

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early

Chapter 1 - Chapter 1 The System Arrived Three Thousand Years Early

Great Zhou Dynasty, within Duke Zhen's Mansion, Million Specie Garden bloomed in bursts of colors.

At this time, it was only February. The new rain had just passed, and the air was filled with the fragrance of soil. The lake rippled, sending out circles of ripples.

3

Cheng Guang stared blankly at the distant lake surface, his eyes filled with helplessness and emotion.

"Sigh, when will these days ever come to an end."

He was a transmigrator.

There's no need to discuss his previous life, except to say it was not bad—he had both car and house and could be a derelict homebody.

8

He never thought that transmigration, of all things, would one day happen to him.

3

The identity he transmigrated into was neither good nor bad. To put it simply, he was the Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion, but with a "false" prefix added to it.

The Princely Heir's name was the same as his from his previous life, Cheng Guang, the only difference was that he didn't have a courtesy name, while the Princely Heir had the wording Liunian.

5

Originally, Cheng Guang thought he was the real Princely Heir, a noble of the Great Zhou Dynasty with fine clothes and horses, beckoned by a life of luxury and pleasure.

But he didn't expect that before he even had the chance to step out of the mansion's doors, a woman dressed in black suddenly appeared in front of him, asking him how comfortable it was to be the Princely Heir.

3

Then, the memories of his former life came flooding back.

The original owner of this body was actually a coachman who, after being discovered by the Town-Nation Duke's Heir to bear a resemblance, was secretly brought into Duke Zhen's Mansion to serve as a stand-in.

1

The Princely Heir was carefree and fond of traveling everywhere, but his noble status meant he couldn't just do as he pleased.

1

He could be assassinated by enemies from rival nations or trapped by political rivals just by stepping outside, so he needed a body double who looked similar to him to deceive others.

Conveniently, Cheng Guang was this tool used to deceive others.

It was broken.

5

The dream was shattered.

He wasn't any Princely Heir, but rather an average coachman pretending to be one.

Before the Princely Heir returned, he had to continue impersonating him.

Initially, Cheng Guang thought he really was the Princely Heir, so he didn't feel any pressure, but after learning the truth from the woman in black, he felt awkward in every possible way.

He wasn't an actor, and his acting skills were not good. If a friend of the Princely Heir came to invite him out and his disguise was revealed, things would not end well.

2

So Cheng Guang decided to heed Qing Luan's advice, not to go out anymore, and to refuse all visitors, cutting off all unnecessary contact with the outside world as he diligently carried out the job of pretending to be the Princely Heir.

"Qing Luan, when do you think the Princely Heir will come back?"

Cheng Guang casually picked up a pebble and threw it toward the lake.

As his words rang out, a woman in black appeared behind Cheng Guang.

2

The woman was incredibly beautiful, with fair skin, moist red lips, and a curvy figure. Her hair was cleanly tied back, giving her a capable and neat appearance.

At the same time, she wore a black tight-fitting dress that added a touch of heroic spirit.

This Qing Luan was the one who shattered Cheng Guang's dreams.

Cheng Guang didn't blame her; instead, he was grateful that she had awakened him. Otherwise, he might have truly thought of himself as the Princely Heir and not even known how he died.

Upon hearing his question, Qing Luan slightly furrowed her brows, "Few know the whereabouts of the Princely Heir. Although you're an imposter, your life is much better than other servants. You have plenty to eat and drink, so don't think too much."

4

Cheng Guang nodded slightly, sighed, and lay down on the grass, gazing at the sky.

"Qing Luan, do you think I can cultivate?"

"Cultivate?" Qing Luan was taken aback and then shook her head, "You're already in your twenties. If you want to cultivate, it's not impossible, but it would be much more difficult compared to others, and the resources required would be beyond your imagination."

The implication was clear: cultivation was not something a mere double should aspire to.

4

Cheng Guang's mood fell even further.

This world had many paths to cultivation, but for the Human Race, there were only two main streams—Martial Cultivation and Spirit Dao, both leading to the pinnacle of nature and heaven.

As one of the Four Directions Mortal World's major dynasties, not only in the number of Martial Artists but also in their strength, Great Zhou Dynasty stood at the apex.

Duke Zhen's Mansion within the Great Zhou Dynasty was exceedingly noble.

First of all, Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, a Martial Artist with a cultivation level that had reached the tenth realm—Sky-Man.

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He was one of only two Sky-Men in the Great Zhou Dynasty, other than the Emperor Zhou.

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, resided on the frontier all year round, suppressing the Eight-layered Devil Realm and the Ten-Layered Demon Sea at the border with Great Zhou Dynasty.

Without Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, the Demon Beasts from the Eight-layered Devil Realm and Ten-Layered Demon Sea would sweep out and ravage the Great Zhou Dynasty.

4

Because of Duke Zhen Guo Cheng Shiyuan's contributions and status, Duke Zhen's Mansion possessed wealth and resources beyond common comprehension.

If Cheng Guang truly were the Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion, despite his age, as long as he wished to cultivate, it would not be a problem.

But he was not the real Princely Heir.

1

Even with endless resources in the mansion, he had no power to use them.

There was nothing he could do.

It was all so helpless.

He had transmigrated to such a fascinating world of cultivation but could not cultivate himself, only longing as he watched on.

4

At the same time, he was forced to act as someone else's substitute. The moment his true identity was revealed, his role as a substitute would come to an end, and he might even face life-threatening danger.

Cheng Guang's eyes gazed distantly at the azure sky, washed clear as water, his thoughts complex. To tell the truth, his situation wasn't that miserable. After all, even as a substitute, not many knew about it. He was respected by everyone, and he always had the finest food and drink.

For a servant, this was as good as life could get.

However, he was, after all, a transmigrator, not a native inhabitant, and he still had his own dreams.

The dreams were shattered, but not completely destroyed.

"Life is unpredictable, like intestines coiled within intestines..."

3

Cheng Guang murmured to himself. Just as he finished speaking, a pain throbbed in his head, and suddenly, an icy mechanical voice resounded in his ears.

[Host has cultivated to the Heavenly Human Realm, system binding in progress...]

1

Hearing this cold mechanical voice, Cheng Guang's eyes instantly brimmed with tears.

The System!

The standard golden finger for every transmigrator!

You've finally arrived!!

Cheng Guang was so moved he was almost in tears, but when he listened carefully to what the system was saying, he forcibly held back the tears that were about to spill over.

"What the hell? Heavenly Human Realm? I'm still just a small potato who hasn't even reached the first Refining Origin Realm, and you're telling me I've achieved Heavenly Human Realm!?"

Cheng Guang silently ridiculed himself, thinking the system must be seriously ill.

This system was at least three thousand years early!!

The system didn't care what Cheng Guang was thinking and continued with its own agenda.

A moment later.

[Binding complete.]

[On your first day as a Heavenly Human, the Four Directions Mortal World is shaken, and countless people come to congratulate you. Only Empress Wu Ling of Great Zhou is undaunted, aware of her proud accomplishments, reaching the Heavenly Human Realm with ease before the age of thirty, a feat you are far from matching. However, as the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, you must make her see you in a different light.]

2

[Rookie Task: Defeat Empress of Great Zhou!]

[Task Reward: The ancient Great Xia royal bloodline.]

[Note 1: The tasks issued by this system do not enforce mandatory completion; the host may choose to complete them or not without any punishment.]

[Note 2: Future tasks will be extrapolated based on the host's performance in completing tasks; the system is not responsible for the outcomes.]

Lines of system text refreshed before Cheng Guang's eyes.

He only glanced at it before he felt as if he was going blind.

The Empress of Great Zhou!!

You actually want me to fight the Empress of Great Zhou, and even defeat her!!

She is a being who can battle against someone of the Heavenly Human Realm, and I'm just a small potato. How could I possibly defeat her!

Even though the system says, "I won't force you, complete the task at your discretion," it might as well have the tone of a girlfriend implying: Be sensible, kid, and if you don't do as I say, you'll have to face the consequences.

Cheng Guang felt his insides crumble, and his face turned utterly dark.

This task was impossible for him to complete at the moment.

I have no cultivation; how am I supposed to fight the Empress of Great Zhou!

The system must have bound the wrong person!

It treated me as the real Town-Nation Duke's Heir!!

Not only did this damnable system get the time wrong, it even got the person wrong!!

As Cheng Guang internally lambasted the system, a sudden thought struck him, causing his expression to freeze as he hurriedly turned his head to look at Qing Luan beside him.

"Qing Luan sister, what's the name of the current Emperor Zhou?"

Cheng Guang asked eagerly.

"The current Emperor Zhou is Wu Shang. The Princely Heir usually calls him Uncle. When you see him in the future, make sure not to get it wrong," Qing Luan glanced at Cheng Guang, replying casually without much thought.

As Cheng Guang's substitute in Duke Zhen's Mansion, it was natural for him to deal with all matters as the Princely Heir when the real Heir was not present.

Cheng Guang's daily compulsory lesson was to remember the names and faces of everyone around the Heir.

Since Emperor Zhou rarely met with the Duke Zhen Guo's Heir personally, Qing Luan did not ask Cheng Guang to memorize the Emperor's name and appearance.

This time Cheng Guang inquired about it, so Qing Luan simply told him.

Upon receiving Qing Luan's answer, Cheng Guang was stunned.

Wu Shang...

Uncle...

A man?

So, the Empress Wu Ling mentioned in the future task, wasn't the Empress at this time and had yet to rise to power!??

Cheng Guang's eyes lit up, feeling as if he had uncovered a loophole.