

# **My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 13 - Chapter 11 Restraint Pearl Chapter 13: Chapter 11 Restraint Pearl**

Night had fallen, and the stars adorned the pitch-black sky, engulfing the world in profound darkness.

Cheng Guang lay on his bed, his body covered with dried scabs of blood. A slight movement caused them to flake off like peeling skin, revealing the white, jade-like flesh beneath.

Cheng Guang rose to his feet and walked over to the mirror at the bedside to examine himself.

The deep blackness of his eyes now contained a faint hint of purple. Every action seemed as though it could cause a vibration in the Qi of heaven and earth, exuding an extraordinary grandeur.

His handsome yet pale face had become much more chiseled at this moment, his muscles subtly bulging, growing stronger without seeming bloated.

Cheng Guang clenched his fists, feeling that his strength was much greater than it had been before.

Even though he hadn't begun to cultivate yet, simply changing his bloodline meant that his physical strength was incomparable to that of ordinary mortals.

It was only now that Cheng Guang understood why Wu Ling, who had never cultivated before, had such great strength.

Those born with an Imperial bloodline naturally had a significant advantage over ordinary people.

Now, if he were to match strength with Wu Ling, Cheng Guang was confident he could easily overpower her.

"Spirit Dao cultivation is different from Martial Cultivation,"

"Martial Cultivation in its early stages requires the constant honing of one's Qi, opening of acupoints, and condensing of Qi. Spirit Dao is different; the specifics of Spirit Dao cultivation methods are only known by members of the royal family. If I want to cultivate Spirit Dao, I first need to figure out how to go about it," Cheng Guang muttered to himself.

Currently, he was still the Princely Heir, and out of fear of being too presumptuous, he had always kept a low profile and refrained from using the resources of the mansion.

But now that Cheng Zhihai was about to return, his identity was ultimately impossible to hide.

In such a situation, he was unwilling to pass up any chance to enhance his strength, even by a fraction.

"I'll go check the Library tomorrow."

Within Duke Zhen's Mansion was a Library filled with Scriptures and secret manuals that Cheng Zhihai had collected from the various sects of the Martial World that he had subdued.

Perhaps, it contained methods for Spirit Dao cultivation.

If the Library did not hold the information, Cheng Guang would have to find another way to obtain the cultivation methods from the scions of the royal family.

Cheng Guang thought about this as he stood up and went outside to bathe in the lake inside the courtyard.

Due to him being a stand-in, Qing Luan had intentionally reassigned the servants from his courtyard to reduce the risk of exposure.

Therefore, he did not expect any servants to help him prepare a warm bath.

After a quick rinse in the lake, he returned to his room and sat at the desk, picking up his brush and paper. He started to write slowly, contemplating his next move.

There was no escape.

The only thing he could do was to assert his identity as the Princely Heir, so that when the distinguished Princely Heir did return, he would find his own home occupied by another.

The thought of such a scene might prove to be quite amusing.

Turning himself from a stand-in to the true Princely Heir might seem far-fetched, but after careful consideration, it wasn't entirely impossible.

First and foremost, not many people knew he was a stand-in.

Emperor Zhou was one, but Cheng Guang felt that the Emperor wouldn't expose him—had he wanted to do so, Cheng Guang would likely already be dead.

In some ways, his stand-in status had inadvertently helped Emperor Zhou quite a bit, and the Emperor was unlikely to openly reveal him, as it was not in his interest to do so.

Besides, even without the angle of self-interest, Emperor Zhou wouldn't overly target him.

Being just a mere stand-in, Cheng Guang wouldn't be deemed worthy of Emperor Zhou's attention.

If he had been the true Princely Heir, he might have garnered more of Emperor Zhou's attention, but as it stood, Cheng Guang didn't quite qualify.

Apart from Emperor Zhou, Qing Luan also knew that he was a stand-in. She was even less likely to expose him— in a sense, Qing Luan and Cheng Guang were on the same side.

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That left only the Princely Heir.

So, there were only those three.

The three individuals who knew his true identity were unlikely to reveal him.

At least until the Princely Heir returned, his identity would remain undiscovered by ordinary people unless he revealed it himself.

The only difficult problem now was how to deceive Cheng Zhihai.

If his essence remained undamaged, Cheng Zhihai would notice something was amiss once he began treating him.

No matter what, it would be impossible to conceal the truth when that happened.

Cheng Guang furrowed his brows, his fingers lightly pinching the bridge of his nose as he contemplated what to do.

Lost in thought, a cold voice suddenly reached his ears.

Zhensheng, thirty-fourth year, July 8th, on the second day since entering the Heavenly Human Realm, you stay up all night, too excited to sleep, after defeating the Empress of Great Zhou.

Returning home, your thoughts run deep as you remember how, years ago, your father Cheng Zhihai treated your body, repairing your origin. Yet you know that your origin was never truly damaged, it was simply the consequence of cultivating Spirit Dao.

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Though you possess the blood of the Great Zhou Imperial Family within you, you aren't one of the royalty. At birth, the royal blood was stripped from you and cast into the Blood Pool.

1

Being frail since childhood, you weren't only unable to cultivate Spirit Dao, but your talent for Martial Cultivation was also greatly limited.

To set you on the path of Spirit Dao, your grandfather, Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, kidnapped a scion of a certain dynasty in your youth, stripped the royal blood from within him, and forcibly fused it into your body. The damage to your origin was simply a side effect of the forceful integration of royal blood. The foreign royal blood, not blending well with your body, was tolerable under normal circumstances, but caused exceptional pain during cultivation.

In his desire for you to cultivate Spirit Dao, Cheng Zhihai tried various methods. Over ten painful years, and finally, through your father Cheng Zhihai's efforts, and at the cost of his own life, he suppressed the rejection of the royal blood in your body, allowing you to cultivate at last.

Entering the path of Spirit Dao, within a mere hundred years, you've reached the Heavenly Human Realm, and even incredibly, as if in a dream, defeated the Empress of Great Zhou.

Filled with emotions, you decide to burn more spirit money at your father's grave for his use.

Newcomer Task 2: Burn some spending money at Cheng Zhihai's grave.

Task Reward: Restraint Pearl (Heavenly Grade).

After listening to the system's message, his eyes showed a hint of shock, then instantly gleamed with wild joy.

As it turned out, the Princely Heir's body's origin wasn't damaged. Though he had suffered an assassination attempt, it was all just to cover up the fusion with the royal bloodline.

It was a well-known law that the blood of the royal families could not be implanted into others after being stripped from royalty unless one was born with it, as the rejection would be too great.

If not for this, the royal families of various dynasties wouldn't be the most noble beings between heaven and earth; instead, they would be coveted treasures, roaming the land.

Given the immense rejection, not many would risk being hunted by a dynasty to plunder the blood of a royal scion and implant it in themselves.

At that time, because Cheng Guang wasn't born of royal lineage, his royal blood of Great Zhou was taken and thrown into the Blood Pool, intended to nurture the other royal scions.

With a physique too weak to bear, not to speak of Spirit Dao, even Martial Cultivation talent was restricted.

The Duke Zhen, risking the world's greatest taboo, secretly snatched another royal scion, stripped their royal blood and forcibly fused it into the young Princely Heir, all to prevent the Princely Heir from being truly ruined.

Now that he had merged with the ancient Great Xia royal blood, perhaps in a sense, by a stroke of luck, he stumbled upon the correct answer.

The differences in the bloodlines of the World Royal Family can seem vast, yet also minor; aside from one's own bloodline, it is impossible for others to discern which royal bloodline one truly has.

Meaning, he had effectively bypassed the bloodline issue.

There would be no need to worry about his bloodline exposing him when playing the Princely Heir in the future.

Even the problem of the Princely Heir's original injuries was solved since he acquired the ancient Great Xia royal blood.

In his body, there was no such thing as rejection, nor any injuries for that matter.

Cheng Guang's mood instantly brightened at this thought.

If it weren't for the fact that explaining how he resolved the issue of rejection from the royal bloodline would be somewhat difficult, Cheng Guang would now face Cheng Zhihai without a hint of psychological pressure.

Nevertheless, Cheng Guang felt considerably more relaxed at this moment.

Even if he was a stand-in, what of it?

What you have, I have, and what you don't, I still possess.

Then can't I be the genuine one?

As long as the true Princely Heir is ultimately dealt with, even if he is a fake, he must become the real thing.

2

Cheng Guang twirled his writing brush and, feeling more relaxed about the future, his gaze fell upon the system's mission.

Restraint Pearl.

Heavenly Grade.

It seemed to be a Different Treasure, and not of low grade either.

Cheng Guang didn't know much about Different Treasures. There were countless treasures in the world, each one impossible to artificially refine or naturally formed, their origins a mystery.

They seemed to emerge from nowhere.

Each Different Treasure possessed a distinct function, and according to its function, they were categorized into different grades.

This Heavenly Grade appeared to be quite high.

Cheng Guang planned to look up information about Different Treasures tomorrow when he visited the Book Collection Pavilion.

The task concerning the Restraint Pearl was a bit tricky, though. It was said to merely require burning some spirit money, but Cheng Zhihai wasn't dead yet, so where would his grave come from?

Could it be that he needed to build one himself?

If so, that really would be an act of extreme filial piety.

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