

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 12 - Chapter 10: Claiming Rewards Chapter 12: Chapter 10: Claiming Rewards

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No one wants to die.

At least Cheng Guang didn't want to die.

He wanted to survive, to shock this inhuman world by leveraging the identity of a transmigrator.

But his current predicament was almost certainly a death sentence.

The Bureau of the Lamp was known for its ruthless impartiality and bloody methods; one could only imagine what kind of person its director, Cheng Zhihai, was.

In finding out that he was just a stand-in, there was no way he would be let go scot-free.

At best, he would be imprisoned and tortured, at worst, he could be killed with a single slap.

"Enough, don't think too much. I'll have someone serve you better meals in the next few days. Just tell me whatever you want to eat," said Qing Luan.

In the quiet courtyard, the cold wind with a tinge of chilliness rose again and rolled up a few fallen leaves from the wutong tree in the courtyard.

The sky began to drizzle with rain.

Qing Luan stood up, patted down her clothes, and prepared to leave.

Just as she was about to leave, Cheng Guang suddenly grabbed hold of Qing Luan.

"What are you doing?"

Qing Luan turned her head, and just as she did so, a handsome face approached rapidly, and a hand pressed against the back of her head.

The next moment, her lips felt as though they had been bitten, bringing a wave of pain.

"Ah!" Qing Luan cried out in shock, her hand flailing out in panic, striking Cheng Guang's chest.

Cheng Guang was sent flying backward, stumbling several steps and landing on his rear on the ground.

"Are you insane?! Are you trying to get yourself killed?!" Qing Luan covered her reddened lips, her eyes cold as ice as she glared at Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang spat out a mouthful of blood, his lips stained with it, and let out a sneering laugh, "Yes, I am looking for death. You might as well just kill me."

He was furious.

Qing Luan had kept him in the dark, giving him a glimmer of hope, saying the Princely Heir would return soon. But what was the result? He had been teetering on the brink of death for so long, only to be suddenly told that his death was inevitable, sooner or later.

Even if his acting was stellar, even if he stabbed himself, injuring his own body to mimic the Princely Heir's wounds and managed to deceive Cheng Zhihai,

what good would his end be?

He could either continue to play the stand-in or, once he was deemed useless, be killed by the Princely Heir with a single stroke.

Perhaps Qing Luan had no other choice; all of this was decided by the august Princely Heir.

But even so, she was an accomplice.

Qing Luan took a deep breath, her gaze cold as she watched Cheng Guang for a while, forcibly suppressing the anger in her heart, and fiercely wiped her slightly swollen lips.

"What sense of superiority do you get from doing this?"

"Instead of worrying so much, why not enjoy yourself while you still can keep up the pretence?"

Ultimately, Qing Luan did not strike Cheng Guang again. Although he was a stand-in, his current public identity was still that of the Princely Heir. He could die, but not by her hand.

Qing Luan's chest heaved as she spoke, and after finishing, she prepared to turn around and leave. Before leaving, she paused in her steps and said with her back to Cheng Guang:

"There will be no next time for what happened today!"

"And you absolutely cannot tell anyone else about you being a stand-in! Otherwise, your end will be even worse than if the Family Head discovers it!"

After speaking, Qing Luan left with slightly frantic steps. When she got to a place where Cheng Guang couldn't see her, she touched her somewhat swollen lips, stomped her foot in anger.

Qing Luan had never even touched a man's hand before, and today she had had her first taste, being kissed outright.

Only the manner of the kiss was far from friendly.

"Forget it, he won't live much longer anyway," Qing Luan consoled herself.

She felt sorry for Cheng Guang but was helpless.

The decisions of those above were not something she could influence.

Although she was a maiden to the Princely Heir and seemed to have a noble status, in essence, her position was the same as Cheng Guang's—they were both servants.

She was just a slightly more high-ranking servant.

The fates of the lower class were not theirs to control; the words of a nobleman decided the life and death of the lower class in this world, which was all too normal.

That's why Qing Luan found it so hard to understand why Cheng Guang was so angry.

Logically, shouldn't he have accepted his fate calmly?

Qing Luan just didn't understand Cheng Guang anymore, feeling as if he had become a different person since the day he seemed to have lost his memory.

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Qing Luan had left.

It took a good while before Cheng Guang touched his chest, grimacing as he sat up.

Sitting by the lakeside.

The cold rain began to sparsely pelt his body, but Cheng Guang could hardly feel the coldness.

His current predicament made him feel even colder.

Nobody had hit him, nobody had scolded him, instead, he was treated with respect everywhere he went.

Although the situation seemed favorable, his life was treated like an object, wantonly toyed with by the Princely Heir, a man of power.

As for dignity?

Sorry, but a coachman is unworthy of dignity.

And it was for this reason that he was filled with rage.

"Survive! I must survive!"

Cheng Guang picked up a rock and slowly squeezed it, "Although I am still the fake Princely Heir, as long as no one exposes me, I remain the Princely Heir!"

"Even Qing Luan would not dare to kill me!"

Cheng Guang's decision to kiss Qing Luan was not a reckless one made without thinking; he had his own goals in mind.

First, he wanted to take revenge on Qing Luan for keeping him in the dark, making him dance about like a clown, under the constant threat of death.

Second, he wanted to test his hypothesis to see whether Qing Luan, in a fit of anger, would actually kill him.

From the second point of view, his identity as the Princely Heir was still somewhat useful.

As a stand-in, one faces numerous dangers: death if discovered by insiders, death from assassination attempts outside. If he were merely a coachman, he would have no way out in such situations.

But he was a transmigrator, he had a "system."

Even if this "system" was a bit dumb, it was still a system!

Cheng Guang took a deep breath, tossed the stone in his hand into the lake, clutched his chest, and hobbled toward his room.

In the room.

Cheng Guang sat cross-legged on the bed and spoke aloud.

"System, claim the reward!"

As his voice fell, the system seemed to lag before finally responding, and its cold voice echoed in Cheng Guang's mind.

[Ancient Great Xia royal bloodline release in progress.]

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Quickly, Cheng Guang's body temperature soared instantaneously to forty or fifty degrees. His face flushed, and wisps of white vapor rose from his skin.

His entire body's bones and Qi and Blood warmed, as if his tendons, flesh, and bones had been forged into a giant furnace.

A mysterious, vast, and elusive power began to appear within him, slowly melding into his body under the operation of the bodily furnace.

Pain!

Pain beyond description!

Cheng Guang's fingers were tightly digging into his thighs, and amid the excruciating pain, he relied on his will to prevent himself from screaming out loud.

His bones, flesh, and meridians seemed to be crushed and then recast.

The second after being recast, they were crushed again.

This cycle repeated, over and over again!

Cheng Guang's will repeatedly passed between the clarity of consciousness and the oblivion of unconsciousness amid this recurring pain and agony.

Time passed, no one knows how long.

The severe pain throughout his body suddenly stopped.

At this moment, Cheng Guang had become like a blood-soaked figure.

In his rolled-back eyes, there unexpectedly lingered strands of noble aura.

Cheng Guang let out a breath of relief, knowing that he had successfully claimed his reward.

The Imperial Family bloodline is the most esteemed bloodline between heaven and earth.

With the Imperial Family bloodline, no matter which dynasty you go to, you will be treated as a person above others. Even without practicing cultivation, one's status remains elevated.

Such a high status, all because of the bloodline.

Only the Imperial Family bloodline can practice Spirit Dao, naturally a cut above the rest.

Cheng Guang did not know what differences there were between the ancient Great Xia royal bloodline he had received and the Great Zhou Imperial Family bloodline.

He also did not know what level of concentration the system had rewarded him with this bloodline.

But he knew that he could now practice Spirit Dao.

Leaving other considerations aside, his aptitude for Spirit Dao was undoubtedly far better than his aptitude for Martial Cultivation!

Spirit Dao cultivation does not depend on age, it's all about bloodline concentration, and the speed of cultivation is extremely fast.

Emperor Zhou Wu Shang was able to reach the Heavenly Human Realm before the age of fifty, an achievement that countless Martial Artists wouldn't even dare to dream of.

On the other hand, Martial Cultivation means grinding bones and muscles from a young age, enduring countless hardships, and requiring vast resources to reach the pinnacle of the Martial Arts Peak. Missing the optimal cultivation period means lifelong struggle for any significant achievement.

The comparison between the two, showing which is superior and which is inferior, is clear at a glance.

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