

Pavilion 601

Chapter 601 - 601 Collaborating with Huang Tingshu on the Plum Blossom Ink Painting, Leaving Its Fragrance in the World

Along with the origins of this literary conference, the identities of the people who participated in it were exposed.

A few hundred years ago, Grandmaster Lu Yuzhou, who had yet to become the assistant head of the Imperial City Academy, obtained a Jade Epiphyllum.

He comprehended the Dao from this epiphyllum and felt that the beauty of youth was fleeting and that time was fleeting.

The enlightened Lu Yuzhou began to be unrestrained.

This Jade Epiphyllum could be said to be an opportunity for Lu Yuzhou to comprehend the Dao.

After the other Confucian cultivators received the news, they invited Lu Yuzhou to hold a literary conference when the Jade Epiphyllum bloomed to see if others could obtain the opportunity to comprehend the Dao.

The Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference came about.

However, after Lu Yuzhou disappeared for a hundred years, the literary conference stopped.

This was the first time Lu Yuzhou had held a literary conference since he returned to the Heavenly Mystic.

There were fewer than 100 people invited to this literary conference, and every one of them was a great cultivator at the peak of Confucianism.

Some of the less powerful Confucian Grandmasters were not even qualified to participate in the conference.

Such a matter was originally only circulated within the circle of Confucian Grandmasters.

However, for some reason, this matter spread throughout the Imperial City overnight.

Along with this news came an invitation letter from Lu Yuzhou.

Lu Yuzhou's personal handwriting was on the jade-colored invitation.

Even if this invitation was a replica, it still had value.

The key was that holding this invitation card would give one the opportunity to observe the literary conference!

How many people in the world were qualified to watch the gathering of the top Confucianists?

It only cost 3,000 spiritual rocks.

Buying an invitation for 3,000 spiritual rocks and obtaining the right to observe might allow one to soar into the sky!

Some people did not believe it. Looking at the Yongding River outside the city, the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship that was hosting the literary conference was already surrounded by hundreds of pleasure boats of various sizes.

Every pleasure boat had a banner that said, 'Pleasure boat specially dedicated to observing the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference.'

On another banner was written, 'The Han Family Trading Company's exclusive sponsorship of the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference.'

Some people bought the invitation cards that cost 3,000 spiritual rocks each and boarded the pleasure boats.

As for whether or not they could observe the literary conference and how to observe it, they did not say.

That was because they did not get off the boats after getting on the pleasure boats.

Was 3,000 spiritual rocks pricey?

Pricey.

For most mortals in the Imperial City, 3,000 spiritual rocks was something that they would never be able to earn in their entire lives.

Those Confucian scholars in the city could easily come up with 3,000 spiritual rocks.

Of course, there were millions of people in the Imperial City.

No one knew how many copies of the invitation had been made.

However, someone calculated that based on the location of the flower boats, they could accommodate 100,000 people.

In other words, there were at most 100,000 invitations.

There were too many people in the city who did not lack spiritual rocks and were willing to fork out 3,000 spiritual rocks in exchange for an invitation.

Perhaps this was an opportunity?

Some people bought the invitations early on, while others gritted their teeth and borrowed spiritual rocks from their classmates to buy one. There were also groups of three to five people who pooled their spiritual rocks to buy one.

Those who were slow realized that the price of the invitation card, which originally cost 3,000 spiritual rocks, had risen to 10,000.

Just as they were hesitating if they should grit their teeth and buy it, they saw that it was already 30,000 spiritual rocks per piece. It was up to them.

More people who had received invitations went to the flower boats early to reserve seats.

It was said that the Han Family Trading Company was providing all the supplies on the flower boats for the past few days, from food and drinks to overnight expenses.

It was said that the girls on the flower boats were willing to throw themselves at the Confucian scholars who participated in the literary conference. They used all kinds of tricks to make the scholars feel as if they were in an immortal cloud.

It was said that a poor scholar borrowed 3,000 spiritual rocks to buy an invitation. After boarding the flower boat for a day, he was valued by a courtesan who gave him 100,000 spiritual rocks.

Now they were an item.

...

No one pursued whether these rumors were true or not. It did not matter if they were true or not.

The important thing was that up until now, not a single Confucian had come forward to clarify the news.

No news was good news.

Right now, in the city, groups of attendants wearing the uniform of the Han Family Trading Company were carrying the Ma Family Workshop's inkstone, Hu Family's paper, Sun Family's ink brush, and Yunzhou ink, the number one tribute of the Imperial Family, to the Cloud Brocade immortal Ship.

Then baskets of all kinds of fresh spiritual fruits were carried to the pleasure boats.

The Han Family Trading Company had purchased too many things, and many shops were emptied immediately.

Many smart merchants had already gone to the Han Family Trading Company to discuss business.

There were many bookstores and literary clubs that sold literary treasures. They also sent people to contact the Han Family Trading Company.

Firstly, they had all kinds of literary treasures in their hands, as well as good pens, ink, paper, and inkstones that could be traded.

Also, according to the information they obtained, all the authentic paintings on the ship and pleasure boats would be bought by the Han Family Trading Company.

If even a thousandth of them became a literary treasure, it would be an incredible matter!

This was something that Chen Ru had not expected.

As a result, many libraries were willing to provide pens, ink, paper, and inkstones for free.

Many ready-to-wear shops, spiritual fruit shops, and merchants selling good wine were willing to provide their goods for free or at a low price as long as they could help promote their families during the literary conference.

Hu Dieyi, the shopkeeper of Dieyi Pavilion, the largest ready-to-wear shop in the city, personally visited Chen Ru and said that she would provide the clothes for all the Great Confucian scholars attending the

conference. As long as they stayed till the end of the literary conference, they could exchange their old clothes for new ones.

Chen Ru estimated that the robes worn by these Confucian scholars during the literary conference would be worth 10 times more when sold.

If they were worn by martial grandmasters or Half-Sages, they would be worth a hundred times more if they were stained with ink, water, or alcohol.

Some people were willing to spend a lot of money to collect these items.

As for the dresses of the women on the flower boats and the Cloud Brocade Immortal Ship, Hu Dieyi was willing to take them by paying 10 fold.

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The price of the close-fitting clothes could be doubled.

She also said that if it was Princess Yunjin and Miss Bai Wuhen's clothes, she was willing to pay a thousand times the price.

This business was really good.

However, in the end, Chen Ru did not make a decision. He only said that he could make these robes for Dieyi Pavilion, but he did not dare to decide whether to recycle them or not.

Even if the pretty Hu Dieyi wanted to use her sex appeal, Chen Ru did not dare to agree.

Not to mention those Confucian scholars, he did not dare to speculate if Princess Yunjin had any relationship with his master.

However, he still sent someone to report this matter to Han Muye in the form of a jade slip.

Unfortunately, Han Muye had followed Mu Wan to Baili Xinglin's house. Zuo Yulong accepted the jade slip and would reply when Han Muye returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

At noon, Han Muye, who was wearing a green robe and a jade crown, stood side by side in front of an ancient and magnificent mansion.

The plaque on the door of the mansion read, 'Huang Mansion'.

Great Grandmaster Huang Tingshu's handwriting.

"Miss Mu, Madam and Master are in the back hall. You can go in directly."

At the entrance of the mansion, a butler in a gray robe welcomed them with a smile.

Mu Wan had been here for a few days. Her identity was no longer a secret to this butler who was good at welcoming and sending off guests.

The status of the family head and his wife's niece was unimaginably noble.

Mu Wan nodded slightly and turned to look at Han Muye beside her.

"Senior Brother, are you a little nervous?"

Nervous?

Han Muye quickly shook his head.

Mu Wan smiled and stepped into the mansion with Han Muye.

Similar to the Qin family's mansion, spiritual herbs could be seen everywhere in the spacious courtyard.

Many tall trees were herbs that were extremely old.

After walking into a few courtyards, Han Muye's gaze landed on a pool.

The pool was only three to five acres. The water was not clear, but grayish-black.

A faint fragrance of ink wafted over.

The trees beside the pool were all faintly black.

"The Huang Family's Inkstone Pool, trees with flowers blooming with faint ink marks. Grandmaster Huang's relentless brushwork is admirable."

Han Muye's eyes flickered as he spoke in a low voice.

Dao Domain.

The three to five acres of pool and the black trees beside the pool had clearly turned into a Dao Domain!

Everyone said that Huang Tingshu was suppressed by Baili Xinglin. The man was weak while the woman was strong. He lost his will, stopped caring about the affairs of the world, and didn't even write anything.

This entire Dao domain was stained with black ink. Is this loss of willpower?

Indeed, the rumors could not be trusted.

"My family's inkstone pool, trees with flowers blooming with faint ink marks. What a good poem. Meeting Muye in person is better than hearing about you a hundred times. You're indeed a rare literary talent."

Han Muye turned around and saw an old man in his fifties in a white robe with meticulously groomed hair and a long beard slowly walking forward.

Beside him, a woman in a green robe was surging with alchemy qi.

This was the Sect Grandmaster no, the Half-Sage Huang Tingshu, and the Alchemy Half-Sage Baili Xinglin.

"Mu Wan greets Grandmaster and Uncle-Master." Mu Wan hurriedly bowed and said in a low voice, "This is my senior brother."

Han Muye bowed slightly and cupped his hands. "Junior Han Muye greets Grandmaster and Uncle-Master."

Be it Han Muye or Grandmaster Mu Ye, they were just identities.

For cultivators who had cultivated to their level, status was not important. Their attitude was.

Han Muye did not treat himself as an outsider in the way he addressed them. Baili Xinglin and Huang Tingshu looked at each other and smiled.

"Young hero, I didn't believe it at first, but after seeing you today, I know that such a person really exists in this world."

Baili Xinglin sized up Han Muye and said softly, "No wonder Mu Wan wants to find a bloodline alchemy technique."

Han Muye lowered his head slightly.

How impressive. She can actually see through the bloodline power in my body.

After all, she's an Alchemy Half-Sage.

"Haha, come, come in and have a seat." Huang Tingshu laughed out loud. He walked forward, grabbed Han Muye's arm, and pulled him into the house.

"That poem of yours is really good. I'm going to write it down later.

"By the way, how shall I continue the next two lines of this poem?"

Seeing Han Muye being pulled into the house by Huang Tingshu, Mu Wan's face stiffened slightly.

She seemed to have been forgotten.

"Girl, it's rare for your uncle-master to take a fancy to someone." Baili Xinglin's eyes flashed with a divine light as she stepped forward and spoke softly.

She looked at Mu Wan and lowered her voice. "He studied the Daoist classic, 'Big Yellow Court' well. There aren't many people in the world who are valued by him."

Baili Xinglin's face revealed a trace of pride.

How could the husband and dao companion she chose be an ordinary person?

As for saying that the man was weak and the woman was strong, that was just Huang Tingshu cultivating diligently and not caring about what the rest of the world said.

Because he had studied the cultivation method of the No Resentment Realm, Huang Tingshu created his own Big Yellow Court. The strength of his divine soul cultivation left Baili Xinglin shocked.

She did not even dare to guess what level her husband's cultivation was at.

"Let's go. Accompany me to make a few common medicinal cuisines of the Jade Rainbow Realm." Baili Xinglin held Mu Wan's arm and led her to the side.

Mu Wan nodded and glanced at Han Muye, who was already in the room.

My senior brother will be valued by Grandmaster and Uncle-Master.

What kind of person is my senior brother?

Unknowingly, her heart felt sweet.

“Sigh, you look very much like me back then.”

Baili Xinglin’s voice sounded from beside her, making Mu Wan blush.

“Actually, it’s nothing. A girl has someone in her heart. She should express herself and do what she should do.” Baili Xinglin turned around and glanced at Mu Wan.

“You’ve been with your senior brother for so long, but you’re still a virgin.” After a pause, she looked at Mu Wan’s red face and shook her head. “It’s human nature for a man and a woman to love each other. You can’t let go like this.”

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“Your senior brother is such a character. If you don’t catch him, you’ll be worried if someone snatches him away.”

“No, I, it’s, it’s Senior Brother who doesn’t...” Mu Wan hurriedly explained, but she didn’t know what to say. Her face was red and she was so anxious that she couldn’t explain.

“No?” Baili Xinglin frowned.

“I understand. He has fused with the bloodline power of a demonic beast. His physical strength is not harmonious.”

Baili Xinglin’s words made Mu Wan nod repeatedly.

“Yes, it’s a little troublesome to be impotent at such a young age, but it’s fine. I’ll let you take back a few medicinal wines that your uncle-master developed. I guarantee that you’ll spend the night...”

Mu Wan did not stop talking.

She felt that her Martial Aunt seemed to have misunderstood something.

Senior Brother, he can do it.

Really.

...

The study room was filled with paintings and calligraphy scrolls.

Every piece was a treasure.

The writings of the great masters of Confucianism were everywhere.

This collection was much more than what he had plundered in the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

“Hehe, you like them?”

Huang Tingshu held a pen by the long table and looked up to see Han Muye looking around. He smiled and said, “Just take whatever you like.

“I heard from Mu Wan that you plundered some paintings at Lu Yuzhou’s house.

“To be honest, with that little collection of his, what good stuff can he have?

“Look at mine. Aren’t these the real masterpieces?”

It was common for scholars to look down on each other.

Lu Yuzhou’s character had been ruined quite a bit, but he still had a lot of treasures, which made people feel even more indignant.

Yan Zhenqing had said this to Han Muye himself.

When Han Muye emptied Lu Yuzhou’s small courtyard, many people in the Imperial City Academy applauded.

Hearing Huang Tingshu ask him to choose a painting, Han Muye did not stand on ceremony and immediately chose a few Huang Tingshu’s paintings and a few paintings by other scholars.

“The words on this ‘Huangzhou Cold Food Poetry Post’ are like dragons. The brush strokes are bold and vigorous. It’s really a masterpiece.” Han Muye put away Huang Tingshu’s handwritten piece.

“Ancestral Origin Dao Comprehension Painting? Isn’t this written by Wang Mojie himself? Then I will accept it graciously.”

Huang Tingshu stood there and watched as Han Muye really swept away the paintings on the surrounding walls. The corners of his mouth twitched, and he did not even notice the ink beads on the tip of his brush dripping.

When he lowered his head, a few drops of ink had already dripped onto the paper.

“What a waste of a piece of Golden Cloud Paper.”

Huang Tingshu was about to throw away the paper scroll on the long table when Han Muye took a step forward and said softly, “I can’t take Uncle-Master’s paintings for nothing. I can use this pen and paper to do a painting for Uncle-Master.”

As he spoke, he picked up the inkstone on the table and splashed it with his shaking hand.

The paper was filled with messy ink spots of all sizes.

Reaching out to take the ink brush from Huang Tingshu’s hand, Han Muye moved the brush quickly, drawing and dipping it in ink. Black plum blossoms bloomed on the branches.

“Good, good!”

Watching the plum blossoms, Huang Tingshu praised from the side.

Outside the study, someone stuck her head in to take a look.

Baili Tongyun, who was wearing a scholar's robe, looked at the study in surprise. Han Muye was painting while her grandfather was watching from the side.

She knew her grandfather's temper the best.

There were only seven or eight people in the world whose paintings and calligraphy could be praised by him.

The shopkeeper of the Pill Destiny Pavilion was an outstanding poet. She did not expect her grandfather to praise him for his painting.

She quietly walked into the study and saw the painting under Han Muye's brush.

Ink plum blossoms.

The branches were dense and mixed, and the black plum blossom petals and buds were naturally embellished.

Standing in front of the long table, the fragrance of the ink seemed to have turned into a plum blossom fragrance that refreshed the heart.

With just one breath, Baili Tongyun's mind felt extremely clear, and a cold fragrance lingered in her heart.

Huang Tingshu looked at his granddaughter and did not say anything. He lowered his head and looked at the painting again.

At this moment, Han Muye had slowly cleaned up the table and put away his brush.

He held the brush in both hands and handed it to Huang Tingshu.

"Uncle-Master, please make corrections."

Hearing his words, Huang Tingshu laughed and took the ink brush. "You're already proficient and profound in this painting. The painting technique of drawing with ink lines is not inferior to Xu Qingteng's. What else do you need me to correct?"

"Young man, you ought to be proud."

As he spoke, he leaned over and wrote down the poem Han Muye had composed.

"My family's Inkstone pool, the trees with flowers blooming with faint ink marks." Baili Tongyun recited a poem with a happy expression on her face.

"Grandpa, I didn't expect you to have another masterpiece—"

Before she could finish, she saw Huang Tingshu raise his head and look at Han Muye. "What about the next two sentences? Continue."

Continue?

Baili Tongyun's eyes widened.

This poem was actually written by Grandmaster Mu Ye!

Han Muye pondered for a moment and said softly, "Don't let anyone praise the colors."

Huang Tingshu's entire body trembled. He lowered his head and wrote this sentence.

After he finished writing, Han Muye said, "Leave its fragrance in the world."

As soon as he finished speaking, the Golden Great Spirit surged in the room. Purple light surged on Huang Tingshu's body, as if it was about to rush out of the house and into the sky!

"Good, what a good line!

"There are fewer than 20 Confucianists in the world who can have such a temperament."

After Huang Tingshu finished speaking, he slowly wrote down the last sentence and signed it.

"Muye did a plum blossoms ink painting himself. He composed a poem orally while Huang Tingshu recorded it in the Big Yellow Court."

After stamping the seal, Huang Tingshu quietly admired the plum blossoms ink painting in front of him. Then he laughed and said, "It's not a loss for this old man to exchange the paintings in the study for this plum blossoms ink painting."

Hearing his words, Baili Tongyun looked around. It was indeed much more empty.

"Husband, the food has been prepared. Come quickly." Baili Xinglin's voice came from outside the study.

Huang Tingshu smiled and carefully hung the painting on the wall in front of him. Then he carefully examined it and kept nodding.

After a while, he turned to look at Baili Tongyun.

"Tongyun, why are you back? You're not going to the academy today?"

As he spoke, he led Han Muye out of the study.

Baili Tongyun took out an invitation card from the back and chased after him. "Grandfather, look! I don't know who is so despicable as to make copies of the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference's invitation card and sell them everywhere.

"An invitation cost 3,000 spiritual rocks. Now everyone in the city is fighting for them. This invitation has already been raised to 50,000 spiritual rocks.

"Grandpa, do you think we should interfere in such matters?"

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Hearing Baili Tongyun's words, Huang Tingshu turned around.

He reached out and took the invitation. After flipping it open, he frowned.

“Someone sent this invitation in the morning and took a copy of my handwritten letter, saying that it was a reward at the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference.”

Although Han Muye, who was standing at the back, did not show any expression, he was amused.

This Chen Ru is quite fast. He has already been to Huang Tingshu’s place.

Huang Tingshu’s words caused Baili Tongyun to be stunned for a moment. Then she gritted her teeth in anger and said, “These bad people actually lied to a sect grandmaster like grandfather.”

She clenched her fists and waved them vigorously. “If I catch who they are, I’ll definitely, definitely—”

Huang Tingshu shook his head and turned to look at Han Muye. “What do you think?”

Han Muye looked at the invitation and nodded. “This is really a good thing for us Confucian cultivators.”

A good thing?

Baili Tongyun turned to look at Han Muye blankly. Suddenly, she frowned and pointed at Han Muye. “You, you didn’t do this, did you?”

“Ridiculous! Muye is your senior! Apologize to your uncle-in-law!” Huang Tingshu interrupted Baili Tongyun.

Uncle-in-law.

Baili Tongyun’s mouth moved a few times, but she didn’t say anything in the end.

Han Muye looked at her and chuckled.

She was really a smart girl. She could actually guess that he was the one who did this.

However, there were some things that could not be admitted in person. If they admitted it, everyone would be embarrassed.

“Tongyun, you’re still young. You don’t understand.”

Han Muye shook his head and looked outside at Mu Wan and Baili Xinglin setting up the dishes.

Still young?

Don’t understand?

Baili Tongyun frowned and was about to speak when she heard Han Muye’s voice again.

“Take the Great Confucian’s handwritten letter as a reward. It can make this literary conference more important.

“The more important the literary conference is, the more scholars will value it.”

Han Muye’s voice was gentle.

“Value it? And then sell more invitations?”

Baili Tongyun coldly snorted, “You really know how to do business.”

"In your opinion, this is just business?" Han Muye's voice was a little louder than before.

Mu Wan and Baili Xinglin turned around.

Huang Tingshu looked at Han Muye. Baili Tongyun was also at a loss and looked up.

Han Muye's voice rose again, but it was much colder. "You people were born with a golden spoon in your mouth and have seen great scholars since you were young. Of course, you don't know that countless students in the world can't even meet a great scholar.

"I have a shop assistant named Zuo Yulong. He's older than you.

"He has some talent in Confucianism and has cultivated the Great Spirit."

"But he has been listening to the Imperial City Academy's lectures from outside for the past five years. He has never listened to the Great Confucians' lectures in person.

"Because he didn't have that chance.

"For you geniuses, listening to the teachings of the Great Confucians is like eating and drinking. How do you know the hardships of others?"

Han Muye spoke loudly.

Baili Tong Yun was stunned, not knowing what to do.

She knew that Han Muye was right.

Every time the Imperial City Academy had a class, countless students would listen in from outside.

Although she would not mock these students, she had never treated them as her classmates.

Now that she thought about it, she really shouldn't be like this.

However, this can't be a reason for this fellow to scold me!

Besides, this is my home!

"Senior Brother, Tongyun is still young and doesn't know the hardships of the world. She will understand in the future."

Mu Wan walked over and gently held Han Muye's arm.

Han Muye nodded and said calmly, "Little girl, keep this invitation well. Not to mention its value, if not for Uncle-Master and the others bringing you to the Immortal Ship, this invitation would still give you the right to observe."

With that, he pulled Mu Wan towards the table.

With tears in her eyes, Baili Tongyun raised her head and looked at the silent Huang Tingshu. The corner of her mouth twitched, and she almost cried.

Ever since she was young, no one had ever criticized her like this.

Moreover, what happened today was clearly not her fault.

How could he use this invitation to earn money?

Huang Tingshu glanced at her and said softly, "Your uncle-in-law is right."

These words stunned Baili Tongyun.

Her grandfather, who had always doted on her the most, was also speaking up for outsiders?

"Girl, the White Deer Mountain Academy has only been established for a few years. With just three to five grandmaster-level instructors, they can already sweep through the world. They're said to be on par with the Imperial City Academy. Do you know what's going on?"

Huang Tingshu narrowed his eyes and spoke in a low voice.

What's going on?

Wasn't it because Grandmaster Han Mu used poetry as a sword to open a path for all the Confucianists in the world?

The Imperial City Academy did not like scholars carrying swords.

Seeing Baili Tongyun's expression, Huang Tingshu shook his head, "Silly girl, there are thousands of Confucian scholars in the world. How many of them can enter the door?"

"No one is willing to be a mere nobody, but how many people are born not to be nobodies?"

"You guys really don't know when you're in luck..."

He clasped his hands behind his back and slowly walked towards the wooden table.

She had only taken a few steps when she suddenly stopped in her tracks.

At the table, a smiling Baili Xinglin took out a jade white wine jug and filled it with clear wine.

She looked up and their eyes met.

Huang Tingshu's lips curled into a forced smile.

—

When Han Muye and Mu Wan returned to Moon Viewing Town, it was already evening.

Grandmaster Huang Tingshu was very enthusiastic. After dinner, he pulled Han Muye to recite poems and compose poems. He even drew many paintings by the inkstone pool.

If not for Han Muye and Mu Wan's firm farewell, Grandmaster Huang would probably have pulled Han Muye and Mu Wan to talk all night.

When he returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion, Han Muye saw the jade slip Chen Ru sent.

Chapter 605 - 605 What Sword Cultivators Need to Cultivate the Most is the Sword in Their Hearts (2)

Truth be told, the shopkeeper of Dieyi Pavilion was truly a genius. She could think of all kinds of schemes.

Clothes stained with the aura of great scholars?

There would be many people snapping up the clothes.

Who would want the boat ladies' personal clothes then?

In Han Muye's opinion, this business could indeed be done, but he had to make it clear.

He could not make those Confucian scholars unhappy.

After all, if they didn't like the clothes one provided or didn't want to take off the clothes they had worn, one couldn't force them, right?

Also, it was better not to have designs on Princess Yunjin and Bai Wuhen's dresses.

Before the sky turned dark, Han Muye handed the jade slip to Zuo Lin and asked him to bring the jade slip to Chen Ru when he drove Zuo Yuting and Zuo Yulong back.

After closing the shop door and returning to the small courtyard, Mu Wan turned to look at Han Muye.

"Senior Brother, why did you treat Tongyun like that at Uncle-Master's place today?

"They were born in the Imperial City and grew up in the Imperial City. They were born with no worries about wealth. It's indeed difficult to understand your painstaking efforts."

Painstaking efforts?

I was just trying to earn more spiritual rocks.

Han Muye was amused.

No matter how dignified the reason was, it could not hide the fact that he was earning spiritual rocks.

Countless merchants in the world used all kinds of grand reasons to package their motives. In the end, weren't they still earning spiritual rocks from your pockets?

Anyone who asked you to fork out spiritual rocks was doing business.

However, there were all sorts of businesses.

Some were doing business in a subservient way, while others were doing business in a dignified way.

For the Han Family Trading Company, sponsoring the literary conference did earn money. Nonetheless, those Confucian scholars who obtained opportunities were grateful.

The Han Family Trading Company had earned money, but they had also won over the hearts of the people.

Baili Tongyun had seen through his true nature, but she was unable to refute him. That was why she felt so aggrieved.

"Junior Sister, I'm a sword cultivator. I only do things in a carefree manner," Han Muye looked at Mu Wan and said softly.

That was true.

Han Muye did not worry too much.

Even if there were pros and cons, he chose the way that suited him the most instead of weighing the pros and cons.

When sword cultivators did things, they always wanted to be free and unrestrained.

Mu Wan's gaze landed on Han Muye. She leaned closer and buried her head in his arms.

"I know that you're a sword cultivator and only care about the sword in your hand.

"I've always been afraid that I will become that vine that binds Senior Brother's hands and feet."

At this point, Mu Wan looked up at Han Muye. "Senior Brother, why don't we return to the Western Frontier? You'll still be Sword Immortal Han. Unlike now, you don't even carry a sword..."

Han Muye lowered his head and touched Mu Wan's red lips lightly. Then he said softly, "The mortal world is also cultivation. What a sword cultivator needs to cultivate the most is the sword in his heart."

At this point, he chuckled and lowered his head to whisper in Mu Wan's ear, "Who says I don't carry a sword? Am I not carrying it?"

Mu Wan's body stiffened.

Her hand was led down by her senior brother's hand.

Han Muye bit Mu Wan's earlobe and whispered fiercely, "What exactly did you say to Grandmaster Baili that made her force me to drink half a pot of aphrodisiac wine?"

Mu Wan's hands trembled, and her entire body went limp. She did not dare to look up. She buried her head in Han Muye's chest and muttered softly, "I, I was just talking about you, Senior Brother. Martial Aunt misunderstood and thought you can't..."

The veins on Han Muye's forehead throbbed. He had the urge to carry his junior sister into the room now and let her know how capable he was.

However, the Divine Beast Baxia's bloodline was powerful. When he went crazy, he would definitely not be able to control his strength.

"Junior Sister, why don't you do it..."

Han Muye whispered in Mu Wan's ear.

Mu Wan stiffened. Before Han Muye could finish speaking, she pushed him away and ran away with a red face. She entered the room and closed the door.

Han Muye shook his head and took a deep breath. He looked around and calmed down. With a move, he left the small courtyard and went straight to the Immortal Moon Lake.

After a while, Mu Wan's door opened and she stuck her head out to take a look. She saw that the small courtyard was empty. She heaved a sigh of relief and closed the door again.

At this moment, Han Muye landed in the Immortal Moon Lake, but he did not use his soul to enter Baxia's body and condense his soul incarnation.

This time, he was not going to the Suwei World, but came specifically for the water deities in the Immortal Moon Lake.

A golden rune flashed in his hand. A moment later, a few deities in royal robes stepped forward and bowed.

Han Muye nodded, his eyes flashing with golden light.

Today, he was communicating with Huang Tingshu. Huang Tingshu did not hide anything and told Han Muye about his Big Yellow Court.

According to Huang Tingshu, he created the Big Yellow Court by observing the No Resentment Realm's Divine Dao and combining it with the Confucian Dao.

The so-called Big Yellow Court was a place where one's body was like a dojo and one's heart was like a divine court.

When one cultivated to a profound realm, one's divine thoughts would be endless. One's body would merge with the Great Dao and form a world of one's own.

When this technique entered the Immortal Soul Third Level, it did not fuse with the Heavenly Dao. Instead, it created a world of its own.

For example, the small inkstone pool in the courtyard of Huang Tingshu was a world he created.

However, this cultivation technique was still incomplete.

With the help of the Big Yellow Court, his divine sense might be able to continuously condense and improve, but it would be difficult to expand the Heaven and Earth Dao Domain.

Huang Tingshu spent a hundred years, but not only was he unable to comprehend it, he even felt like he was in a trance.

The Inkstone Pool Dao Domain was set up by Huang Tingshu to prevent himself from losing his mind.

When Huang Tingshu explained the Big Yellow Court, Han Muye diligently deduced it.

He realized that according to his deduction, the Big Yellow Court could not cultivate at all.

Unless two combined into one.

Huang Tingshu's Big Yellow Court first cultivated Confucianism before turning to the Divine Dao.

A Deity domain was supported by Confucianism.

However, the disadvantage of such cultivation was that when one's cultivation reached a high level, one's soul power would be lost.

Chapter 606 - 606 What Sword Cultivators Need to Cultivate the Most is the Sword in Their Hearts (3)

In Han Muye's opinion, using Confucianism to control deities and as the backbone, and divinity as the manifestation was the true technique of the Big Yellow Court.

At this moment, he summoned a few water deities to see the outcome of their cultivation of the incense Dao.

The few Confucian cultivators who had achieved the Dao because of the investiture were now covered in golden light. This was the combination of incense and the Great Spirit.

The few cultivators and the army generals' remnant souls achieved the Dao. There was a dim divine light interweaving with the power of heaven and earth on their bodies.

Confucianism, Heavenly Dao.

In the end, there were still some affiliations.

This was similar to Han Muye's own deduction.

Wen Mosheng did not use his own Great Dao to replace the Heavenly Dao, so the power of heaven and earth was not Confucianism.

The Heavenly Mystic was the world of Confucianism, but it still had its own rules and Great Dao.

Han Muye couldn't see through it. With Wen Mosheng's cultivation, why would he leave a flaw in his Great Dao?

Moreover, after Han Muye conferred deity titles, not only did Wen Mosheng not stop him, but he also expressed his support and approval.

Could it be that Wen Mosheng wanted to give up on the Heavenly Mystic World?

The changes in Divine Dao cultivation might require a trip to the No Resentment Realm to gain a deeper understanding.

However, there were still more than 10 Divine King Realm experts in the No Resentment Realm. It was not so easy to fight against the army of the PHeavenly Mystic World.

Even Marquis Wu could not pacify the world within a thousand years.

After studying the Big Yellow Court, Han Muye returned to the Pill Destiny Pavilion.

For the next two days, other than the time Mu Wan went to Baili Xinglin's place, Han Muye never left the shop.

In the past two days, the entire Imperial City was abuzz with news of the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference. When people met, the first thing they said was almost always, "Brother, have you heard of or seen the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference's invitation?"

As for those who really had an invitation to the literary conference, they had either already boarded the pleasure boat or were hiding quietly, waiting for the literary conference to begin.

All of a sudden, paper became expensive in the Imperial City. Everyone was waiting for the literary conference.

In these two days, the name of the Han Family Trading Company had completely spread throughout the Imperial City.

Someone scolded, saying that the Han Family Trading Company was filled with the stench of copper. They actually dared to use the Great Confucian Literary Conference to do business. Their intentions were punishable by death.

Many disciples of the major families in the Imperial City declared that they would definitely teach the Han Family Trading Company a lesson in the future.

Originally, it was the privilege of the disciples of the big clans in the Imperial City to participate in the literary conference.

Now even countless poor people could attend.

On the other hand, many people supported the Han Family Trading Company.

If not for this replicated invitation card, they might not have the chance to watch the conference in their lives.

At this moment, it was worth it to give up everything to get an invitation.

Many cash-strapped Confucian cultivators waited by the Yongding River and did not return all night.

This was because the Han Family Trading Company would distribute 100 invitation cards to the waiting Confucian students for free before the literary conference began.

According to the Han Family Trading Company, what they wanted to do was to hold a grand event for Confucianism in the world, not to earn heartless spiritual rocks.

These words received a lot of cheers.

He stood there and earned the spiritual rocks.

For the past two days, the Han Family Trading Company had been refuting the rumors. All the invitations were sold for 3,000 spiritual rocks. Their goal was to gather spiritual rocks and strive to do the best in the literary conference so that they would not lose too much.

In the past two days, there was a continuous flow of all kinds of goods, ink, paper, inkstones, clothes, fruits, and wine to the Yongding River. Outsiders could see that the Han Family Trading Company had invested a lot in the conference.

As for the immoral act of raising the invitation to 300,000 spiritual rocks per piece, that was something some unscrupulous businessmen would do.

This kind of disruption of the business order was either done by the Sun Family Trading Company who was jealous of the Han Family Trading Company or the Lu Yuan Trading Company.

The two trading companies were closed these two days.

The Han Family Trading Company was calling for those who had bought high-priced invitations to report them to the Patrol Battalion.

Although the chaos in the city was associated with Han Muye, it had nothing to do with him.

A person like Chen Ru was really extraordinary. He could settle everything with just an invitation.

The night before, Chen Ru personally returned the authentic invitation and updated him on some things.

For example, most of the Han Family Trading Company's goods did not cost spiritual rocks.

Based on his calculations, the Han Family Trading Company could earn one million spiritual rocks from the transactions at Dieyi Pavilion alone.

There were also other families. Most of them had incurred losses in helping.

The biggest profit of this literary conference was from the authentic manuscripts. There were hundreds of libraries and literary clubs that wanted to rent them.

Yes, not to buy, but to rent.

How many spiritual rocks would they bring in?

This was the rule of the game between many Confucianist and Daoist libraries in the Imperial City.

After all, there were only so many authentic works. If they were all concealed, no one would be able to see them.

It was better for everyone to take them out and rent them out to each other. They could all earn spiritual rocks for a long time.

If it weren't for the fact that many literary treasures would appear at this literary conference, those bookstores wouldn't have played along with the Han Family Trading Company.

For Chen Ru, the biggest benefit of this literary conference was that he could recycle the literary treasures that would keep the business going for a long time.

The key was to use these literary treasures to break into the circle of scholars and libraries.

This was the top circle of the Heavenly Mystic Confucianism.

In addition to Chen Ru, Bi Wuhe and his family also came to the Pill Destiny Pavilion to thank Han Muye.

Bi Yun and Bi Chong would stay with the Gongsun family and study swordsmanship in the future.

Bi Wuhe and his wife lived in the middle of the city, in a mansion not far from Moon Viewing Town.

It was a gift from the Gongsun family.

The mansion was not small. If they put up a 'Qiyang Sword Sect' signboard and gathered the elite disciples, they would become a middle city sect.

In the past, whether it was Bi Wuhe or those disciples who had been recruited, none of them dared to think about this.

The middle city was rich in spiritual qi, and there were also various imperial missions.

As long as they settled down, it would not be difficult for the Qiyang Sword Sect to rise.

Moreover, the Qiyang Sword Sect had the support of the Gongsun family.

After Han Muye and Mu Wan received Bi Wuhe and the others, they encouraged them to cultivate well.

In particular, Jin Yunmei's cultivation had stagnated for many years. Now she had to work hard to re-cultivate.

Han Muye sent some more spiritual qi cultivation pills, making Bi Wuhe and his wife extremely grateful.

They asked Han Muye why he was so kind to their family. Han Muye and Mu Wan simply smiled and said that the Pill Destiny Pavilion had always been about fate.

That was true.

Bi Wuhe and his wife had also secretly asked around and learned about the Southern Wasteland Snack Shop, which was next door to the Pill Destiny Pavilion. The couple had opened the store because the Pill Destiny Pavilion master sponsored them.

It seemed that fate could be used to explain it.

Bi Wuhe also asked about Lin Shen, and Han Muye said that Lin Shen was from the same sect.

Lin Shen didn't come.

Because Lin Shen had violated the military rules by attacking without permission, he was punished and made to lead the army into battle.

Han Muye knew that Instructor Lin was meticulous. This guy actually didn't want to train in the Imperial City for a long time and wanted to go to the battlefield early, so he deliberately attacked.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have chosen to destroy the Gathering Sword Sect directly.

"Creak—"

The door to the room opened and Mu Wan, who was dressed as a man, walked out.

"Senior Brother, will this do?"

Mu Wan looked up and saw Han Muye looking at her chest. She couldn't help but blush. She raised her hand and unfolded her fan to cover her chest.

"Of course." Han Muye was all smiles.

In this male outfit, her slender neck was revealed, making her figure even more obvious.

It was a different feeling when one looked at it this way.

"Let's go, Brother Mu. Let's go participate in the literary conference together." Han Muye unfolded the fan in his hand and walked out of the small courtyard with a smile.

Mu Wan smiled and chased after him. Her sleeves fluttered, revealing her fair arm.

Chapter 607 - 607 Having Experienced Ups and Downs, I Am Still a Young Man!

Walking out of the door, he saw Zuo Yulong and Zuo Yuting waiting excitedly.

To be able to attend the Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference with his shopkeeper and Lady Boss, just the thought of it made them excited.

Knowing that Han Muye was taking them to the literary conference, the siblings did not sleep well the entire night.

Even Zuo Lin did not sleep much.

Sitting in the carriage, Zuo Lin, who was wearing brand new clothes, happily flicked his whip and set off.

Beside the main road, Shao Datian scratched his head and turned to look at Cuicui beside him.

“Cuicui, when our child grows up, let him study too.

“I think he will look good in that robe.”

Shao Datian waved his arms as if he was waving his sleeves.

Cuicui looked at Shao Datian’s actions and couldn’t help but laugh when she thought of Shao Datian wearing that robe and revealing his tiger head.

The two of them laughed and joked as they returned to their shop.

Han Muye and Mu Wan asked if they were going to the literary conference, but they both refused.

Cuicui felt that she was not qualified to participate in such a literary conference. As for Shao Datian, he would feel uncomfortable sitting with those students.

“Brother Datian, my wife asked me to bring some medicine for the baby’s protection.” Bao Mingcheng walked to the front of the store with the medicine bag and turned to look at the closed Pill Destiny Pavilion.

As expected, this family had gone to attend the literary conference.

In the Southern Wasteland shop, Shao Datian and Cuicui came out to receive him happily.

The carriage sped along. Mu Wan lifted the curtain and saw the rapidly changing scenery on both sides.

The main road in the Imperial City had always been extremely wide, and the carriages could run parallel to each other.

Looking at the Imperial City now, it was different from when he first came.

Zuo Lin, who was driving the carriage in front, turned to look at his children beside him and smiled.

Back then, he had driven his carriage and brought his young master around the city. Life had changed.

As the carriage moved forward, more and more people gathered on both sides of the road.

The scholars in large sleeves were all discussing loudly.

They were impassioned and in high spirits, as if they were the ones attending the literary conference today.

Indeed, today was a grand event of Confucianism, a good day for cultivators of Confucianism.

Today belonged to them.

Zuo Lin could not remember the last time he saw the Confucianists in the city so excited. How many years ago was it?

The carriage moved forward again and slowed down.

Because there were too many scholars and students leaving the city, they had already blocked the main road.

On the road, the carriages slowed down and moved alongside the students.

"Eh, that seems to be the carriage of a Great Confucian Scholar. Should we present a poem and see if the Great Confucian Scholar will notice?" One of the students by the road pointed at a carriage and asked in a low voice.

"I don't think that's a good idea... What do you think of my poem?"

"F*ck, forget ethics, sir—I have poems too—"

Amidst the chaos, someone grabbed their books and stuffed them into Zuo Yuting and Zuo Yulong's hands.

Before they could figure out who had sent them over, they were already holding a stack of books.

The siblings looked at each other, not knowing what to do.

"Let me take a look," Han Muye said softly from the carriage.

The siblings quickly handed the books to Han Muye.

"Sigh, if I hadn't met Young Master and Miss, I'm afraid I wouldn't be as good as them..." Zuo Yulong turned to look at the students beside him and said softly.

He, Zuo Yulong, was only slightly talented and listened in at the Imperial City Academy.

There were countless people like him in the entire Imperial City.

What right did he have to be better than others?

On the side of the road, the students saw the two siblings handing over books to Han Muye and hurriedly sent their books over.

The siblings did not dare to take anymore and retracted their hands.

"Zuo Yulong!

"Yulong, it's me!"

"Murong Tui, who sat next to you in the audit class last time!" Someone shouted from the carriage next to them.

Zuo Yulong turned around and saw a little fatty.

Murong Tui returned to the carriage and turned to look at the old man sitting in front of him.

“Dean, I heard that Zuo Yulong has a great cultivator of Confucianism backing him. Why don’t you hand over your book to him? Don’t worry, Yulong is my brother.”

The little fatty patted his chest.

Qiu Chuqi hesitated for a moment and nodded. He carefully took out a scroll from his sleeve.

The little fatty reached out to grab it and stuck half of his body out of the carriage.

“Brother Yulong, show this book to Sir. I’ll treat you when we get back...”

Murong Tui winked at Zuo Yulong.

Zuo Yulong was a little troubled, but he still reached out to take the book.

“Young Master, this...”

He knew that with his shopkeeper’s ability, he could understand everything.

In the carriage, Han Muye said, “Give it to me.”

Seeing Zuo Yulong hand the book over, Murong Tui’s face lit up. He turned around and exclaimed, “It’s done!”

Qiu Chuqi nodded.

In fact, with his cultivation and reputation as the head of an academy, it was not as if he did not know the masters of Confucianism.

Even in the Imperial City Academy, they were somewhat familiar with each other.

But today was different.

The Great Confucians who could participate in the literary conference today were really the top figures in the world.

If he could obtain the guidance of such a person, he might have a chance to break through to become a Confucianist Grandmaster.

Once he became a Confucian Grandmaster, his world would be different.

Unconsciously, Qiu Chuqi was actually a little nervous.

He turned to look at the happy little fatty in front of him.

This fellow spent 20,000 spiritual rocks to buy the invitation and pretended he paid 100,000 spiritual rocks to earn his favor.

Then he shamelessly wanted to follow him.

Initially, he had brought him here because of the invitation. Now that he looked at it, perhaps this kid was not so ignorant and incompetent after all.

However, he did not know how the Confucianist in the opposite carriage would feel when he read his book.

At this moment, Han Muye was flipping through a pile of books in front of him.

Chapter 608 - 608 Having Experienced Ups and Downs, I Am Still a Young Man! (2)

Some strokes were like snakes, like dragons and phoenixes, like scribbles.

Some of the words were elegant and emotionless.

There was also some nonsense.

There were a couple of decent-looking words in ink.

He took a few decent ones, added some annotations, and folded them.

Opening a book handed over by Murong Tui, Han Muye's eyes lit up.

The handwriting was simple and honest, and the opening words were meaningful.

"The world is huge, the galaxy is bright, and the mountains are green..."

After reading the entire article, Han Muye smiled, took out a thin piece of paper, and wrote on it.

After he finished writing, he put the thin paper in the book and handed it over.

Zuo Yulong quickly took it.

"Brother Murong—"

Zuo Yulong's shout attracted the attention of the surrounding scholars.

The curtain of the carriage on the other side was lifted, and Murong Tui poked his head out with a surprised expression.

"My young master has already read it." Zuo Yulong handed the book back.

For a moment, everyone stared at the book, wishing they could open it and see what annotations there were.

Murong Tui took the book, nodded at Zuo Yulong, and went back into the carriage with a smile.

"Sigh, you still have to have some connections, or else who will annotate your work?" On the side of the road, someone muttered in disappointment.

Not far away, someone's gaze fell on the carriage and he frowned.

"These seem to be the Zuo family's brother and sister? I remember that they moved away after escaping from the Ma family's engagement. Are they rich now?" The eyes of the scholar in the gray scholar's robe flickered as a smile appeared on his lips.

"The daughter of the Zuo family seems to be called Ting? She looks alright, but her background is too low." As the scholar spoke, he took a few quick steps forward and approached the carriage.

"Uncle Zuo, I'm Bai Tao from the Bai family in the alley."

Zuo Lin, who was driving wholeheartedly, turned around and was stunned for a moment. He smiled and said, "So it's Young Master Bai."

A tycoon who couldn't even afford to ride in a carriage.

There were actually many wealthy families like that in the city.

There were even more like Zuo Lin's family who could only rent other people's houses.

Hearing Zuo Lin call out to him, Bai Tao's face lit up and he took out a book.

"Sister Zuo, please help me pass it to Sir."

Zuo Yuting looked at her father and brother awkwardly. After a moment of silence, she finally accepted the request.

Then someone handed over a few more copies.

The books were sent into the carriage, but they felt like stones sinking into the sea.

Bai Tao followed the carriage quickly. After a while, his expression became gloomy.

"Bah, what Confucian? He might just be a liar." He cursed softly and stopped in his tracks while panting.

"What kind of expert could the Zuo siblings have hooked up with? It's a pity I handed over my book to him." He muttered and took out another book from his sleeve. He turned around and rushed towards another carriage.

"Buzz!"

At this moment, a golden spiritual light soared into the sky from the carriage that was parallel to Han Muye's carriage.

The great scholar had comprehended the Dao and broken through!

On both sides of the road, countless scholars looked at this long-lasting spiritual light with wide eyes.

Could it be that he had broken through because of the annotations?

Indeed.

In the carriage, Murong Tui was cowering in a corner, his face full of surprise.

"Oh my god, did the dean break through? I've really done a huge favor..."

Qiu Chuqi, who was in front of him, held a thin piece of paper in his hand and muttered. He had broken through without realizing it.

"Life isn't just about the present. There's the ideal life.

"The world is so big. I should go and take a look.

"The ideal life, I should go and take a look, I should go and take a look..."

On both sides of the carriage, dozens of students gathered around, wanting the luck of a great scholar breaking through to rub off on them.

Countless people looked up at the carriage with envy and excitement on their faces.

The students clenched their fists, seemingly more excited than if they had broken through themselves.

There was no other way but to put themselves in other people's shoes.

Since the other party could break through after receiving the Great Confucian's comments, they could naturally do the same.

In the distance, by the river outside the city, and on the main road, almost everyone raised their heads and watched as this golden pillar of light slowly dissipated.

The joy of the Great Dao was watching a grandmaster break through.

This was a breakthrough that they had witnessed along with countless gazes. They had really seen someone break through because of literature.

In such a grand event, would they be the next to break through?

The divine light was withdrawn, and the Qi and blood in his body merged with the Great Spirit. Qiu Chuqi looked much younger.

He turned around and looked at Murong Tui with a gentle expression. He said softly, "Murong, thank you."

His words made Murong Tui tremble, and tears welled up in his eyes.

Qiu Chuqi was a little stunned. Just as he was about to ask, he heard Murong Tui mutter, "Dean, ever since I entered the Academy, I have received only beatings or scoldings from you. Even when my father donated two big courtyards to the Academy, you never spoke to me like this..."

Tears streamed down Murong Tui's face as he sobbed, "Dean, I want to be a good student!"

Who wouldn't want to be a good student?

Who didn't have poetry in their hearts?

Wasn't this how they were taught in the world!

Qiu Chuqi felt a tremor in his heart. The aura of the Great Dao that he had restrained all over his body could no longer be restrained.

The spiritual light that had dissipated in the sky appeared again.

The golden pillar of light was even more magnificent and brilliant than before.

There was also a faint purple aura mixed in the pillar of light.

He comprehended the Dao again!

After comprehending the Dao twice in a row, divine light appeared which could be seen from a hundred miles away!

At this moment, the students by the road and the Confucianists sitting in the carriages looked at Qiu Chuqi's carriage in surprise.

The continuous comprehension of the Dao that only existed in legends was actually seen today!

Can it be that Confucianism is going to prosper? they wondered.

"Who is this? He can actually continuously comprehend the dao?" An old voice sounded from a carriage in front.

Chapter 609 - 609 Having Experienced Ups and Downs, I Am Still a Young Man! (3)

The old man in the black robe focused for a moment and a strange look appeared in his eyes.

"Enlightenment because of annotations?"

"Could it be that he was really excited because of the event and broke through after being enlightened?"

The old man pondered for a moment and said, "Chen Shi, collect a few manuscripts and let me take a look."

Hearing his words, the white-robed young man sitting in front of the carriage was stunned.

However, the young man's face lit up. He looked at the two sides of the road and said loudly, "Mr. Chen Yi wants to take a look at a few manuscripts. Send them over if you can."

Chen Yi!

As soon as the young man finished speaking, everyone exclaimed.

"It's that strict teacher from the Imperial City Academy!"

"Mr. Chen Yi, a great Confucian scholar and a martial grandmaster!"

"I-I don't dare to take out my manuscript..."

Amidst the chaos, many people took out their manuscripts and handed them over nervously.

The young man named Chen Shi collected the manuscripts and sent them into the carriage.

This scene made the surrounding people even more excited and curious.

Earlier, someone had broken through because of annotations, and even comprehended the dao twice in a row. So with Mister Chen Yi's annotations, would there be someone who comprehended the dao?

Although they knew that comprehending the Dao was something that could only be chanced upon by luck, everyone still hoped that a miracle would happen a few more times.

As Chen Yi received the manuscripts, many people in the other carriages also offered to annotate them.

For a moment, the crowded avenue became even more rowdy.

The Jade Epiphyllum Literary Conference had yet to begin, but everyone's enthusiasm seemed to have reached its peak.

In the carriage, Han Muye also had a strange expression on his face.

He had comprehended the Dao twice. How could such a strange thing happen?

It seemed that the Confucian Dao cultivator named Qiu Chuqi had a strong foundation and was only lacking an opportunity.

He chuckled and looked at the books that had already been annotated in front of him.

After some thought, he opened the books again and gently wrote.

'Good poem. It can be seen that the author has something in his heart. However, in the line 'Cultivation allows me to see everything clearly,' can you move 'everything' to the end?'

'This sentence is rigorous and smart. The author is thoughtful.'

'Words and phrases need to be measured, and they need to be made clear.'

'The essay is beautiful without losing its charm. It has potential.'

'Young man, if you have a dream, go after it!'

'I see that your writing is dignified, calm, and rational. You will definitely have extraordinary achievements in the future.'

'Woohoo, fly.'

...

Even if it was a pile of sh*t, it could still fertilize the fields, right?

Looking at these poems and essays now, Han Muye's senses were different.

All kinds of praise flowed at the tip of the brush. The originally mediocre poems and verses seemed to have sublimated after some modifications and some praises.

Even the messy handwriting looked interesting with proper ink and brush.

"I've broken through!"

"Under Mr. Chen Yi's guidance, I had an epiphany and broke through to become a scholar on the spot. I soared into the sky with a leap!"

"Mr. Chen Yi, you're really amazing."

Outside the carriage, everyone was jubilant.

Exclamations and wild roars intertwined on the path.

Previously, when Qiu Chuqi broke through, he was a Grandmaster. The light pillar shone brightly, but he was still out of the league of ordinary Confucian cultivators.

However, at this moment, everyone felt that they might have a chance.

They wondered if they would be the next person holding a few thin pieces of paper in his hands and trembling all over with the golden Great Spirit lingering around them.

“Student, student Su Qi’er, thank you for your guidance, Teacher Chen.” The newly minted Confucian scholar stepped forward excitedly and bowed in front of Chen Yi’s carriage.

Once a teacher, always a teacher.

A smile appeared on Chen Shi’s face.

His grandfather was a great scholar of the Imperial City Academy. He could become a scholar with just some guidance.

How many scholars on the streets could do such a thing?

“En, you’ve learned diligently. This old master accepts your bow.

“Follow my carriage later. I’ll take you to the immortal ship.”

Chen Yi’s voice made Su Qi’er and the surrounding people widen their eyes.

Receiving the bow meant that he acknowledged the teacher-student relationship. In the future, Su Qi’er could call himself Chen Yi’s disciple.

Following the immortal ship not only confirmed their relationship, but it also gave Su Qi’er a chance to meet with the Great Scholars.

This was a treatment that only personal disciples could receive!

Even Chen Shi was a little envious of the middle-aged man in front of him.

“Disciple, disciple, thank you, Teacher Chen.” Su Qi’er bowed again in excitement. He looked at his slightly tattered robe and a hint of red flashed across his face. He strode behind the carriage.

There were too many scholars surrounding Chen Yi’s carriage, making the road a little crowded. The speed of the carriages behind was even slower.

The students wished they could stop the carriages so the grandmasters would slowly annotate their works.

At this moment, Han Muye handed over the annotated articles. “Return to them.”

Zuo Yulong and Zuo Yuting quickly took them.

They could see that almost every book was filled with annotations made in red ink.

Our young master has really read every book seriously!

Zuo Yuting and Zuo Yulong looked at each other.

“Zheng Yuanhe from Huzhou, Zheng Yuanhe, Sir has annotated your scroll...”

“Zhao Daosheng from the Lotus Field Academy. Zhao Daosheng, please come and receive the annotated manuscript.”

“I can’t see this name clearly. I only recognize ‘e’ or something like that. Please come forward.”

...

The siblings shouted loudly, causing the surroundings of the carriage to fall silent.

“My, my manuscript has been annotated!” Someone suddenly roared.

“Haha, this old man, Zhao Daosheng is this old man. Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir...”

“E? That’s me, Bai Shenghe.”

Those who had handed in their manuscripts before rushed over and took them back.

Some people’s hands were trembling and they didn’t dare to look down. Some people couldn’t wait to open them.

Even if the surrounding people did not send their own works over, they still gathered around to see what these annotated works were like.

What if they could comprehend the Dao as well?

“Young men ought to have dreams. Yes, yes, I have to have dreams! I can’t give up. I will definitely be able to pass the Elementary Scholar examination...” The white-haired old man held his manuscript and looked at the bright red comments on it. Tears streamed down his face.

There was actually a trace of the Great Spirit surging from his body.

This aura was not strong, but it was extremely dense.

“I’ve been studying for 60 years. I write every day. Outsiders only say that I’m a rotten Confucian. Today, there’s a teacher who recognizes my talent.

“Haha, we’re scholars, but we have dreams. Why should we care about what others think?”

The person next to the white-haired old man looked at him with tears in his eyes. Seeing that he was flipping through the book in his hand, he muttered. When he reached the last page of the book, the old man’s breath quickened and his face turned red.

A strong Great Spirit suddenly burst forth from his body.

“Having experienced ups and downs, I’m still a young man!

“Haha, Having experienced ups and downs, I’m still a young man!

“Zhao Daosheng comprehended it today...”

“Boom!”

The dense Great Spirit and the purple light pillar intertwined and shot into the sky.

The dazzling light made it difficult for countless people to open their eyes.

Student, Graduate, Scholar, Grandmaster!

One step to the fourth level. The Great Spirit superimposed and the pillar of light was like a galaxy!

A young man in a white robe stood in the pillar of light. His eyes were bright and his expression was calm. He bowed to the carriage in front of him.

Zhao Daosheng of the Lotus Field Academy studied hard for 60 years and advanced four levels in a single step. He went straight from a student to a Confucianist Grandmaster and returned to his beginnings and his youth.

Who wasn't a teenager at heart?

In the carriage, Mu Wan looked at the golden aura in her senior brother's hand that was constantly changing.

Han Muye had a smile on his face. His gaze passed through the golden aura, and vast power surged from his body.

"Using the body to advance the Dao and borrowing the power of the heavens, this is the Big Yellow Court."

He put away the golden aura and chuckled. "It's not a loss to spend some Great Spirit to infuse a grandmaster and deduce the cultivation method of the Big Yellow Court."

Chapter 610 - 610 Meeting Yunjin Again on the Immortal Ship

In Confucianism, enlightenment was the most important thing.

Once one comprehended the Dao, one's cultivation would really soar.

However, cultivation in the world required gradual progress. It was accumulated over time and good preparation was key to success.

How was it possible for a white-haired student to suddenly gain enlightenment and cross several stages of cultivation to become a Confucianist Grandmaster?

Without reaching that level of cultivation, who would be able to comprehend such a state of mind?

The biggest reason why Zhao Daosheng could break through was not that his cultivation had really reached a bottleneck, but that Han Muye had secretly transmitted his People's Will and the Great Spirit over with the Big Yellow Court technique and the Divine Dao Empowerment technique.

This was the Big Yellow Court cultivation method that Han Muye had deduced. He was not sure if it would be useful.

From the looks of it, the effect was not bad.

He had his own selfish motive for doing so.

Create a deity.

Previously, during the deity investiture, he discovered that those remnant souls had a poor cultivation foundation. The power of the Divine Dao could not withstand too much of the Heavenly Dao power.

These deities could control mortals and suppress low-level cultivators.

If they met a great cultivator, they would be completely powerless and might even be deprived of the rule of the Divine Realm.

True cultivation of the Divine Dao should be like the Big Yellow Court created by Huang Tingshu, cultivating both internally and externally, cultivating one's soul and cultivating the world outside.

Earlier, Han Muye had used the power of his soul to control the power of heaven and earth to complete the act of creating a deity.

Rather than saying that Zhao Daosheng had become a Confucian Grandmaster, it would be more accurate to say that he had become a Divine Dao cultivator.

Most of the power in his body was actually infused by Han Muye. He needed to slowly comprehend and refine it himself.

Han Muye knew this, and so did Zhao Daosheng, who was standing where he was.

Han Muye had asked him when he was giving him enlightenment.

He asked him if he wanted to become an Elementary Scholar or directly become a Confucian Grandmaster.

Zhao Daosheng's choice was to accept the infusion and become a Confucian Grandmaster.

The golden light dispersed.

At this moment, all the carriages on the road stopped moving.

The Confucian scholars widened their eyes and looked at Zhao Daosheng.

The few Confucianists beside him were all at a loss.

"My Confucianism is flourishing..."

Somewhere, a voice spoke.

Flourishing!

It was really flourishing!

The boundless Great Spirit soared into the sky, and a purple aura lingered.

The power of the Confucian cultivators began to tremble uncontrollably.

This was the nourishment of the Heavenly Dao and the connection with the power of humanity.

In the carriage, Han Muye looked up and smiled.

"Minister Wen, how are you going to thank me this time?"

Hearing Han Muye's soft whisper, Mu Wan looked at him curiously.

Han Muye shook his head and did not speak again.

Earlier, he felt the change in the power of heaven and earth.

In the Heavenly Mystic World, the power of the Great Dao suddenly rose.

Because with the help of his hand, the power of Confucianism and the power of Divine Dao converged successfully.

The Confucian Dao was fused with the Divine Dao, and the power of Wen Mosheng rose to a higher level.

The karma that Divine Dao cultivators controlled was similar to Confucian Dao karma, but it was more ethereal.

Combining these two powers, one might have a qualitative leap.

"Thank you, sir." Confucian Grandmaster Zhao Daosheng stood by the side of the road, holding his book in his hand and bowing to the carriage that was starting to move slowly.

Zhao Daosheng was not the only one. The others who had received Han Muye's annotations and the scholars standing not far away all bowed.

This was a form of respect for a great cultivator.

It was also admiration for a great cultivator who bestowed opportunities.

Only a Confucian who would bestow opportunities was truly magnanimous.

Bai Tao held the book in his hand and smiled foolishly.

Beside him, a few Confucianists craned their necks to look at the words in the book.

In the rows of ink-like words, there were many neatly written words in red.

'This sentence needs to be considered. I suggest that it should be modified like this...'

'The source of this sentence is the law of the Great Confucian Sect. You must have remembered it wrongly. You can go back and take a look.'

'This idea is not bad. I see that you are studious, but you have to analyze it.'

...

It was filled with red words.

At the end, he even edited an entire chapter in red.

It could be said that Bai Tao's words were completely useless.

"Brother Bai, your calligraphy isn't very good..." A young man who knew Bai Tao spoke in a low voice.

It was an exaggeration to say that his standard was not high.

The surrounding people had strange expressions on their faces.

How dare he ask a Great Confucian to critique such an essay?

Bai Tao carefully folded the manuscript and put it into his pocket.

“You don’t understand.”

His expression became calm.

“The talent in teaching varies from person to person. I, Bai Tao, am only at this level. I won’t force it.

“Today, this Great Confucian annotated my essay. This means that although I’m bad, I’m not extremely bad.

“I’ll take this manuscript back and frame it. It can be passed down for generations.

“In the future, if there are any great scholars among the younger generation of my Bai family, they have to remember this ancestor who has studied hard.”

With that, he straightened his clothes and strode forward, his face glowing.

The surrounding people looked at him with their mouths agape.

Oh my god, has he even thought about what will happen in the next few hundred years?

All the carriages and people moved forward, passing through the west gate of the town. After walking for a while, they arrived at the boundless riverbank.

In front of them, water vapor filled the air, and the mist covered water and green willows formed a shady spot.

At this moment, the surface of the water was sparkling. The pleasure boats were rippling with green, red, gold, and purple.

That scene was different from the magnificent Imperial City behind him.

The city was heaven and earth, and the river was the mortal world.

“This is the Yongding River.”

Zuo Lin stopped the wagon and spoke softly.

As someone from the Imperial City, he had seen the Yongding River since he was young.

But he had not been here for more than 10 years.

How could a pair of children have the time to come here?

As for Zuo Yulong and Zuo Yuting, they had come here when they were young and did not remember.