

My System 181

Chapter 181: Respect for One's Elders

Cheng Zhihai returned to Duke Zhen's Mansion at the hour of Wei (1 p.m. to 3 p.m.).

He passed through Duke Zhen's Mansion and arrived at Cheng Guang's Million Specie Garden, where he immediately spotted Cheng Guang, sharing a lively conversation with Qing Luan at the pavilion.

Cheng Zhihai slowed his pace as he approached, intentionally coughing twice to make some noise and attract Cheng Guang's attention.

Noticing the sound, Cheng Guang turned his head and looked towards Cheng Zhihai.

"Father? Has the matter been resolved?"

Cheng Zhihai nodded slightly, his eyes filled with a mix of indulgence and pride as he looked at Cheng Guang.

"Guanger, you were right about that location; it was indeed a crossing point used by the Devil Clan, and there was even a Devil Emperor involved. Last night, the Emperor took action and forced that Devil Emperor back to the Eight-layered Devil Realm. There should be no more trouble from the Devil Clan for some time," he said.

Upon hearing this, Cheng Guang also felt a sense of relief.

Without the assistance, or rather participation, of the Devil Emperor, even if the crown prince who holds a grudge sought to stir up trouble at the future royal ceremonies, it would not be so easy.

Mere trifles like a couple of cats could never cause serious harm to Great Zhou. If that grudge-bearing crown prince were clever, he would lie low and avoid showing his face for now.

While Cheng Guang pondered this, Cheng Zhihai patted Cheng Guang on the shoulder with a look of admiration, “Guanger, you’ve played a significant role in discovering the whereabouts of the Devil Clan. The implications of this are substantial. Even if I were to promote you directly to the position of a Silver Lantern Catcher in the Bureau of the Lamp, no one could object.”

“However, your current Cultivation Realm is still too low. With weak cultivation, handling cases in the future will not be effortless. You must work hard to enhance your cultivation and strength,” he added.

Cheng Guang nodded with a smile.

Indeed, he had never been negligent in his own cultivation during this time. All power and authority are founded on strength. Without strength, Duke’s Mansion could never possess its current influence, and without it, all riches and honors would be as insubstantial as a loft in the air.

For Cheng Guang, lacking strength in this world meant having not a shred of security.

Cheng Zhihai, as if suddenly recalling something, said to Cheng Guang, “Guanger, now that you’ve exposed the Devil Clan, those from the Devil Clan and those behind them, like the grudge-bearing crown prince, might bear a grudge against you. For the time being, try not to leave the mansion to avoid any accidents.”

At this, Cheng Zhihai also looked troubled.

If it involved someone else, he could take precautions, but against the grudge-bearing crown prince, the measures he could adopt were sadly limited.

Firstly, he had no idea of the crown prince’s current whereabouts.

Secondly, he did not know who served under the crown prince’s command.

Just like the former head of the Great Zhou Martial Academy, Qiu Zhiman, such a high-ranking figure on equal footing with him turned out to be one of the crown prince's men, engaged in treacherous activities in secret.

If Guanger had not focused on Qiu Zhiman during the Great Zhou and Great Wei martial arts tournament, exposing him, Cheng Zhihai would still find it hard to believe that Qiu Zhiman was one of the crown prince's men and engaged in treasonous activities.

If a person like Qiu Zhiman could be so complicated, how many similar, or rather identically aligned, figures were there in the court?

Cheng Zhihai dared not think about it, and neither did Emperor Zhou, but both were aware that if these worms within the court were not dealt with, the Great Zhou Dynasty would never be at peace.

The grudge-bearing crown prince must die.

Arriving at this conclusion, Cheng Zhihai gave a few more instructions to Cheng Guang and then turned to leave.

His time was precious, every minute, every second. The sooner he found the whereabouts of the grudge-bearing crown prince, the sooner his heart would be at ease.

If they still had no trace of the crown prince after a month, it would be more serious than just the Bureau of the Lamp's authority being stripped away by Emperor Zhou; the consequences would be far graver.

Cheng Guang watched Cheng Zhihai leave the Million Specie Garden, his mood not as heavy as his father's.

For him, the grudge-bearing crown prince was now as obvious as a declared card.

Despite not knowing the method used to disguise himself as the King of South Ming, drawing him out completely was not going to be an easy task.

By exposing the Devil Clan hidden beneath the canal, both the Devil Clan and the grudge-bearing crown prince behind them would certainly bear a grudge against him.

Cheng Guang understood that he was likely now a thorn in the side of the grudge-bearing crown prince.

On the other hand, had he not made such a move, he would have been a marked man by the crown prince anyway.

To wreak havoc in Great Zhou and cause utter chaos, killing him would be the swiftest and most convenient method.

If it weren't for the numerous guards protecting him, and his infrequent departures from the Capital city, the grudge-bearing crown prince might have already tried to kill him numerous times by any means necessary.

Cheng Guang poured himself a cup of tea and watched the rolling water stir within the cup, releasing a pure fragrance as he contemplated how he might make contact with the King of South Ming.

It was already difficult for him to leave the Capital city, let alone travel to the King of South Ming's domain, which was thousands of miles away. Even if Cheng Zhihai were to agree, his guards, like Song Yunqi, would rather die than allow Cheng Guang to embark on such a distant journey.

The path was long, and anything could happen.

If any mishap occurred, they wouldn't have enough lives to pay for it.

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Cheng Guang took a sip of tea, feeling that, in the short term, it would not be easy to get in touch with the King of South Ming, the one nostalgic for the crown prince.

As he was thinking this, something suddenly occurred to him.

Speaking of which, Cheng Zhihai had just said that the Devil Emperor had been beaten back to the Eight-layered Devil Realm by Emperor Zhou. Could it be that Bai Shuxuan had also returned to the Devil Region?

Cheng Guang thought of this and couldn't help but shake his head with a wry smile. He had been thinking that Bai Shuxuan might come looking for him in the future, but now it seemed that Bai Shuxuan had gone back to the Devil Region and likely wouldn't return anytime soon.

For a moment, he felt somewhat empty.

It was truly because he had spent so much time petting the fox recently that now, without it, he was experiencing some sort of withdrawal.

It was then that Cheng Guang suddenly felt a vibration coming from his chest.

He let out a soft "eh" and pulled out a token from his chest, the very token Qin Beifeng had given him yesterday saying it could be used to contact Qin Yanqiu.

He hadn't known what to talk about with Qin Yanqiu, so he hadn't disturbed her. Unexpectedly, she was now reaching out to him.

"Princely Heir, is Miss Qin looking for you?" Qing Luan, dressed in a green martial outfit with her black hair tied into a ponytail behind her head, looked charming and spirited with a trace of valiance on her pure, jade-like face.

Qing Luan was obviously aware of what the token could do.

Cheng Guang nodded slightly, sending his Qi into the token, which revealed a line of text.

"Are you there?"

Seeing this message, Cheng Guang almost couldn't hold back a laugh. How was it that Qin Yanqiu, this big chunk of ice, started a conversation just like a clingy dog would, sending a message "Are you there" whenever they could?

Cheng Guang used his mind to control the Qi, imprinting text on the token.

"Not here."

The other side of the token fell silent for a while, as if Cheng Guang's reply almost put out their brewing cup of tea.

After a good while.

The token began to tremble again.

"My father told me to talk to you when I have nothing to do, to get to know you better. I would like to, but I'm usually very busy, so I won't have much time."

When Cheng Guang saw this message, he raised an eyebrow, feeling sorry for Miss Qin, who seemed to be warning him before even properly getting to know each other.

So if I look for you often in the future and you can't be bothered to reply, you have an excuse ready?

Cheng Guang stroked his chin, feeling strangely as if he was chatting with a girlfriend from a past life, the perennial excuse—too busy.

For the moment, Cheng Guang had no interest in continuing the conversation with Qin Yanqiu. She seemed quite averse to it, so he simply replied with a "Oh" and put away the token.

Qing Luan watched Cheng Guang carefully, noting how he had put away the token shortly after taking it out, and quietly asked, "Princely Heir, don't you want to talk more with Miss Qin?"

Cheng Guang shook his head, "No need, I would rather spend that time talking to you."

Upon hearing this, Qing Luan's cheeks blushed slightly.

She was dressed from head to toe in martial attire, exuding a robust spirit, and today she had applied some light makeup, enhancing her natural beauty with a hint of rouge and tender lips, which made her look more ravishing.

The rouge was subtly applied, idle flowers gave a faint scent, and she looked lovely in every way.

"Princely Heir, I am not in the same league as Miss Qin. She is the revered Female Martial God among the Northern Expedition Army, achieving great military merits in the Border Area at a young age, something I cannot compare to."

Cheng Guang chuckled and shook his head, pinching Qing Luan's cheek, "You're really drawing comparisons now."

"What's there to compare."

As Cheng Guang's words ended, Qing Luan, with her hands clasped behind her back, smiled at him.

In her heart, she thought: "It's true that I can't compare. Miss Qin is destined to be the official wife, and I would be more than content to have a place as a concubine by the Princely Heir's side in the future."

"Even without a formal title, being able to stay by the Princely Heir's side is already enough."

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Perhaps it was because the wind had blown throughout the day, clearing the clouds and mist from the sky.

At night, Million Specie Garden was adorned with stars and moonlight, as picturesque as a poem.

The deep night sky, with stars twinkling feebly, seemed like a canopy strewn with numerous stars, embellishing the tranquil night. The moonlight with its soft radiance covered every corner of the garden with its bright aura.

The tall trees at night appeared even more solemn and mysterious, their crowns swaying, and under the moonlight, the leaves shimmered like emerald jade, glittering with a deep luster.

The garden's pond took on a different charm at night, with the gentle breeze caressing the willows on the edge, casting down shadows like fluttering willow catkins.

Cheng Guang lay on a lounge chair in the pavilion, enjoying the cool and gentle fingertip massage from Qing Luan and watching the stars for a good while.

A short time later, Qing Luan fetched some water to irrigate the diverse flowers in the yard and to loosen the soil.

The flowers, tended to by Qing Luan, were thriving beautifully. She seemed to have a special fondness for blossoms, and many of the lovely flowers had been transplanted into potted planters and brought inside to decorate Cheng Guang's bedroom.

As a result, Cheng Guang's bedroom had an aroma of fragrant flowers akin to the boudoirs of young ladies.

Or perhaps, Cheng Guang's bedroom had already become indistinguishable from Qing Luan's own boudoir.

Qing Luan was decorating Cheng Guang's bedroom with her own predilections.

To this, Cheng Guang had no objections but rather felt it was delightful.

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It was precisely because of Qing Luan's meticulous care and attention, as well as her subtle actions of decorating the room, that he felt a sense of belonging to this small room that originally wasn't his.

The evening breeze blew through the attic after the wind and rain.

Cheng Guang cradled Qing Luan's delicate body, white and smooth as jade, as picturesque as a painting, and gazed out the window at the stars in the night sky, which were already dimming.

Suddenly, he remembered that his Spirit Dao had advanced to the Yang God Realm, and during the day, it was impossible to have his primordial spirit leave his body for extended periods, but at night it was possible.

The God Emperor Cultivation Method had mentioned that after the Primordial Spirit Release, one could see some existences that ordinary people could not.

For instance, devils.

Some devils, if they hid or disguised themselves well, might deceive some martial artists, but if a Spirit Dao cultivator intended to investigate, no matter how powerful the devils were, they could not escape their keen observation.

Moreover, it wasn't only within the Eight-layered Devil Realm that devils could be found.

Devils could occasionally emerge in the Four Directions Mortal World as well.

Inside the Library, a travelogue written by an anonymous author had recorded that there were countless devils in the world.

Whether it be plant spirits or sentient trees, any entity could potentially develop spiritual wisdom—found in the wilderness, in rivers and seas, in populous cities, in remote places rarely touched by human presence, and even amongst throngs of people.

It's just that the devils born in the Four Directions Mortal World had significant differences compared to those from the Devil Clan within the Eight-layered Devil Realm.

Firstly, they had scarce traditions to inherit, and secondly, they lacked a sense of tribal community.

Most of them lived peacefully and law-abidingly, and if they caused a slight disturbance, they would be immediately exterminated.

After all, they had no means of escaping back to the Eight-layered Devil Realm.

"I wonder if there are any devils within Duke Zhen's Mansion."

Cheng Guang suddenly grew curious. With Qing Luan in his arms, he ascended into the air, his physical body remaining in place.

With a thought, his primordial spirit floated away, roaming the vast expanse of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Duke Zhen's Mansion was extremely large, many times bigger than any other noble mansions.

This was because Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, had earned such vast wealth through his own achievements. Cheng Zhihai alone could not have acquired such a large family estate otherwise; if so, merely the size of the mansion would have prompted severe accusations from the court censors.

Even so, there were still numerous accusations against Cheng Zhihai in the Court.

However, there were not many who dared to accuse Duke of the State, Cheng Shiyuan.

Those who dared to accuse Cheng Shiyuan had to be extra careful the next day, lest their heads be burst with a flick from someone's finger.

Cheng Guang's primordial spirit roamed Duke Zhen's Mansion for a long time. The mansion was not tranquil that night, and at times, even from an extreme distance, he could detect surges of powerful Qi and blood, burning through the void like a furnace.

Cheng Guang knew that these furnace-like fiery Qi and blood mostly came from many of Duke Zhen's martial cultivation experts. Sensing such power, he prudently kept his distance.

The God Emperor Cultivation Method states that although Spirit Dao cultivators are powerful and have more methods than Martial Cultivation cultivators, they still should not get too close to highly cultivated martial artists while their primordial spirits are out.

Their bodies surged with Qi and blood like a furnace, and merely getting close to it was nearly equivalent to being bathed in sunlight.

When Martial Cultivation practitioners reached the Divine Power Realm and above, their Blood and Qi Furnace would grow even more vigorous. If ghosts or primordial spirits got too close to martial artists of this level, the Blood and Qi Furnace would detect their presence, and its fiery blood flames would burn, scorching ordinary primordial spirits.

It was lucky that Qing Luan's cultivation was not particularly profound yet.

She had only recently entered the Divine Power Realm.

Otherwise, Cheng Guang wouldn't dare carry out Primordial Spirit Release while embracing Qing Luan, fearing that as soon as his primordial spirit left his body, it would be scorched and forced to return.

And when Martial Artists reached the fifth rank of the Prime God Realm, they could refine their entire body with divine power, purifying their eyes, thereby shedding their mortal sight.

Martial artists of the Prime God Realm could see ghosts and primordial spirits.

"The two systems of Martial Cultivation and Spirit Dao each have their strengths, and neither surpasses the other."

"Now that I have mastered the essence of both, I will surely surpass many other cultivators of the same realm."

As Cheng Guang pondered this, he continued to hover and wander through the air.

Roaming through the void as a primordial spirit gave him a different sensation from walking with a physical body in Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Before he knew it, he had drifted to the southeastern courtyard.

This was the dwelling of Cheng Zhihai and Wu Yuemei.

Cheng Guang rarely visited this southeastern courtyard, but he had been there occasionally. The scenery was similar to that of Million Specie Garden, but more elegant; in one of the ponds, many of Wu Yuemei's favored fish were kept for her leisurely contemplation.

Even though he had visited many times before.

But now.

Without even getting close to the southeastern courtyard, Cheng Guang could see a blazing, luminous whirlpool of Qi and blood burning intensely like a sun.

In the eyes of Cheng Guang's primordial spirit, the entire southeastern courtyard was nearly bathed in red.

The entire sky seemed to be tinted crimson.

This was Cheng Zhihai's Blood and Qi Furnace.

Without even approaching, Cheng Guang felt a sense of suffocation.

Cheng Guang quickly halted his advance and quietly retreated.

"It seems I cannot venture into Cheng Zhihai and Wu Yuemei's courtyard."

Cheng Guang felt a chill run down his spine. The fiercely intense and thriving heat of the great sun was resplendent and formidable, and could not be directly faced just like the midday sun, its Qi and blood churning and blazing with extraordinary might.

Cheng Zhihai's cultivation level was already the strongest existence under the Heavenly Human Realm.

Having such a presence was, therefore, to be expected.

But what Cheng Guang could not fathom was...

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Cheng Zhihai's Blood and Qi Furnace hadn't even been near, and it already had such a formidable presence, like the dazzling sun itself. How powerful must a martial artist from the Heavenly Human Realm be?

Is it like a star?

If a powerful Sky-Man like Old Deng could, with one glance, likely scatter countless ghosts and devils, right?

Cheng Guang was a bit curious.

But he knew that if he were near a martial artist from the Heavenly Human Realm and attempted Primordial Spirit Release, he would probably suffer great damage to his Primordial Spirit as soon as he left his body. If he was lucky, he might only sustain minor injuries, but if he was unlucky, he might lose his entire being.

Spirit Dao cultivators were stronger than Martial Cultivation cultivators, but only when compared at the same realm, at most separated by one realm. Yet, if the difference in realms was too great, even though their path of cultivation had advantages, those advantages weren't significant.

As Cheng Guang controlled his Primordial Spirit to wander in the void, flying over the southeastern courtyard and sweeping past the Heavy Mountain Yard, he took a simple tour and didn't find any devils within Duke Zhen's Mansion. It seemed right; what devil could survive in an environment as challenging as hell within Duke Zhen's Mansion?

Cheng Guang returned to his body, once again pulled Qing Luan into his embrace, buried his head in her dark hair, and deeply inhaled her body's fragrance. He felt a sense of peace in his heart. Qing Luan seemed to sense something, wrapped her arms around Cheng Guang, and fell into a deep sleep.

Nothing is more peacefully blissful than such moments.

The next morning, early.

Cheng Guang pushed open the door of his room.

In the early morning of late spring, the sun had just risen, and the land was gently awakened by the soft sunlight. The sky displayed a gentle blue, while thin clouds were dyed pink, like the blushing cheeks of a shy girl.

Cheng Guang leisurely walked into the courtyard, practiced for a while, swung his body, using the God Emperor Cultivation Method to attract Qi and the Divine Python Coiling Skill to train his physique.

After about the time it took to drink a cup of tea, Qing Luan had already gotten up. Seeing Cheng Guang already cultivating in the courtyard, she smiled tenderly, coiled up her hair, pushed her sleeves up to her wrists, and brought hot water for Cheng Guang to wash with.

Cheng Guang ceased his movements, his entire body steaming with sweat, and carefully washed his face.

He was just about to ask Qing Luan to bring some food prepared by the mansion's chef when a tumultuous noise came from the courtyard entrance.

Cheng Guang was puzzled—why was it so noisy outside the courtyard early in the morning?

Had something happened?

While Cheng Guang was wondering, Qing Luan had already stepped out of the courtyard entrance and stopped someone to ask for information.

After getting a response, her pretty face looked slightly stunned, and with a mix of astonishment and confusion, she returned to the courtyard. She said to Cheng Guang, "Princely Heir, the Queen of the South Ming is visiting."

"The Queen of the South Ming?"

Cheng Guang frowned in confusion as he twitched subconsciously at the mention of the name.

He had been thinking about when he would be able to make contact with the King of South Ming.

After all, the system's task stated that he should either slay the King of South Ming or join him.

No matter what, the King of South Ming was a powerful martial artist. In single combat, Cheng Guang couldn't slay him.

And he was also royalty. Even though he was the esteemed Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion, he couldn't rashly attack him without any reason.

So, Cheng Guang had planned to complete another task first: to join the King of South Ming.

If he could complete one task, he'd do so first; after all, it's best to secure the rewards for the task at hand.

Yet, just as he was still pondering how to make contact with the King of South Ming, he didn't expect that early this morning, without him having taken any action, the Queen of South Ming had already come to find him.

The Devil Clan had just been rooted out by him yesterday, and today, the Queen of South Ming showed up so promptly. She really couldn't wait.

However, considering a whole day had passed, Cheng Guang guessed if the Devil Clan hadn't been uncovered that day, the Queen of South Ming would most likely have been even more impatient and come looking for him the very same day—too conspicuous a course of action.

After washing his face and wiping it dry, Cheng Guang put down the silk towel and headed towards the courtyard gate.

"Let's go and see this Queen of South Ming," he said.

Cheng Guang knew the Queen of South Ming was here for him.

Even if it wasn't mentioned at the outset, he figured someone would be sent to find him soon enough.

In name, the Queen of South Ming was of the same generation as his own mother, Wu Yuemei.

Wu Yuemei would definitely call for him to go and meet her.

As Cheng Guang was thinking this, sure enough, just as he had exited the courtyard, Steward Wang's figure appeared on the shaded path outside the courtyard.

Seeing Cheng Guang stepping out of the courtyard, Steward Wang was taken aback. Without much thought, he approached with a respectful face, gave a slight bow to Cheng Guang, and said:

"Princely Heir, the Queen of South Ming has arrived, and the Madam is currently hosting her. She has asked you to come as well."

Cheng Guang nodded slightly, asking Qing Luan to have a bite to eat in the courtyard while he followed Steward Wang, stepping on the gravel path, towards the southeastern courtyard.

The Queen of South Ming could be considered family, after all, she was Wu Yuemei's sister-in-law. Therefore, the place chosen to host her didn't need to be overly formal, so it was decided that her own small courtyard would be the location to receive the Queen of South Ming.

At that moment.

In the southeastern courtyard.

The fairly sized guest hall was already filled with a number of people.

"Ming Xian, you came to the Capital city a few days ago but never left the mansion. I haven't had a chance to invite you over. Today, you suddenly came without giving advance notice, leaving me unprepared," Wu Yuemei sat at the head, looking down at the person below her with gentle eyes, her brows slightly furrowed in an embarrassed manner.

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"Ming Xian, you mentioned Wu Nan, and how he let you come to the Capital city alone. He didn't come to keep you company. It would have been nice if you, as a couple, could have come to the Duke's Mansion and visited me," said Duke Zhen's wife, the Princess of South Ming, with a light laugh and consoling words for Wu Yuemei.

"You both missed the family feast a while ago. Otherwise, it would have been an excellent opportunity for all of us to gather," she continued.

Princess Yuemei looked down, the Queen of the South Ming covered her mouth with a chuckle, offering comfort instead.

"Yuemei, I was held back by some affairs last time. I came to the Capital city this time just to ease my mind. My sudden visit without informing you in advance was impulsive of me, and I was wrong," Yuemei admitted.

The Queen of the South Ming, decked in luxury, appeared to be only in her late twenties, with a grace and poise beyond her years.

She wore a moon-white long dress with light silver apricot flowers embroidered on the sleeves, and the silver threads on her dress traced along her voluptuous and stunningly curved figure, creating several arching lines, while at her bosom there was a wide band of brocaded fabric.

Within the Capital city and the whole Great Zhou Dynasty, the Queen of the South Ming was renowned for her beauty.

Every move she made exuded an indescribable nobility and grace.

Her voice was exceedingly pleasant, like a stream of clear water trickling through the forest at dawn.

Her tone was pure and tender, evoking the image of a spring breeze rippling across a lake.

Wu Yuemei observed her sister-in-law and found herself increasingly pleased, wondering where Wu Nan, that rugged man, had found such a princess to bring back.

Regarding the origins of the Queen of the South Ming, Yuemei wasn't very clear, only that this princess appeared suddenly, brought back by Wu Nan and enveloped in mystery.

Even with her mysterious background,

the poise, dignity, and meticulousness of the Queen in her interactions commanded nothing but respect.

Indeed, the beauty of the Queen could rival that of the emperor's own consorts, and even the empress, and in terms of aura, she seemed to surpass them by just a fraction.

She seemed born to be one of the most esteemed beings.

If King of South Ming wasn't the emperor's most beloved and only brother, countless others would surely covet the Princess.

Yuemei sighed gently, her tender brows revealing a touch of sorrow, "Speaking of which, Zhihai isn't in the mansion. He left early in the morning for the Bureau of the Lamp, overwhelmed by the investigation concerning the crown prince recently."

"The crown prince..." Yuemei sighed again as she mentioned him.

Indeed,

the crown prince was her own brother.

The throne was his by right, and logically, the emperor's seat should have been his as well.

But the crown prince failed his duty, and nearly brought ruin to the Great Zhou Dynasty. If he had indeed become the emperor, it's doubtful whether Great Zhou would enjoy the peace it has now.

Having Wu Shang ascend the throne was something both Duke Zhen and the empress dowager were pleased with. Although some of the court officials felt it broke traditional norms, they didn't speak up against it.

Only a few old-fashioned ones staunchly opposed.

After Wu Shang assumed the throne, he didn't dispose of these traditionalists; instead, he treated them well, even allowing most of them to maintain their official positions and continue to serve at court.

Yuemei knew that Wu Shang had a simple goal: to let these old-fashioned officials see for themselves how he would lead Great Zhou to a glorious future.

To prove that he, Wu Shang, could be as good an emperor as the late crown prince, if not better.

Because of Wu Shang's ambition to be emperor, which led to the annihilation of the crown prince and fratricide, Wu Shang suffered, but there was no choice. For the stability of the Great Zhou Dynasty, such measures were necessary.

Having lost a brother, Wu Shang came to dote even more on King of South Ming, the leisurely prince.

There were reasons for all these events, after all.

In an era of peace, with the demotion of the crown prince, Great Zhou prospered under Wu Shang's leadership.

However...

Nobody expected that the then-presumed-dead crown prince would return, stirring up Great Zhou into unrest once again.

The Queen of South Ming, upon hearing Yuemei mention the crown prince, frowned slightly, but she stayed silent. Her brow soon relaxed, and a pleasant, shallow smile graced her face.

"Yuemei, it's not a problem. It's good if they can find out about the crown prince sooner. It's understandable for Zhihai to be busy," she said softly.

"It will also be nice to see my nephew Cheng Guang."

"Actually, it's been a long time since I last saw Cheng Guang."

Having said that, the Queen of South Ming looked up towards the pathway outside the hall, seemingly eager to see Cheng Guang soon.

Yuemei didn't think much of the Queen's behavior. It seemed quite normal for the Queen to want to see her son, and there was nothing worth mentioning about it.

Yet Yuemei was somewhat surprised.

She hadn't expected the Queen to be so attentive to her own son, Guanger.

Thinking about it made sense, though, as Guanger had been the talk of the town lately.

First, at the martial contest between Great Zhou and Great Wei, Guanger caught everyone's attention by defeating Qiu Zhiman, the head of Great Zhou's Martial Academy. Just the day before yesterday, he had helped Cheng Zhihai uncover the Devil Clan lurking beneath the canals.

Recently, many were speaking of Guanger, praising the heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Yuemei felt a burst of happiness at the thought, perhaps the Queen's newfound interest in Guanger stemmed from all these events.

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Wu Yuemei's lips curved slightly, revealing a gentle smile on her face as she turned to the housekeeper at her side.

"Where did Guanger go?"

Upon Wu Yuemei's inquiry, the standing housekeeper quickly bent over to pay respects and said, "Madam, Steward Wang has already gone to call the Princely Heir, he should arrive any moment now."

Wu Yuemei nodded slightly, then turned to the Queen of the South Ming and said, "The last time you saw Guanger was almost ten years ago, back when he was still a little boy, but now he has grown into a large man."

The Queen of the South Ming covered her red lips with her delicate hand, "Is that so? Time flies so fast, when I see him later, I might not even recognize him."

Wu Yuemei laughed lightly and said, "You will be able to recognize him, after all, it's right here in Duke Zhen's Mansion, where you might recognize him at a glance."

"If he were out of the mansion, the boy has not been as high-profile as usual recently, usually only with one or two guards, you might indeed not recognize him."

Having said that, Wu Yuemei seemed to notice something and looked towards the small path outside the hall, smiling, "Look, here he comes."

Hearing this, the Queen of the South Ming shifted her beautiful gaze over.

Cheng Guang entered the hall, his eyes sweeping across everyone present, gliding past Wu Yuemei, and finally settling on a noblewoman whose delicate figure was veiled in sheer gauze.

This woman's body was slender like a willow, her skin as smooth as snow and fragrant like creamy butter, gracefully poised, and her curvaceous silhouette was clearly visible beneath the thin layers of her robe, neither too plump nor too skinny—just one glance was enough to make one feel that her figure was rarely seen in this world, enchantingly voluptuous.

One couldn't even imagine how intoxicating it would be to be close to her.

Cheng Guang recognized the newcomer at a glance.

It was the Queen of the South Ming.

Cheng Guang held no reverence for the Queen of the South Ming as he did for his aunt, his gaze unrestrainedly scrutinizing her figure.

The Queen of the South Ming noted Cheng Guang's bold gaze, and her lovely countenance stiffened somewhat.

Feeling a bit uneasy, she shifted slightly to the side, so as not to expose her whole delicate body to Cheng Guang's staring.

But her body was too seductive, and under Wu Yuemei's watch, she dared not make her movements too obvious. Otherwise, if Wu Yuemei were to ask why she made such a move, it would be hard to explain.

After all, to say, "Your son keeps staring at me, making me uncomfortable," would likely darken Wu Yuemei's face on the spot.

In the eyes of parents, their children are always pure and innocent.

They would never think in that direction.

The Queen of the South Ming had not expected that this legendary Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion would act in such a manner towards her, almost as if he wanted to solder his eyes onto her body, unwilling to look away in the slightest.

Was he this discourteous to his own aunt as well?

The corners of the Queen of the South Ming's mouth twitched slightly, her body tense. Her original curiosity about Cheng Guang turned into disgust right away.

She had originally thought that the Princely Heir was able to discover the hiding place of the Devil Clan because of his brilliant talents. Now seeing him look like a lustful ghost, unwilling even to spare his own aunt, she feared he might have found the Devil Clan's hiding place by mere accident.

The Queen of the South Ming already had her calculations. She rose slightly and, treading gracefully, walked towards Cheng Guang.

As she approached,

The pleasant scent of the Queen of the South Ming wafted over, and Cheng Guang narrowed his eyes slightly, watching this legendary Queen of the South Ming.

The King of South Ming was no good man.

Therefore, it could be deduced that the Queen of South Ming was no good either.

Her visit this time was probably not with good intentions, so Cheng Guang did not give her the respect due to her status as his aunt.

Instead, taking advantage of the situation, he used the f91 scanning peak skill to carefully examine the Queen of the South Ming from head to toe.

It must be said, the King of South Ming, or rather the crown prince, really had great fortune to possess such an extraordinarily beautiful Queen.

If it were an ordinary person, even if it were for the imperial throne, they might not be willing to trade for this princess.

But the crown prince was different, he still had ambitions and was determined to reclaim his position, even if it meant consorting with the Devil Clan.

Cheng Guang observed the Queen of the South Ming closely, she didn't seem to have much Devil Qi about her. On the surface, she appeared not to be of the Devil Clan, but of the Human Race, and the likelihood was that she was indeed human.

If she were of the Devil Clan, she would have likely been discovered by the royal family by now.

But come to think of it...

There seemed to be no traces of Martial Cultivation on the Queen of the South Ming.

And there were no signs of any other forms of spiritual practice either. Could it be that she had never practiced before?

Cheng Guang guessed inwardly.

At this moment, the Queen of the South Ming had already walked up to Cheng Guang. Her stunning face slightly lifted as she smiled at Cheng Guang, saying, "So this is Guanger, truly handsome and extraordinary. With such looks, I don't know how many girls' hearts he must have captivated out there."

As she spoke, the Queen of the South Ming placed a hand on Cheng Guang's shoulder, making a fleeting contact, before quickly letting go. She turned to Wu Yuemei and said, "I don't know if Guanger is already betrothed, but if not, I could introduce him to a few good girls."

Hearing this, Wu Yuemei responded with a smiling brow, "Guanger is already engaged, but if Ming Xian has some favored young ladies in mind, feel free to send their portraits over. If suitable, we could take them as concubines for our Guanger, that wouldn't be a problem."

At this, Wu Yuemei actually seemed quite interested, looking at Cheng Guang, "Guanger, what do you think?"

"Your mother can find you a few more marriage prospects, but they will all have to come after Yanqiu, Qin Yanqiu will still be the principal wife, and her status cannot change."

Cheng Guang's gaze shifted from the Queen of the South Ming's delicate body to Wu Yuemei, and he quickly shook his head and waved his hands to refuse.

"Mother, there's no need for that. Why marry so many women?"

Upon hearing Cheng Guang's response, Wu Yuemei wrinkled her brow in annoyance, "You child, we are counting on you to continue the lineage of Duke Zhen's Mansion. Qin Yanqiu works in the military and

might not return home frequently after the wedding. With only one child from Yanqiu, how many can you father?"

At this point, the Queen of the South Ming seemed to agree, looking at Cheng Guang with a hint of playfulness in her eyes, and laughed, "I have many suitable girls from good families here. If my nephew Guanger needs it, I can take you to see them anytime."

Wu Yuemei nodded slightly, "Ming Xian, send the portraits first for us to see. If their family background and character are without issues, we can arrange for them to meet and try."

Cheng Guang felt helpless since he always felt that the Queen of the South Ming's words probably had no good intentions.

His mother, the naïve and sweet, just believed whatever anyone told her.

Right now, it seemed like these two had already nearly settled on finding him several concubines.

Speaking of which, while it was fine to find concubines, he really dared not accept those pushed by the Queen of the South Ming.

Otherwise, getting stabbed in the middle of the night, who could bear that?

So he immediately shook his head in refusal, and pointing at the Queen of the South Ming said, "Mother, if they're as beautiful as auntie here, I wouldn't mind considering it. But if they're not as beautiful as auntie, then forget it."

Upon hearing Cheng Guang's words, Wu Yuemei's expression turned sour, her lips puffing out slightly.

"Guanger, what nonsense are you talking about? Women with your aunt's beauty are few in all of Great Zhou. Where could we find so many like her?"

Cheng Guang spread his hands with a smile, looking at the Queen of the South Ming with a teasing tone, "That's why I said, never mind it. After all, auntie can't possibly marry me herself as a concubine, right?"

With these words, the Queen of the South Ming's expression changed as she stared at Cheng Guang, stunned by how bold he dared to speak.

Anger caused her chest to heave up and down slightly.

Her jade-like fingers clenched tightly, turning a faint blue.

Meanwhile, Wu Yuemei, without thinking further, looked as if she was about to playfully hit Cheng Guang, raising her hand and lightly tapping on his forehead.

"You shouldn't joke about your aunt like that. You must respect your elders."

Chapter 187: This is really interesting!

Wu Yuemei said this, and Cheng Guang naturally wouldn't refute, but only smiled in response, his gaze toward the Queen of the South Ming still held a touch of playfulness.

This Queen of the South Ming really did inherit a certain tradition of the wistful crown prince, steadfast as ever in her tortoise-like demeanor.

Here she was, ridiculing herself, and yet she managed to keep her cool.

No matter what she was thinking, at least on the surface, she maintained her poised and regal demeanor perfectly.

After Wu Yuemei spoke to Cheng Guang, she then looked toward the Queen of the South Ming with a hint of apology.

"Ming Xian, Guanger is still young, so his words can be boundless, I hope you won't take offense."

The Queen of the South Ming pursed her red lips, finding Wu Yuemei's explanation laughable in her heart. So young? How old exactly is he for you to say that, your son clearly thinks with his lower half rather than his brain.

The Queen of the South Ming shifted her gaze away from Cheng Guang, and even though her heart harbored increased dislike for him, she kept a warm and cordial facade, her voice as clear and elegant as a solitary orchid, she laughed:

"It's fine, my nephew is handsome and dashing, with no lack of young maidens in the world to choose from, who would set their sights on an old and faded woman like me?"

With that, the Queen of the South Ming walked back to her chair and slowly sat down again.

As the Queen said this, Wu Yuemei couldn't help but shake her head and laugh, "Ming Xian, what are you saying? If you're old and faded, then how could there be any room for other women in the capital city?"

"It's just that my son isn't fortunate enough."

"That's not true; you honor me too highly, Yuemei."

After hearing these words, the Queen of the South Ming smiled a dignified and genial smile, pressing her red lips together. She returned the compliments, leaving Wu Yuemei brimming with laughter.

The two of them interacted surprisingly harmoniously without Cheng Guang's involvement.

Cheng Guang, pleased with his leisure, sat down in a corner and observed the Queen of the South Ming, as if her face flowered with blossoms, watching her without cease.

The Queen of the South Ming was already barely tolerating being looked at by Cheng Guang, struggling to suppress the irritation within her heart, but how could she have imagined that Cheng Guang had no shame at all, his gaze practically welded onto her from the very beginning, never straying for long.

No one had ever dared to scrutinize her so blatantly.

Ordinary people, even some nobles, wouldn't dare to look at her this way. Just meeting her gaze, they would bow their heads, not daring to look directly at her face.

Perhaps it was the advantage of her status, or perhaps her beauty was truly too stunning, making others feel unworthy.

For whatever reason, the feeling of Cheng Guang staring made the Queen of the South Ming's scalp tingle with discomfort.

Her purpose of coming here was dualfold; firstly, to understand how Cheng Guang the Princely Heir found out about the Devil Clan hidden beneath the canal, and secondly, to see if there was any chance to deal with the Princely Heir quietly.

To achieve these goals, she must have more interactions with Cheng Guang, preferably in private circumstances.

The Queen of the South Ming had initially planned to pretend to care, using her position as an aunt to inquire and then make an effort to spend some time alone with Cheng Guang.

Now it seemed, there was no need for an effort; she might just need a slight gesture, and Cheng Guang would take the bait.

The Queen of the South Ming uncomfortably twisted her delicate body and glanced outside the hall, then smiled at Wu Yuemei: "Yuemei, it's getting late, should I leave now?"

Upon hearing this, Wu Yuemei, as if suddenly realizing, glanced outside at the courtyard, and seeing that it was just past midday, quickly spoke to retain her:

"It's just about time for a meal; how about eating before you go?"

"We don't have any extravagant Spirit Food prepared in the mansion for a banquet, we'll just eat something simple. I remember you used to like Yurong Cake,"

The Queen's frown eased a bit, but then she knitted her brows again, feigning difficulty, she said, "Well, alright then."

"I particularly enjoy the Yurong Cake you make, Yuemei; others just don't suit my taste..."

Wu Yuemei, seeing the Queen consent, showed a tender smile, evidently very pleased.

She hadn't expected the Queen to mention the Yurong Cake she made, which she missed.

Knowing her cooking was liked by others filled Wu Yuemei with a strong sense of satisfaction, she immediately said with a laugh:

"Then I'll personally cook for you this time."

Wu Yuemei stood up and was about to leave when she caught Cheng Guang's eye and tapped his forehead, saying, "Guanger, keep your aunt company here. I'll have the servants prepare some Spirit Food and make some Yurong Cake for your aunt to try."

Cheng Guang shifted his gaze from the Queen of the South Ming and obediently said, "Understood, Mother."

Wu Yuemei moved swiftly away with the grace of a lotus flower.

Soon, only Cheng Guang and the Queen of the South Ming remained in the reception hall of the southeastern courtyard, along with a few servants attending by the side.

The air momentarily fell silent.

When Cheng Guang's gaze landed on the Queen of the South Ming again, he found that this time she was staring directly at him, her noble eyes filled with displeasure, her beautiful face turning completely dark after Wu Yuemei left.

Even though her expression wasn't pleasant, facing Cheng Guang, the Queen still managed to muster a stiff smile.

Chapter 188: This is really interesting! _2

"Nephew, do you find your auntie attractive?"

"You've been staring at your auntie since just now."

The Queen of the South Ming spoke with a hint of grinding her teeth, seemingly hinting to Cheng Guang to stop staring at her.

Cheng Guang felt as if the paper screen of secrecy had been punctured but showed little embarrassment. He lounged back comfortably in his chair, eyes fixed on the Queen of the South Ming.

"Indeed, she is quite attractive, but seeing her too much can be cloying."

At these words, the Queen of the South Ming couldn't help but twitch the corners of her mouth slightly.

Seeing too much can be cloying?

You've not taken your eyes off me from the start!

The Queen of the South Ming grumbled inwardly, her smile no longer maintainable, and strained as she looked to the servants around her and spoke in a clear voice:

"You may all leave us. I have something to discuss with my nephew. Do not disturb us."

After hearing this, the surrounding servants and maidens did not think much of it, responding respectfully before stepping out of the reception hall at a measured pace.

Cheng Guang, surprised by the Queen of the South Ming's words, raised an eyebrow, not expecting that the Queen of the South Ming would take the initiative to dismiss the servants and create a private space where she could be alone with him.

You, completely devoid of any cultivation, how can you be so bold in my presence?

Are you not afraid of any accidents, or is there something you rely on?

Cheng Guang's eyes flickered obscurely several times, a myriad of thoughts sprouting in his mind while he maintained a brilliant smile on his face looking at the Queen of the South Ming.

"Auntie wishes to discuss something with me that even these irrelevant servants must be sent away? Could it be some taboo subject?"

As Cheng Guang spoke, his face turned troubled, "If it's something like that, Auntie shouldn't say it. I'm still young and require some dignity."

The Queen of the South Ming felt a great insult upon hearing Cheng Guang's words.

What nonsense is this?

You're still young? You still need dignity?

So, by implication, am I shameless?

The Queen of the South Ming clenched her fists, her five jade-like fingers turning a pale blue as they trembled slightly, barely able to contain her irritation.

Yet, she held her temper, managing to maintain her dignified demeanor despite the struggle.

"Nephew, I heard that some days ago, you discovered the Devil Clan's smuggling convergence point within that canal. How did you find out? Was someone informing you, or did you deduce it on your own?"

"Or is it that..."

"It was your father, Cheng Zhihai who found out, and then he credited you with the achievement?"

"Your auntie is quite curious. How about sharing it with me?"

The Queen of the South Ming's gaze fixed on Cheng Guang, waiting for how he would respond.

However, without directly answering, Cheng Guang instead counterasked, "What does Auntie think?"

The Queen of the South Ming looked at Cheng Guang in surprise, not expecting that despite his daring nature and fixation on her, he could be so circumspect. Facing her questions, he didn't reply directly but managed to turn the question back on her.

Watertight.

This manner of handling issues contrasted greatly with his seemingly flippant appearance.

The Queen of the South Ming glanced at Cheng Guang thoughtfully and with a calculated smile said, "Then I think, it's probably not something you found out."

She intended to provoke him.

She knew that people like Cheng Guang, a distinguished Princely Heir, have a strong sense of pride. If he had done it himself, and it was a significant achievement, he would probably brag countless times. By displaying disbelief in Cheng Guang's actions, most noble young masters would be unable to resist jumping out to prove their own involvement.

Yet, Cheng Guang surprised the Queen of the South Ming once again.

Cheng Guang simply picked up a teacup beside him, sipping casually, "Whatever Auntie thinks is fine by me."

As his words fell, Cheng Guang no longer spoke.

The corners of the Queen of the South Ming's mouth twitched slightly.

She realized that she simply could not extract much information from Cheng Guang.

There were no others around at the moment.

She really wanted to strike Cheng Guang dead with a slap, but if an accident befell Cheng Guang under these circumstances, it was highly likely she would be implicated, if not killed, then at least stripped of her skin.

To trade her life for Cheng Guang's was in the Queen of the South Ming's view not worth it.

Thus, she said no more, gazing deeply at Cheng Guang a few times while she stealthily pointed at his shoulder, where a faint pink light spot flickered and energy quietly entered Cheng Guang's body.

Cheng Guang was still drinking tea when he suddenly froze, his gaze shifting towards the Queen of the South Ming, his expression revealing a hint of strangeness.

What is this?

Divine Power?

Power of the Primordial Spirit?

So the Queen of the South Ming really did have cultivation, and it seemed she practiced Spirit Dao. If the Queen of the South Ming had not taken the initiative, he would have been unable to detect it.

If the Queen of the South Ming could practice Spirit Dao, it meant she possessed the royal bloodline and was a part of the royal family, right?

After all, not everyone can have such treatment as a previous Prince, with a grandfather from the Heavenly Human Realm and a father willing to give his life as the price for him to integrate his bloodline.

Cheng Guang inwardly clicked his tongue.

A seemingly inconspicuous and low-key Queen of the South Ming, was she actually a member of the royal family?

Was it the royal family of Great Zhou or of another dynasty?

The Divine Power of the Queen of the South Ming was somewhat similar to his own Charm Eyes, but the effect was much weaker, only causing his mind to briefly cloud as if he had been slipped a drug, becoming somewhat befuddled.

Chapter 189: This is really interesting! _3

The divine power of the Primordial Spirit exhibited by the Queen of South Ming, just as it approached, before even touching Cheng Guang's Primordial Spirit, was dispersed by the active protection of the Heavenly Silk Clothing.

The Queen of the South Ming's eyes showed a trace of surprise, and she was momentarily stunned.

Staring blankly at Cheng Guang.

Clearly, she had not anticipated that Cheng Guang could defend against her Soul Attack.

The Queen of the South Ming surmised that Cheng Guang might possess some Different Treasure that allowed him to temporarily be immune to attacks on his Primordial Spirit. Although this tactic had failed this time, the Queen was not in a hurry.

She knew that even if Cheng Guang had just been immune to her Soul Attack, it was not certain he would notice anything.

Soul Attacks are extremely secretive, not detectable by Spirit Dao cultivators or highly advanced cultivators, let alone defended against.

Cheng Guang was merely a man of substantial family resources, possessing a treasure that could defend against Soul Attacks. It was already impressive that he could defend against her attack, but the chance that he would realize she had just made a move was almost nonexistent.

Thus, even though her attack had failed, the Queen of the South Ming was not alarmed. She slightly shifted her body, picked up her teacup, and began to savor it carefully.

At this moment, she pondered over how to deal with the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

This Town-Nation Duke's Heir had far more cunning than she had imagined; it was impossible to extract any information from him. The Devil Clan's smuggling location certainly hadn't been revealed by the clan itself; the only possibility might be that the Town-Nation Duke's Heir had discovered it himself.

Even if the Queen of South Ming found it hard to believe at the moment, that was the only piece of information available to her now.

The failure of her technique, combined with her guess that Cheng Guang might have some treasure to defend against Soul Attacks, meant that she couldn't make another move for now.

If she made too big a gesture and attracted the attention of the other Martial Cultivation experts within Duke Zhen's Mansion, she would have a hard time explaining herself.

Her cultivation in Spirit Dao had always been deeply concealed.

In public, she always appeared to be a weak woman without any cultivation.

It was only because she was facing Cheng Guang that she would take such a bold action; she would not do so with others.

The Queen of South Ming sighed. If only she had succeeded just now, perhaps Cheng Guang would already be at her mercy.

The Queen of South Ming sipped her tea while contemplating, her beautiful eyes occasionally flashing an unfathomable luster.

During her contemplation, she failed to notice that Cheng Guang, who had been watching her, had also begun to reveal a faint, amused smile on his lips.

The Queen of South Ming, a member of the royal family...

Could she be related to the Crown Prince?

Hehe...

The situation was gradually becoming more interesting.

From the strength of the Primordial Spirit revealed by the Queen's recent actions, her royal bloodline appeared to be quite dense, and her Spirit Dao cultivation had at least reached the sixth-grade Enlightenment Realm, more than three grades higher than his.

It seemed she had been cultivating the Spirit Dao for a considerable time.

What followed was a strange silence between the two.

Initially, the Queen of the South Ming worried about Cheng Guang possibly doing something out of line while they were alone. If Cheng Guang saw her seemingly without any cultivation and could not control himself, she would have a legitimate reason to teach him a lesson.

But to her surprise, while Cheng Guang seemed particularly lustful, his actions were virtually non-existent.

At most, he would just look.

No response from... other places.

The Queen of South Ming even wondered if this Town-Nation Duke's Heir was incapable.

Ordinary men would show an unsightly state at just a glimpse of her, bending their waists quickly to avoid revealing too much.

But Cheng Guang did not.

Truly curious.

While the Queen of South Ming was perplexed, she didn't probe further. Without being able to extract anything in the open and unable to use other methods, she could only wait until she returned to make other plans.

She had already left a Primordial Spirit mark on Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, and there were plenty of ways to deal with him later on.

As the Queen of South Ming was musing, she noticed that Cheng Guang was still eyeing her body. Can't get enough?

Or should I just strip naked for you to take a good look?

The Queen of South Ming's brows inadvertently knitted together; she was already planning to rise and leave.

But Wu Yuemei had already gone to prepare the Yurong Cake she wanted to eat, even personally cooking it. No matter how much the Queen wanted to leave, she couldn't do so just yet.

She had to at least eat a cake before leaving; otherwise, it would seem too disrespectful to Wu Yuemei.

As the seconds ticked by, Wu Yuemei soon returned, followed by several maidens, carrying a plate of exquisitely made, translucent cakes that looked like pearls.

As Wu Yuemei returned with the Spirit Food, a delectable aroma filled the hall, stimulating the appetite of even the most ordinary people.

Even if he wasn't very hungry, Cheng Guang was enticed by the Yurong Cake in Wu Yuemei's hands.

He hadn't known Wu Yuemei had such culinary skills, having never tasted her cooking during the long time he'd been at Duke's Mansion.

Wu Yuemei first offered a plate of Yurong Cakes to the Queen of South Ming, "Ming Xian, please try them. I'm not sure if they will suit your taste. It's been many years since I've made these."

As she spoke, she then handed another plate to Cheng Guang.

"Guanger, you try them too. Your mother's skills were all learned from your imperial grandmother, and I haven't used them much over the years."

Cheng Guang took the Yurong Cake and after tasting a bite, he found it really delicious, soft and sticky, with a hint of sweetness.

Chapter 190: This is really interesting! _4

"Mother, it's really delicious. With such skills, why would we even need a chef at home?"

Cheng Guang casually praised, but Wu Yuemei couldn't stop smiling at his words, her warm smile growing even more intense as she looked at him with eyes filled with affection.

"Guanger, if you like it, Mom can make some more for you when I have the time."

Knowing that this was Wu Yuemei's kind intention, Cheng Guang didn't refuse, and continued to eat while nodding in agreement.

"Mother, you don't need to go through too much trouble."

Wu Yuemei smiled and nodded her head and then turned her gaze to the Queen of the South Ming.

"Ming Xian, what do you think?"

The Princess of South Ming had little appetite at the time; her beautiful face had stiffened, but out of respect for Wu Yuemei, she still ate a little and tasted it lightly before saying:

"It's delicious."

Hearing the Princess of South Ming also nod, Wu Yuemei's heart relaxed, and she instructed the servants to serve the Spirit Food for everyone. She then invited Cheng Guang and the Princess of South Ming to start eating.

Cheng Guang didn't know how the Princess of South Ming found her meal, but he himself certainly enjoyed it.

After the meal ended and the banquet dispersed, the Princess of South Ming got up to leave.

Wu Yuemei, too, could no longer press for her to stay, so she pulled Cheng Guang to send the Princess off.

At the gates of Duke Zhen's Mansion, the Princess's luxurious Jade Carriage appeared in front.

As the Princess was about to board, she turned her head, glancing at Cheng Guang with a dignified smile, "If you have time, feel free to visit your aunt at my residence."

"Auntie might stay in the Capital City for a while longer, but if you wish to see your auntie after some time, you would probably have to go to the South Ming Mansion."

South Ming Mansion, that's the domain of the King of South Ming.

A distance of ten thousand miles from the Capital City.

Cheng Guang laughed upon hearing this and didn't say much more.

Did the Queen of South Ming seem to be suggesting he take the initiative to see her again?

How interesting.

Cheng Guang was well aware that he hardly had the means to deal with this seemingly straightforward but actually cunning back-stabber Princess of South Ming.

Seeing that Cheng Guang agreed, the Princess's gaze didn't linger on him too much longer. After glancing at Wu Yuemei and nodding slightly as a farewell, she entered her Jade Carriage with a faint smile on her face.

The Princess of South Ming left quickly.

The Jade Carriage disappeared at the heart of the street.

Wu Yuemei took Cheng Guang back to the mansion.

Walking on the shaded path paved with stones within the mansion, Wu Yuemei was feeling nostalgic, "Your Aunt Ming Xian is really becoming more and more beautiful. She didn't look like this a few years ago; she seems even more beautiful now."

"But Guanger, don't you go falling for your auntie in vain. I saw you eyeing her non-stop. Yanqiu is just as outstanding as your Aunt Ming Xian."

Wu Yuemei inevitably noticed Cheng Guang's small gestures, but out of respect for him, she did not openly confront him.

Now that the Princess of South Ming was gone, Wu Yuemei brought it up.

At her words, Cheng Guang's face turned red.

It was an embarrassingly familiar feeling, like being caught watching something inappropriate as a child.

To tell the truth, it wasn't solely because I coveted the Princess of South Ming's body that I kept staring at her; it was entirely because I wanted to study a bit of ergonomics.

Without saying much more, Wu Yuemei irkedly tapped Cheng Guang's forehead twice and then turned to leave.

After parting with Wu Yuemei, Cheng Guang returned to the Million Specie Garden.

...

By the time Cheng Guang returned to the Million Specie Garden, the Princess of South Ming had also returned to her residence in the Capital City to rest.

Seeing that the Princess was not in a good mood, her maids did not dare to speak, holding their breath as they escorted her to her room.

They speculated that perhaps the Princess was tired from her visit to Duke Zhen's Mansion, so they carefully closed the room door, not daring to disturb her.

The magnificence and elegance of the accommodations of the Princess of South Ming go without saying.

The Princess sat on her bed, not moving all afternoon. Her mood had been unsettled ever since leaving Duke Zhen's Mansion, as restless as ever.

Their plan had been going very smoothly, but unexpectedly, there were always accidents.

Failing to assassinate Duke's Heir was one thing.

Then there was the martial contest between Great Wei and Great Zhou, which got disrupted by Duke's Heir as well.

Even this time, the hiding place of spies from the Devil Clan trying to sneak across the border had been discovered by Duke's Heir.

All these variables seemed to revolve around Duke's Heir.

Her visit to Duke Zhen's Mansion today was to see what Duke's Heir was truly about. Though he seemed to have some depth, at his core, he was just a lecher.

The Princess of South Ming felt that as soon as she closed her eyes, the image of Duke's Heir gazing at her would emerge before her.

For some reason, she felt that his eyes, which seemed to covet her body, had an even greater sense of mockery and amusement.

As if...

She had been stripped bare and placed in front of Duke's Heir.

The thought made the Princess shake her head quickly and lightly pat her cheeks, which had spaced out. She felt as if she had developed a psychological shadow from his gaze.

So, she tossed and turned for half an hour.

Suddenly, the Princess sat upright.

Beyond the gauzy curtains, the light from the Ever-bright Lamp shone upon her delicate and fair face, which was beautiful beyond words.

At this moment, the Princess recalled the look in Cheng Guang's eyes when she spoke to him before departing.