

My System 110

Chapter 110: The Martial World is vast; let us hope we never meet again!_2

Stars clustered around Cheng Guang like children circling about.

In a trance,

Deng seemed to see Cheng Guang transform into a star.

Heavenly Gang Star Fight, could one actually consider themselves a star?

Deng stared with his old eyes, watching Cheng Guang wave his body dryly in the courtyard.

It was as if Cheng Guang had, imperceptibly, pushed open a door to a whole new world for him.

Each wave of Cheng Guang's hand seemed, to Deng, to slap his own aged face.

His face felt hot with embarrassment.

Officially, he was Cheng Guang's teacher, but in actuality, he was stealing techniques.

To call it stealing wasn't quite right, after all, he was still Cheng Guang's guide.

It was just that the path Cheng Guang followed was completely different from his own.

Higher-level, more powerful.

Deng pressed down the guilt inside his heart, observing Cheng Guang silently.

Only when Cheng Guang finished a round of cultivation and wiped the sweat beads from his forehead did Deng somewhat reluctantly come back to his senses.

Feeling as if he hadn't seen enough.

"Old Deng, how is my understanding of martial arts?"

"Would you say it's at a normal level?"

Cheng Guang took a sip of tea that Qing Luan passed to him, moistened his throat, then looked toward Deng and asked.

Deng fell silent upon hearing Cheng's question.

A normal level?

There are hardly any who qualify to practice my Heavenly Gang Star Fight.

Of those who learned Heavenly Gang Star Fight, you, Cheng, are the only one who truly entered its gate.

If you look at it that way, you might indeed say it's at a normal level.

After all, aside from you, there's nobody else.

But, isn't this 'normal level' a bit too high?

Deng's aged face struggled to contain itself, his mouth twitching slightly before he mumbled,

"Hmm, not bad."

Cheng Guang relaxed a great deal upon receiving Deng's response.

It seemed his comprehension wasn't too shabby.

When he first heard Deng hype up Heavenly Gang Star Fight, saying things like "I'll only teach for three days, if it's not learned in three days, it will never be learned."

And this was it?

Cheng Guang found himself wishing that Deng would raise the difficulty a bit.

As he thought this, Deng suddenly asked,

"Cheng, I want to ask you, what do you think the stars in the heavens and earth are like?"

Cheng Guang glanced at Deng.

He found that Deng appeared somewhat uneasy when asking this question, the typically carefree man now seemed as if he had the shyness of a young girl.

What's there to be nervous about when asking a question?

Now feeling bashful, weren't we?

How come such a serious question, when asked by Deng in such an awkward manner, felt somewhat off?

Suppressing the strange thoughts in his heart, Cheng Guang didn't think too deeply and simply looked up at the sky, saying,

"To me, the stars in the heavens and earth are all the same in essence; they are composed of atomic particles."

"If you look at the ground beneath our feet from the perspective of a star in the sky, it, too, is a star."

"As for us who live in its midst, we are also a part of it."

Deng looked at Cheng Guang in surprise, not expecting him to say such a thing.

He didn't understand atoms or particles.

But he got the general idea of what Cheng Guang meant.

“So, you consider yourself a star as well?” Deng asked.

Cheng Guang, confused, replied, “Is that not allowed?”

It’s not that it’s not allowed.

The key thing is, I, an old man, never even considered that!

Deng felt a sourness inside him and followed Cheng Guang’s gaze upward to the sky, hesitated a moment, and posed what was, for him, the most critical question.

“Cheng, how do you think stars are born?”

“From the mood emanating from your cultivation, I sensed destruction and rebirth, a black dot exploding, giving birth to countless stars. Is this what you think is the origin of stars?”

Cheng Guang nodded.

He was actually a bit bewildered. As a transmigrator, he was vaguely familiar with the knowledge of how the universe came to be.

In practicing Heavenly Gang Star Fight, he unconsciously incorporated what he thought was the appearance of the universe into it.

“Why, though?” Deng didn’t understand and murmured to himself, head bowed.

He couldn’t quite figure out how an exploding black dot could give birth to countless stars, what that black dot was in the first place.

Deng felt he was on the verge of an inspiration, yet without any clues, his brow furrowed tightly.

Cheng Guang didn’t understand it much himself, seeing Deng lost in thought, he shook his head with a chuckle.

“Old Deng, don’t think too much about it. There aren’t so many whys in this world, I don’t know why either, it’s probably just... like that, I suppose.”

Cheng Guang truly didn’t know why.

Although he was a transmigrator, he also didn’t understand more technical knowledge; the origin of the universe was a small black spot, and only after the Big Bang did it become the universe he was familiar with.

Before the explosion.

No one knew where that small black spot came from.

Unable to explain it clearly, Cheng Guang simply said no more.

He left Deng standing there, gazing into the sky, looking as though he was pondering something, and went about his own business.

Not until the evening.

Did Cheng Guang realize that Deng was still looking at the sky.

Deng stood in the courtyard, staring at the sky, his gaze deep and focused, as if deciphering an inscrutable tome no one else could understand.

All day long, without moving a muscle.