

My System 151

Chapter 151: Nine Dragons Stealing Sky! 6

Cheng Guang only pondered the matter briefly and didn't give it much thought, after all, it wasn't related to him.

Whether it was the King of South Ming, the crown prince filled with nostalgia, or the future chaos caused by the Devil Clan during the Great Zhou Imperial Family's ceremony, it had nothing to do with him.

He was still just a small substitute "max plus pro enhanced edition," incapable of meddling in the contest between the great powers of the Great Zhou, the Sky-Man, and the Devil Emperor that involved the fate of the nation.

Even facing Qiu Zhiman had been incredibly inconceivable. If it weren't for the fact that Qiu Zhiman wasn't a genuine Martial Emperor and that many powerful divine powers and techniques couldn't be utilized due to the restrained Heavenly and Earthly Qi, Cheng Guang would probably be dead by now.

He was only able to deal with Qiu Zhiman under a specific set of conditions.

He was currently just a small Second Rank Martial Artist in the Physique Realm, a virtually invisible Second Rank practitioner on the verge of reaching the Third Rank Yang God Realm.

If he could avoid getting involved in such matters, he would.

It had nothing to do with him.

Just then, he suddenly had a thought.

No, that's not right.

Won't I have to attend this royal ceremony too?

And won't Wu Yuemei possibly be attending as well??

As soon as Cheng Guang thought of this, he suddenly became restless.

Damn it, if the royal ceremony turns to chaos, with devils dancing wildly and the Devil Emperor coming to kill, who knows how many people will die amidst such confusion.

Wu Yuemei's cultivation strength isn't high, and ever since she gave birth to Liunian and married into Duke Zhen's Mansion, her Primordial Spirit realm has completely deteriorated.

Barely in the Sensing Realm.

Perhaps even less.

She is frequently frail and weakened.

As far as Cheng Guang could tell, it seemed like Wu Yuemei's royal bloodline had also been completely drained.

The control of the royal bloodline by the Great Zhou Imperial Family is extraordinarily strict. If it's just for marrying a consort, an outsider man marrying into the royal family is fine.

However, if a princess of the royal family marries out, her bloodline is not allowed to be spread.

This also explained why Wu Yuemei had only one son, Cheng Guang.

She is still very young and could have had another child.

But she has become unable to do so.

Cheng Guang's expression was complex.

Is the royal family cruel?

Indeed, they are.

But this is the way the royal family maintains its authority and strengthens its advantages.

It's understandable, but not much so.

Of course, however.

Cheng Guang also imagined.

If the royal family wasn't restrained, it's likely that the bloodline would flow in everyone under heaven, with its concentration decreasing over and over again.

Until at last there was hardly any left.

This kind of situation was not unprecedented.

It can be said that, within the vast flow of time and history, the descendants of the surviving dynasties might well be traced back to a member of some royal lineage.

It's just that after countless generations, the royal blood has become incredibly diluted and can't compare to the pure lineage of the rightful heirs of the royal family.

Thoughts surged through Cheng Guang's mind, and he then watched the time for a while longer.

He noticed that the sky in the distance had started to brighten, and not far above the firmament, a hint of the white belly of a fish was beginning to appear.

Dawn had broken.

Early morning.

Unknowingly, he had sat through the entire night.

Cheng Guang chuckled and shook his head, planning to return to his room when Qing Luan yawned, pushed open the window, and looked at Cheng Guang with beautiful eyes seemingly filled with some grievances.

Qing Luan came out quickly with a brocade robe in her hands and draped it over Cheng Guang's shoulders.

"Princely Heir, even though it's still February and your cultivation has already reached the Second Rank Physique Realm, you should still be mindful to keep warm. Don't catch a cold,"

Cheng Guang laughed and said, "I'm not that delicate. I'm not cold."

When Qing Luan heard Cheng Guang say this, she reached out her soft hand and gently held Cheng Guang's, only to find his palm not that cold but rather warm.

It was as if there was a furnace inside him.

This puzzled Qing Luan for a moment.

Cheng Guang chuckled and teased Qing Luan's nose, "Alright, stop overthinking, your Princely Heir is strong."

Qing Luan snickered, “I wonder who was the one saying last night that they couldn’t go on.”

Cheng Guang’s face turned red, and he made as if to strike.

Qing Luan quickly stepped back and playfully stuck out her tongue at Cheng Guang.

The two messed around for a while, when suddenly, from outside the courtyard gate, a voice came through.

“Princely Heir, Princely Heir, something’s wrong, terribly wrong!”

It was Lin Cheng’s voice.

Cheng Guang and Qing Luan stopped talking and looked towards the courtyard gate.

Lin Cheng ran in hastily and rushed into the courtyard, looking at Cheng Guang he said, “Princely Heir, it’s terrible!!”

Lin Cheng was sweating profusely, and because he had been running, a thick scent of sweat exuded from him.

Cheng Guang offered Lin Cheng a cup of tea, “Have some tea first, speak slowly, no rush.”

Cheng Guang remained composed.

Lin Cheng accepted it respectfully and gulped down a large mouthful urgently.

“Princely Heir, that Coachman is acting strange!!”

“His body suddenly turned red and hot, and he’s been muttering nonsense like ‘I am not a coachman, I am a coachman, not a coachman, but the Princely Heir’ and such.”

“His body is so hot, I felt like I was being burned just by touching him.”

Cheng Guang’s eyes narrowed slightly, “Oh? Where is he?”

Lin Cheng quickly answered: “Still at White Deer Manor, he fainted.”

Cheng Guang nodded slightly and then asked, “When did this happen?”

“Just yesterday,” Lin Cheng made a troubled face, “I have no idea why he suddenly became so hot. Princely Heir, you told me to keep an eye on him, not to let him die or escape, but you didn’t say I wasn’t to hit him.”

“I beat him up a few times yesterday, and I don’t know if it was because of my beating that he has become like this.”

Lin Cheng felt that he had done something wrong and was full of guilt in his eyes.

However, Cheng Guang wasn’t in a hurry, he turned to Qing Luan to prepare horses, and assured Lin Cheng, “No worries, let’s go and see!”

Cheng Guang shifted his gaze towards White Deer Manor.

He now had the ability to protect himself, and although his Second Rank Physique Realm cultivation was not considered high, it was certainly not weak.

With the protection of his guards, there shouldn’t be too much of a problem leaving the Capital city.

After all, he would return soon.

Cheng Guang's gaze returned, casting a few glances at Song Yunqi in the shadows.

Song Yunqi seemed to sense the meaning in Cheng Guang's eyes, which told him not to inform Cheng Zihai.

Song Yunqi also felt a sense of hassle inwardly but dared not rebel.

Princely Heir's strength was formidable now, his cultivation speed was swift, and he had just officially joined the Bureau of the Lamp, so it wouldn't be long before he could become one of his top superiors.

Song Yunqi didn't dare to offend Cheng Guang.

But he also didn't dare to offend Cheng Zihai.

For a moment, he was somewhat bewildered and uncertain about what to do.

Cheng Guang didn't bother about him, he simply warned Song Yunqi not to tell Cheng Zihai.

Once Qing Luan had prepared the horses, Cheng Guang immediately led Lin Cheng along with numerous guards, and they rushed towards White Deer Manor.

...

Chapter 152: Killing the Princely Heir

White Deer Manor, within the estate, houses stood in close succession, orderly and aesthetically placed.

Each estate was dominated by high walls and large courtyards, surrounded by green trees and fragrant grass blooming profusely.

When Cheng Guang arrived at the White Deer Manor with Lin Cheng and many guards, it was already noon.

The Village Head of White Deer Manor, Lv Changshou, seemed to hear some noise from outside the estate and, disregarding the work at hand, hurried to the gate to look out.

With just a glance, he spotted Cheng Guang's figure.

He immediately hurried forward, walked briskly towards Cheng Guang, and upon reaching him, he bent respectfully and spoke with reverence,

"I've seen the Princely Heir."

Cheng Guang nodded slightly, his gaze swept past Lv Changshou and looked towards Lin Cheng.

"Where is the person?"

Without saying much, Lin Cheng led Cheng Guang towards a building in the distance.

It was a makeshift house built next to a horse stable, with rather rudimentary walls made entirely of wooden stakes and mud.

It seemed to be a small house built by Cheng Liunian himself.

Cheng Guang pushed the door and entered; inside the simple room, there was only a patch of grass mat that seemed slightly moldy.

Cheng Liunian lay on the bed, his face flushed red and his body burning hot.

All over his body, his skin turned red and purple as if burnt by fire, and his forehead was constantly emitting sweat.

However, the sweat evaporated due to Cheng Liunian's searing body temperature the instant it began to flow, leaving no trace of moisture on his forehead.

At the same time, Cheng Guang also noticed Cheng Liunian's cracked lips moving slightly, mumbling something indiscernible.

Cheng Guang approached, listening to his murmurs.

"I, I, I am not, not a coachman ..."

"Liunian, father, mother ..."

"I am the Town-Nation Duke's Heir ..."

Cheng Liunian murmured, struggling as his entire body trembled. The blood flowing beneath his fiery red skin quickened its pace.

At the same time.

A mysterious glow flickered within Cheng Liunian's body.

It was the light of Divine Power.

Had he truly awakened Divine Power?

What Divine Power had Cheng Liunian awakened?

The memories he had erased were all coming back.

And it wasn't just those ...

It wasn't just the memories that were returning; something seemed to be birthing within him, a kind of bloodline containing spirituality.

Damn it.

Could it be?

Could a bloodline that was completely drawn out grow back?

Is this some kind of joke?

Cheng Guang truly couldn't believe that Cheng Liunian's royal bloodline, after countless tortures, could regenerate unharmed.

This was preposterous.

So, you are the Heaven Emperor, aren't you?

Feeling a mix of emotions, Cheng Guang no longer hesitated and intended to ask Lin Cheng and the others to step back a distance, so he could cast his restriction.

All of a sudden.

Cheng Liunian, as if sensing something, abruptly opened his eyes.

His eyes, filled with bloodshot veins, looked around the environment upon opening, first in confusion and then filled with boundless fear.

His gaze swept the surroundings, eventually landing on Cheng Guang.

When Cheng Liunian's eyes met Cheng Guang's, the fear in them changed to anger and bitterness.

Clenching his teeth, he glared furiously at Cheng Guang, as if the rage in his eyes could erupt at any moment and incinerate Cheng Guang's entire being.

"You!!"

Cheng Liunian was about to say something with clenched teeth when Cheng Guang didn't give him the chance to speak.

With a single hand, he reached out and crushed his jaw.

Cheng Liunian let out a scream of pain, his whole body trembling, his muscles spasming.

But even in his agony, he was laughing.

Laughing hysterically.

It seemed he was aware that he had awakened Divine Power.

An inexplicable luster surged throughout his body, and his crushed jaw began to heal visibly to the naked eye.

In just a moment, he was able to speak again.

"You can't kill me."

"You can't kill me."

“Besides, you don’t dare to kill me!”

“You’d best torture me forever, otherwise, you will surely ...!!!”

Cheng Liunian began to speak quickly, but again, Cheng Guang did not wait for him to finish before reaching out to crush his jaw once more.

This time, Cheng Liunian dared not speak again.

Though he could heal, he could not shut out the pain.

Even though his body was healing under the effect of the awakened Bloodline Divine Powers, the pain did not subside.

Damn it!!

Damn it!!!

Damn it!!!!

Cheng Liunian felt full of frustration.

Because he knew, even though he had awakened the Bloodline Divine Powers, he still couldn’t escape Cheng Guang’s grasp.

At least, not for the time being.

But within Cheng Liunian’s heart, hope was still growing.

Because he knew Cheng Guang didn't dare kill him.

If Cheng Guang killed him, it would immediately cause a supernatural phenomenon, and no one would be able to explain this scene, everyone would know that a royal had died here.

Whether it was Emperor Zhou or the agents of the Bureau of the Lamp, they would send people to investigate.

Once they did, they would quickly discover that the aura within the supernatural phenomenon was his own.

By then, Cheng Guang would not be able to cover up the truth.

And now ...

The means by which Cheng Guang controlled him, under the effect of his Divine Power, were no longer very effective.

Even if Cheng Guang erased all his memories again, it wouldn't be of much use, because his memories would fully recover under the effect of the Divine Power.

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And yet,

even with numerous, severe injuries, this had little effect on him.

His bloodline divine power did not require deliberate effort to activate.

Like some kind of instinct, it naturally came into effect.

In this way, his self-awareness would at least not be lost.

He would always find an opportunity to retaliate against Cheng Guang.

He had already begun to laugh wildly in his heart, but at this moment, he dared not show it on his face.

Because Cheng Liunian knew that if he remained arrogant in front of Cheng Guang now, though Cheng Guang would not kill him, that did not mean he would not be beaten severely.

After all, divine powers could heal his wounds quickly, but they could not prevent a beating.

This kind of power was strong in one sense, but also quite trivial in another.

The strength lay in the fact that no matter how serious the injury, no matter how bizarre the illness, as long as he did not die on the spot, the bloodline divine powers would quickly restore his body.

Cheng Liunian's mouth curved up subtly, and a glint of joy appeared in his eyes.

Cheng Guang noticed the change in Cheng Liunian's expression and watched emotionlessly, without the slightest hesitation, he instructed Lin Cheng to take everyone out.

Lin Cheng nodded.

Soon, only Cheng Guang was left in the house.

Inside the house.

Cheng Liunian surveyed Cheng Guang. Although he no longer dared to be too presumptuous, he still maintained a certain noble dignity and authority.

Seemingly convinced that Cheng Guang would not dare to kill him, he looked defiantly back at Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang didn't talk to him much, just quietly took out the Nine Dragons Stealing Sky, and the way to activate the Nine Dragons Stealing Sky was simple—just a drop of fresh blood on its wooden staff was enough to activate it.

The size of its range could be controlled at will.

When Cheng Guang took out the Nine Dragons Stealing Sky, Cheng Liunian's face suddenly froze.

Although he did not know what Cheng Guang was holding, he could distinctly feel an ominous sensation emanating from the Nine Dragons Stealing Sky in Cheng Guang's hand.

“What is this thing?”

Cheng Liunian could not contain his impatience and immediately looked at Cheng Guang and asked.

Cheng Guang merely glanced at Cheng Liunian and did not speak.

He planted the Nine Dragons Stealing Sky straight into the ground.

The moment the Nine Dragons Stealing Sky was planted, the forbidden spell was cast, the sky above the thatched hut suddenly changed colors.

Lin Cheng, the guards, the Village Head of White Deer Manor, farmers, and others who were on guard outside all noticed this inexplicable change in the skies.

For a moment, they seemed to see strange lights emanating from the secluded wooden hut, and a terrifying, vast power pulsating within.

Feeling the atmosphere inside the hut, everyone's faces changed subtly.

"What is the Princely Heir doing?"

"This feeling, it's not right, very not right!!"

"Feels a bit like a forbidden spell?"

Some guards murmured to themselves.

They couldn't understand why Cheng Guang would have a forbidden spell in his hands.

Nor could they comprehend why Cheng Guang would waste such a spell on an ordinary coachman.

Could it be that there was something unusual about the coachman's identity?

That he was worthy of such great importance to the Princely Heir?

Inside the hut, Lin Cheng and the others were baffled.

Although they were full of questions, without Cheng Guang's permission, they dared not enter the hut at will, only quietly watching the changes happening within.

Even though they couldn't see clearly, they could still make out a few things.

They saw the Qi in the air trembling and converging, forming the shapes of nine spirit dragons.

The nine spirit dragons gathered from all directions, each dragon emitting a different aura, intertwining with one another.

They hovered above the hut.

At the center of the nine spirit dragons, an invisible halo gradually appeared, like a bright jade belt spanning between heaven and earth.

This halo emitted a strong vibration, as if it wanted to devour the entire world.

As time passed, the nine spirit dragons began to rotate around the halo, their forms blurring in rotation and eventually turning into streaks of flowing light, rushing into the halo like shooting stars.

At that moment, the whole world fell silent, only the power of the Nine Dragons Stealing Sky forbidden spell continued to grow. The invisible halo, like a giant bubble, enveloped the wooden hut, isolating everything from the outside.

The scenery around became distorted and blurred under this mysterious forbidden spell, as if everything was constantly changing shape and reassembling. The atmosphere between heaven and earth solidified in an instant, as if time had frozen at that moment.

This moment,

including Lin Cheng, everyone could no longer make out the shape of the wooden hut, nor perceive the existence of anything before their eyes.

For a time, many people stared with eyes wide in shock.

“What... what kind of forbidden spell is this...”

“It has isolated heaven and earth, this forbidden spell feels incredibly powerful.”

“The Princely Heir’s forbidden spell is priceless; why would he waste such a precious artifact in this place?”

People murmured in fright,

completely terrified by the display of the forbidden spell.

At the same time,

they were also terrified by Cheng Guang’s lack of humanity.

Such a precious forbidden spell was wasted on a mere coachman; no matter how they thought about it, it did not seem worthwhile.

They could not understand why Cheng Guang would do such a thing.

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After much thought, they could only come up with one answer.

That was, Cheng Guang did not care about the prohibition as long as it made him happy.

“Princely Heir seems not to want to let the coachman off so easily...”

The crowd murmured to themselves, not daring to say more, silently watching.

Lin Cheng did the same, watching the scene unfold.

He knew more than the others.

He knew.

At the moment, the coachman inside the house was inexplicably feverish, as if something was amiss.

The Princely Heir also heard the news and rushed over quickly.

Could it be because of the coachman's abnormal condition that the Princely Heir is so cautious?

Lin Cheng pondered in his heart, but his expression remained unchanged as he silently watched the cabin entwined by nine Spirit Dragons.

Despite the view becoming blurred beyond direct sight, not able to see through the veil of the nine Spirit Dragons...

...

No matter how people outside speculated, it did not affect Cheng Guang inside the wooden house in the slightest.

He silently watched Cheng Liunian before him.

With a mere thought, he began to control Nine Dragons Stealing Sky to strip the awakened Bloodline Divine Powers from Cheng Liunian's body.

Just at that moment.

Cheng Guang made no move.

An invisible halo appeared above Cheng Liunian's forehead.

Cheng Liunian suddenly suffered an excruciating headache, feeling as if every inch of his skin, every bone in his body, was under immense pressure.

It was as if mighty forces were pulling at his body, trying to tear something out from within him.

During that tugging.

It was like channels of meridians breaking, bones shattering one by one.

Cheng Liunian felt a heart-wrenching pain.

The pain swept over him like a fierce storm without giving Cheng Liunian any time to react.

Pain!!

Unspeakable pain!!

Under the intense pain, blood seemed to flow from every part of Cheng Liunian's body.

He roared madly.

“Damn it, if you have the guts, kill me!!”

“If you have the guts, just kill me!!!”

Cheng Guang looked on indifferently at all this.

He paid no heed to Cheng Liunian's cries.

Gradually.

Amidst the fierce pain, Cheng Liunian repeatedly lost and regained consciousness multiple times, and after a few cycles, his body ran out of strength.

As if exhausted, even if the pain was severe, his body only twitched slightly in response, beyond that, there was no reaction whatsoever.

Cheng Guang raised his eyes to look at the halo over Cheng Liunian's body.

At that moment, the Divine Powers within Cheng Liunian seemed to condense into sparkling points of light, drifting from his body into the halo.

The forms of the nine Spirit Dragons gradually became ethereal as well, as if they were being pulled by an invisible force, continuously merging into the invisible halo.

Lastly, when all the Spirit Dragons had merged into the halo, it suddenly emitted a strong light, a massive beam connecting heaven and earth, illuminating the entire world.

But because of the prohibition, this beam burst forth only within the wooden house, the view a blinding white light.

The moment that halo appeared above him.

Cheng Liunian's body began to tremble wildly, his wounds, which had begun to heal, burst open once again instantly.

Large amounts of blood flowed from his body.

Cheng Liunian screamed in terror.

“What’s happened to my body? What’s happening?”

He kept shouting until he realized that all of this was Cheng Guang’s doing, abruptly turned his head, and his bloodshot eyes stared fiercely at Cheng Guang.

“You... you... what have you done to me???”

Cheng Guang didn’t bother with him; speaking even a word to Cheng Liunian at this moment was a waste of time.

With a thought.

The halo floating above Cheng Liunian slowly drifted towards him.

At that time, the halo had changed from its initial transparency to a golden color with traces of golden sparkle.

Cheng Guang reached out his hand, touching the halo.

The power contained within the halo began to flow into his body.

At the same time, a piece of information appeared in his mind.

[Everlasting Divine Power: A Bloodline Divine Power inherited from the God Emperor of Great Zhou, which can endow the body with vitality, and all non-fatal injuries can be healed. The stronger one’s cultivation, the faster the recovery speed.]

Cheng Guang examined the information that appeared in his mind until he saw this Divine Power information, he then knew why Cheng Liunian suddenly recovered.

In fact, Cheng Liunian hadn't felt any discomfort because of the changes to his Primordial Spirit or the erasure of memories, but to the Divine Power, all that was indeed considered injury.

If it was an injury, then it had to be healed.

Because of this, the Divine Power started operating on its own under Cheng Liunian's unconscious state, consuming his Primordial Spirit power to heal the injuries on his Primordial Spirit.

Originally Cheng Liunian's Primordial Spirit wasn't very strong, and at this moment, the Everlasting Divine Power was still continuously drawing on his Primordial Spirit power.

Soon, Cheng Liunian couldn't hold on any longer and passed out.

If not, Cheng Liunian would have thought about escaping the moment his memory was restored, and he wouldn't have been discovered by Lin Cheng lying on the bed, feverish.

Cheng Guang's eyes flickered with an indistinct glow as he quietly contemplated.

His gaze suddenly fell upon Cheng Liunian again.

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Under Cheng Liunian's terrified gaze, Cheng Guang slowly stepped forward, with surging Qi gleaming in the palm of his hand.

Murderous aura was chilling.

Cheng Liunian didn't know why, but when he saw the murderous intent in Cheng Guang's eyes, he felt a shiver in his body.

Clearly, he knew that Cheng Guang could not possibly kill him.

If Cheng Guang killed him, the resulting mystical phenomena from his death would cause Cheng Guang to die as well.

Unless he wants us to perish together.

With this thought, Cheng Liunian's face regained its confident smile, his lips curling into a fierce grin as he glared at Cheng Guang with hatred.

"What do you think you're doing? You couldn't possibly want to kill me..."

Cheng Liunian hadn't finished speaking.

Cheng Guang had already arrived in front of Cheng Liunian and struck out with a palm.

He viciously slapped it onto Cheng Liunian's forehead.

Bang!!

A dull sound erupted.

The brain inside Cheng Liunian's head instantly shattered.

His eyes, mouth, and ears immediately gushed out copious amounts of blood.

It poured out like there was no cost, surging violently.

All time seemed to disappear at that moment.

Cheng Liunian looked at Cheng Guang, unable to believe what was happening, blood spilling from his mouth. He seemed to want to say something, but before any words could come out, he collapsed to the ground.

His eyes gradually lost their light.

Cheng Guang took a brocade handkerchief from his bosom and slowly wiped his palm with it, then tossed the handkerchief onto Cheng Liunian's body.

The moment the brocade handkerchief touched Cheng Liunian's body, raging flames erupted instantly, flickering tongues of fire engulfed Cheng Liunian's body completely.

His clothes, flesh, and bones all began to burn, and in an instant, puffs of black smoke drifted away.

Then, at that moment.

A tremendously powerful aura burst forth from the world, as if from within the wooden house a giant pillar of light rose up, starting from Cheng Liunian's body.

At the same time, the Nine Dragons Stealing Sky formation began to suppress the mystical phenomena caused by the death of Cheng Liunian with an astonishing reaction speed.

The entire wooden house and the world seemed to be completely isolated at that moment, forming an independent space.

The huge pillar of light was imprisoned within the wooden house.

Only after Cheng Liunian's body had completely turned to ash did the light pillar faintly dissipate.

All was quiet.

Whew...

Cheng Guang slowly exhaled, his gaze complex as he looked at the pile of ashes on the ground.

After so many days, he had finally dealt with the true Princely Heir completely.

If you don't die, I will have to.

It's either you or me now.

Cheng Guang muttered to himself and dispersed the Nine Dragons Stealing Sky formation.

The formation, like a breeze, vanished into the world with a whoosh.

Everything appeared unchanged from before.

The sky outside was still blue, with clouds drifting peacefully, everything so tranquil and serene.

Cheng Guang pushed open the door and walked out, enjoying the splendid sunshine for a while, then spoke slowly.

"Let's go. It's time to go back."

Lin Cheng nodded, then silently turned to glance behind him. When he saw the ashes within the wooden house, his eyes slightly narrowed.

The coachman was indeed dead.

Although Lin Cheng did not understand why his Princely Heir would go through so much trouble for a coachman, who had been directly killed a long time ago.

Lin Cheng breathed a sigh of relief, feeling suddenly relaxed all over his body.

Now that the coachman was dead, he could return to the capital city.

The thought was quite satisfying indeed.

Cheng Guang did not linger too long at White Deer Manor and refused the Village Head's invitation to stay for a meal, quickly heading back to the capital city.

He could not stay away for too long. If he was outside the capital for an extended period,

even if the numerous guards did not report back to Cheng Zihai, Cheng Zihai would sense something was amiss.

Cheng Guang rode his horse at a swift pace, and in just two hours he had returned to the capital city.

By the time he arrived at Duke Zhen's Mansion, inside the Million Specie Garden,

Qing Luan was still in the pavilion, seemingly lost in thought, resting her chin in her hand with a somewhat absent-minded look.

When she heard someone's footsteps approaching the courtyard gate, she turned her head excitedly, looking towards the entrance.

Seeing Cheng Guang's figure appear, her eyes revealed some delight.

She quickly got up and walked briskly to Cheng Guang.

“Princely Heir, what’s the situation?” Qing Luan asked.

Cheng Guang knew what Qing Luan was asking about and nodded.

“It’s been dealt with.”

Upon hearing this, Qing Luan immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

The heavy burden that had weighed on her heart had finally been lifted.

Qing Luan’s lips moved slightly, as if suddenly recalling something, and a hesitant look appeared on her lovely face, unsure whether she should bring up the matter to Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang noticed Qing Luan’s expression and chuckled softly.

“Whatever it is, just say it out. There’s no need to worry about anything,” he said.

Qing Luan nodded slightly and said, “Princely Heir, Bai Shuxuan has disappeared.”

“Gone?” Cheng Guang’s eyebrows rose slightly, as if he couldn’t comprehend what Qing Luan meant.

He had only left Bai Shuxuan behind on Crane-Crying Island, not lost him.

How could he just disappear so suddenly?

Qing Luan then further explained, “He disappeared... or rather... went missing...”

On hearing this, Cheng Guang’s brow furrowed slightly.

“How could he go missing just like that, who told you this?”

Qing Luan replied, “Mr. Qian Siyuan just came by, wanting to speak with you about something. But since you weren’t here at the time, Mr. Qian told me about it.”

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“After the restrictions were shattered, Bai Shuxuan was taken away by several black-robed figures,”

“Those black-robed figures seemed to be from the Devil Clan. They only spoke a few words to Bai Shuxuan, and he willingly followed them. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have been able to escape at all.”

Cheng Guang was shocked when he heard this.

“Bai Shuxuan left with that group of black-robed figures? But there are still many powerful people on Crane-Crying Island; those black-robed figures couldn’t possibly escape, could they??”

“Are all those people surrounding the black-robed figures idiots? Are they just going to watch as Bai Shuxuan is taken away by them?”

Qing Luan also furrowed her brows in confusion upon hearing this.

She clearly didn’t understand either.

Why would Bai Shuxuan just follow those black-robed figures willingly?

It made even less sense.

Why could those black-robed figures escape with Bai Shuxuan from Crane-Crying Island?

Besides those who took Bai Shuxuan, some black-robed figures also managed to sneak away unnoticed.

They were truly elusive like ghosts, invisible to both gods and spirits.

Qing Luan was baffled.

Cheng Guang's brows knitted together; he actually knew the black-robed figures had ways to disengage.

Moreover, once the black-robed figures detached themselves, even the Bureau of the Lamp couldn't find their whereabouts for a time.

Before this, he had always thought their method of escape involved not killing all the students of the Martial Academy, leaving some alive, and then, in the moment the restrictions were lifted, stealthily removing their robes and reverting to their original appearances to safely flee.

But now, it seemed things were not so simple.

No, that's not right.

For a moment, Cheng Guang couldn't understand how those black-robed figures managed to leave Crane-Crying Island with Bai Shuxuan in front of many constables of the Bureau of the Lamp and even under the eyes of Emperor Zhou and Empress Wei of Great Wei.

Even if Emperor Zhou and Empress Wei weren't focusing their full attention on Bai Shuxuan and the black-robed figures at the time,

when one's cultivation and strength reach a certain level, even if they're not deliberately paying attention to the black-robed figures, they can still perceive their every move.

It made no sense, no sense at all.

Could it be that they never intended to escape?

Cheng Guang couldn't help but think this when suddenly,

his expression slightly stiffened.

Of course!!

Perhaps they never planned to escape!

Where is Crane-Crying Island located??

In the rivers outside the Capital city!!

And what river is that??

The canal outside the Capital!!!

Associated with the system task prompt, there was a hint that a Spacetime Rift had formed under the canal outside the Capital city at some unknown time, and a large number of the Devil Clan were emerging from that rift.

When that Spacetime Rift appeared, there must have been significant disturbances, so...

That is to say, underneath Crane-Crying Island, there were restrictions in place to mask the disturbances created by the Spacetime Rift's presence.

Those few who took Bai Shuxuan were not the original students of the Martial Academy but part of the Devil Clan who had sneaked onto the island unnoticed at some point.

Could it be that...

The number of black-robed figures increased inexplicably.

Originally, some from the Devil Clan were involved...

Cheng Guang's eyes narrowed slightly, and in that moment, it seemed as though he understood much.

What he had not considered,

was that the King of South Ming would be so audacious; not only colluding with the Devil Clan but also creating a Spacetime Rift to smuggle them in was one thing.

But to put the smuggling route right underneath Crane-Crying Island!!

That was the very place where Great Zhou and Great Wei held their martial competitions!!

Did the King of South Ming and those Devil Clan he colluded with not fear being discovered??

Was it confidence without fear, or something else?

Cheng Guang didn't understand.

But at that moment, he had a rough idea of Bai Shuxuan's whereabouts.

She must have been taken back by the members of the Devil Clan.

Thinking of that, Cheng Guang felt a bit regretful.

“Bai Shuxuan probably couldn’t control herself anymore. I wonder, after releasing her from the control of Charm Eyes, how she will face me...”

Cheng Guang murmured to himself.

Although a bit regretful, he didn’t dwell on it.

Bai Shuxuan was a trophy he obtained after completing his mission—it was nice to have her, but no big loss if she was gone.

He just hoped that after Bai Shuxuan returned to the Devil Clan, she would drop her little pearls of criticism about how rough he had been in certain matters, and just scold him a little, rather than coming back to cause him trouble.

If Bai Shuxuan came back to trouble him again, he wouldn’t indulge her anymore.

If she could escape once, could she escape a second time?

The smile on Cheng Guang’s lips didn’t fade; it grew even richer.

Qing Luan watched Cheng Guang from the side, her pretty eyes fixed on him. Seeing the smile on his face, she suddenly felt her Princely Heir was a bit naughty.

Wondering what mischievous thoughts he was entertaining.

“Princely Heir, do we no longer need to worry about Bai Shuxuan?”

Qing Luan asked.

Cheng Guang nodded and said, “No need to bother with her anymore. Right now, she is probably taking a knife and jabbing a voodoo doll of me.”

Listening to that, Qing Luan felt it probably wouldn't be the case.

Qing Luan didn't know about Charm Eyes, nor did she know that Bai Shuxuan had come under Cheng Guang's quiet control, which was why she was so obedient to him.

She just thought Cheng Guang was joking.

She covered her mouth with her hand and smiled.

"The Princely Heir is really joking. Bai Shuxuan is especially infatuated with the Princely Heir, she wouldn't do something like that. When I first heard from Mr. Qian that Bai Shuxuan had disappeared, I thought she had been kidnapped by the man in black. But then I heard from Mr. Qian that Bai Shuxuan had willingly followed the man in black. Her figure vanished in an instant, and even Mr. Qian, who is at the Eighth-Rank King Realm, didn't notice anything odd, their figures just disappeared."

"I guess it must be some powerful Different Treasure capable of instant teleportation."

Cheng Guang sighed, this was becoming a bit difficult to explain.

Only when Bai Shuxuan was under his control would she behave a bit more obediently.

As long as Charm Eyes were ineffective.

Bai Shuxuan would dare to grab a knife and stab him in the kidneys at any minute.

As for what kind of Different Treasure could teleport instantaneously, there probably was one, but whether it was powerful could not be said for sure.

But it certainly could teleport back to their original nest where the Devil Clan had smuggled across—a place that could shield their presence, one that even the Emperor Zhou of the Heavenly Human Realm

and Empress Wei had failed to detect. It seemed that the area was backed by someone no weaker than a Sky-Man level powerhouse.

Could it be a Devil Emperor of the Devil Clan?

Cheng Guang stroked his chin, silently pondering.

After a while, Cheng Guang let out a breath and said with a wry smile:

“Alright, Bai Shuxuan is gone now. So now, you can have all my affection to yourself.”

Upon hearing this, Qing Luan’s cheeks turned a light shade of red.

“Princely Heir, let, let me rest a bit. Later tonight...

Cheng Guang was taken aback and couldn’t help but laugh, “Where is your mind wandering to, girl? It’s not even dark yet. Am I that impatient?”

Qing Luan’s cheeks turned even redder, her head bowed, not knowing what else to say.

The valiant air she usually had no longer existed at that moment.

Cheng Guang watched Qing Luan’s shy demeanor, looking at her fair, delicate face, a fondness stirred within him.

“This day... isn’t necessarily off-limits...”

.....

Chapter 157: The Struggling Old Father

Although that daytime drama is somewhat interesting, it shouldn't be overdone.

This sort of thing is more intriguing at night.

Cheng Guang rubbed his aging back and slowly walked out of the room.

He reached the pavilion, brewed himself a cup of tea, and filled the cup to the brim. The scalding tea tumbled inside the cup, releasing wisps of aroma.

Seated in the pavilion, Cheng Guang began pondering his next move. To him, neither the King of South Ming nor the crown prince had much impact on him.

As long as the King of South Ming or the crown prince did not provoke him, he would be dead set against getting involved in their affairs.

But now, this crown prince who was impersonating the King of South Ming was definitely going too far, first colluding with the Devil Clan, then making repeated attempts on his life, putting him in mortal danger. And now, he had even set his sights on the royal ceremonies. If chaos were to ensue during the palace rituals, who knows how many would die.

He could be indifferent to the death of others.

But he was also supposed to attend the royal ceremonies.

In some sense, Cheng Guang was also a member of the royal family, whether as a subject or a royal relative, he could not escape this duty.

Wu Yuemei and Cheng Zihai were also expected to attend the royal ceremonies.

There were too many people involved in the palace rituals related to Cheng Guang.

If Cheng Guang ignored the South Ming King, even Emperor Zhou, a formidable being in the Heavenly Human Realm, could be grievously injured; what good could others hope for?

The more Cheng Guang thought about it, the more he felt the King of South Ming deserved to die.

He slowly picked up his tea cup, took a sip to moisten his throat, then with one hand on his forehead, he brushed his hair back and lifted his eyes toward the myriad stars in the sky.

His thoughts surged within him.

“Now, what should I do?”

“Although I know the intentions of that King of South Ming and where the Devil Clan has been sneaking in, but..., if I were to tell Cheng Zihai directly, how would I explain how I discovered it?”

“As for the King of South Ming replacing some officials with members of the Devil Clan to attend the royal ceremonies, causing disturbances, how should I find a good reason to exclude all these problematic officials?”

Cheng Guang was confronted with difficult problems.

At this moment, Cheng Guang felt more than ever that without power, he was truly helpless.

Especially now, when the correct answers were already before him, yet just as he was about to copy them, his ink brush suddenly ran dry.

At times like this, one could only fret and stare blankly, without any other solutions.

The more Cheng Guang pondered, the more he realized the difficulty of this matter for him.

At this time.

The air was clear and cold.

There were few clouds in the sky, hardly any to be seen, allowing the moon to pour its light directly onto the earth.

Cheng Guang stood up, planning to cultivate for a while; this matter was not urgent, as there were still several months until the royal ceremonies.

In those few months, there should be some ways to find a breakthrough.

Moreover...

He had already joined the Bureau of the Lamp.

In the Bureau, though his position was lowly, due to his status, even constables of higher rank had to show him respect.

His words still carried weight.

Perhaps he could use the power of the Bureau's constables to deal with the pretender prince posing as the King of South Ming.

At that moment, Cheng Guang seemed to think of something, stroking his chin, his eyes brightening.

Speaking of which.

The system gave me two options for this task.

One option is to slay the King of South Ming, while the other is to pledge allegiance to the King of South Ming.

Logically, only one of these needs to be completed.

But...

Couldn't I complete both tasks and take advantage of the system's rewards?

This time the task is somewhat interesting; slaying the King of South Ming yields a famous sword. While I don't know how powerful this sword is, it's at least a famous sword designated by the system, so its quality can't be too bad.

And if I pledge allegiance to the King of South Ming, I would receive a Pekinese.

Cheng Guang was a bit skeptical, wondering if his silly system was hinting at something—by pledging to the King of South Ming, was he likening himself to a Pekinese?

A slight twitch formed at the corner of Cheng Guang's mouth, feeling that the system actually possessed some sense of humor, although strangely cold.

It was like a joke.

Paired with the word "Hell" annotated behind the Pekinese, it turned into a hellish joke.

Cheng Guang couldn't help but shake his head with a chuckle. If possible, he would complete both tasks.

Pledging allegiance, in theory, only required recognition from the King of South Ming or his subordinates.

But with his silly system's style, sincerity might not be important nor whether the other party actually wanted to take him in.

Just having the appearance would suffice.

Thinking this, Cheng Guang silently recited in his mind.

"I am a man of the King of South Ming."

As he spoke, silence ensued.

No task completion sound rang out.

Cheng Guang's interest waned—the system didn't accept that?

Has it grown smarter?

Impossible, the system has no intelligence and cannot learn.

Enough of that, I won't bother arguing with this trivial system.

Cheng Guang decided to try a different approach in the future; for now, he had to cultivate.

Chapter 158: The Struggling Old Father _2

He walked into the courtyard and first practiced the Heavenly Gang Star Fight for a while.

Heavenly Gang Star Fight was indeed a fine martial art. Having only grasped the Initial Comprehension Realm, he could already unleash such tremendous power, directly slaying the Martial Academy's Dean Qiu Zhiman of Great Zhou, whose cultivation realm was as high as the Ninth Grade.

Although he had slain Qiu Zhiman under the influence of a restriction, which greatly limited his opponent's cultivation strength, it was still not something any ordinary martial artist could compare themselves to.

Under such circumstances, Cheng Guang's ability to slay Qiu Zhiman was undeniably indicative of his strength.

Beneath the moonlight, Cheng Guang's limbs flowed with movement, each gesture seemingly carrying a hint of starlight.

An indescribable aura enveloped his entire being at this moment.

Lin Cheng, who was guarding nearby in the courtyard, watched the figure of his Princely Heir with silent admiration, his heart filled with shock.

“The Princely Heir’s Heavenly Gang Star Fight realm has improved a great deal. How is it that, in the eyes of everyone in the world, what seems to be an incredibly difficult martial art, appears so simple before our Princely Heir...?”

“That being said, is the Princely Heir about to make a breakthrough to the Purple Mansion Realm?”

Lin Cheng observed the fluctuations of Qi around Cheng Guang and speculated in his heart.

Just then, Cheng Guang's expression subtly shifted.

The God Emperor Cultivation Method quietly started operating within his body, drawing in a great amount of Qi with his breath, flowing into his Primordial Spirit.

In terms of Spirit Dao, he was still in the Yin God Realm, and his Primordial Spirit was pure white.

At this moment, however, the originally pure white Primordial Spirit suddenly changed color.

The majority of it was now enshrouded by a fiery red hue.

Cheng Guang felt as though his body had turned hot.

In reality, it wasn't his body that was hot, but rather the heat was coming from his Primordial Spirit.

His Primordial Spirit, solid in nature, started to slowly warm up.

What was only half-occupying the Primordial Spirit a moment ago, the fiery red hue instantly spread to envelop it completely, and in a single breath, his Primordial Spirit turned entirely red.

Boom~~~!!

Cheng Guang felt as if a thunderous roar was resounding by his ears.

The roar, as loud as thunder and as ferocious as an ancient dragon, sent a jolt through his entire body.

When he reopened his eyes, he felt as if the world before him had become much brighter.

Simultaneously, he felt as if he could temporarily leave his physical body.

Thinking thus, Cheng Guang willed it, and his Primordial Spirit slowly rose.

He felt as if he had flown up, separating from his physical form.

Following that, he saw his body standing with eyes closed in the courtyard, observed the quiet Lin Cheng who watched over him, and the members of the Bureau of the Lamp secretly guarding the area.

Everything and everyone were laid bare under his gaze, with no place to hide, crystal clear to his sight.

Yang God Realm!

The third-grade realm of Spirit Dao, the Yang God Realm!

A surge of joy filled Cheng Guang's heart, unaware of how long it took other royal family members to cultivate to the third-grade Yang God Realm of Spirit Dao. Until now, it had taken him less than a month.

Nearing a breakthrough in Spirit Dao to the third-grade Yang God Realm, Martial Cultivation was likely not far behind.

Perhaps in a day or two, he would be able to break through to the Purple Mansion Realm.

Speaking of which, opening the Purple Mansion in Martial Cultivation was very important.

The Purple Mansion was the place to store the martial arts Divine Power Marks. Logically, the larger the Purple Mansion, the more powerful Divine Power Marks it could store.

The capacity of the Purple Mansion determines the limit of martial arts marks.

Therefore, even those who couldn't learn such profound martial arts would still try to open their Purple Mansion a bit larger, just in case.

What if one day they could learn powerful martial arts but suddenly found the Purple Mansion was insufficient? Wouldn't that be embarrassing?

Thus, many martial artists would spend more time during the Purple Mansion Realm to solidify their foundation, ensuring the size of the newly opened Purple Mansion was adequate before breaking through. It's not too late then.

As Cheng Guang pondered this, his Primordial Spirit retracted slightly, returning to his body.

Now that he was in the Yang God Realm, his Primordial Spirit could leave the body for a while, even during the day. It could stay outside for an hour or two without suffering any harm.

But if it exceeded two hours, his Primordial Spirit would still get scorched by the blazing sun.

Therefore, until his Primordial Spirit could completely disregard the sunlight, it was better to avoid it.

Cheng Guang continued his cultivation of the God Emperor Cultivation Method, channeling the Qi he attracted into his Primordial Spirit to consolidate the newly achieved Yang God Realm.

At the same time, his body was not idle either, as the Divine Python Coiling Skill continued to be cultivated.

Time slowly trickled by as Cheng Guang practiced his cultivation.

Late into the night, Cheng Guang returned to his room for a short rest.

This time, he did not rest for very long.

As dawn broke and the rooster crowed, he got out of bed.

With Qing Luan's assistance, he quickly washed up and prepared to leave the estate to head to the Bureau of the Lamp.

At this time.

He had long been a constable of the Bureau of the Lamp.

Although Cheng Zihai had not yet spoken to him or specifically asked him to report to the Bureau of the Lamp, Cheng Guang had things to attend to now, with the pressure of the King of South Ming looming over him. He knew he had to take action on his own and couldn't rely on anyone else.

As Cheng Guang left the estate, Lin Cheng followed closely behind.

Chapter 159: The Struggling Old Father _3

It took less than two hours for Cheng Guang to arrive at the Bureau of the Lamp.

This time, his return to the Bureau of the Lamp was with a changed mindset.

As soon as Cheng Guang reached the Bureau of the Lamp, his figure attracted the attention of the crowd. However, the numerous constables of the bureau were not in the mood to engage in much conversation with this Princely Heir. After a simple salute, they hurried off.

It seemed as though there was some major event unfolding at the Bureau of the Lamp, leaving many people in a state of panic.

Cheng Guang's brow furrowed slightly, not understanding what was happening.

But it was not appropriate to stop someone to ask, seeing how they were all in such a rush, it didn't seem like they would have time to mind him.

Cheng Guang didn't care, and walked slowly into the Bureau, stepping on the bluestone path. In no time, he had reached the depths of the Bureau.

Along the way, Cheng Guang faintly overheard conversations. Even though he couldn't make out everything quite clearly, he could pick up on certain words and phrases.

"Why does Your Majesty demand that we find the crown prince within a month... That's simply a wild goose chase!"

“The crown prince has been so well hidden, even for dozens of years. If he were easy to find, we would have found him by now. After all this time with no success, how could it be possible in just one month...”

“Alas, we have no choice but to look now. If we can’t find the crown prince within a month, the Director will be replaced.”

“Indeed, it’s really vexing. Why would Your Majesty want to replace our Director, and with that eunuch...”

“Shush...”

“You shouldn’t talk like that. Don’t you know the walls have ears? It’s quite an oversight for someone who’s a constable at the Bureau of the Lamp. Keep your words to yourself. Zhao Jin may be a eunuch, but at least he’s someone whose Cultivation Realm is not inferior to Director Cheng.”

Hearing the discussions of the others, Cheng Guang’s expression gradually grew odd.

He couldn’t imagine that the reason for the grim expressions and hurried demeanors of the Bureau members was all because of this...

Does Your Majesty intend to remove Cheng Zihai from the position of Director of the Bureau of the Lamp?

Why? For what reason?

Could it be because of the recent chaos caused at the martial arts competition between the Great Wei Dynasty and Great Zhou Dynasty?

While deep in thought, Cheng Guang walked up to the grand hall of the Bureau of the Lamp.

Before he even approached, he heard the voices of Cheng Zihai and Qian Siyuan, along with another voice, low and slightly hoarse, in conversation inside the hall.

“Director, the whereabouts of the crown prince are still unclear, and the black-robed men we caught last time are mostly weak with low realms of power and knew nothing substantial, rendering them dead soldiers with little value for interrogation.”

That was Qian Siyuan’s voice.

“Your Majesty has given us too little time. One month is simply impossible.”

The voice that was slightly hoarse belonged to another person.

Cheng Zihai then spoke, “Enough. His Majesty’s actions must have his reasons. We, as his subjects, need only to obey and should not question His Majesty’s decisions.”

The hall fell silent upon the conclusion of Cheng Zihai’s words.

Their silence was a form of protest against what Cheng Zihai had said.

Cheng Zihai’s temperament was completely different from Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan’s. If it were Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, he certainly wouldn’t defend the Emperor’s words like this.

In their view, the Emperor was clearly trying to reclaim the power from Cheng Zihai’s hands.

Currently, under Cheng Zihai’s leadership, the Bureau of the Lamp was operationally independent, even without the need for Cheng Zihai.

Perhaps the Emperor was thinking...

The power of Duke Zhen’s Mansion was simply too great.

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, had a million-strong Northern Expedition Army under his command at the Border Area, arguably the most powerful army in the Great Zhou Dynasty, all within the grasp of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

If turmoil were to strike the Great Zhou Dynasty, Duke Zhen's Mansion could easily raise their own banner.

The million-strong lions under Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan's command were something Emperor Zhou neither dared, nor could, interfere with.

After all, the Great Zhou Dynasty's borders needed Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, to keep them secure.

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, who had long been stationed at the Border Area, earned his merit for the Great Zhou Dynasty and even Emperor Zhou himself had no real grounds to strip away the authority from his hands.

Furthermore, there was no reason, nor means, to take back the Northern Expedition Army from Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan.

Even if Emperor Zhou forcefully reclaimed military power over the Northern Expedition Army, it wasn't certain that they would heed Emperor Zhou's command.

The million-strong Northern Expedition Army was nominally the army of the Great Zhou Dynasty but in reality, it was a force raised solely by Cheng Shiyuan.

It was the private army of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

They only acknowledged Duke Zhen.

Perhaps, they would also recognize the future Duke of the State.

Not Emperor Zhou.

Thus, even if Emperor Zhou felt the power of Duke Zhen's Mansion was too great, he did not make a move against Cheng Zihai.

Consequently...

If Emperor Zhou still wanted to exert some pressure on Duke Zhen's Mansion, he could only seek a breakthrough from Cheng Zihai.

Fortunately.

The recent events provided Emperor Zhou with such a pretext.

It could serve as a reason to strip the Bureau of the Lamp from Cheng Zihai's control.

Though Emperor Zhou wanted to take the Bureau of the Lamp away from Cheng Zihai, he did not completely disregard Cheng Zihai's dignity or chances.

If Cheng Zihai could find the whereabouts of the crown prince within a month, the Bureau could still remain in his hands. Otherwise, Emperor Zhou could not be blamed for showing no mercy.

Chapter 160: The Struggling Old Father _4

The two people inside the room stopped talking.

They were worried, they were anxious!

They truly didn't believe that Cheng Zihai, along with themselves, or rather, the entire Bureau of the Lamp, would be able to find the crown prince within such a short month.

Who was the crown prince?

He was someone who had contended with Emperor Zhou of Great Zhou for decades, who, even after being stripped of his qualifications to inherit the throne, could still hide in the shadows and secretly plot rebellion.

Such a person was too cunning!

Such a person was too ghostly!

He wasn't someone they could simply find.

In their hearts, they felt that this task was as difficult as ascending to the heavens.

Cheng Zihai was surely going to leave the Bureau of the Lamp.

Thinking of this, Qian Siyuan and the person next to him felt their hearts turn gray, and their mood inevitably sank.

They knew that once Cheng Zihai left the Bureau of the Lamp, it would no longer be their brotherly Bureau of the Lamp, but would completely degenerate into an emotionless intelligence agency of the Great Zhou Court.

Although it should have been the case from the start...

For them, who had harbored the intention of discovering a path for the Human Race since the foundation of the Bureau of the Lamp, Cheng Zihai's departure was an unacceptable turn of events.

But at the moment...

There was no other solution.

Emperor Zhou had already given the final deadline.

One month!

Only one month left!

Qian Siyuan and the person next to him already felt a sense of urgency in their hearts.

They did not speak further with Cheng Zihai; after a few more casual words, they hurriedly turned and left, already eager to investigate the whereabouts of the crown prince.

The only way to keep Cheng Zihai at the Bureau of the Lamp now was to find the crown prince within this month.

If they failed to find the crown prince, then no matter how many strategies they thought of, no matter how much they pleaded with Emperor Zhou, it would be of no use at all.

Qian Siyuan walked briskly out of the great hall. As he stepped out, he saw Cheng Guang's figure; he was momentarily stunned upon seeing Cheng Guang, then a mild and warm smile appeared on his somewhat stiff face. He nodded slightly at Cheng Guang and then quickly left.

Li Zhengyang, who followed behind Qian Siyuan, also noticed Cheng Guang. It was his first time seeing Cheng Guang at the Bureau of the Lamp, and his face also showed a slight hint of surprise.

"Princely Heir."

Li Zhengyang appraised Cheng Guang for a few moments, admiration evident in his eyes: "Princely Heir, your skills in the martial competition were impressive. I hold you in high regard."

"I have other matters to attend to, so I won't disturb the Princely Heir." After looking at Cheng Guang a few more times, Li Zhengyang quickly left.

As Li Zhengyang was assessing Cheng Guang, Cheng Guang was also observing Li Zhengyang.

Li Zhengyang, also one of the deputy directors of the Bureau of the Lamp, was upright, his face emanating righteousness. If placed in the court, he would undoubtedly be an official akin to Wei Zheng, known for his outspokenness.

Li Zhengyang's moral character was just like his appearance—full of integrity. Having come from a humble background, he would not tolerate any abuse of power by the nobility over the commoners. Each time he saw such injustices, he felt compelled to intervene.

The Bureau of the Lamp was already not favored in the eyes of many nobles.

Because of Li Zhengyang's presence, the Bureau had become a complete thorn in the side of the powerful elite.

But...

Cheng Guang knew that it was precisely because of people like Li Zhengyang that the Bureau of the Lamp could be called such.

Otherwise, how would it light the way for the Human Race?

In a world where only the nobility existed and commoners could not rise, there wasn't much hope left.

Cheng Guang watched as the figures of Qian Siyuan and Li Zhengyang disappeared, slowly withdrawing his gaze to head inside the great hall.

Seeing Cheng Zihai inside, who looked slightly anxious and forlorn, a trace of a smile involuntarily curved on his lips.

Although Cheng Zihai, Qian Siyuan, and Li Zhengyang were currently fretting over how to find the crown prince, Cheng Guang knew that the crown prince would probably be found in the end.

Otherwise, the future Bureau of the Lamp wouldn't remain in the hands of the true Princely Heir; it would have been completely taken over by Emperor Zhou long ago.

But even if the crown prince was found, it must have taken a long time, and even after Cheng Zihai's death, the issue with the crown prince wasn't completely resolved. Therefore, even if the Bureau of the Lamp remained in the hands of the true Princely Heir in the future, it wouldn't be of much use.

Emperor Zhou might have supported the establishment of another organization similar to the Bureau of the Lamp later on.

With these thoughts in mind, Cheng Guang spoke to Cheng Zihai: "Father."

Cheng Zihai, hearing Cheng Guang's voice, promptly turned his head to look at him. The anxious expression on his face was quickly suppressed, replaced by a faint smile.

"Guanger, what brings you here today? Come, are you thirsty? Come drink some tea."

Saying this, Cheng Zihai gestured for Cheng Guang to sit down and personally poured him a cup of refreshing tea.

At that moment, Cheng Guang was not much in the mood for tea, he slightly shook his head and looked at Cheng Zihai: "Father, about the matter Uncle Qian and Uncle Li were talking about..."

Cheng Guang had only spoken halfway when Cheng Zihai's expression became a bit awkward.

"Guanger, you heard that, huh?"

Cheng Guang nodded.

Seeing Cheng Guang still staring at him, knowing that his son wanted to understand what was going on, Cheng Zihai didn't intend to keep him in the dark. He sat down, poured himself a cup of tea, slowly took a sip, and after setting down the cup, his gaze fixed on Cheng Guang.

"Guanger, our Duke Zhen's Mansion has a very special position in Great Zhou, very special."