

My System 107

Chapter 107: Initial Comprehension_5

Cheng Guang, under the watchful eyes of those around him, slowly walked into the building and made his way to the second floor.

He saw the aged figure, relentlessly fixated on the unspeakable performance of the women inside the building.

Deng's aged eyes were wide open.

From time to time, he would even lick his lips.

Even with such behavior,

he somehow managed to hold himself back.

In his eyes, there wasn't even a flicker of emotional fluctuation, no other thoughts, only pure appreciation.

In terms of watching the event with civility, none could be more civilized than Deng.

Cheng Guang sat down near Deng, taking a moment to enjoy his tea and rest.

Cheng Guang was quite at ease.

Qing Luan, visiting the brothel for the first time, felt a bit uncomfortable under the scrutiny of the surrounding gazes.

But she quickly adjusted.

She even dared to glare back at those who looked her way.

What? Who says a woman can't come to a brothel?

The numerous guests who were glared at by Qing Luan couldn't help but bow their heads, quickly picking up their teacups, secretly alarmed.

The woman by Princely Heir's side is truly exceptional.

Such a level of woman, where else could one encounter them in a brothel?

For a moment, many lost interest in the spectacle on the brothel's stage, sighing listlessly.

After the song and dance, along with the performance involving chickens and basketballs, only then did Deng smack his tongue with lingering enjoyment and, with a look of sentiment, he gently sipped his tea.

"The Capital city is surely the Capital city, truly flourishing."

"Rich in resources."

"Even these delicate beings can bear such bountiful fruits," said Deng, suddenly noticing something, hastily turning his head to look at Cheng Guang who was sipping his tea calmly and quietly.

A flicker of astonishment crossed his face.

His eyes widened instantly,

as if he had seen a ghost.

"Hey?"

“Cheng Guang, lad?”

“What are you doing here?”

Cheng Guang set down his teacup and looked at Deng, “I’ve been here for quite a while.”

Deng laughed heartily, “You lad, coming over here and not calling me.”

Cheng Guang’s mouth twitched slightly, your eyes were bulging, almost popping out, you looked as though you wanted to climb right into their clothes, and you want me to call you?

Deng was indeed peculiar.

Clearly salivating with lust,

yet still a virgin.

He was clearly holding back,

yet he still liked to seek thrills for no reason, even frequenting the brothel to watch the games.

Could it be he had some sort of masochistic tendency?

Cheng Guang couldn't help but suspect as much.

Just as Deng was about to say something else, he noticed that the next ball game was about to begin, promptly turned his head back and resumed his admiring clucks.

"Good, good, good, full of energy."

Cheng Guang shook his head with a smile, not paying further attention to Deng, when suddenly, he overheard the conversation of several noble young masters at a nearby table.

"Alas, who knows if Great Zhou can win the martial arts tournament this time; if we lose, we'll probably be mocked by those from Great Wei for several years."

"Who knows? Great Zhou has already lost three tournaments in a row, losing another wouldn't make much difference. You know, when you're ridiculed often enough, you get used to it."

"Hahaha, my friend, what you said... One must not be without dreams. I heard that the Martial Academy of Great Zhou has begun selecting students from various academies all over. In my opinion, aside from

the Capital city, only Nanyu State and South State are worth going to; other places have too few nobles, mostly commoners."

"Commoner students do work harder, and actually, many of them have high cultivation. Compared to us who have endless resources, they are not far behind."

"Yes, Emperor Zhou is supporting students from the commoner background. As long as they have talent, they won't have much fewer resources than us."

"Whether we can win against Great Wei in this tournament can't depend on those commoner folks; it still has to rely on us nobles with deep roots."

A few young men were having a low-voiced discussion at that table.

From their luxurious clothing, it could be seen that their status was not low.

Yet they were incomparable to Cheng Guang.

As they spoke, their conversation shifted to Great Wei.

"Speaking of which, the people from Great Wei's Martial Academy should be arriving soon, right?"

“Almost, there are ten days left until the martial arts tournament; they’ll probably arrive in the Capital city tomorrow or the day after.”

“The martial arts tournament is the only grand event between Great Zhou and Great Wei. I’ve heard that Emperor Zhou himself will attend.”

“What about the empress who wields power over Great Wei?”

“That empress, who knows, shrouded in mystery. It is laughable how Great Wei, a mighty empire, has an emperor who’s been deposed, with a woman manipulating the court politics.”

“Be cautious with your words, be cautious. Our current Crown Prince Wu Ling is also a woman...”

“Heh, but she is not the emperor yet, who knows what might change in the future?”

“You don’t know, this Wu Ling is said to have a great relationship with Princely Heir, maybe... with Princely Heir’s support, she could really...”

The voice trailed off, as the person speaking cautiously looked over at the next table, at the dignified and composed Cheng Guang.

He dared not speak too freely.

To such a nobleman, even casual mentions by ordinary folk could be considered offensive.

Fortunately, Princely Heir seemed not to have heard, or if he had, he appeared not to want to pursue their words.

For a time, the young men breathed a sigh of relief.

After a brief casual exchange, they left quickly.

The undercurrents of the martial arts tournament selection were already beginning to stir.

Cheng Guang had never paid attention to these matters before, so his understanding of them was quite limited.

Now, even a simple visit to the brothel was enough for him to hear discussions about the martial arts tournament.

One could imagine just how much turmoil the actual event would cause when it finally commenced.