

## My System 131

Chapter 131: Not a Single One Left! \_5

“Wu Ling seems to quite fancy your Guanger. These two kids could possibly be a match,”

Upon hearing this, Cheng Zhihai wanted to refuse but found it difficult to voice his objection. Instead, he said, “Your Majesty, Guanger is already betrothed.”

Emperor Zhou of Great Zhou seemed a bit surprised.

“Since when?”

“It has been settled for many days now, and the father has seen to it.”

“Chosen by the Duke of the State?”

“Yes.”

Emperor Zhou and Cheng Zhihai made small talk, chatting off and on about family matters.

Inside the hall.

Aside from Empress Wei of Great Wei, who could remain calm, no one dared to take a deep breath.

Emperor Zhou appeared to be in a good temper for now.

But emperors are known to be fickle in their moods.

Just because he was amicable to Cheng Zhihai didn't mean he would be to them.

If this purple light and the ban on Different Treasures were merely an accident, if the disturbance was caused by the descent of an Exotic Beast, that would be one thing, but if it were man-made...

To dare take action under the nose of the Emperor in the Great Zhou Capital—

Such fury is not something ordinary people can withstand.

It wouldn't only anger Emperor Zhou.

Empress Wei wouldn't swallow this affront either; she would be equally enraged.

What on earth would dare to provoke the dignity of these two great dynasties?

The officials couldn't fathom, nor did they dare to think further.

As everyone waited,

The purple light soon thinned, and within the projected image, the situation on Crane-Crying Island became clear.

At first glance, not a single person seemed to be moving about on Crane-Crying Island.

Even the Exotic Beasts seemed to have died out.

There were no signs of life around, just deathly silence and desolation.

Wild creatures wandered near the river bank, seeking escape, but as soon as they touched the purple light curtain, they were repelled as if by an air wall.

At just a glance, many hearts skipped a beat.

They only felt that something terrible was imminent.

Emperor Zhou stopped speaking too, and the air instantly fell into a deathly quiet.

The eunuch by his side controlled the projected image, zooming in.

The Central Loft appeared before the eyes of all the officials in the hall.

A flock of seabirds circled above the loft, letting out sharp cries now and then.

A few hares jumped in the grass near the houses, their eyes filled with vigilance and unease.

But inside the Central Loft, rivers of blood flowed, and corpses lay everywhere.

Most of those lying on the ground were officials from the Martial Academy, many of whom had high levels of cultivation. Yet now, they lay dead without any dignity, hacked to pieces by sloppy knife work.

Within the projected image, officials fled in terror, only to be quickly overtaken by a few individuals in black robes.

In a flash,

Blood splattered across the entire image.

As they watched, the air in the great hall became even more oppressive.

Everyone just had to see this scene to know that this was not a natural disaster, but entirely man-made!

Who on earth would dare to interfere with the martial trial competition?

With just one look, the officials felt nearly driven mad.

Nearly all the Martial Academy's officials had been slaughtered, and the students on the island were likely in a perilous situation as well.

All the officials had to do was think about it, and their eyelids began twitching uncontrollably, an unstoppable rage nearly bursting from their hearts like a volcanic eruption.

Those students...

They weren't just mere students.

They were the children of many officials present,

Perhaps even the sole cherished sons, like Guanger.

The martial trial competition was supposed to be a golden opportunity for their children to make a name for themselves, and many elites competed to send their offspring.

They could never have imagined that someone would dare to disrupt the martial trial competition.

Someone actually dared...

Someone dared to slaughter the people of Great Zhou!

"Your Majesty, what should we do now?"

“Your Majesty, where did those black-robed people come from? Wasn’t it said that besides the participating students, no one else could enter Crane-Crying Island?”

“Your Majesty! If the Forbidden Artifacts are so powerful, why did the Bureau of the Lamp receive no intelligence?”

“Mr. Cheng, where did all the intelligence collected by the Bureau of the Lamp go? If it had been detected earlier by the Bureau, it wouldn’t have come to this.”

Many officials were inflamed with emotion. Their worry for their own children, combined with their dissatisfaction with the overbearing and ruthless Cheng Zhihai, made him the target of their accusations.

At this moment, Cheng Zhihai felt quite the headache.

The Bureau of the Lamp had indeed detected a hint of the anomaly ahead of time.

The Qi between heaven and earth on Crane-Crying Island had thinned, which might have been an omen of the Forbidden Artifact’s upcoming use.

However, he hadn’t anticipated that someone would have a Heavenly Grade Forbidden Artifact at their disposal.

Nor had he expected that someone would actually dare to make a move during the martial trial competition.

Even though he had made ample preparations, he had even dispatched Qian Siyuan, the Director and Eighth-Rank King Realm deputy, over there.

For Qian Siyuan, overseeing the martial trial competition was clearly an underutilization of his abilities.

But, Cheng Zhihai still hadn’t anticipated that all this would not be enough.

He could understand the feelings of the officials. After all, Guanger was also on the island.

Cheng Zhihai was more anxious than any of them.

But once the ban from the Forbidden Artifacts was in place, it couldn't be forcibly broken from the outside. Disarming it would take at least several hours.

No one could predict what accidents might occur during those several hours.

Many officials from the Martial Academy had already died horribly on the spot.

With their Qi bound, even the mighty Sky-Men, whose cultivations touched the heavens, would be greatly weakened, let alone the lesser cultivated students and officials.

Chapter 132: Not a Single One Left! \_6

Until now.

Cheng Zhihai had still not seen the figure of Qiu Zhiman, Dean of the Great Zhou Martial Academy, nor Lin Qingye, Dean of the Great Wei Martial Academy. With their Qi being suppressed, could it be that their chances of survival were slim?

Cheng Zhihai couldn't help but frown in thought.

However, the noise from the officials around him was truly irritating.

Silently raising his head, he looked towards the officials who had just been directing their complaints at him.

Wherever his gaze fell within the range, all the noisy officials shrank their heads, quickly lowering them, acting like tortoises pulling in their necks, afraid their faces would be remembered by Cheng Zhihai.

They knew that Cheng Zhihai's mood wasn't good either.

After all, the Crown Prince was still on the island...

The Crown Prince being on the island, wasn't that proof...

Cheng Zhihai really hadn't noticed anything amiss beforehand this time.

Otherwise, knowing the Crown Prince's temperament, he would never have allowed him to take such a risk.

Cheng Zhihai suppressed the irritation in his heart, wanting to speak to Emperor Zhou and go check on Crane-Crying Island.

Emperor Zhou seemed to see through his intention, shaking his head, "That magic seal cannot be simply unlocked, and you haven't learned how, let the professionals handle it."

"Going there now, you wouldn't make much of a difference."

Hearing this, the corners of Cheng Zhaihai's mouth revealed a bitter smile.

He also knew that even if he went there, he couldn't break the magic seal and rescue Cheng Guang.

If the seal was forcibly broken, everything inside the seal would be annihilated.

By then, let alone seeing his own son's remains, he probably wouldn't even find the ashes.

But even so, he still wanted to be closer to Cheng Guang.

Even if he were helpless, being closer to Guanger was still better.

If something were to happen to Guanger, Cheng Zhihai really couldn't imagine how Wu Yuemei would react towards him.

How his father, the Duke of the State, would react towards him.

What was supposed to be a routine mission, how did it turn out like this?

Even someone like Cheng Zhihai, who stood at the very top, powerful and impartial, showed a fearful side when he learned that Cheng Guang was in life-threatening danger, and he himself was helpless.

He feared that Cheng Guang would really die by accident.

For Cheng Zhihai, that was undoubtedly the sky falling down.

He dared not think about it, nor could he afford to think about it.

Cheng Zhihai's expression became vacant, and the composure he had in the face of Mount Tai's collapse disappeared at this moment.

Emperor Zhou noticed the change in Cheng Zhihai's expression and knew what he was worried about. He didn't say much and just indifferently looked towards the eunuch by his side.

"Zhao Jin."

"This servant is here."

A person responded, bowing slightly, listening for Emperor Zhou's orders.

Clad in a red robe with a golden belt at the waist and black boots on his feet, he looked quite magnificent.

His fingers were long and powerful, his palms smooth, and his grasp on a sword was very stable. His temperament was noble and stern, commanding awe.

This person was indeed Zhao Jin.

Zhao Jin was tall and imposing, with a dignified appearance.

He had delicate features, a high nose bridge, and lips tightly closed, exuding a brave aura. His hair was jet black, combed into a neat bun, showing elegance.

Zhao Jin grew up alongside Emperor Zhou, having even spent time with the previous emperor — Wu Shang's father.

He could be considered a veteran official of two dynasties.

Even though Zhao Jin had served under two emperors and was nearly eight hundred years old, he still appeared in the prime of life.

In his high position, he held great authority and weight, a prominent figure in the Court.

Emperor Zhou pointed slightly at the purple magic seal in the projected image, "Zhao Jin, with your skills, how long would you need to break this seal?"

Zhao Jin's eyes were calm as he said, "Your Majesty, at least three hours will be needed."

"This Forbidden Artifact is of substantial tier; even with my cultivation, three hours is already very strenuous."

Emperor Zhou did not say much more, "Three-quarters of an hour."

As his words fell, Zhao Jin's eyes did not change, but he lowered his head slightly.

"As you command."

Emperor Zhou waved his hand, "Go, if you need anything, take some resources from the Imperial Palace."

Zhao Jin did not say anything more, hastily leaving with quick steps.

After leaving the hall, his figure flashed and disappeared in the Great Zhou Imperial Palace.

Soon after, his figure appeared above Crane-Crying Island.

In the projection within the Great Zhou Imperial Palace's grand hall, the figure of Zhao Jin also appeared.

Officialdom watched in silence as Zhao Jin displayed his Divine Power, meticulously unraveling and dismantling the Forbidden Artifacts.

The progress was slow.

But it still required three quarters of an hour...

This directly squeezed Zhao Jin's existing abilities to several times their normal pace!

Emperor Zhou was practically demanding Zhao Jin to risk his life.

In the whole of Great Zhou, not many people possessed the means to break such spells.

Zhao Jin was one of them.

After all, ordinary families had never even come into contact with what Forbidden Artifacts were.

As Zhao Jin was from the royal family, he had been specifically trained, hence he understood more about Forbidden Artifacts than most.

If even Zhao Jin could not break the spells, then perhaps there would be no one in the entire Great Zhou who could.

In that case...

There would be only one path left...

Wait for the spells to dissipate on their own.

Within the hall, after Zhao Jin left, silence returned.

Many officials were already feeling restless at this point.

The students on Crane-Crying Island were each considered a genius of their generation.

Even disregarding their status, not as their children or any authority, they were still rare talents of Great Zhou.

The loss of even one would be a loss to Great Zhou.

But right now, even the Emperor had no solution, so what could they do?

Besides those students.

At this moment on Crane-Crying Island, there was another, even more crucial person present.

The Crown Prince.

Others might die, but the Crown Prince could not.

Otherwise, Duke Zhen would truly go mad.

Several officials, when facing Cheng Zhihai, could still occasionally mock him, for Cheng Zhihai, though unbiased and unfeeling, was still a reasonable man.

As long as one did not touch his bottom line or violate the laws of Great Zhou, even if you cursed him to his face, he would not kill you.

But it was not the same with the Duke of the State.

The Duke of the State was a pure warrior!

A pure deity of wrath!

One to act on impulse, and with the Crown Prince dead, the Duke would cause immeasurable trouble just to find the culprit, unthinkable to all the officials.

If their children died, at worst, they just needed to have another.

But for Cheng Zhihai, it was different.

Princess Yuemei's health no longer allowed her to bear a second child.

If the Crown Prince died, Duke Zhen's Mansion would have no successor, no hope.

What the Duke of the State, guarding the Border Area battlefield, would do, merely thinking about it made the many officials of Great Zhou shudder with dread.

Within the Imperial Palace's grand hall, the golden and glittering throne and towering pillars cast long shadows under the dim lighting.

Despite the surrounding opulence and splendor, the grand hall had fallen into a somber silence.

Like the deepest silence of the night, only the thin wisps of incense smoke twirling above the bronze cauldrons, gently swirling mid-air.

Resembling silent souls, quivering in the still air.

The Court's officials, Empress Wei, and many envoys from the smaller nations stood silently on both sides of the grand hall, their gazes fixed on the central projection, quietly awaiting the outcome.

Their expressions were like solemn stone sculptures, both stern and lifeless.

A heavy atmosphere pervaded the hall, weighing on everyone's hearts.

Every breath was taken with utmost care, as if fearing to break this profound silence.

At that moment, beside the central throne, a figure laden with an air of nobility let out a light exclamation.

The sound was clear and pleasant, filled with authority and prestige.

Empress Wei's delicate face showed a trace of astonishment as she pointed and directed the projection to focus on a particular area.

There, there was someone.

All eyes lifted to the projection.

Just one glance at the figure within the projection, and faces instantly displayed astonishment.

Chapter 133: Old Man, Where Do You Want to Go?

Under the watchful gaze of everyone in the hall, the projection screen showed the constables from the Bureau of the Lamp shuttling through the island, gathering Martial Academy students without allowing them to seek refuge in the Central Loft; instead, they were hiding them.

Many officials from the Martial Academy had planned to follow Qiu Zhiman's advice and take all the students to the Central Loft to wait for the prohibition to be lifted.

Upon hearing the words of the Bureau of the Lamp's constable, some officials were ready to object immediately.

But before they could speak out, they collided face-to-face with an official who had fled from the Central Loft.

The official was covered in gushing fresh blood, splattered as if it cost nothing.

His face was stricken with horror, his expression panicked!

"Madness, madness!"

"Many officials who stayed in the Central Loft are dead. Black-robed figures emerged from nowhere; they can use Qi! We are no match for them, they can use Qi!!"

The Martial Academy official spoke in terror, but before he could finish his words, he collapsed to the ground, exhausted.

The constables from the Bureau of the Lamp had an unchanging expression, showing no sign of disturbance.

However, the Martial Academy official who had just wanted to question him was dumbfounded. The dead official before him had shared drinks with him the previous night. As someone of Sixth or Seventh Grade status, he was distinguished, yet he had died so abruptly?

Seeing this, the complexions of many Martial Academy officials turned deathly pale instantly.

Many students of the Martial Academy also had grim faces behind them.

The students from Great Wei's Martial Academy were better off; those from Great Zhou's Martial Academy rarely experienced a real battlefield, nor had they actually fought and killed anyone.

This bloody scene before them turned their faces as pale as paper.

Some officials glared at the impassive constables from the Bureau of the Lamp and shouted loudly, "Do you know something?"

"Who exactly are those in black robes? Why did the Bureau of the Lamp not detect them beforehand!?"

"Where is your superior? Where is Mr. Qian!?"

The constables from the Bureau of the Lamp, faced with the officials' shouts and questions, maintained their composure, their voices as cold as ice as they slowly spoke.

"Follow me, we will protect you."

"I am unaware of Mr. Qian's whereabouts too."

With that, the Bureau of the Lamp's constable said no more and sprinted off into the distance.

Some officials of Great Wei's Martial Academy were somewhat distrustful of the words spoken by people from the Bureau of the Lamp.

Ignoring the constable's suggestion, they continued to lead people to the Central Loft.

After all, in their view, even if Qi was restrained, they still had Lin Qingye, a Ninth-order Martial Emperor Realm powerhouse.

Such a person is not easily dealt with by the average person.

Choosing a Ninth Grade powerhouse like Lin Qingye, isn't that much better than choosing Qian Siyuan?

Without much thought, they led the group toward the Central Loft.

Meanwhile, the officials of Great Zhou's Martial Academy, with shifting expressions, clenched their teeth and dared not hesitate any longer, immediately leading their students to follow behind the Bureau of the Lamp.

Seeing this scene, the expressions of the officials in the hall became quite sullen.

Especially the officials from Great Wei, who felt that if they could enter Crane-Crying Island now, they would desperately wish to slap those Great Wei Martial Academy officials with a good few Da Bi Dous.

The Central Loft was now a pit of fire!

You're going to get yourself killed; that's your own business, but you're taking so many students from Great Wei's Martial Academy to their deaths too!?

Great Wei was already poor; fostering a talented genius wasn't easy.

The death of one student would cause Great Wei at least ten times more heartache than Great Zhou.

Just thinking about the consequences if all of Great Wei's students who participated in the tournament were to die, many Great Wei officials turned pale.

Large beads of sweat involuntarily slid down their faces.

"Damn it, the one who just suggested taking our students to the Central Loft was Jiang Xingyu, right!?"

"Yes, yes, that old bastard!"

"If that old bastard dies, well, good riddance, but if he's still alive after the prohibition is lifted, I swear I will flay him!!"

Many officials from Great Wei immediately couldn't hold back their anger, and regardless of whether they were on Great Zhou's royal court ground or considering their own image, they began cursing openly.

For them, the deaths of those officials inside the Central Loft were of secondary importance.

Mostly civilian officials, they held little martial prowess and were of limited value.

While it's inappropriate to measure human life in terms of value, to Great Wei, that was indeed the case.

Now, leaving the Central Loft and seeking students outside, those Martial Academy officials and the students in their custody were the true treasures.

They would grieve the loss of even one.

While Great Wei officials were swearing up a storm, officials from Great Zhou said nothing, practicing the proverb “hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil.”

The Empress of Great Wei, compared to her subordinates below, was much more composed.

Even though her exquisite face still looked young, her violet-black eyes were filled with steadiness and authority.

She glanced over the projection screen and then spoke, “Silence.”

As soon as her words fell, even though the Great Wei officials felt like their back teeth were about to shatter from rage, they fell silent.

They just bottled it up inside.

This showed that Empress Wei’s prestige among these officials was incredibly high.

She had the power to command and enforce silence.

After a brief silence,

someone seemed to realize something and murmured aloud.

“That’s not right, how did the Bureau of the Lamp know what happened at the Central Loft? We didn’t see anyone from the Bureau there just before.”

With this statement, it instantly grabbed the attention of many officials.

Chapter 134: Old Man, Where Do You Want to Go? \_2

“At the moment when Qi was restricted, the Bureau of the Lamp’s ability to conceal their bodies was rendered useless. If there had been any people from the Bureau of the Lamp in the Central Loft just now, they should have been spotted already,”

“Could it be that someone anticipated the black-robed person’s move and warned the Bureau of the Lamp in advance?”

“Who could it be...”

The crowd murmured to themselves, confused for a moment.

At the same time, they did not see the figures of the heads of the two major Martial Academies in the projected images.

With Qi restrained at the moment, the heads of the two major Martial Academies, although not much stronger than ordinary martial artists, could at least have a stabilizing effect on one’s mind.

Even if the black-robed person were able to manipulate Qi and had great strength, they could only face nearly a hundred people at most.

Yet there were nearly two to three thousand students and officials from the Martial Academy combined.

Even if it meant using corpses to fill the gaps, they could bury all of these black-robed people right here.

But...

In such a situation, neither Qiu Zhiman nor Li Qingye revealed themselves.

Where were they?

Many officials, puzzled for the moment, could only brace themselves, forcibly calming down to continue watching the projected images with patience.

Soon, silence returned to the great hall.

Everyone knew that the black-robed people would not rest until they were finished.

After sweeping the Central Loft clean, they would definitely spread out and seek the remaining students on Crane-Crying Island.

With the black-robed people's absolute advantage in using Qi, no one could face them alone and kill them.

A group beating might work.

But...

If any students or officials from the Martial Academy were killed to the point of terror, they might be too frightened to resist, or perhaps too powerless to fight back.

At this moment...

It was not only the great hall of the Great Zhou Imperial Palace that was silent.

All those paying attention to the martial contest between Great Zhou and Great Wei had their hearts lifted with anxiety.

And within Duke Zhen's Mansion...

Yuemei of the Wu Family was still in the courtyard, holding a needle and thread, gracefully embroidering a brocade handkerchief with a few delicate lines of script.

“A gift for my future daughter-in-law, Yanqiu.”

Wu Yuemei was embroidering a brocade handkerchief for Qin Yanqiu who was betrothed but not yet married into the family, as the first gift from a future mother-in-law.

More valuable gifts had been given before.

But Yanqiu, the girl, had returned them all.

Even common household items were met with repeated refusals.

The child seemed to prefer swords and spears.

The exotic beast and weapons Wu Yuemei had given her, however, were much appreciated.

Wu Yuemei was afraid that after Qin Yanqiu married into the family, she might continue to favor the cold steel of weapons and neglect her own Guanger, so she wanted to instill some feminine qualities in Qin Yanqiu.

That’s why she decided to prepare this brocade handkerchief for her.

So she was carefully stitching, one needle, one thread at a time.

Suddenly, there was a commotion outside the door.

“Madam, it’s terrible, something terrible has happened.”

As the voice fell,

a figure rushed in, frantic and staggering, shattering the peace of the small courtyard.

Few petals fell from the cold plum and willow trees.

Wu Yuemei's eyebrows slightly furrowed as she looked up at the newcomer.

The person was none other than her personal maid, Mrs. Xue.

"What's wrong, don't panic, take your time and explain,"

Wu Yuemei said, seeing the panic-stricken Mrs. Xue and shaking her head with a smile. She picked up a cup of tea from the table nearby and handed it to her.

"Here, have some tea."

But Mrs. Xue had no desire to drink tea at the moment and gently pushed away the tea that Wu Yuemei offered.

Mrs. Xue had grown up with Wu Yuemei.

In name a servant,

but in reality, as close as sisters.

They had a very good relationship and didn't need to mind such details.

Mrs. Xue's expression was torn, unsure whether she should tell Wu Yuemei about the Princely Heir's accident.

The moment she learned of the incident on Crane-Crying Island, without much thought, she had rushed back to inform Wu Yuemei.

But now, with the words on her lips,

she was almost unable to speak because she knew that Madam cherished the Princely Heir the most.

Even a simple cold that the Princely Heir caught would keep Madam worried all night, and she would get up to check on him, caressing his forehead to see how he was doing.

If Madam learned that not only had the Princely Heir been in an accident this time, but there was also a possibility that it was life-threatening, to the point that he might not be able to come back at all,

Mrs. Xue found it hard to speak.

“Madam, I... better not say it,”

Mrs. Xue said, biting her lip, her face filled with reluctance.

However, at this point, Wu Yuemei was not going to let Mrs. Xue leave so easily.

Mrs. Xue’s words had already caught Wu Yuemei’s attention.

How could she be satisfied with half a story?

She had to hear the rest.

Wu Yuemei grabbed Mrs. Xue’s hand, her beautiful eyes slightly widened, and her mouth puffed up slightly.

That was the expression Wu Yuemei and Mrs. Xue used to make when they had disagreements as children.

It was only in intimate moments with her or when they were close that Wu Yuemei would reveal such a girlish demeanor.

“Say it quickly.”

Wu Yuemei urged.

She did not believe anything major could have happened.

Mrs. Xue occasionally overreacted like this.

Mrs. Xue took a deep breath, knowing she wouldn't be let go without speaking, and her eyes clenched tightly as she spilled everything she knew.

In fact...

From the moment Mrs. Xue uttered the words, “The Princely Heir is in trouble!”

Wu Yuemei was already stunned.

Her mind went blank.

Her expression became slightly dazed.

Her beautiful face lost all its color.

Mrs. Xue said a lot after that, but Wu Yuemei was no longer listening.

Chapter 135: Old Man, Where Do You Want to Go? \_3

She only knew that something had gone wrong on Crane-Crying Island.

Her son was in danger.

Moreover, even the emperor didn't have the means to initiate a rescue at this time.

Wu Yuemei didn't speak; she just stood there dumbfounded, her needlework and the Brocade Handkerchief slipping weakly from her hands to the floor.

Unbeknownst to her, sparkling tears had begun to form in her beautiful eyes.

The tears flowed silently from her eyes, sliding down her cheeks and falling to the ground.

"Guanger, my Guanger..."

"He can't be in trouble, he just can't be..."

She hastily stood up, intending to walk out of the courtyard.

But she didn't get far.

Wu Yuemei felt a sudden dizziness in her head and fainted.

Her body trembled once.

Limp, she collapsed onto the ground.

Everything happened so fast that Mrs. Xue couldn't react in time, barely managing to catch Wu Yuemei's body and urgently calling for servants.

"Someone, get the physician here!"

Throughout Duke Zhen's Mansion, chaos reigned at once.

At this moment, Qing Luan was still in the Million Specie Garden, scrutinizing the flowers and plants.

While watering the flowers and propping up her chin, she wondered when the Princely Heir would return.

The Million Specie Garden was too quiet without the Princely Heir for a day.

If the Princely Heir returned, I would definitely have to give him a piece of my mind.

Talking about how there could be accidents.

Then he took Bai Shuxuan away.

But not me.

Is that concern for me?

Pah! I don't even want to expose you.

You clearly favor her more... and dislike me...

As she thought about it, Qing Luan's face took on a look of sorrow, and she lowered her head to silently glance at her own chest.

She weighed it with her hands.

It didn't feel small at all.

Compared to Bai Shuxuan, it wasn't much different...

As Qing Luan thought this, she took on a bit of a self-comforting mentality.

Too big isn't good anyway.

Small and cute has its own charm.

At that moment, Qing Luan suddenly heard a commotion outside the courtyard gate.

Many anxious and hurried guards and servants were passing by.

The talk was of the Princely Heir being in trouble, the lady having fainted.

"The Princely Heir is in trouble? The lady has fainted?"

Qing Luan murmured to herself, but obviously, she didn't know what had happened at this point.

After stopping a guard and asking a few questions,

she learned the full story, and her complexion turned pale.

Her delicate body began to tremble, as if she could feel a wave of bone-chilling coldness throughout her being.

Qing Luan silently hugged herself and crouched down, helplessly burying her head.

“Something’s wrong...”

“What happened?”

“How is the Princely Heir now?”

Qing Luan felt utterly drained of strength.

After a moment, she tried to stand up and head outside the mansion.

Inside Duke Zhen’s Mansion, she couldn’t gather much information anymore.

Everyone in the mansion was busy tending to the lady who had fainted; there was no time to waste on her.

She decided to seek the answers herself.

However, she hadn’t gone far

when a sudden, inexplicable wave of despair engulfed her completely.

She suddenly didn’t dare to seek out the news anymore.

She had only heard that the Princely Heir was in trouble,

but no terrible news had reached her ears yet.

If the Princely Heir had truly died...

Qing Luan didn't know what face she should wear to confront it.

Concern, pain, and despair all flooded her heart at once.

Suddenly, her mind buzzed, and everything went blank.

Qing Luan's body trembled a few times before she collapsed, powerless, to the ground.

A passing maiden noticed Qing Luan and cried out urgently, "Something's wrong; Miss Qing Luan has fainted!"

"Quick, take Miss Qing Luan to the physician!"

Duke Zhen's Mansion could not settle down for the time being.

In the streets of the Capital City, most places were deserted.

The majority of people had congregated where they could view the projected images.

Many taverns showing the projection of Crane-Crying Island were completely packed.

Many people, despite spending a lot of silver, couldn't get a good spot and could only stand on tiptoes to watch the projection.

In the projection at this time,

the revealed scene was of a great hall.

It was far from the Central Loft.

Gathered by the Bureau of the Lamp were students from the Great Zhou Martial Academy, along with a few from Great Wei's Martial Academy, all standing by.

Several constables from the Bureau of the Lamp guarded them with knives at their sides.

Although the Qi of many constables was restrained and some even had a weaker physique than the students, they still dutifully protected them.

Most students from the Martial Academy were still bewildered,

unaware of what was happening.

Qi suddenly restrained,

suddenly called over by the constables from the Bureau of the Lamp.

What in the world was happening?

Among them, most were unaware of what was transpiring at the Central Loft at this time.

Simultaneously, at the Central Loft,

many men in black robes were beginning to disperse to pursue the wandering Martial Academy students and single officials.

Those above the fifth rank were executed on the spot,

while those below the fourth rank were taken to the first floor of the Central Loft, tied up hand and foot, and carelessly thrown aside like sausages.

The men in black robes surrounded the students who had been brought back, eyeing them maliciously, watching them intently.

Most of those brought back by the men in black robes were students and martial officials from Great Wei's Martial Academy, with very few from Great Zhou's.

Among them, many had been persuaded by the Bureau of the Lamp to go elsewhere, but as people of Great Wei, how could they heed the words of the constables from Great Zhou's Bureau of the Lamp?

Chapter 136: Old Man, Where Do You Want to Go? \_4

He immediately wanted to return to the Central Loft and find their dean, Lin Qingye.

However, what they had not anticipated was that as soon as they arrived at the Central Loft, before they could utter a word, they were tied up.

Each of them had a ghastly expression, not believing it was their fault; instead, they believed it was a trap set by Great Zhou.

Some laughed heartily and mocked, "Very well, Great Zhou, when you can't win, you resort to using restrictions to massacre our Great Wei students!"

"We Great Wei will not let you off!"

"Where is our Martial Academy's Lin Qingye? What have you done to him?"

Some shouted loudly.

Scattered among them, a few Great Zhou Martial Academy students, who had been separated from their group and captured by the black-robed people, looked miserable.

These few unfortunate ones didn't believe that Great Zhou was behind it.

It was only three consecutive losses; what of it?

They had become accustomed to losing.

Emperor Zhou surely wouldn't stoop so low as to offend Great Wei over such a trivial matter.

So some were defiant and responded, "You want your Martial Academy's dean Lin Qingye back, but isn't our Great Zhou Martial Academy's dean, Qiu Zhiman, also missing?"

Quite a few Great Wei Martial Academy students sneered.

"Maybe he's already dead."

"If our Martial Academy's dean can't survive, then how can your Great Zhou Martial Academy's dean?"

For a moment, several Great Zhou Martial Academy students grew angry and had a verbal altercation with the Great Wei Martial Academy students.

And among these Great Zhou Martial Academy students,

Qiao Songshan's face was filled with misery.

He really hadn't expected that by simply strolling around, he would end up in the enemy's lair.

Other Great Zhou Martial Academy students had been captured by the black-robed people.

But not him.

He had delivered himself to their doorstep.

Thinking of this, Qiao Songshan's face brimmed with bitterness.

He had hoped to make a name for himself.

Before he could become famous, he was already facing the prospect of scattering his own ashes.

He had planned to attend to his father's funeral; he couldn't die so soon.

Qiao Songshan wept inwardly.

While various Great Zhou Martial Academy students and Great Wei Martial Academy students were having their exchange in the backdrop of the Central Loft, in a corner of the first floor,

a tall figure in a black robe sat on a stone chair, his face obscured by a dense shadow making it impossible to see clearly.

He sat there silently,

slowly rotating a crystal ball in his hand.

This person was none other than Qiu Zhiman.

And in the projection,

everyone in the Imperial Palace as well as the common folk in the various taverns throughout the capital city saw the image of Qiu Zhiman.

But, due to the black robes and mysterious changes in Qiu Zhiman's form, no one could discern his identity.

"Who is this person?"

"What is his identity?"

"He dares to brazenly move against Great Wei and Great Zhou?"

As people saw the figure of Qiu Zhiman in the projection, their minds filled with questions.

It wasn't just them who couldn't understand.

Even now, within the Imperial Palace, many officials and ministers looking at Qiu Zhiman's image were baffled.

Just what was the identity of this person?

The black robes they were wearing did not seem to be simple garments; they could hide their faces and restrain their qi, preventing others from recognizing their identities.

Many watched quietly.

The Bureau of the Lamp's constables have already protected most of the students.

If these black-robed people wanted to kill the remaining students, it wouldn't be so easy.

However, at the moment, the many Great Wei Martial Academy students bound hand and foot were probably more likely in danger than not.

Quite a few officials from Great Wei also realized this and cursed inwardly.

Honestly, now it was a case of the onlookers seeing more of the game than the players.

If they themselves were on Crane-Crying Island, unaware of what was happening, and suddenly restrictions appeared, rendering their qi useless, and numerous black-robed people emerged, killing them,

they would instinctively assume that it was the Great Zhou Dynasty's doing.

They wouldn't trust the words of the Bureau of the Lamp.

Instinctively, they would seek the protection of the most powerful, Lin Qingye.

Where was Lin Qingye at this moment?

Where was he?

Why, from the moment the projection began, there had been no sign of Lin Qingye?

Many officials from Great Wei felt a bad premonition at this time; the worst-case scenario being that Lin Qingye was already gone.

At this thought, their hearts grew increasingly restless.

But at the moment, they could do nothing but continue to watch the projection.

At this time, there were only two quarters of an hour left until the restrictions would be lifted.

.....

Inside the Central Loft.

Qiu Zhiman slowly rotated the crystal ball in his hand, looking at the remaining students, and his brows furrowed.

“These people, it seems they are not enough.”

“The number of officials killed in the Central Loft is merely a few dozen, and here there are only just over a hundred students.”

“The rest have all been taken by the Bureau of the Lamp.”

“How did the Bureau’s people realize so quickly? I struck down all the officials here with a thunderous approach to prevent the leakage of any information.”

“Yet, they still managed to know in advance.”

“Apart from the Great Wei Martial Academy students who do not trust the Bureau of the Lamp, everyone else has followed the Bureau.”

“The Bureau has Qian Siyuan on their side; although Qian Siyuan with his Eighth-Rank King Realm strength has his qi restricted, his body is still immensely powerful, not as easily dealt with as the old man Lin Qingye.”

Chapter 137: Old Man, Where Do You Want to Go? \_5

“It seems that simply having control over the students from the Bureau of the Lamp is far from enough.”

“But it doesn’t matter, my goal has been reached; slaughtering all the Great Wei students to the last man, causing them to bear a grudge against Great Zhou, can be considered a perfect completion of my mission.”

“It’s just a pity that I wasn’t able to let my master witness that person’s complete loss of face.”

Qiu Zhiman murmured to himself, intending to set off, but as if remembering something, he sat back down.

Gazing up faintly, it was as if he could sense that someone was using Different Treasures to detect his presence.

Silently looking up, locking eyes with the other.

At this moment, it seemed that everyone watching the projected image could see a pair of indifferent eyes from within the tall black-robed figure’s gaze.

Yet the face was entirely shrouded in shadows.

They could not make out the face.

And when they tried to take a closer look.

Qiu Zhiman had already withdrawn his gaze and thoughtfully put away the crystal ball. Just as he was about to order the massacre of all Great Wei students present to clean up the situation,

he spotted several figures slowly approaching from afar.

Not only Qiu Zhiman was stunned to see the figures walking over from a distance,

everyone viewing the projection was also stunned.

Could it be... the Princely Heir??

Was he deliberately coming here to court death??

Everyone was puzzled.

Qiu Zhiman was even more perplexed.

Around them, it wasn't just this hall that housed his people; within several miles, there were traces of black-robed men. If Cheng Guang was coming over,

how could he have not received any reaction at all?

Moreover, although the black-robed men might not be able to use Qi as well as he could, they were still not something an ordinary Martial Artist could deal with.

A Physique Realm Martial Artist able to use Qi could slaughter a Divine Power Realm Martial Academy student who couldn't wield Qi, as easily as slicing through vegetables.

The stronger the cultivation, the more this held true.

Perhaps only after reaching the fifth rank of the Prime God Realm, this situation might change.

Qiu Zhiman sized up Cheng Guang, who was approaching at a leisurely pace, and noticed that his white robe was not stained with much blood.

On the contrary, Bai Shuxuan, who was by his side, was covered in quite a bit of blood.

Seeing this scene, Qiu Zhiman's eyes began to play with amusement.

He might have figured out why the Bureau of the Lamp was able to respond so quickly; it seems the Princely Heir had informed them of his plan.

How did the Princely Heir discover his plan?

Had he also discovered his true identity?

Qiu Zhiman did not know.

His gaze measured Cheng Guang for a moment and then Bai Shuxuan.

Suddenly, he laughed.

The Princely Heir couldn't possibly believe that solely relying on a Bai Shuxuan would be enough to stop him.

Although Bai Shuxuan was from the Devil Clan and could wield some demonic power, that power was suppressed by restrictions, unable to be fully utilized. Unable to deploy Divine Power, he was also limited to relying on the strength of his physical body to fight.

"A mere Bai Shuxuan can be killed with ease."

"Heh, actually, killing you and then the rest of the Great Wei students here would be sufficient."

Qiu Zhiman murmured to himself.

He noticed that there was only one Bai Shuxuan by the Princely Heir's side.

Where were the other constables from the Bureau of the Lamp? Without protection, killing Cheng Guang would be as easy as flipping his hand.

Speaking of which, that Fox Devil truly causes more harm than good; if it weren't for the master's instructions not to offend anyone from the Devil Clan, I would really like to slap that Fox Devil to death.

Qiu Zhiman muttered to himself, the corners of his mouth twitching slightly.

“Attack, kill them.”

With a sweeping gesture of his hand, all the black-robed men in the hall rushed out, wielding their knives to attack Cheng Guang and Bai Shuxuan.

Qiu Zhiman himself did not wish to waste his energy on Bai Shuxuan and Cheng Guang.

The appearance of Bai Shuxuan was indeed unexpected to him, but it wasn't a big problem, still within his control.

Although Cheng Guang had a noble status, he had little chance of resistance at the moment.

But just as the black-robed men charged towards Bai Shuxuan,

Cheng Guang's steps paused slightly.

“Uncle Qian, it's time to make a move.”

Cheng Guang said.

Suddenly, from the top floor of the Central Loft, one constable after another from the Bureau of the Lamp emerged.

Like raindrops, they fell from the high skies, descending and rushing to capture the black-robed men.

The constables from the Bureau of the Lamp, unable to use Qi, solely relied on their formidable physiques to battle the numerous black-robed men.

Inside the loft, Qiu Zhiman saw this scene, the corners of his mouth twitching slightly.

All the people from the Bureau of the Lamp were here?

Had they gone mad?

Daring to resist??

Qiu Zhiman sneered and shook his head, but soon he realized something was wrong.

Although the people from the Bureau of the Lamp could not wield Qi, they were all elites; even relying solely on physical strength, they could still battle the black-robed men.

That Qian Siyuan.

Even though he, too, couldn't wield Qi, it would take some time to deal with him.

In his prime, Qian Siyuan's physical strength was not something he, weakened by age, could compare with.

Using Qi, it would take him about a quarter of an hour to kill Qian Siyuan.

Not worth it at all.

Moreover, with the Bureau of the Lamp's men blocking his subordinates, under these circumstances, killing the Princely Heir seemed unrealistic.

Qiu Zhiman's heart sunk a few notches.

On the other hand,

Qian Siyuan appeared by Cheng Guang's side, took a deep breath of relief, and asked,

"Princely Heir, was it too risky for us to charge at these black-robed men?"

"No, not risky at all."

Cheng Guang shook his head.

He realized that the Breaking Ban Pill awarded by the system couldn't be given to anyone else.

Chapter 138: Old Man, Where Do You Want to Go? \_6

As long as he entertained that thought, the Breaking Ban Pill emanating from his body would become insubstantial, until it completely vanished.

Cheng Guang immediately dismissed the idea.

Otherwise, he could just let Qian Siyuan swallow the Breaking Ban Pill, and carry him along the path of strength by sheer force.

But now, that was not an option.

Qian Siyuan, at the Eighth-Rank King Realm, had strength that barely reached the Second Rank Physique Realm at this moment. Even Cheng Guang, with a slight use of Qi, could kill Qian Siyuan.

If this was the case for Qian Siyuan at the King Realm, it seemed there wouldn't be much of a problem for Qiu Zhiman, the Old Man either.

Before coming here, Cheng Guang had already swallowed a Breaking Ban Pill. The Qi inside his body, which felt as if it was shackled by countless chains, was slowly flowing through his meridians.

As a Martial Artist of the Physique Realm, Cheng Guang's body had been constantly infused with Qi day and night, and was not something ordinary Martial Artists could compare with.

But even so, it was very strong.

Qian Siyuan didn't know this.

He came along this time purely because he couldn't put his mind at ease regarding Cheng Guang, not knowing what Cheng Guang was still relying on at this moment.

When the restrictions first appeared, Qian Siyuan's heart was already completely on edge.

He learned from Cheng Guang that many black-robed men suddenly appeared on the island, slaughtering officials in the Central Loft.

He had already prepared himself to fight to the death for the Princely Heir.

Instead, the Princely Heir told him that he didn't need his protection at all. Instead, he just needed him to help hide the Martial Academy students, while he and Bai Shuxuan would confront the black-robed men alone.

Crazy!

Qian Siyuan's first reaction was that this was madness!

Not to mention Cheng Guang and Bai Shuxuan, even Qian Siyuan himself, together with all the members of the Bureau of the Lamp, would definitely not be a match for those black-robed men.

The opponents could use Qi, and their Cultivation Realm was the same as theirs, or even higher.

Even if they added the numerous Martial Academy students to fight together, they would at most just tire out the black-robed men a bit.

But...

Qian Siyuan had not anticipated that once Cheng Guang had made a decision, it would not change.

Cheng Guang simply revealed his plan and instructed Qian Siyuan to execute it.

Even though Qian Siyuan was a Martial Artist at the Eighth-Rank King Realm, a person who had long held a high position, in front of Cheng Guang at that moment, he suddenly felt a sense of inferiority.

It wasn't a gap in status.

It was a difference in mentality.

Cheng Guang was very confident, so confident that Qian Siyuan felt it was inconceivable.

After hesitating for a long time...

After Cheng Guang left, having given his instructions to Qian Siyuan, and was about to head back to the Central Loft, Qian Siyuan immediately led all members of the Bureau of the Lamp and followed.

Now, watching the many black-robed men sprinting swiftly, charging towards himself and the others in an instant, Qian Siyuan also let go of the worries in his heart and engaged in a fierce fight with the black-robed men.

At this moment, there was no one else by Cheng Guang's side.

One of the black-robed men noticed this scene and thought he was about to achieve great merit. His eyes instantly lit up, and wielding a knife, he charged towards Cheng Guang.

Bai Shuxuan noticed this, but couldn't extricate herself, her jade-like hand fending off the attacks of several black-robed men around her.

The attacks of these black-robed men were sharp and forceful, and although Bai Shuxuan's demonic power wasn't much restricted, her strength was still affected under the restrictions, and she was somewhat overwhelmed by the attacks from several black-robed men.

She could only watch Cheng Guang helplessly.

At this moment, not only Bai Shuxuan was paying attention to Cheng Guang.

Qian Siyuan, who had just burst out to fight the black-robed men, also twitched his eyes slightly.

At this moment, Emperor Zhou, Empress Wei, the Court officials, and all the envoys watched the projecting images in silence.

They too didn't understand why Cheng Guang would suddenly appear here.

Even less could they imagine.

Why Cheng Guang would come back to fight.

Did Cheng Guang believe, that he and the Bureau of the Lamp could defeat those black-robed men?

Even if they could, he himself didn't need to come over at all.

Why take the risk?

Many appeared to be chiding Cheng Guang for his youthful recklessness, but all were deeply concerned for Cheng Guang's safety.

Cheng Guang's decision was very rash.

Because...

If the Bureau of the Lamp lost, if they didn't win the fight...

Everyone here would have to die.

Of course, they also knew that even if the Bureau of the Lamp did not actively attack, the black-robed men would still take the initiative to attack.

The more they could extend the time, the better.

Perhaps they could hold on until Zhao Jin broke the restriction.

There were still three hours left until the restriction would be lifted.

Just hold on for three more hours, that would be enough.

Above the court, the officials watched the projecting images with bated breath.

Cheng Zhihai was also the same. Seeing the black-robed man charge towards Cheng Guang, who was without any protection at his side, his fingers instantly clenched together. Although his nails weren't sharp, he still forcefully dug them into his own flesh.

A few droplets of fresh blood flowed out.

The situation before him left him feeling not the slightest bit of pain.

And just when he almost couldn't bear to watch any longer...

He saw within the projecting image...

Cheng Guang, without turning his head, threw a punch.

Bang!!

The vast Qi inside him circulated, and with a punch that carried a glimmer of starlight, it instantly landed on the black-robed man who was about to approach him.

Even before getting closer, the black-robed man was blasted dozens of steps away.

He hit the side wall and lay there, his life or death unknown.

Upon witnessing this scene...

The already silent Imperial Palace hall...

Became even quieter at this moment, as if space itself had frozen.

The officials were stunned.

The Princely Heir was that powerful?

Many officials appeared not to believe the scene before them, still in disbelief, they rubbed their eyes.

Chapter 139: Old Man, Where Do You Want to Go? \_7

Emperor Zhou's eyes brightened, his tense body relaxed slightly, and a hint of a smile appeared on his normally icy face.

"Good."

Empress Wei of Great Wei also took an uncommonly long look at Cheng Guang.

Her beautiful eyes shimmered, wondering something.

Cheng Zhihai seemed even more distressed than the others, he sighed in relief, his eyes filled with disbelief but even more with ecstatic joy.

Guanger was unharmed!

Cheng Guang had not been injured.

That was what made him happiest.

Cheng Zhihai was even more delighted that Cheng Guang had the means to protect himself.

Cheng Zhihai did not ponder too much why Cheng Guang could unleash such tremendous power within the restrictions.

Whether Cheng Guang could also wield Qi or not.

As long as Cheng Guang was safe and sound, that was enough for him.

Right then,

after Cheng Guang threw his punch.

The air itself seemed to quiet down significantly.

In the Capital city, everywhere, seeing this scene seemed to erupt with different murmurs of speculation.

At the Central Loft on Crane-Crying Island, where a man in a black robe was still battling a constable from the Bureau of the Lamp, he too was taken aback.

Others, through the golden ranking projection, might not sense the presence of Qi.

But they could clearly feel that Cheng Guang had Qi inside him, not weaker than theirs.

Even...

Much stronger than theirs!!

They could wield Qi, but it had cost them a great deal, why could Cheng Guang wield Qi too??

Qiu Zhiman was also astonished, murmuring to himself.

“He can actually wield Qi now, the amount of Qi...”

“Is not less than mine...”

Qiu Zhiman’s face turned extremely ugly.

First, after arriving on the island, his attempt to afflict Cheng Guang with insects was unsuccessful, then his effort to gather all the Martial Academy students failed, and now the constables from the Bureau of the Lamp unusually attacked them, and the Princely Heir...

Could actually wield Qi too.

Everything was too abnormal.

It made Qiu Zhiman, who was usually meticulous in his plans, somewhat panicked and lost, not sure where he had made a mistake.

To have the situation change to this extent.

In his expectations,

the members of the Bureau of the Lamp were supposed to just covertly protect the Princely Heir and a few students, hiding away; they should not have possibly appeared here.

And now...

Qiu Zhiman took a deep breath.

“We can’t go on like this, the Princely Heir is too mysterious, he can’t be killed now.”

“Since the Bureau of the Lamp has appeared here...”

“Then those Martial Academy students you collected from afar should not care anymore, right?”

Qiu Zhiman mumbled to himself, deeming it much more worthwhile to cut down students with little resistance than to fight the daringly fearless elite of the Bureau of the Lamp.

Aside from a bit of regret for not being able to cut down the Princely Heir, there was not much else.

Qiu Zhiman quietly glanced at the battlefield, then quietly left through the back door of the Central Loft.

On the first floor of the Central Loft, many of the bound students from the Martial Academy of Great Wei saw the people from the Bureau of the Lamp tearing into the black-robed men.

Even the most foolish of people understood by then.

Great Zhou and those in black robes were truly not on the same side.

The students of Great Wei’s Martial Academy, who had been singing praises about the students of Great Zhou’s Martial Academy, didn’t know what to say in embarrassment.

However, Qiao Songshan in the crowd showed interest, his eyes gradually lighting up.

Even with both hands and feet bound, restrained, he couldn’t help but twist his body violently as he yelled out loud.

“That’s my boss, that’s my boss.”

“My boss has come to save me!!”

Qiao Songshan thought that Cheng Guang had gone to great lengths just to save him.

He was so touched that tears streamed down his face.

Cheng Guang, however, did not notice Qiao Songshan in the crowd; perhaps he heard the shouting and glanced his way, but his gaze quickly moved on, as if he was searching for something.

Cheng Guang moved like a streak of starlight, his feet treading on Qi, weaving through the crowd of robed figures.

The Martial Arts of Heavenly Gang Star Fight were executed by him to perfection.

Each move, each technique shimmered like the stars, unpredictable and constant.

With every person he passed, there would be a robed figure falling to the ground in agony.

Throats were crushed, bodies twisted, or they were blasted with a punch that completely displaced their internal organs.

Many of the robed figures were struck with fear.

Even if they had Qi to use within them, their hands weakened, and they were quickly pinned down by several constables from the Bureau of the Lamp.

The tide of battle quickly turned.

In fact, even without Cheng Guang, just Bai Shuxuan alone, in cooperation with the members of the Bureau of the Lamp, could have suppressed them, though it would have taken longer.

And more importantly,

That person was still not there.

Cheng Guang scanned around, and it seemed he had spotted something—a robed figure sneaking away through the back door.

He followed leisurely.

Qian Siyuan and Bai Shuxuan, along with some Bureau of the Lamp members, were still fighting with the robed figures and did not notice Cheng Guang's movements.

Their perception had also been limited as their Qi was sealed at that moment.

During the battle, some Bureau of the Lamp officers also freed the bound students and officials from the Martial Academy of Great Wei.

They had been repressing a lot of anger.

Even without Qi, fueled by their vigorous Qi and Blood, they were determined to show these vermin lurking in dark corners that Great Wei was not to be trifled with.

The unyielding and fearless nature of the people of Great Wei was fully unleashed as they charged at the robed figures.

Boom boom boom.

The thunderous clash of fists and feet resonated continuously.

The situation seemed to tilt in favor of the Bureau of the Lamp, but everyone watching the projected images knew.

From the moment these robed figures appeared on Crane-Crying Island,

The Bureau of the Lamp had already lost.

They didn't detect the robed figures' trails beforehand, and they did not prepare for this incident in advance. Known for their vigilance and intelligence, the Bureau of the Lamp had completely failed.

Similarly,

This competition trial ended up in chaos, and the person behind the scenes who manoeuvred against both the Great Zhou Dynasty and Great Wei Dynasty made them both lose face.

Even if no one from the two great dynasties had died, they had still lost.

Their authority had been compromised.

There was nothing more humiliating for emperors than this.

Everyone silently watched the projected images, their mood not particularly good but significantly improved compared to earlier.

It was at this time,

Someone noticed Cheng Guang's figure.

"Where is the Princely Heir going?"

Everyone realized that the Princely Heir had disappeared quietly.

By the time they noticed,

A tall, robed figure appeared before the Princely Heir.

Cheng Guang stood in front of the robed figure.

He smiled and said,

“Old Deng, where do you think you’re going?”

Chapter 140: So You Want to Play Role-Playing with Me, Brother?

Qiu Zhiman looked indifferently at Cheng Guang before him.

It seemed he had not expected Cheng Guang to dare to block his path.

His eyes, through the shadows beneath his black hood, glanced at Cheng Guang and then let out a scoff.

“Although I don’t know what method you used to wield Qi now, you can’t really believe that I am afraid of you,”

Qiu Zhiman said this.

Cheng Guang’s expression remained unchanged, his eyes sweeping over Qiu Zhiman with interest, “If you had not activated that restriction, you could easily crush me with one hand, but under the restriction, even if you can use Qi, how much can you use?”

“Right, President Qiu Zhiman?”

Cheng Guang’s words fell.

Qiu Zhiman's expression changed slightly as if he heard something unbelievable, quietly observing Cheng Guang's expression for a while.

In Cheng Guang's expression, Qiu Zhiman did not see a trace of fear or probing.

Full of confidence.

Just as if...

He had already determined that he indeed was Qiu Zhiman.

At the same time.

Within the Capital City, in the projection images in various places, many people also heard what Cheng Guang said.

Having heard his words, quite a few were frightened into pallor.

Who is Qiu Zhiman?

The President of the Great Zhou Martial Academy!!

A powerhouse who had reached the Ninth-order Martial Emperor Realm!!

A prominent figure at the pinnacle of authority within the Great Zhou Dynasty!

Such a person, you're saying he would come to disrupt the martial arts competition between the Great Zhou Dynasty and Great Wei Dynasty?

This statement, if spoken, would only elicit laughter.

All those watching the projection images of the martial arts competition did not believe Cheng Guang's words.

"What is the Princely Heir talking about, how could that man in the black robe possibly be Qiu Zhiman?"

"Exactly, neither Qiu Zhiman nor Lin Qingye have shown up; perhaps something unexpected happened to them both."

"This is absolutely impossible, President Qiu Zhiman has been a high-ranking figure since the establishment of the Great Zhou Martial Academy."

The crowd was abuzz with discussions and exclamations.

They simply did not believe Cheng Guang's claim that this tall man in the black robe was Qiu Zhiman.

There were two reasons for this.

Firstly, the tall black-robed figure's build did not match Qiu Zhiman's, who was much slimmer and not nearly as tall.

Secondly, Qiu Zhiman had always presented himself as friendly and gentle, approachable and kind, which was a far cry from the cold solemnity of the man in the black robe.

Although these two reasons could easily be refuted when individually considered, when combined, they were not so easily dismissed.

Not just within the Capital City, the audiences watching the projection images in various taverns did not believe it either.

Within the Imperial Palace.

The hundred officials and province lords watching the projection images were also in disbelief.

Qiu Zhiman was, after all, a Martial Artist who had attained the Ninth-order Martial Emperor Realm.

Everything he could enjoy in another country, he could enjoy in Great Zhou likewise.

In Great Zhou, he was an admired President of the Martial Academy.

His status was lofty, his treatment generous.

There simply was no need for him to betray Great Zhou.

What benefits would Qiu Zhiman gain by betraying Great Zhou?

Probably none at all, right?

The hundred officials pondered in their hearts, utterly disbelieving Cheng Guang's words, suspecting Cheng Guang was merely talking nonsense.

Emperor Zhou, upon hearing Cheng Guang's words, did not react like the hundred officials, but merely let out a light sound of surprise and then looked intently at the man in the black robe before Cheng Guang.

As if he had discovered something, his eyes narrowed slightly, watching silently.

Empress Wei by the side of Emperor Zhou, however, did not focus on Qiu Zhiman, her attention remained on Cheng Guang the whole time.

Her lips slightly pursed, her regal, purple-black eyes scrutinized Cheng Guang up and down.

It appeared she had not expected Cheng Guang to have the courage to stop this mastermind.

If the man in the black robe before Cheng Guang was indeed Qiu Zhiman.

Then Qiu Zhiman was a Martial Emperor-level fighter, even if the majority of his Qi was bound, as long as he could use Qi, he would be beyond Cheng Guang's ability to match.

Could Cheng Guang really defeat this Qiu Zhiman?

Empress Wei was quite curious and silently observed without a word.

At this moment, only a quarter of an hour remained until the restriction was lifted.

.....

Qiu Zhiman stared deeply at Cheng Guang, without any superfluous speech, although at this moment he did not know how Cheng Guang had discovered his identity, but now it was no longer important.

It was useless for Cheng Guang to find out, since there was no evidence.

Baseless claims, once spoken, how many would believe?

He walked slowly towards Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang, facing the approaching Qiu Zhiman, did not feel nervous but was instead mentally preparing himself.

After approaching Cheng Guang to a certain distance, Qiu Zhiman suddenly leaped forward, clearing more than a yard, and his fists and feet greeted Cheng Guang's body.

The punches and kicks carried dense Qi and the unique aura of the Martial Emperor Realm, drawing the sparse Heavenly and Earthly Qi around to create an imposing force pressing down on Cheng Guang.

Qiu Zhiman watched calmly, focusing on Cheng Guang.

It seemed Cheng Guang could see through the shadow beneath the black hood and clearly make out Qiu Zhiman's face.

He saw Qiu Zhiman rushing towards him with a smile, gentle and refined, easygoing and composed.

As if completely unaware of the dire consequences Cheng Guang would face under his fists and kicks.

“Heh.”

A warning flashed in Cheng Guang's heart, yet he was well-prepared.

In his mind, involuntarily, the True Lord of Pure Origin's image surfaced.

With the appearance of the True Lord of Pure Origin image in his mind, Cheng Guang felt his spirit clearer than ever.