundred breaths.

The fleeting beauty made the entire river fall silent.

Princess Yunjin turned around and looked at the river in front of her. She said in a low voice, "If there are flowers that can be plucked, they must be plucked. Don't wait till they wilt..."

Yunduan frowned slightly. After pondering for a moment, she said in a clear voice, "There are talents in every generation. Each of them has been outstanding for hundreds of years!"

With these two sentences, no one on the immortal ship, the pleasure boat, or the river bank could speak.

Han Muye chuckled and only took the ink brush. He wrote two lines of poetry on the paper in front of him.

The poem was reflected on the light screen of the withered epiphyllum flower and remained there for a long time.

'It's easy to come up with something on paper. You must know that you have to do it.'

For a moment, countless Confucianists silently recited these lines, their hearts surging.

Lightning surged in the void, and endless streams of light flew.

The purple Qi of the People's Will and the golden Great Spirit illuminated the river and stole the light of the setting sun.

A poem that had been passed down for generations!

The Emperor's Poem!

A poem that encouraged learning and led the way to the righteous path!

Whether it was on the immortal ship, on the pleasure boats, or on the riverbank, everyone lowered their heads and wrote down the poem.

Chen Ru, who was standing not far away, had a smile on his face.

How many authentic works were there!

Han Muye, who had written the poem, took the page away and opened another book.

'The intention of the opening is not bad. Your literary talent is outstanding.'

'I suggest that you write a poem. You can look at the mountains and express your emotions.'

Only by making an effort and practicing would he be able to advance.

Those poems that had been passed down through the generations were nothing. The Great Spirit that filled the sky was nothing. The emotions of countless people were nothing. Only by evaluating and teaching could one be considered a Great Confucian!

At this moment, countless people understood the word 'Confucianism'.

Confucianism was what people needed.

It wasn't that poem that shook the Imperial City. It was Confucianism that had been passed down for 3,000 years. It was the Great Dao that enlightened thousands of ways and made the literary path prosper for thousands of years!

On the deck, looking at Han Muye, who was commenting with his head lowered in the light screen, Xu Wei spoke softly.