

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 10 - Chapter 8 Being Used Chapter 10: Chapter 8 Being Used

Empress Dowager Li saw the arrival of the Emperor and was clearly much happier.

A faint smile still lingered at the corners of her mouth.

In order to appease Empress Wang and several Noble Consorts, she had put in a great deal of effort; now that Emperor Zhou had arrived, she could shift the burden to him.

Empress Dowager Li sat at the head of the table, and as the servants brought up plates of food made from precious spiritual ingredients, she cheerfully urged everyone to eat.

Cheng Guang just couldn't figure out what was going on in Emperor Zhou's mind, not knowing why he had suddenly let him off the hook, but at the same time, he did not dare to draw any attention to himself; he just kept his head down and silently focused on his meal.

2

The food at the family banquet was delicious, but under the circumstances of being dead yet not completely dead, it all tasted as bland as wax.

3

"Guanger, this is your favorite eight-treasure chicken. Many noblemen in the capital enjoy it; it's said to have the effect of invigorating energy and replenishing vitality. Eat more of it,"

Yuemei of the Wu Family spoke softly as she placed the dazzling chicken, transparently red and exquisitely delicate, into Cheng Guang's bowl.

For chicken meat to look so extraordinary in this world was indeed outrageous.

1

Emperor Zhou's gaze also swept over at the same time.

Cheng Guang's heart trembled, and he acknowledged her, quickly finishing the food Princess Yuemei had offered him.

If no one knew he was posing as the Princely Heir, he would still have the audacity to call her mother, to call her grandmother, but now, under the scrutinizing gaze of Emperor Zhou, Cheng Guang felt both guilty and panicked.

Perhaps it was both tension and confusion. His body was tense, and his expression was slightly stiff.

Cheng Guang knew that if he kept on like this, even if Emperor Zhou did not speak out, he might expose himself by behaving differently from the Princely Heir of the past.

He began to relax his body.

At this point, his fate was no longer in Cheng Guang's hands, and continuing to mingle in the circle of these important figures was tormenting him every moment.

Emperor Zhou's gaze did not linger on Cheng Guang for too long.

After a brief glance, he moved his gaze away.

Empress Wang, perhaps sensing it was about time, spoke up, "Your Majesty, since the Blood Pool will soon be opened and the decision about the Crown Prince has been delayed time and again, it would be better to make a decision as soon as possible."

Empress Wang brought up the main topic, and everyone at the banquet set down their chopsticks, their eyes falling on Emperor Zhou.

It seemed they all wanted to know who Emperor Zhou would choose as the Crown Prince.

Emperor Zhou took a leisurely sip of tea, his gaze sweeping around the room before finally settling on Empress Dowager Li.

"Mother, which child do you favor?"

Empress Dowager Li waved her hand, "Don't ask this old woman about such matters, Your Majesty. I find each child quite good, and I am torn about who should be chosen. You should decide for yourself."

Emperor Zhou chuckled and shook his head, then said, "Indeed, there is someone in my mind."

1

As Emperor Zhou's words ended, everyone at the table—except Empress Dowager Li, Princess Yuemei, Cheng Guang, and Wu Ling, who seemed carefree and downtrodden—felt their hearts tense.

"Your Majesty, who have you chosen in your heart?" Empress Wang asked the question everyone wanted to know.

Everyone watched Emperor Zhou's majestic face, seemingly trying to see on whom his gaze would finally rest.

All saw a smile creep across Emperor Zhou's lips as he suddenly reached out his hand and slowly pointed to Wu Ling, seated inconspicuously in the corner.

"It's her."

"Wu Ling, come here."

7

Just as with Cheng Guang, Wu Ling had been burying her head in her meal, believing that the Emperor's banquet, the matter of the Crown Prince, and the strife over the Blood Pool had nothing to do with her.

1

When she heard the Emperor's call, her first reaction was disbelief. But silence enveloped her, and the air seemed to thicken.

Feeling something was amiss, she looked up in confusion, only to see everyone at the table staring at her.

And when she saw Emperor Zhou's gaze—gentle yet filled with authority—

"Father, what has happened?" Wu Ling stammered.

"Come here."

Wu Ling saw Emperor Zhou call her again, and under the watchful eyes of everyone, she dared not be too presumptuous; she quickly came forward while carefully maintaining a distance from Emperor Zhou.

The atmosphere at that moment was terribly silent.

Princess Yuemei and Cheng Guang were unaffected by the drama, but the others were frozen, staring blankly at the scene unfolding before them.

1

Under the gaze of everyone, Wu Ling felt extremely unsettled and lowered her head as if she wanted to bury it in her chest.

"Emperor, why choose her? She is still a woman..."

Empress Dowager Li was also shocked and voiced her confusion.

At this point, only Empress Dowager Li dared to ask this question. Despite the turmoil in their hearts, no one else dared to question the Emperor's decision.

Emperor Zhou stood up, placing a hand on Wu Ling's shoulder.

"I chose her, and naturally, I have my reasons," he said.

"Firstly, I've consulted the Officer of Destiny Forecasting, who examined everyone's fate, and her destiny bears the shadow of the Ziwei Emperor Star."

"Secondly, her royal bloodline is extremely pure, on par with mine even after undergoing the Blood Pool purification twice," the Emperor of Great Zhou said.

2

"As for the matter of her being a woman..."

1

The Emperor of Great Zhou paused, then patted Wu Ling's shoulder and sat back down.

"The founding emperor of Great Zhou, Emperor Xuanwu, was a woman, wasn't she?"

6

After the Emperor of Great Zhou finished speaking, the air once again grew heavy.

The expressions of many turned stiff, and even the gentle Empress Wang didn't seem to know what to say, her complexion turning slightly dark.

The princes and princesses, less adept in concealing their feelings, wore their emotions openly, showing their displeasure outright.

A young prince couldn't help but murmur, "A country bumpkin coming from the countryside, what qualifies her to be the Crown Prince? If she can be it, might as well let our servant do the job."

4

As the young prince uttered these words, the complexion of the Noble Consort beside him changed slightly, and she quickly covered his mouth.

"Xu'er, don't talk nonsense, shut your mouth," she said hurriedly.

"Isn't that the truth? Father has simply picked at random," the prince seemed to say unintentionally.

1

But everyone present was shrewd; they understood that the Noble Consort merely wanted to express her dissatisfaction with the Emperor of Great Zhou through the child's uncensored words.

This also irked the Emperor of Great Zhou, who frowned slightly and ordered, "Silence him."

As his voice fell, a shadow abruptly appeared behind the Noble Consort.

The onlookers' eyes narrowed, not yet reacting, when both the Noble Consort and the young prince were restrained and dragged out of the hall.

Soon, slapping sounds echoed from outside the hall.

The young prince's shrieks were akin to a pig being slaughtered.

4

The people present silently witnessed the scene, none speaking out.

However, they inwardly cursed both the foolish Noble Consort and her naive child.

The Emperor's demeanor had already indicated his support for Wu Ling as the Crown Prince. Although the reasons listed were quite convincing, had they gently reasoned with him and appealed to his emotions...

...and leveraged the advantage of their child being raised by the Emperor's side from a young age, they might have swayed the Emperor's mind.

But now, that opportunity had been squandered.

They had given the Emperor the chance to assert his authority and at the same time, signaled his determination to everyone.

Cheng Guang looked at Wu Ling, then back at the Emperor of Great Zhou, whose expression was serene and impenetrable. His lips twitched slightly.

He was not surprised by this outcome.

After all, he knew that Wu Ling was destined to be the Empress of Great Zhou.

For some reason, he suddenly felt that the Emperor's choice not to expose his false identity as the Princely Heir might be because he had a good relationship with Wu Ling.

Indeed, the next second confirmed Cheng Guang's guess.

The Emperor of Great Zhou's face suddenly showed a hint of a smile. "What do you all think of Wu Ling as the Crown Prince? Speak freely if you have any objections, for I am open to reasoning," he said.

3

At that point, even Empress Dowager Li found herself unable to speak.

She was the only one who could have possibly challenged the Emperor, but his resolute demeanor clearly showed that he had already made up his mind, and she could not change it.

So she chose to remain silent.

Empress Wang, as well as the other Noble Consorts, were equally silent, their quietness seemingly voicing their dissatisfaction.

"It seems there are no objections, then. Guanger, what about you? Do you have any reservations? What do you think of Wu Ling, whom I endorse?" The Emperor turned his gaze to Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang felt a jolt in his heart, thinking that the Emperor truly lived up to his title. If the real Princely Heir were here, he probably would not have responded, or even outright accused the Emperor of being blind.

But as a false Princely Heir, he could only comply with the Emperor's wishes.

"Uncle's judgment is, of course, excellent. Wu Ling at a glance appears to have the demeanor of an Empress. For her to be the Crown Prince and take charge of the Eastern Palace is most appropriate," Cheng Guang said, with everyone's eyes on him.

No sooner had he spoken...

The Emperor of Great Zhou clasped his hands together and laughed, "Well then, you've all heard it. Even my nephew here agrees, so let it be decided."

4

Cheng Guang's status was extremely high, representing the future stance of Duke Zhen's Mansion to some extent.

Any prince with the backing of Cheng Guang had a high chance of being the next Emperor, let alone a mere prince.

2

The decision was final.

The Emperor of Great Zhou's decision not to expose Cheng Guang likely had this moment in mind.

3

In his heart, Cheng Guang greatly admired this, pondering whether the Emperor had seen through his disguised identity and decided to use him on the spot. But if the Emperor had not discovered he was an imposter, how would he have gone against everyone's opinion to push Wu Ling into the position within the Eastern Palace?

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