

My System 211

Chapter 211: Really Not Caring About Face at All! _5

The expressions on these people's faces, as well as the aura they emitted, inexplicably resembled those of some students from the Martial Academy who had participated in the martial arts competition between Great Wei and Great Zhou.

Or rather, they were essentially the same group.

As Cheng Guang approached, a group of South Ming's loyalists immediately greeted him with a fist salute, "Princely Heir."

Although their movements were not exactly uniform, they still carried an imposing air, and their voices were quite loud, startling the birds perched on the nearby road.

Steward Wang stepped forward and carefully observed Cheng Guang's expression, asking, "Princely Heir, do you recognize these people?"

"If you don't recognize them, should I send them all away?"

There were quite a number of these people, more than fifty, and Steward Wang did not believe they could be acquaintances of his own Princely Heir.

But if they were swindlers from the Martial World who had come to establish relations out of nowhere, they would not possess such an imposing aura, their entire beings as cold as ice, solemn and unsmiling.

Moreover, even swindlers would not gather so many people, let alone cheat their way into Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Therefore, Steward Wang was momentarily puzzled.

When Cheng Guang was faced with Steward Wang's question, he did not answer directly but instead asked, "Where is my father?"

Steward Wang replied respectfully, "Princely Heir, the Family Head left for the Bureau of the Lamp early this morning, and he is not expected to return by noon; he will probably wait until evening."

Cheng Guang nodded slightly, glanced at the South Ming's loyalists before him, and revealed a radiant smile, feigning warmth as he said:

"Please, let them in, and treat them to good food and drink."

Upon hearing this, Steward Wang did not dare to question why the Princely Heir would invite these people into the mansion and offered such hospitality; he quickly went to make arrangements.

The leader of South Ming's loyalists saluted Cheng Guang with a rather indifferent gesture, "Princely Heir, there's no need for good food or drink, the Queen of South Ming has likely already informed you of our purpose."

"We hope the Princely Heir will provide us with accommodation for the time being, as we await your arrangements."

"If the Princely Heir wishes, you could prepare some quality resources for our cultivation, Spirit Food, elixirs."

Cheng Guang's face retained its radiant smile upon hearing this.

These people were truly unreserved.

It was unclear whether they were relying on the favor of the Queen of South Ming or if loyalists inherently lacked emotional intelligence, for they showed little respect in their eyes for him, the Princely Heir.

In their behavior, there was only a superficial pretext of courtesy.

Their inherent arrogance was not hidden in the slightest.

This scene made Cheng Guang exclaim in his mind.

These guys were loyalists, yet they really weren't afraid of death?

Or had they concluded that he would not lay a hand on them?

Cheng Guang pondered, but his expression remained unchanged, his face still bearing a radiant smile as he ushered everyone into the mansion.

"Don't just stand outside in the wind."

The South Ming's loyalists responded and stepped grandly through the gates of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

After the loyalists entered, Steward Wang led them to a courtyard within the estate.

Just as Steward Wang was about to have the mansion's chef prepare some fine Spirit Food to entertain these guests, Cheng Guang gestured for him to come over.

"There's no need to prepare Spirit Food."

Upon hearing this, Steward Wang was again taken aback, "Princely Heir, why do you say that?"

Just a moment ago, the Princely Heir had seemed familiar and on good terms with these people, all smiles and conversation. Why had his demeanor changed so suddenly?

Steward Wang at that moment could not comprehend what his Princely Heir was thinking.

Could it be that these people's identities were somehow special?

This raised some doubts in his mind.

In Steward Wang's view, the radiant smile that had been on Cheng Guang's face was now completely gone, his expression indifferent and noble.

Cheng Guang glanced at Steward Wang. He didn't explain or say more.

"Have the guard, kill all these people, don't let a single one escape."

Steward Wang was slightly shocked upon hearing this.

"Princely Heir, you want to kill them all?"

Cheng Guang nodded, looking towards Steward Wang.

"Are you not confident?"

"I am confident, Princely Heir. I will make the arrangements."

Steward Wang nodded hastily, "Then, Princely Heir, you go rest in Million Specie Garden for a while. I will take care of these people here. You can avoid this for a bit."

With that, he didn't dare to say more, quickly rose to his feet, summoned several attendants and servants, and went to make arrangements.

Cheng Guang nodded and did not concern himself further with whatever fate befell those South Ming's loyalists.

From the moment they entered Duke Zhen's Mansion, it was destined that they had only one path — death.

Cheng Guang returned to Million Specie Garden with Qing Luan, whose expression was somewhat worryingly perplexed.

The origins of these people were unknown; they demanded to see the Princely Heir upon arrival, and their intentions, as well as what they might be relying on, were unclear.

What surprised Qing Luan even more was that the Princely Heir seemed to have anticipated these people's arrival.

He wasn't surprised in the least.

Furthermore, the Princely Heir even agreed to meet these people, allowing them into the mansion, playing along with them.

Why was all this happening?

Qing Luan didn't understand.

As Cheng Guang stepped into Million Specie Garden, a burst of Qi exploded from afar within the mansion.

While the disturbance was large, it quickly subsided.

Sitting in the pavilion, Cheng Guang watched the turbulence in the sky from afar, leisurely sipping his tea.

This move would undoubtedly result in a complete rift with the Queen of South Ming.

Even if the other side was foolish, with their loyalists dead by his hand, they would come to realize that he was not sincerely allying with them.

Who knows, they might even stage some shoddy assassination attempt afterward.

However, Cheng Guang was not concerned. If they could manage to assassinate him within the Capital city, he would indeed have some admiration for them.

Chapter 212: Really Not Caring About Face at All! _6

Do they really take Cheng Zhihai and his own guards as mere decorations?

Cheng Guang hardly cared.

Savoring his tea, he watched the Qi exploding in the distance, feeling somewhat like he was watching fireworks.

At the same time, the commotion also caught the attention of certain interested parties outside Duke Zhen's Mansion, drawing many eyes to that location.

"What's happening here? Did someone break into Duke Zhen's Mansion uninvited?"

"Aren't they just courting death?"

"The ruckus is quite big. These fifty or so people, their Cultivation Realms are not low. It's a pity, really, daring to trouble Duke Zhen's Mansion."

Voices of discussion rose from outside the mansion.

Meanwhile, inside.

Sitting in front of the mansion gate, basking in the sun, and embroidering flowers, Wu Yuemei was startled by the sudden disturbance. Her maid quickly went to inquire on her behalf.

After learning the reason behind the commotion.

Wu Yuemei was a little dumbfounded.

She couldn't understand what exactly was going on.

First, those fifty or so people came to visit Guanger, seemingly like they were acquaintances, and then Guanger also acted very warmly, leading them into the mansion.

And then...

He just let the guards kill all these people?

Fifty or so people, were they all assassins? Or something else?

Wu Yuemei was confused, looking at the Qi bursting in the sky nearby, she lost the mood to continue embroidering. She decided to find Cheng Guang later to ask what was going on.

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The bustle of Qi only lasted for a mere quarter of an hour before it was suppressed.

Within the Million Specie Garden.

"Princely Heir, the situation should be resolved over there," Qing Luan said softly.

Cheng Guang nodded slightly, slowly set down his teacup, and looked towards the courtyard.

The figure of Steward Wang appeared at the entrance of the courtyard.

Steward Wang's face was still calm, but sweat was still evident on his forehead.

Obviously, having the guards in the mansion attack a group of cultivators at the fifth and sixth ranks had put him under considerable pressure.

If those people were to damage the buildings inside Duke Zhen's Mansion during their fight, he would be devastated.

Fortunately, although there were quite a few of them, their strength was simply not enough in front of the mansion's guards.

Just as they were feasting on Spirit Food, completely off guard, cold blades suddenly struck, swiftly dealing with the majority.

Some with quicker reactions were not finished off in one blow, and the guards followed up with several slashes. Under the chaotic hacking, the people who were alive and kicking a second ago, were completely still the next.

"Princely Heir, it's taken care of," Steward Wang reported.

Cheng Guang nodded slightly and said in a calm voice, "Clean up that area thoroughly, there's nothing else to do."

Steward Wang responded carefully, feeling an inexplicable fear towards the Princely Heir who could show a bright smile one second and send someone to the Underworld the next.

After responding, he quickly left.

Qing Luan's beautiful eyes glanced at the sky not far away, where the clouds had been completely dispersed by the burst of Qi.

The sky was clear and the atmosphere was peaceful.

As if nothing had happened at all.

Qing Luan looked at the sky, then at the Princely Heir sitting at the stone table, his expression calm and unhurried as he sipped his tea.

She pursed her lips slightly, wanting to ask Cheng Guang about the identity of those people just now.

But as the words reached her lips, she swallowed them down.

She had a vague feeling that there was more to the situation than met the eye and didn't pursue the matter, instead quietly standing behind Cheng Guang, occasionally refilling his tea.

In a corner of the courtyard, Lin Cheng, who was usually unnoticed, looked at the scene and inexplicably felt envious of Qing Luan.

For some reason.

Ever since Qing Luan began to warm the bed, his status had been declining day by day, not even getting as many chances to speak with the Princely Heir as she did.

Recently, there was even another sycophant hanging around the Princely Heir.

Sigh.

What to do?

If this continues, I, Lin Cheng, will be less than a dog.

A trace of anxiety appeared on Lin Cheng's simple face.

—The anxious Lin Cheng.jpg

...

Meanwhile, at the residence of the Queen of South Ming,

the Queen sat by a stone table in the courtyard, gently blowing on the teacup in her hand, her eyes noble and clear like tranquil water.

Suddenly, as if sensing something, she looked up toward the direction of Duke Zhen's Mansion, her brows furrowing slightly.

Setting down her teacup, she prepared to ask her Maiden Lan Ping what was happening at Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Maiden Lan Ping hurried out to inquire and returned moments later, breathless, "Your Majesty, it's said that assassins have infiltrated Duke Zhen's Mansion, quite a number of them—over fifty!"

"Although these assassins are bold, they really are quite foolish, daring to attempt an assassination on the Town-Nation Duke's Heir. And to choose the morning for their attack, who knows what they were thinking," Lan Ping remarked, her face filled with confusion.

Hearing Lan Ping's words, the Queen's beautiful eyes widened in slight shock, her fine brows knitting together...

"What? Assassins have entered Duke Zhen's Mansion, and there are more than fifty of them?"

The Queen was stunned for a moment before asking again.

She couldn't believe her own ears.

Maiden Lan Ping nodded her head,

finding it strange why her Queen would react this way upon hearing about assassins in Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Could it be the Queen also couldn't believe that someone would dare to enter Duke Zhen's Mansion in broad daylight to assassinate the Princely Heir?

Uh...

That must be the reason.

Lan Ping found a reason for herself.

Meanwhile, the Queen's body trembled slightly, a fierce anger spreading in her autumn-water-like eyes, her hands clenched into tight fists, nails digging deeply into her flesh.

She struggled to maintain her composure, but the shock and rage in her eyes could not be concealed.

Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

Very well, very well.

So, this is the game, huh?

Claiming to rely on their nostalgia for the crown prince, expressing a desire to join with us, only to turn around and kill all the people I sent, treating them as assassins.

All that was just an act!?

What's the aim here?

Even if there is one face for the public and another behind closed doors, it shouldn't happen this quickly!

Am I being treated like a clown!?

The Queen's complexion darkened, her aura becoming chaotic.

The atmosphere in the courtyard grew tense and oppressive, the sunlight seemingly dimming somewhat.

The Queen sat silently, thoughts tumultuous.

She recalled the Town-Nation Duke's Heir's nonchalant behavior when facing her that morning.

And she thought about the Town-Nation Duke's Heir's earlier facade, speaking of wanting to join them.

Now, the Queen felt as if her face was being slapped resoundingly.

As if the Town-Nation Duke's Heir had grabbed her by the collar and was smacking her own face.

The once mighty Abyss Demon Emperor had never suffered such humiliation!

A surge of rage rose in the Queen's heart, thinking that even if it meant sacrificing this avatar of hers, she would erase this Town-Nation Duke's Heir!

She took a deep breath, trying to calm her agitated emotions.

But she realized,

it was impossible to calm down.

"How dare he play me like this! How dare he?"

"One moment he agrees to help us, and as soon as I return to my residence, before my seat even warms, I find out that all the men I had sent have been killed."

"Backstabbing is one thing, but does it have to be so swift?"

"Is there no shame at all?"

The Queen felt stifled.

In the sunlight, the Queen's skin, already fair and smooth, like fine porcelain, now seemed to be as lustrous and translucent as crystal due to her fury—perhaps even adding to her beauty.

Chapter 213: In the End, I Am Still Your Aunt!

That evening.

The night was as black as ink, all was silent.

Not a single cloud graced the sky, stars twinkled weakly in the darkness.

Moonlight poured into Duke Zhen's Mansion's Million Specie Garden, illuminating every corner of the courtyard, casting long shadows along the winding path and the blooming flora.

In the veil of night.

The dainty figure of the Queen of the South Ming shimmered in and out of visibility, wrapped in the glow of her Primordial Spirit under the moonlight.

The Queen of the South Ming walked leisurely towards the Million Specie Garden.

Clad in luxurious palace attire and crowned with a golden phoenix diadem, she exuded an aura of nobility and mystery, appearing even more delicate and lovely in the moonlight, her eyes as clear as autumn waters, emitting a cold gleam.

Ultimately, the Queen of the South Ming could not swallow her pride and visited Duke Zhen's Mansion again that very night.

With her strength, by rights, she should have had no capacity to sneak into Duke Zhen's Mansion, filled with formidable experts, without anyone noticing.

But this time, at great cost, she utilized a Heavenly Treasure.

Without making a sound, she transported her entire body to a place she had once visited.

The use of such a high-level Different Treasure was limited; it was originally intended to teleport the Devil Emperor directly to Emperor Zhou's side during the royal ceremony, to assassinate Emperor Zhou right then and there.

However, the Queen of the South Ming could no longer wait for that moment.

Rather than waiting for the royal ceremony to use the Different Treasure, it was better to employ it now and eradicate the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

Perhaps even the Queen of the South Ming wasn't aware of it herself at this time.

In her mind, Emperor Zhou and the Town-Nation Duke's Heir were already on the same level.

Although the cultivation of Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, was not very high, in the Queen of the South Ming's view, he had become an even bigger target of hatred than Emperor Zhou.

This time, utilizing a Heavenly level Different Treasure and paying such a heavy price to transport herself here.

Next, to kill Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

Even if she used the Heavenly Treasure again to escape, her fate wouldn't be too promising.

The residual traces of her Primordial Spirit would be found, and in the end, there's still a possibility of being traced back to her.

Once her identity is discovered, her status, even as the noble Queen of the South Ming, could likely lead to her immediate demise.

Even more so, it could later implicate the King of South Ming.

The consequences, needless to say, are grave.

The Queen of the South Ming also felt that even if it risked exposing the King of South Ming, even if her Primordial Spirit shattered, and this incarnation perished, killing the Town-Nation Duke's Heir was not worth it.

But.

Though it might not be worth it, it was necessary.

The current situation had indeed led the Queen of the South Ming to believe that the Town-Nation Duke's Heir needed to be killed without a doubt.

Not to mention what had happened today.

In the view of the Queen of the South Ming, her own face was secondary.

The people Cheng Guang killed were not important.

The dead were merely expendable warriors trained by the King of South Ming; though raising one required significant resources, anything achievable with resources was deemed trivial in the eyes of the Queen of the South Ming.

Once the puppet King of South Ming was supported to the throne, taking control of the Great Zhou Dynasty, all the resources and wealth in the world would be at her disposal.

The crucial point was that the Town-Nation Duke's Heir knew the King of South Ming was the crown prince.

Even more outrageous was that they had no idea how the Town-Nation Duke's Heir had come by this information.

Although Cheng Guang had not yet passed this news to Cheng Zhihai or Emperor Zhou, who's to say that would remain the case?

If what Cheng Guang said about wanting to defect to their side was true, then the Queen of the South Ming might have let the Town-Nation Duke's Heir live a while longer.

But the Queen of the South Ming herself could no longer see through Cheng Guang nor did she have any idea what was going on in the head of that Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

He strangely claimed he wanted to defect to their side.

Then suddenly and abruptly executed all the warriors she had sent.

It was simply incomprehensible.

The Queen of the South Ming speculated that Cheng Guang had not told Emperor Zhou the information that the King of South Ming was the crown prince, perhaps because he simply lacked evidence to prove the King of South Ming was indeed the crown prince.

After all, the transformation methods of the Abyss Demon Race were impeccable.

Apart from her or rather, apart from the Abyss Demon Race, basically no one could see that the true identity of the King of South Ming was that of the former crown prince.

Therefore, the Queen of the South Ming was quite confident that even if her identity was exposed after assassinating Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, the King of South Ming's identity would remain concealed.

At most, there would be some suspicions.

Today, the Queen of the South Ming came with the resolve that even if this incarnation's Primordial Spirit dissipated and she perished completely, she would still kill the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

Should the Town-Nation Duke's Heir not die, she would have no peace of mind.

Her many years of planning with the Devil Clan could potentially be undone by a single Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

This was something the Queen of the South Ming could not accept.

As for the great sacrifice she was making, risking the loss of an incarnation with the blood of the Great Zhou royal family, to kill the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, it would be seen as a great deed.

With this act, she would have leverage to propose any sort of advantageous exchange with the Devil Clan later on.

The regal Queen of the South Ming's expression remained unchanged as she stepped into Duke Zhen's Mansion, into the Million Specie Garden, floating above Cheng Guang's bedroom.

Her noble eyes surveyed Cheng Guang's bedroom.

Her Primordial Spirit descended effortlessly, penetrating through the bedroom.

Chapter 214: In the End, I Am Still Your Aunt! _2

Cheng Guang's bedroom was extravagantly luxurious, a fact that needed no further elaboration.

The Queen of South Ming wasn't in the mood to take in what Cheng Guang's bedroom looked like. Her exquisitely noble face expressionlessly gazed down at the handsome, slumbering Town-Nation Duke's Heir, dressed and asleep on the bed.

The Town-Nation Duke's Heir appeared to be asleep already, lying quietly on the bed. The maiden she had seen last time was not by his side now.

Instead, in the corner by the bed, lay the black dog she had seen that morning.

The Queen of South Ming shifted her gaze from Cheng Guang and glanced at the black dog, feeling that the moment her Primordial Spirit arrived in the bedroom, the dog seemed to have opened its eyes and taken a look at her.

However, when her gaze fell on the black dog, she found it still lying on the ground, its chest rising and falling slowly with each breath, seemingly also asleep.

The Queen of South Ming merely glanced at the black dog and, at that moment, she wasn't much inclined to investigate the anomaly of the black dog. Just as she moved her gaze away from it,

The black dog, which had been seemingly asleep with its eyes closed, slowly opened its eyes and looked towards the Queen of South Ming.

As if sensing something, the Queen of South Ming slowly turned her head in surprise and uncertainty, looking towards the black dog.

When the Queen of South Ming's gaze collided with Black Cub's,

Her regal and composed face showed a hint of surprise.

The reason was none other.

She had come fully prepared this time, having attempted a secret strike on Cheng Guang previously, but failing to succeed and even being detected by Cheng Guang beforehand.

Not only did she fail to make her move, but she also received a humiliating counterattack from Cheng Guang.

She was even marked with the Divine Power Marks of the Charm Eyes.

For the Queen of South Ming, this was an utter humiliation.

Having suffered a setback once, the Queen of South Ming, even under the possibility of overturning in the same gutter twice, allowed herself to come this time with Heavenly Treasures, bringing her true body along with her translocation.

The Primordial Spirit enveloped her body, hiding her presence so perfectly that she remained undetected without making a move.

Even within Duke Zhen's Mansion, where many strong individuals resided, her presence had not been discovered at this moment.

Even Cheng Guang, dressed and asleep on the bed, had not noticed her.

And yet, now...

She was discovered by an inconspicuous black dog...

How could this be possible?

The Queen of South Ming watched Black Cub silently.

And Black Cub was also curiously observing the Queen of South Ming,

Cocking its head in a curious manner.

The Queen of South Ming's beautiful brows furrowed slightly, and she moved her gaze away from Black Cub once more. Despite her surprise that Black Cub had detected her, she no longer wished to dwell on an unremarkable creature at this moment.

What mattered now was to make her move on the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

Once she took action, her body would be exposed instantly.

She must strike down the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, Cheng Guang, like a thunderbolt, and then use Different Treasures to escape this place.

The Queen of South Ming knew that if her actions were even a bit too slow, she might well fail to escape Duke Zhen's Mansion.

The Queen of South Ming took a deep breath, and the Power of the Primordial Spirit began to surge within her. Just as she was preparing to take action,

At that moment, the world around the Queen of South Ming spun, and the scenery started to distort.

The darker aspects of the Queen's mind emerged one after another—the breath of hell, resentment, greed, and cruelty rushed towards her.

"Hmm?"

The regal composure of the Queen of South Ming remained unfazed by these dark emotions. Being from the Demon Realm, the Demonic Race, regardless of strength, was mostly accustomed to this kind of atmosphere. Several even fed on such negative emotions.

The Queen of South Ming didn't care about the impact these evil thoughts had on her.

Instead, she was concerned about the purity of these malevolent thoughts.

They were even purer than the malice given off by the vast majority of the Demonic Race.

It was as if...

...they originated from the malevolence of a Demon Emperor.

This made the Queen of South Ming inexplicably feel a sense of heaviness, and even her breathing became a bit more rapid.

The Queen of South Ming's thoughts quickly returned to the black dog.

As she looked at it, it was still watching her.

The slightly foolish appearance of the black dog just moments ago had now taken on a different guise in the eyes of the Queen of South Ming.

Under the moonlight's illumination, the black canine sat quietly there, its eyes noble and mysterious, its fur as black as ink, glossy as if coated with the flames of hell.

Its eyes were like two deep black gems, flickering with a faint glow.

It exuded an air of superiority, with an inherent arrogance as if looking down upon her.

"Could it truly possess the bloodline of a Demon Emperor?"

The Queen of South Ming scowled slightly, while a part of her didn't want to bother with the black dog, for some reason she now felt a sense of unease.

The thought that this seemingly foolish black dog could make her feel uneasy was amusing to her.

"Even if you are from the Demonic Race, or possess the bloodline of some Demon Emperor, to think you can maintain such a demeanor in my presence?"

With thoughts swirling in her mind, a faint smile appeared on the lips of the Queen of South Ming. While it was unexpected to encounter a member of the Demonic Race in the Four Directions Mortal World besides herself, she did not pay much attention to Black Cub.

She waved her hand lightly.

Chapter 215: In the End, I Am Still Your Aunt! _3

A surge of Power of the Primordial Spirit stealthily swept toward Black Cub.

The light of the Primordial Spirit flashed by, its glossiness pouring into Black Cub's body, heading straight for its mind.

The Queen of the South Ming no longer paid attention to Black Cub. In her view, even if this black dog had the bloodline of the Demon Emperor from the Demonic Race, its power was so weak that it was unlikely to survive under her hand.

She turned her gaze once again to Cheng Guang, who was deep in sleep, her hands forming seals, the Divine glossiness flickering between her brows, and the grand aura of the Primordial Spirit undulating around her.

A terrifying aura, like the gentle rain of spring, rippled out from her.

Behind her, it was as if the image of a deity was silently emerging. As she visualized the Proving Dao Map within her mind, strands of the Power of the Primordial Spirit slowly outlined the visage of the deity.

That deity was a Female Prime Minister, her hands forming the gesture of the Buddha, her Daoist Robe faintly glowing, her eyes lightly closed, the lotus platform beneath her floating up and down in the void.

Simultaneously, streams of golden Power of the Primordial Spirit flowed out from the deity, who was now performing the same actions as the Queen of the South Ming.

When the momentum reached its peak, the Queen of the South Ming took a deep breath, confident that this strike would kill Cheng Guang, right when she was about to make her move.

The twisting heaven and earth around them suddenly became restless.

A black paw, from out of nowhere, had suddenly landed on her body.

"You really shouldn't kill him, woof."

A somewhat low and husky voice rang in the ear of the Queen of the South Ming.

Her body suddenly stiffened considerably.

Her beautiful eyes uncontrollably widened in disbelief, and then slowly she turned her head to look beside her.

There beside her, the black dog that had just been sitting there, she knew not when, had stood up; its paw rested on her shoulder, and on its somewhat foolish-looking dog face was a human-like complexity.

"If this person had nothing to do with me, you could kill him if you wanted, but I feel... if he dies, His Majesty... I probably won't end up in a good place either..."

Black Cub spoke, his gaze falling on the divine image behind the Queen of the South Ming.

The pitch-black paw extended out, touching the divine image.

"Crack, crack..."

Suddenly, the sound of shattering reverberated through the void.

Like the breaking of glass, it only took a moment for cracks to spread across the body of the divine image.

And then.

Bang!

The divine image suddenly burst, just like a bubble.

"Pfft."

The Queen of the South Ming's body shuddered slightly, her complexion turning deathly pale, as she spat out a mouthful of blood, her aura plummeting to its lowest point.

"You, you..."

"This..."

The once elegant and noble face of the Queen of the South Ming now looked panicked, staring blankly at the black dog beside her, not knowing what to say for a moment.

The seemingly frail black dog had actually been able to suppress her with one hand?

The moment its paw touched her, she felt as if a mountain had fallen onto her.

This feeling...

Was very wrong!

Even the Sky-Men had never brought such a strong sense of oppression to her.

Although she was just an avatar of the Abyss Demon Emperor, she believed that she had inherited a bit of the Abyss Demon Emperor's temperament, and could remain unfazed even if Mount Tai were to collapse before her.

But...

When she realized that she had actually been suppressed by the paw of a black dog, oh, no, a paw indeed, her Dao heart crumbled on the spot.

Not just her Dao heart, but her entire worldview nearly shattered.

This black dog, even if it was from a Demonic Race with the Demon Emperor's Bloodline, shouldn't possess such formidable strength.

And it was even more impossible for the mere aura emitting from it to instill such dread and trembling in an avatar of the Abyss Demon Emperor like her!

Could it be that this black dog in front of her was some kind of Demon Emperor!?

A ridiculous idea rose in the heart of the Queen of the South Ming.

She had previously found it absurd when she considered that the black dog had the Demon Emperor's Bloodline.

At least she could console herself, theorizing that the Town-Nation Duke's Heir had obtained this Exotic Beast of the Demonic Race with the Demon Emperor's Bloodline as a pet from somewhere.

After all, the Duke of the State was a Sky-Man, so maybe he really could have managed it.

But...

An Exotic Beast of the Demonic Race with the Demon Emperor's Bloodline might be acquirable, but a Demon Emperor, how could you possibly obtain one?

The thoughts in the Queen of the South Ming's mind were tumultuous as she silently watched Black Cub behind her, who was listlessly yawning.

In Black Cub's dark eyes, there wasn't much change in expression.

To be honest.

If it weren't for the fact that this avatar of the Abyss Demon Emperor was about to deliver a fatal blow to her Human Race master, she honestly wouldn't have bothered to intervene.

She had a premonition that if her Human Race master died, she was likely to be buried with him.

Although this Human Race master liked to feed her Da Bi Dou all the time, occasionally he would give her some other things to eat.

It had to be said, the food from the Four Directions Mortal World was incomparable to all those junk things in the Demon Sea.

Here in the Four Directions Mortal World, although living under someone else's roof was a bit humiliating, the quality of her life had indeed improved significantly.

There were many delicious foods.

She thought to herself, if she had the chance to return, she might as well consider taking an interest in the Four Directions Mortal World. It had never occurred to her before that there were so many delicious things here, had it?

While Black Cub was thinking, she slowly removed the pitch-black paw from the Queen of the South Ming's shoulder and yawned in a manner somewhat akin to a human.

Chapter 216: In the End, I Am Still Your Aunt! _4

It idly waved its dog paw.

A pitch-black aura seeped out and settled upon the body of the Queen of the South Ming.

"Don't make trouble, I still want to live a bit longer and taste whatever good food there is in the Four Directions Mortal World."

Having spoken, Black Cub lay down again with an air of nonchalance and glanced sidelong at the Queen of the South Ming, who appeared to be frozen in place like a wooden figurine.

If it hadn't been for the fact that this Queen of the South Ming was an incarnation of the Abyss Demon Emperor, and merely an ordinary human cultivator, it truly would have had no way to deal with her.

But if it was someone from the Demonic Race, it could suppress them with just a hint of its own Demon Emperor's aura.

Among members of the Demonic Race, the disparity in rank was even greater than the difference in status within the Four Directions Mortal World.

An existence of higher rank, even with little cultivation, could easily crush the other party, who wouldn't dare to resist in the slightest.

If the true Abyss Demon Emperor were here, perhaps its aura would not have been so effective in suppression.

But this was just a minor incarnation after all.

Black Cub curled up, its thoughts and body intertwined, nestling in a corner and starting to snore loudly in its sleep.

While sleeping, it didn't dare to make too much noise this time; if it snored as loudly as before, it might just be 'rewarded' with a few more Da Bi Dou, even in the midst of a good sleep.

Just thinking about this made Black Cub feel as if it had completely lost face as a Demon Emperor.

—The Humiliated Demon Emperor.jpg.

After Black Cub had fallen asleep again.

Silence returned to Cheng Guang's bedroom.

The Queen of the South Ming stood there in a daze.

Unable to move even a little.

Her body was enveloped by a layer of Black Cub's aura.

The aura, though weak, gave her the impression that she could easily dissipate it, yet it was permeated with an extremely terrifying and noble essence.

It made her not dare to harbor the slightest disrespectful thought.

Her body's bloodline, bones, and even her entire soul felt as if they were being suppressed, and under the weight of this aura, even the flow of her blood felt noticeably slower.

She felt as if her body was being crushed by a mountain range, experiencing agony in both body and soul with every attempt to move.

This oppression was not about the hierarchy of cultivation realms.

It was, rather, the suppression of the Demonic Race's hierarchy.

What kind of existence could simply exert such an aura and cause an incarnation of the Abyss Demon Emperor to feel fear and dare not move in the slightest?

The Queen of the South Ming was shaken to her core.

This scene had shattered her worldview.

She couldn't understand how the pitiable dog lying on the ground, looking rather foolish, could possess the bloodline of the Demon Emperor.

Nor could she grasp how this foolish dog could suppress her with its mere aura.

Could this foolish dog possibly be some sort of Demon Emperor!?

The Queen of the South Ming felt a sense of wanting to cry but lacking the tears, her expression shifting dramatically until her stunning face slowly settled down.

Her demeanor remained noble and proud, but underneath her gaze, the panic and bewilderment were almost impossible to conceal.

Observing the Town-Nation Duke's Heir sleeping on the couch.

She felt a fear from him that she had never felt before.

The Queen of the South Ming believed that she was quite familiar with the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, but through recent interactions, she realized she didn't understand him at all.

He was unfathomable, shrouded in mystery.

If that Black Dog truly was a Demon Emperor.

Then what kind of existence was this Town-Nation Duke's Heir?

She dared not ponder it.

At the same time, the Queen of the South Ming also realized that when the Town-Nation Duke's Heir woke up and saw her standing so abruptly in his bedroom,

Without any power of resistance, unable to move in the slightest, how would he treat her?

For a moment.

The typically dignified Queen of the South Ming felt somewhat disoriented, with a touch of frailty.

She was just an incarnation of the Abyss Demon Emperor, possessing some of the original's abilities and memories, but she was not exactly the same existence.

In such circumstances, the Queen of the South Ming's heart was shrouded in gloom, feeling the situation was utterly hopeless.

As long as the Black Dog was there, she could not lay a finger on the Town-Nation Duke's Heir. Even if he spared her later and let her leave, she wouldn't be able to do much to him.

And as for...

Whether the Town-Nation Duke's Heir would simply let her go, allowing her, who appeared inexplicably in his room, to leave safely, was a question worth pondering.

The Queen of the South Ming sank into contemplation, her beautiful eyes the only part of her able to blink, but besides dignity, they now also carried a sense of pitiable despair.

They were almost ready to shed precious tears.

After all, the Queen of the South Ming was not the Abyss Demon Emperor herself, just an incarnation; she lacked the unshakably composed demeanor of the high and mighty original.

Feeling powerless and foreboding darkness ahead, it was inevitable for her to reveal a certain fragile sentiment.

As time ticked away by the second, the night receded, and the sky gradually brightened. With the dawn's light, the darkness of night softened, and clouds began to take on a pale red hue.

The Queen of the South Ming's feelings of anxiety and panic intensified.

Seeing the Town-Nation Duke's Heir on the bed looking like he was about to wake up, she truly didn't want to imagine what might happen next.

She slowly closed her dignified autumn-water-like eyes.

Chapter 217: In the End, I Am Still Your Aunt! _5

He could no longer keep his eyes open to continue watching.

As the brilliant sun slowly rose, and the morning sunlight filtered through the round window into the bedroom, Cheng Guang finally began to wake up gradually.

Cheng Guang lazily opened his eyes and heard a somewhat familiar snoring sound by his ears. He frowned slightly and was just about to get out of bed to give the owner of this snoring that woke him a "Da Bi Dou."

However, his gaze suddenly caught something out of the corner of his eye, and his expression gradually solidified, the corners of his mouth twitching stiffly a few times.

At the bottom of his eyes, a hint of shock became evident.

Cheng Guang looked at the Queen of the South Ming, who stood at the side of his bed, striking a certain pose and remaining still, and was momentarily at a loss for words.

The Queen of the South Ming's body was rigid and unmoving, not because she wanted to take a selfie, but as if she was bound by some invisible force.

Cheng Guang was stunned for a moment. He didn't know why the Princess was at his bedside, nor why she looked so strange. His heartbeat accelerated, and his thoughts became jumbled as if he were in a dream.

It was as if he thought he hadn't woken up fully, having some kind of inappropriate illusion. He yawned, but then he thought again.

Even an illusion or hallucination couldn't be this real.

Cheng Guang grew somewhat suspicious and walked over to the Queen of the South Ming.

He examined the body of the Queen of the South Ming before him.

The Queen of the South Ming was dressed in a gorgeous palace attire, with a noble and delicate beauty adorning her face.

Her skin was as pale and smooth as jade, and with every breath, she seemed to exhale a faint scent of orchids. Her charming and devilish figure, even under the thick palace garments, still managed to highlight her perfect shape.

In the curves of her body, there seemed to be a mysterious magic that drew Cheng Guang's gaze.

Cheng Guang sized her up, stroking his chin, pondering what the situation before him was all about.

He had considered that the Queen of the South Ming might come for revenge.

So even when sleeping, he wore the Heavenly Silk Clothing, which could provide some protective function. At the same time, a large number of guards were secretly stationed around the courtyard.

But last night, there wasn't any disturbance.

He slept soundly.

He didn't feel any danger at all.

Even the guards around him didn't react to anything.

Did his auntie appear in his bedroom just to watch him sleep?

Cheng Guang clicked his tongue, scrutinizing the Queen of the South Ming before him carefully.

"Auntie?"

"What are you doing here?"

Cheng Guang asked with interest.

His words reached the ears of the Queen of the South Ming.

The queen's already tightly closed eyes squeezed even tighter, the delicate ears adorned with pearled earrings flushing with a faint red.

Seeing this, Cheng Guang couldn't help but laugh.

Although he didn't know why the Queen of the South Ming was suddenly immobilized on the spot, unable to move at all, it didn't prevent him from seizing the opportunity to kick someone when they were down.

Cheng Guang's gaze wandered over the Queen's body, sizing her up, when suddenly, as if a thought struck him, he made a tapping gesture with his hands.

"Right, even though I have no idea why my aunt has suddenly appeared in my bedroom, motionless, this seems like a good opportunity to complete my task."

Cheng Guang's gaze fell on the Queen of the South Ming's thigh.

The Queen's thighs were long and fit, her skin white and as glossy as jade, captivatingly so.

Even under the cover of voluminous palace attire, Cheng Guang could still clearly feel the elegant and powerful lines of her legs.

Tsk, really though, those legs are quite suitable for wearing stockings.

The "Queen's Stockings" rewarded by the system, with such a name, you know it's not something decent.

Speaking of which, maybe it could be used on this Queen.

To use on the Queen, indeed.

How ingenious.

Cheng Guang couldn't help but be amazed, slowly approaching the Queen of the South Ming, leaning down.

What's this strange feeling of shame?

Cheng Guang's face flushed.

I'm just doing this to complete the doggish system's task, not to take advantage of my aunt, the Queen.

As he approached, Cheng Guang could clearly smell a faint fragrance emanating from the Queen's jade legs, a scent that was a mix of a subtle floral aroma and womanly charm.

Cheng Guang's mind was as calm as still water as he embraced her directly.

It was just a tentative embrace.

At the same time, the ice-cold voice of the system, devoid of any emotion, rang in his ears.

[Task complete.]

[Would you like to claim your reward?]

Cheng Guang wasn't concerned with the system's voice in his mind because he noticed.

The moment he embraced the Queen's thigh, her body trembled imperceptibly.

Her tightly closed eyes suddenly opened.

Ashamed and furious like a volcano about to erupt, such emotions were contained within her beautiful eyes.

If looks could kill, Cheng Guang didn't know how many times he would've died by now.

Cheng Guang noticed that the Queen of the South Ming had opened her eyes, and his body was ready to retreat at a moment's notice.

If the Queen of South Ming dared to make a move, he was ready to call for help.

But what Cheng Guang subsequently found was that although the Queen was staring at him with a murderous look, her body remained honestly still, not moving an inch.

What kind of binding technique was this?

Could it truly render his aunt completely immobile?

Cheng Guang clicked his tongue, increasingly curious about this immobilizing technique, his hands wandering on the Queen's jade legs and skin.

Of course.

Cheng Guang reassured himself that he wasn't taking advantage of his aunt, the Queen, but was merely investigating what kind of binding magic this was.

Chapter 218: In the End, I Am Still Your Aunt! _6

He investigated for quite a while.

Cheng Guang reluctantly let go of his hold.

On the Princess of South Ming's body were no obvious restraints or suppression on her meridians; only a lingering, inexplicable aura remained.

That aura gave Cheng Guang a particularly familiar feeling, as if it were emanating from his own Black Cub.

How could Black Cub's scent be on the Queen of the South Ming?

Could it be that his aunt, the Queen, was immobilized because of Black Cub's aura?

A thought arose in Cheng Guang's mind.

He knew Black Cub was a pet awarded by the system, with the word "hell" tagged behind, suggesting that it might originate from the Demonic Race of the Ten-Layered Demon Sea and probably came from the same place as his aunt, the Queen.

Perhaps Black Cub, the foolish dog, actually had a way to deal with the Queen of the South Ming.

Cheng Guang's gaze fell onto Black Cub, who was sound asleep and snoring by his side. He walked over, picked up the cub by its neck, and gently bestowed a few Da Bi Dou slaps on its dog face.

"Wake up."

Black Cub looked bewildered, slowly opened its eyes, gazing at Cheng Guang with utter puzzlement as it floated in mid-air under his intense scrutiny.

Feeling the strange look in Cheng Guang's eyes, Black Cub's rear felt chillingly cold, its body instantly tensed up as it whimpered, hugged its head, and carefully sized up Cheng Guang.

It had no clue what the Human Race intended to do so early in the morning.

Cheng Guang pointed toward the still Queen of the South Ming and asked, "Was this your doing?"

Cheng Guang observed Black Cub's expression.

Apart from Black Cub, he really couldn't guess who else could wield such a method to suppress the Queen of the South Ming to the point where she dared not move.

Upon hearing Cheng Guang's question, Black Cub subconsciously felt a bit proud.

But with Cheng Guang's face calm like still water, even it, the Hell's Demon Emperor, had a hard time figuring out what was going through Cheng Guang's mind.

For a moment, Black Cub whimpered again, its eyes flickering uncertainly, looking left and right, holding its head, as if pretending that it had nothing to do with any of this.

Seeing Black Cub acting all sly again, Cheng Guang couldn't help but believe even more that it was indeed Black Cub who had tampered with his aunt, the Queen.

Heh.

Well, despite its occasional issues, the system's rewards are invariably remarkable.

A seemingly foolish and simple dog could have such an extraordinary effect.

Cheng Guang marveled inwardly as he casually dropped Black Cub on the ground, his gaze shifted back to the still Queen of the South Ming.

He could not figure out what to do with the Queen.

At that moment, Cheng Guang also remembered the system quest that he had just overlooked.

He stepped into the side room.

With a thought,

"System, claim the reward!"

As the words in Cheng Guang's heart fell, streaks of golden light burst forth before him.

A mysterious and immense aura of dread spread in front of him.

Cheng Guang watched the golden glow, seeing a pair of black stockings slowly materialize within it.

Meanwhile, as Cheng Guang was claiming the system reward,

in the bedroom, Black Cub, which had been listlessly lying on the ground with a pitiful look, felt the aura emerging from the side room as the reward was being claimed and instantly sprang up as if equipped with springs.

It seemed to sense some terrifying entity, its dog eyes widened, and its fur stood on end in alarm.

"What is this aura?"

"Even though it's subtle and lacks destructive power, it carries a supreme, exalted sense."

Human-like surprise and indecision appeared on Black Cub's face as it stared blankly at the side room.

It seemed lost in thought as if it could see through the walls of the side room and witness the events happening within.

The Queen of the South Ming, however, did not sense anything.

Even though her true self was the Abyss Demon Emperor, she was merely an avatar at the moment and lacked Black Cub's keen perception. To her, Black Cub's reaction seemed very strange.

The creature that had terrified her was now showing the same behavior as she had just before, apparently witnessing some horror.

A matryoshka doll situation?

The Queen of the South Ming pondered.

At the same time, she wasn't concerned with what Black Cub had seen to cause such a reaction; she was filled with nothing but despair.

Although she was only an avatar, she still, to some extent, represented the Abyss Demon Emperor.

In the entire Ten-Layered Demon Sea, the Abyss Demon Emperor was an existence revered by tens of thousands of demons, and outsiders would be punished by having their eyes gouged and bodies dismembered for even daring to glance her way more than necessary, let alone touch her.

But this time.

Far from merely being gazed upon more than usual, her entire body was thoroughly violated by touch.

Aside from no substantive acts being committed, the Queen of the South Ming felt that as an avatar, she was already tainted.

It was precisely because she was far from the Ten-Layered Demon Sea and had not yet synced memories with her true self.

If her true self discovered what had happened here, the Queen of the South Ming dared not imagine the treatment she would receive in her rage.

Not to mention being reabsorbed into her true self.

Based on the understanding of herself, or rather, of the Abyss Demon Emperor, by then, she feared she could be thrown into the Sea of a Million Demons' Flames to be refined without any excess.

An avatar was just an avatar, and even if they were from the same person, there was still a distinction to be made.

The Queen of the South Ming knew that, in a strict sense, she was merely a tool with a portion of her true self's consciousness, existing in a master-servant, subservient relationship with her true self.

Disposable upon use.

If not, should the avatar grow too powerful, its consciousness could replace that of the true self, resulting in the Abyss Demon Emperor changing appearance and personality on a whim.

This was something the Abyss Demon Emperor could not accept.

Thus, a certain distance was maintained between the consciousness of the avatar and the true self.

In the end, she was not the real Abyss Demon Emperor, and her fate would undoubtedly be terrible once the memories synced.

The Abyss Demon Emperor would never allow her dignity to be challenged, and would not tolerate such a disgrace, not even from an avatar.

If she were not the person involved and it was another avatar being treated this way, she would surely be enraged and erase that avatar herself.

With this thought, the Queen of the South Ming felt that her future was bleak.

Even if she accomplished the task set by her true self, took control of the Four Directions Mortal World, and brought back the royal bloodline of the Four Directions Mortal World, she would still die upon returning to the Ten-Layered Demon Sea.

Her true self would send another avatar to take control.

Although there wasn't much difference, the Queen of the South Ming felt she was no longer herself.

The Queen of the South Ming felt conflicted. As she pondered, at this moment, from the side room, the door was pushed open.

She saw a handsome young man holding something that looked like black silk stockings, walking out with slow steps.

At the same time, there was a clicking of the tongue.

"This quality, really can't be faulted."

"Although it's just an ungraded Different Treasure, the effect..."

"Not simple at all..."

The Queen of the South Ming saw the Town-Nation Duke's Heir with a look of amazement on his face, and then noticed that the Town-Nation Duke's Heir's gaze was directed at her.

She saw his gaze shift downward, landing on her jade legs.

Contained within his eyes was a semblance of ill intent.

The Queen of the South Ming took just one look at the Town-Nation Duke's Heir's eyes and felt the inexplicable meaning within, as if she had been touched by something filthy.

"What do you want to do?"

"I am still your aunt, after all! Don't you dare be too presumptuous!"

The Queen of the South Ming's face paled as she looked at Cheng Guang's face with its eyes full of ill will and the corners of his mouth curled into a meaningful smile.

She only felt that she was about to suffer again.

In her haste, she promptly claimed her identity as the Queen of the South Ming.

After all, she was still Cheng Guang's aunt in public.

Surely Cheng Guang wouldn't be too audacious, would he?

Even if her fate could already be foreseen and it wouldn't be pretty, most likely to be erased directly by her true self, never to merge back into her true self's body.

But the Queen of the South Ming still wanted to struggle a bit at this moment.

Even if she was tainted, she couldn't just give up and resign herself to her fate.

The pride inherent in the Queen of the South Ming forbade such an occurrence.

Chapter 219: Aunt, Are You Satisfied With My Gift?

The Queen of the South Ming slightly opened her eyes, glaring at Cheng Guang with her beautiful eyes.

She seemed to want to present an air of authority, and so her tone was somewhat severe, with a hint of indignant rage in her posture.

She wanted Cheng Guang to recognize the difficulty and back off, not daring to be too presumptuous, but then she noticed that upon hearing her words, Cheng Guang did not show any hesitation, but instead smiled faintly, paused briefly, and then continued to walk slowly toward her.

The Queen of the South Ming saw that Cheng Guang was holding something in his hand that looked like a black stocking.

These stockings, finer and more delicate than the usual brocade fabric, exuded a sense of exquisite craftsmanship and value with just one glance.

However, the Queen of the South Ming only needed to glance at the item once to feel that it carried a sense of impurity.

She already felt that Cheng Guang, holding such an object and approaching her slowly, would not have any good intentions in mind.

The Queen of the South Ming had the will to resist, but at this moment she had virtually no means to do so.

Seeing that her rebuke had little effect on Cheng Guang, she couldn't help but feel a sense of powerlessness.

Cheng Guang walked up to the Queen of the South Ming, raised an eyebrow, glanced at her complexion, and said with a smile,

"Auntie, there's no need to be nervous, I'm not going to do anything to you."

"I'm just giving you a gift."

With that, Cheng Guang slightly lifted the black stocking in his hand.

This black stocking was the mission reward that the system had just given him.

Named "Stockings of the Princess", it was an unranked Different Treasure.

As for the effect, it was especially simple: the moment someone put on the Stockings of the Princess, their personality would randomly transform into another corresponding trait.

If they began as aloof, after putting on the Stockings of the Princess, they would become gentle and soft.

If they began as gentle and soft, after putting on the Stockings of the Princess, they would become aloof.

If they started out as a tease, after putting on the Stockings of the Princess, they might likely turn into a shy and submissive individual.

It was all about creating a contrast.

Even after taking off the stockings, the personality change would last for a while and would not be easy to eliminate.

Cheng Guang had to admit that although the Stockings of the Princess were an unranked Different Treasure, its effects were far stronger than most ranked Different Treasures.

After all, who had ever seen a Different Treasure that could change someone's personality?

It was quite outrageous.

At that moment, Cheng Guang was very curious to see what kind of personality his extremely distinguished and inherently proud aunt would adopt after putting on the Stockings of the Princess.

Cheng Guang said this and bent over slightly, taking one of the Queen of the South Ming's long, rounded jade legs in his hand and slowly putting on the black silk stocking for her.

The Queen of the South Ming's eyes grew colder, and the shame and murderous intent within them became exceedingly intense, yet in this helpless and humiliating situation,

the noble and dignified aura around her did not weaken in the slightest, instead emanating an untouchable majesty from head to toe.

Unable to resist, she took a deep breath, her voluptuous body heaving.

Within her seductive body, there was an unimaginable rage.

Cheng Guang ignored the shame and murderous intent in the Queen of the South Ming's eyes, his movements neither hurried nor slow as he gently put on the black stocking for her.

It must be said that the Queen of the South Ming's legs, in a previous life, could have been deemed "legends of the year"; her rounded and slender pale legs, when wrapped in black silk, appeared even longer and more toned, and the outline of her legs was even more clearly defined against the backdrop of the black silk.

Even Cheng Guang found his heartbeat quickening and his breathing becoming rapid.

However, Cheng Guang considered himself to be quite the gentleman.

He did not leer or grope unnecessarily.

After carefully putting on the black stockings for the Queen of the South Ming, a tea's time had passed.

Black Cub, at the side, covered its dog eyes, cautiously observing the commotion here, finding the Avatar of the Abyss Demon Emperor's predicament amusing.

Speaking of which, the Abyss Demon Emperor was really ugly, even in avatar form, with no significant difference in appearance, and not a single hair on its body.

Black Cub wondered why the Human Race was so interested in the appearance of the Abyss Demon Emperor.

After a glance, Black Cub lost interest, content as long as the Avatar of the Abyss Demon Emperor did not act against its temporary Human Race master who held power over its life, and it wasn't inclined to interfere.

Yawning, it lay down quietly and soon appeared ready to doze off.

Cheng Guang paid no attention to the movement of Black Cub in the corner; his entire focus was now on the Queen of the South Ming.

When the Queen of the South Ming put on the black stocking, her body momentarily froze, as if a machine had jammed, or the system had experienced a lag.

In any case, following the brief pause, it seemed her personality had also undergone some changes.

Previously a noble and esteemed queen, she now seemed to have turned into a woman of ill repute.

Her autumn water-like eyes now revealed a deep desire.

On the noble and prestigious beauty of the Queen of the South Ming's face, a hint of coquettish smile surfaced unwittingly, containing a trace of teasing allure.

"Nephew, what are you implying by putting these stockings on your aunt?"

The Queen of the South Ming's noble eyes narrowed slightly, looking at Cheng Guang, and as he approached her with the black stockings in hand, she distinctly felt a sense of discomfort.

Chapter 220: Aunt, Are You Satisfied With My Gift? 2

But after putting on the black stockings, the uncomfortable feeling suddenly disappeared.

The Queen of the South Ming found that her body was not affected at all. Aside from the aura of the Demon Emperor suppressing her on the surface, there were no other changes.

Even her Primordial Spirit within had subtly strengthened quite a bit after donning these stockings.

For a moment, the Queen of the South Ming was puzzled.

Had her nephew, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, gone to all this trouble just to have her wear a strange pair of black stockings and then help her enhance her Spirit Dao cultivation?

Right now, the Queen herself hadn't realized that her tone had shifted from the previous coldness to a gentle and soothing manner, as if she were coaxing Cheng Guang.

If it weren't for Black Cub's aura suppressing her on the outside,

Cheng Guang imagined that the Queen's behavior and actions would become bolder and lose the restraint and dignity she maintained before.

Facing such a Queen of the South Ming, Cheng Guang also felt somewhat uncomfortable.

He hadn't expected that the Queen's stockings would have such a powerful effect, nearly instant in nature.

No sooner had the Queen put on the stockings than her personality underwent a transformation, and even she herself was completely unaware of it.

At the same time, Cheng Guang also noticed that although the Queen's personality had changed, the noble air about her remained undiminished. Her limpid eyes and every smile on her face radiated a strong charm that made it hard for one to look away.

This mixture of worldly and dignified airs in the Queen of the South Ming strangely added a kind of contradictory beauty to her.

Cheng Guang clicked his tongue in appreciation.

"It's nothing other than that. Auntie, are you satisfied with this gift of mine?"

Cheng Guang evaluated the Queen from head to toe.

Upon hearing Cheng Guang's words, the Queen just scoffed.

For her, the black stockings Cheng Guang had put on her had no destructive power at all.

If the black stockings had any function, with her cultivation, she would have noticed something off immediately.

But at the moment, she had not detected anything unusual.

Therefore, it was clear that these black stockings were nothing but ordinary garments.

They merely had a somewhat strange style, that's all.

The Queen's thoughts rose and fell, and after scoffing, she said sarcastically,

"Heh, nephew's gift, as his aunt, I naturally couldn't be more satisfied."

"Only, don't you think that giving such a gift to your aunt is far too frivolous?"

What she called a scoff, in Cheng Guang's eyes, was at most a flirty smile.

Cheng Guang didn't mind it.

He casually sat back at the table beside him and poured himself a cup of tea.

In the brilliant morning sunlight, the clear tea became exceedingly translucent.

The light fragrance of the tea wafted gently into Cheng Guang's nostrils.

Cheng Guang picked up the teacup, sipped it carefully, and then turned to the Queen with a smile, "Auntie, what do you think, if my household were to see you appear in my bedroom while it's still not bright out?"

"What would happen to your reputation?"

"If this were to get out, regardless of what the King of South Ming thinks, your reputation might be ruined overnight."

The Queen of the South Ming, upon hearing Cheng Guang's words, was unconcerned.

Reputation is something ordinary women definitely care about.

If she were a real princess, facing Cheng Guang's words now would probably make her panic.

But she was not a real Queen nor a common woman of the Four Directions Mortal World; she did not care about such things at all.

So, hearing Cheng Guang using such things to threaten her seemed quite laughable to her.

Cheng Guang saw that the Queen showed no change in her expression and was not surprised; he simply took another leisurely sip of tea.

"Auntie might not care about her own reputation, but you, as the Queen of the South Ming, meeting with me in secret in the middle of the night, will cause the King of South Ming to lose face."

"The people of this world don't dare to offend me nor the King of South Ming. To maintain the King's dignity, as well as the face of the royal Court, some Court officials will likely petition for your execution."

"Oh right, you are probably not afraid of death, are you?"

"Then, as the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, I could request the Emperor not to kill you, but to send you to Wanhua Tower or the Opera Department instead."

Cheng Guang said this in a calm and unhurried manner, and the Queen's expression had already changed by that point.

She, indeed, did not care about life and death.

After all, her avatar had been tainted the moment Cheng Guang touched her.

The Abyss Demon Emperor would not allow such an avatar to continue existing.

To die, she feared not at all.

But regarding...

What Cheng Guang mentioned, being sent to the Opera Department, was something she couldn't accept.

Even though this persona of the Queen was just an avatar of the Abyss Demon Emperor, the pride that was unique to the Emperor remained fully intact.

Merely being touched by Cheng Guang had made her feel unacceptable.

If she were sent to the Opera Department and unable to take her own life, then for the Queen of the South Ming, it would truly be a hell on earth!

To be unable to live as one wishes or die as one pleases would not be an overstatement!

"No, you cannot do this."

The Queen, always so dignified, could no longer maintain her composure. Panic appeared in her autumnal eyes as she looked at Cheng Guang. Beyond the panic, there was also a faint plea in her expression.