

# **My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 22 - Chapter 20 Gone Crazy Chapter 22: Chapter 20 Gone Crazy**

In the grand hall.

There stood a refined man in the center, over thirty years of age, dressed in a blue silk national shirt with a cool belt at his waist, Qing satin felt bottom official boots on his feet, and draped in red and green silk clothes.

4

His face was like white jade, handsome and imposing, his dark eyes as deep as ancient wells, silent, his entire being seemed to be enveloped in an aura of coldness.

This man evidently held a high position for a long time; just standing there, without doing anything, he radiated an undeniable aura of authority.

Cheng Guang looked at the man standing in the middle of the grand hall, and a name came to his mind.

Cheng Zhihai.

When Cheng Zhihai saw Cheng Guang appear, his gaze softened, the stern ice melting from his face to reveal a look of affection.

"You little rascal, what trouble have you been causing recently? I've heard from your mother that you were involved in Wu Ling becoming the Crown Prince."

Seeing this, Cheng Guang just curled his lip and didn't answer, but instead retorted, "Why have you come back so early?"

Cheng Zhihai's tone faltered slightly. He had intended to admonish Cheng Guang, telling him he should not openly support Wu Ling and help the Emperor make her the Crown Prince. However, he hadn't expected to be questioned by Cheng Guang about why he returned so early.

Cheng Zhihai laughed and shook his head, used to Cheng Guang's disdainful demeanor towards him.

"I have a new prescription this time. I found quite a few spiritual medicines from a secret realm outside, and this time there should be hope to heal the damages to your foundation..."

"No need."

Cheng Guang didn't wait for Cheng Zhihai to finish and abruptly rejected the offer.

"Sigh, Guanger, your father knows that the treatment process is painful, but you don't want to be trapped in the mansion for your whole life, do you? Or, do you really expect me to protect you for a lifetime?"

Cheng Zhihai pleaded earnestly; at this moment, he had none of the dignity of an authority figure but rather resembled a nagging old father.

Cheng Guang's eyebrows twitched, and the impatience on his face grew more apparent. "So what? Can't you protect me for a lifetime?"

The Princely Heir had always treated Cheng Zhihai this way.

Since childhood, the Princely Heir had suffered greatly under Cheng Zhihai's care. Although it was for his benefit—to treat his injuries—it nonetheless left an indelible shadow on his youth.

So much so that, even after growing up, the Princely Heir never showed much of a good face to Cheng Zhihai.

Cheng Zhihai never expected Cheng Guang to say such un noble words. He stood there awkwardly, not knowing what to do, and said,

"For your father to protect you for a lifetime is not a problem, but a man's ambition should take him far and wide. You are the only successor of Duke Zhen's Mansion; if you stay in the mansion all the time, how can you be respected..."

Cheng Guang said nothing, but just huffed coldly.

He perfectly embodied the youthful arrogance and obstinacy of a young man.

2

Right now, Cheng Guang even admired himself, having not realized that his acting skills had improved so much during this time.

1

Cheng Zhihai knew Cheng Guang's temperament. He had always had grievances against him and never showed him a good face. But still being his own son, Cheng Zhihai was more tolerant toward Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang's injury was, after all, a constant worry for him.

If it hadn't been for him taking Mrs. Wu as a wife, Cheng Guang wouldn't have had to suffer torture at birth due to carrying the royal bloodline and be stripped of it.

If that had happened to a child from an ordinary family, they may not have survived.

But in Duke Zhen's Mansion, keeping him alive was no issue, although it was impossible to completely remove the influence of being stripped of his bloodline.

Being unable to cultivate Spirit Dao was one thing, but even his martial cultivation talent was greatly restricted, possibly relegating him to a lifetime as a mortal.

Out of necessity, they had come up with the idea of seizing the bloodline of other royal descendants and forcibly merging it with Cheng Guang's body.

This would enable him to cultivate Spirit Dao.

But in the end, they had underestimated the rules of heaven and earth and the domineering nature of the royal bloodline.

Other than being born with the royal bloodline, trying to forcibly merge the bloodline of another royal after the fact was basically impossible.

Even though Cheng Zhihai had spent countless treasures over the decades, attempting to suppress the blood rejection in Cheng Guang's body, it hardly worked. He could only barely maintain a balance and prevent the external royal bloodline from spiraling out of control.

After much contemplation, Cheng Zhihai could only sigh with guilt.

"Guanger, let your father try one more time. If it still doesn't work, I'll think of other ways and will no longer disturb you so frequently. Is that okay?"

In Cheng Zhihai's imposing eyes, there emerged a plea.

This caused Cheng Guang's heart to tighten.

There stood Cheng Zhihai, a man who commanded the wind and rain in the outside world, above countless people, iron-faced and impartial, directing the Bureau of the Lamp, which had instigated numerous bloody storms, now showing a side of plead to his own son.

This lowly demeanor was not only unimaginable for Cheng Guang—if people from outside knew of it, they would find it even more unbelievable.

Cheng Zhihai's affection for the Princely Heir far exceeded Cheng Guang's expectations.

And yet, that was not strange.

In the future, Cheng Zhihai would be willing to use his own life to cure the Princely Heir's injury, even paying the price of his own life to completely suppress the recklessness of the royal bloodline in his body.

Using his life as payment, he would allow the Princely Heir to embark on the path of cultivation, to step into the Martial World.

Cheng Guang had thought he wouldn't care, but his feelings were more complicated than he had expected at the moment.

If Cheng Zhihai found out he was a replacement and even intended to usurp his place, the consequences might be worse than death.

But if not discovered, having such doting parents would be more than happiness.

6

At this point, Cheng Guang could no longer turn back; he could only forge ahead on this path until the end.

After fully replacing the Princely Heir, it would not be impossible for him to start seeing Wu Yuemei and Cheng Zhihai as his true parents.

3

Cheng Guang suppressed the slightly complicated thoughts in his heart, then gently shook his head.

"No need."

As these words came out, Cheng Zhihai's brows deeply furrowed, the authority in his eyes dimmed a bit, showing signs of indecision. He wanted to continue persuading Cheng Guang, but then he heard Cheng Guang speak again.

"The injuries on my body seem to have healed."

The moment these words fell, it was like thunder exploding in one's mind!

Cheng Zhihai suddenly raised his head, his eyes slightly wide, a terrifying pressure emanating from him, which he quickly reined in.

He looked at Cheng Guang in disbelief.

"Guanger, what did you say!?"

The young man stood tall, serene in gaze, watching him, and slowly spoke.

"I said, it seems my injuries have healed."

Cheng Zhihai thought Cheng Guang was talking nonsense, but still quickly reached out to pull Cheng Guang in front of him, then channeled his Qi, cautiously examining Cheng Guang's body.

The flow of Qi moved through Cheng Guang's body like warm water streaming through the meridians, causing him no discomfort.

Cheng Zhihai's control over the force was perfect, not harming Cheng Guang in the slightest, and in an instant, he had a crystal-clear understanding of the condition within Cheng Guang's body.

2

When he had a clear understanding of Cheng Guang's condition, Cheng Zhihai was immediately stunned.

In his authoritative eyes, a look of bewilderment appeared, and his broad palms trembled involuntarily, his eyes shaking uncontrollably.

He stared blankly at Cheng Guang, at a loss for words for a moment.

His hands flailed, and tears filled his eyes without him realizing it, as if he wept from overwhelming joy, or as if he were dreaming.

"How, how did this happen..."

"How did it suddenly get better..."

"I'm not dreaming, am I? I'm not dreaming, right? How did it suddenly get better..."

Cheng Zhihai mumbled to himself, as if he couldn't believe it, as if it was an utterly incredible tale, speechless as he examined Cheng Guang's body again and again.

Something he had longed for in his dreams had suddenly and easily come true, creating a sense of unreality as if from another lifetime.

To confirm that the person before him was indeed his son, not someone else, he took extra care to notice various details.

Indeed, he discovered.

The person before him was indeed his son.

Whether it was the expression, the state, or the aura, there was not the slightest variance.

3

"How did you heal?"

After dancing with joy, Cheng Zhihai quickly stepped forward, his hands tightly gripping Cheng Guang's arms, and asked out loud.

Cheng Guang shook his body, annoyed, and pulled away from Cheng Zhihai, "It just healed like that. I was looking through some materials in the Library, then randomly found a few medicinal prescriptions, and I don't know how, but it just got better."

6

"Stuff like Vermilion Blood Fruit, Dragon Tongue Grass, and the like, just randomly mixed together and drunk a bit, and then suddenly it was better."

Cheng Guang's words were vague.

How the rejection was resolved, he couldn't explain clearly, nor did he need to explain it in full detail—it was sufficient to have a rough reason.

In the world, there had never been a perfect precedent for resolving the rejection caused by forcibly merging the royal bloodline, even if Cheng Zhihai wanted to verify the truth of Cheng Guang's words, it would be very difficult.

Cheng Zhihai was startled by what Cheng Guang said.

Unexpectedly, the method described by Cheng Guang was so simple.

However, Cheng Zhihai knew that Cheng Guang was not lying. Based on the information he had, Cheng Guang indeed frequented the Library to read materials these past few days.

He was also fully aware of what Cheng Guang had been drinking and eating during these days.

Yet, he had never imagined that some rather ordinary, even commonly seen items, randomly mixed together, could perfectly resolve the rejection of the royal bloodline.

This shock was no less than the one from a legend in the past world, where some cheap, everyday materials like glass sand and quicklime could be used to create a superconductor, leaving people astounded.

Cheng Zhihai was utterly mad!

For a while, he stood there, speechless and frozen.

He could not find a way to verify if Cheng Guang's words were true or false, since he obviously could not go and abduct another royal family member, strip the bloodline from their body, and commit such a huge taboo against society again, just to verify Cheng Guang's claim.

2

He could only believe Cheng Guang.

Yet, Cheng Zhihai knew there was one more thing that needed verification.

That was to see if the bloodline within Cheng Guang's body was truly of the royal line.

1

If it wasn't the royal bloodline, the problem would be significant.

For one, the person before him might not be his son.

Secondly, it could be that Cheng Guang's injuries had healed because the royal bloodline within him had disappeared.

2

Cheng Zhihai found neither outcome acceptable.

Immediately, with a heart full of unease, Cheng Zhihai pulled Cheng Guang to a secret chamber within the great hall.

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