

## **My System 221**

Chapter 221: Aunt, Are You Satisfied With My Gift? 3

"You cannot do this."

"Tsk, tsk..."

Cheng Guang regarded the always-proud Queen of the South Ming with some amusement. She wasn't afraid even when faced with death; yet, for some reason, she was terribly scared of this matter.

It must be said, the Queen of the South Ming—or rather, her true self, the Abyss Demon Emperor—seemed to have placed her pride in some rather peculiar areas.

She wasn't afraid of death, but she was particularly fearful of her body being tainted with anything dirty.

Did she have a phobia of contamination?

Cheng Guang stroked his chin, slowly pondering.

He hadn't expected that this would become a way he could manipulate the insufferable and haughty Queen of the South Ming.

Cheng Guang looked at the queen, who had seemingly lost some of her brilliance and was struggling to maintain her stately and dignified demeanor, and scoffed:

"Auntie, you say I can't do this, but why can't I?"

"You've allowed yourselves to attempt assassinating me time and again, to put me to death; shouldn't I be allowed to strike back?"

Cheng Guang watched the beautiful eyes of the Queen of the South Ming and slowly lifted his teacup, sipping the clear tea leisurely as he said:

"However, Auntie, you can be completely reassured that once you join the Opera Department soon, I will make sure to help look after your business every now and then."

"I've heard that there are performance evaluations within the Opera Department as well."

Cheng Guang's words rang in the ears of the Queen of the South Ming, her complexion darkening further, her charmingly seductive lips slightly pursed, teeth lightly biting into her lower lip.

Although the Queen of the South Ming didn't quite understand what Cheng Guang meant by 'performance evaluations,' the sight of his handsome face bearing a detached smile was enough for her to guess it wasn't something positive.

The blood drained from her face.

"What exactly do you want to do?"

"Do you find it amusing to humiliate me like this? Since you know I wish to kill you, why don't you just kill me instead?"

"Would you live in peace if I were given the chance?"

The Queen of the South Ming took a deep breath and stared intently at Cheng Guang, as if she wanted to question him.

But the words on her lips were hesitant, spoken with a seemingly cowardly tone yet carrying the most venomous of intentions.

Cheng Guang had no particular reaction to the Queen of the South Ming's words.

It was highly unlikely that the Queen of the South Ming had a chance anymore.

Not to mention that even without Black Cub, it was impossible for the Queen to kill him within the Capital city.

Now, with the Black Cub inexplicably at his side, a formidable weapon, she had already been brought to her knees, even without him lifting a finger.

To Cheng Guang, the Queen of the South Ming now seemed no different from a cute, begging rabbit.

Therefore, Cheng Guang merely smiled lightly, "Humiliate you?"

"No, that's not my intention."

The Queen of the South Ming's eyes widened slightly, visibly frustrated, "Then what are your intentions?"

Cheng Guang shook his head, "My intentions are very simple; I'm giving you two choices right now."

The Queen of the South Ming's frown eased a little upon hearing his words.

She knew that the Town-Nation Duke's Heir was full of schemes. If he truly wanted to send her to the Opera Department, he wouldn't inform her beforehand; he would likely just take action.

The reason he hadn't done so yet was simple: because he still wanted to threaten her into doing something else for him.

In the gaze of the Queen of the South Ming's watery eyes, Cheng Guang casually counted off on his fingers:

"Choose one of the two options for yourself."

"The first option is to send you off to the Opera Department, which would be a relief for both of us, and you could contribute to Great Zhou's GDP."

"The second option is for you to give me a method that can turn the King of South Ming back into the Crown Prince, or rather, a method to prove that the King of South Ming is indeed the Crown Prince."

As Cheng Guang's voice faded,

The ordinarily seductive and noble-looking Queen of the South Ming paused slightly, then her eyebrows furrowed, and her expression shifted rapidly.

After a moment of thought,

The Queen of the South Ming looked at Cheng Guang with a cold laugh.

"Heh heh, nephew, these two options you've given me really pose a difficult quandary for your aunt."

Cheng Guang remained silent, observing the demeanor of the Queen of the South Ming.

Even she hadn't noticed that everything about her, every gesture and smile, was brimming with strong desire and could easily incite a sense of urgency within a man's heart, more so than some of the techniques used by courtesans.

What was more lethal was the fact that the Queen of the South Ming was unaware of it.

She had no idea of the tremendous allure she held for a man at that moment.

Cheng Guang considered himself to have a fairly good self-control. Yet under such temptation from the Queen of the South Ming, he still almost lost his composure, feeling the urge to rise in salute.

The ironic tone of the Queen of the South Ming now seemed like a different form of coquetry.

It possessed no threatening power whatsoever.

The more Cheng Guang watched, the more amusing he found it.

The Princess's stockings are truly formidable.

Cheng Guang mused internally.

Seeing Cheng Guang silent yet still gazing at her, the Queen of the South Ming, despite being scrutinized by the Town-Nation Duke's Heir countless times,

Felt somehow different this time.

She couldn't help but feel that Cheng Guang's look contained an unfamiliar nuance, as if he were a patron in a brothel trying to maintain his self-respect amid the seduction, cautious not to act impertinently.

Was she being regarded as a courtesan?

She hadn't even entered the Opera Department yet!

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So she's already starting to imagine what it will be like for her in the Opera Department after this!?

At this moment, the Queen of the South Ming could only feel utter humiliation.

She, an avatar of the Abyss Demon Emperor, was being oppressed by a human to such an extent that she barely had any ability to resist.

As for the two options that Cheng Guang had just proposed, they equally tormented the Queen of the South Ming.

The first option was something she felt she could never accept, not to death.

Her pride would not allow her to do such a thing.

Even more so, she would not allow herself, even if only an avatar, to be humiliated by others in such a manner.

As for the second option, it was also very difficult.

Although Cheng Guang's target was not her, the Queen of the South Ming, but instead the King of South Ming, who was just a puppet between her and the Devil Clan.

In theory, she should not care about the life or death of a human puppet.

But this human puppet was an important intermediary through which they could indirectly control the dynasties of the Human Race in the Four Directions Mortal World.

If there were no King of South Ming, neither she nor the Devil Clan backing the king would likely be able to extend their influence into the Four Directions Mortal World.

The numerous humans within the Four Directions Mortal World, though they occasionally fought amongst themselves and dynasties changed constantly, were mostly just disputes within a large family, not amounting to much.

But if, once outsiders became involved,

then, at that time, the Queen of the South Ming and the Devil Clan behind the king, would not just be facing the Great Zhou Dynasty as their adversary,

but the suppression of all dynasties within the Four Directions Mortal World.

Even if her true self was the Abyss Demon Emperor, even if there were Devil Emperors among the Devil Clan,

facing the might of the entire Four Directions Mortal World, there still wouldn't be much resistance possible.

Once the King of South Ming was exposed, it would become unlikely for her and the Devil Emperor to divide the Great Zhou Dynasty, and how long until the next opportunity to extend their reach into the Four Directions Mortal World was unknown.

Moreover, it was worth mentioning that even though this avatar had merged with the blood of the Great Zhou Imperial Family, it was still insignificant compared to her original self.

For her true self, at most the loss would be some vitality, a period of time, and she could completely cultivate another identical avatar.

It didn't matter if the Queen of the South Ming herself died.

But the important chess piece that was the King of South Ming, could not die.

Thinking this, the color of the Queen of the South Ming's face slowly turned from pale to iron blue, and finally gradually darkened.

For a while, she didn't know what to do.

If she were the original self, naturally she wouldn't care about the life or death of an avatar.

But, when she herself was that avatar,

even though the thoughts and consciousness were the same person, the Queen of the South Ming still started to have some other thoughts.

At this moment, the Queen of the South Ming just thinking about the scene of being sent into the Opera Department by Cheng Guang, felt a chill throughout her body.

No matter what, she could not accept it.

After weighing the pros and cons,

the Queen of South Ming already had an answer in her heart, but she still didn't want to outright speak it so promptly and looked at Cheng Guang, attempting one last struggle.

"Is there no third option?"

"I've always treated you fairly, haven't I?"

"Do you really have to drive me to my death like this?"

Hearing the words of the Queen of South Ming, Cheng Guang just let out a cold laugh.

"Fairly treated? Are you implying that you didn't use all your strength when you tried to assassinate me or what?"

The Queen of South Ming fell silent.

The air seemed to solidify for a moment.

Her heart was still tangled.

Cheng Guang did not urge the Queen of South Ming, sipping his tea at an unhurried pace.

A moment later,

the Queen of South Ming sighed deeply, her eyes filled with suffering.

She slowly closed her eyes.

"Release me, and I'll tell you how to restore the King of South Ming to his original appearance, the way he longs for the crown prince."

Cheng Guang graciously smiled without rejecting.

His gaze fell upon Black Cub, who was a little drowsy and nodding off from time to time, looking like a timer keeping the pace.

Cheng Guang put down his teacup, walked over to Black Cub, grabbed its neck with one hand, and gave it a big slap, snapping Black Cub to attention instantly.

Its body shivered, eyes wide, staring blankly at Cheng Guang.

"Can you undo it?"

Cheng Guang pointed to the Queen of South Ming nearby, who was still stiff, standing motionless, stuck in a pose.

Black Cub whimpered, seemingly wanting to bite this human who frequently fed it a heavy slap, but eventually resigned itself and nodded meekly.

A paw reached out.

It just tapped the air.

A stream of black breath seemed to be drawn out from the Queen of South Ming by Black Cub.

Once the aura of the Queen of South Ming was extracted by Black Cub, her body instantly regained freedom, and she relaxed completely,

Her legs became weak.

If it weren't for the Queen of South Ming's concern for her own dignity, she probably would've collapsed to the floor right then and there.

Even so, the Queen of South Ming's frame still trembled slightly,

one could imagine just how much pressure she had been under.

The suppression by Black Cub on the Queen of South Ming was indeed strong.

Cheng Guang stroked his chin, looked at Black Cub, who was now looking foolish and timid, and then turned his gaze to the Queen of South Ming, whose legs were weak and body was swaying.

He found the situation quite amusing.

Cheng Guang calmly put down Black Cub, carelessly dropping it at his feet, and began toying with Black Cub's head with his foot, his indifferent gaze landing on the Queen of South Ming.

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"Auntie, let's not waste everyone's time," said Cheng Guang. "Please speak quickly so you can leave sooner. If you delay any further and everyone in the mansion wakes up, leaving won't be so easy for you."

Upon hearing Cheng Guang's words, the Queen of the South Ming clenched her teeth in anger.

To tell the truth, at the instant when Black Cub withdrew its aura, she was ready to use the Different Treasure to teleport away immediately.

But the Queen of the South Ming also knew that even if she could temporarily escape now, what good would it do?

After all, she was no match for that black dog beside Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

The Queen of the South Ming had come to think that this black dog might just be some unnamed Demon Emperor.

The very fact that a Demon Emperor in person appeared in this Four Directions Mortal World was already shocking to the Queen of the South Ming.

What shocked her even more was that this unnamed Demon Emperor was now pitifully lying at Cheng Guang's feet, its huge dog head being toyed with like a plaything, looking inexplicably desolate.

Just one glance from the Queen of the South Ming made her feel like her eyes were dirtied.

However, this scene also gave some comfort to the Queen of the South Ming's wounded heart.

After all, if a Demon Emperor looked so miserable in front of Cheng Guang, it was no big deal if she, a part of the Abyss Demon Emperor, also looked a bit pathetic.

Truly, it was a case of 'the pot calling the kettle black.'

The Queen of the South Ming took a deep breath, her eyes still full of dignity, and her body involuntarily twisted a few times, highlighting her exquisite and curvaceous figure.

"The method I used to change the crown prince's person into the King of South Ming's appearance is quite simple," she said. "It involves merging the King of South Ming's physical body into the crown prince's body."

"Merge the King of South Ming's physical body into the crown prince's body?" Cheng Guang frowned slightly.

He was somewhat perplexed by what the Queen of the South Ming was saying.

What did she mean by merging a physical body into the crown prince's body?

Could one physical body be integrated with another?

Cheng Guang didn't understand.

Seeing the confusion on Cheng Guang's face, the Queen of the South Ming immediately clarified.

"I have a method that can refine the body of the deceased, integrating it into my own, so that I can change my appearance to match that of the deceased and also inherit some of their power and bloodline."

"The crown prince isn't me so, logically, he shouldn't be able to merge with the King of South Ming's corpse. However, with the aid of a Different Treasure, he could share a part of my abilities and thereby achieve this," she explained.

Knowing what Cheng Guang might ask next, the Queen of the South Ming didn't wait for him to inquire and went on, "That Different Treasure, once it targets someone, can inherit a bit of the target's abilities.

Just like you're thinking, the target was set to me, granting him certain abilities of mine, allowing his appearance and even his Primordial Spirit to completely maintain the appearance of the King of South Ming."

"To revert the King of South Ming back to his original crown prince appearance is also simple. Just let all the abilities he got from me disappear," she added.

Cheng Guang understood from her words roughly how the crown prince had transformed into the King of South Ming.

His gaze fell on the Queen of the South Ming.

"So, how does this Different Treasure target someone?" he asked.

"To restore the King of South Ming to the appearance of the crown prince, is it necessary to destroy that Different Treasure?" Cheng Guang looked at the Queen of South Ming, voicing his queries.

The Queen of South Ming shook her head, slipped her hand down her neckline, exposing a large expanse of fair skin, seemingly oblivious as she pulled out a necklace from around her neck.

Hanging from the necklace was a piece of jade.

"This jade is what's used to target someone. The Different Treasure is named Si Tong and comes in a pair. Destroying one automatically renders the other one ineffective."

"Of course, even without destroying it, simply taking this jade off my neck will make the King of South Ming reveal his true form," she said.

After finishing her explanation, the Queen of South Ming seemed much more defeated.

She knew that once Cheng Guang learned this information, the King of South Ming, or rather the crown prince, would have no more secrets in front of Cheng Guang.

If the crown prince's identity were exposed, the original plan of the Abyss Demon Emperor would utterly fail.

Even if her part could make it back to the Ten-Layered Demon Sea, she would have no good ending to speak of.

If she didn't return to the Ten-Layered Demon Sea, when the main consciousness noticed the anomaly here and descended upon her, she would meet a terrible death just the same.

For a moment, the Queen of South Ming felt her body go weak.

At that moment,

Cheng Guang, having heard all this, narrowed his eyes, his fingers lightly tapping on the table as he pondered.

The Queen of South Ming's words made Cheng Guang inwardly exclaim in admiration.

So this Different Treasure actually worked on a voluntary basis.

To share the same ability, one needed to find another willing to share their powers.

Once the Different Treasure was removed, it would lose its effect.

The method of use was simple, yet the effect was visibly powerful.

With this Different Treasure, one could potentially inherit an ability from any other race.

If Cheng Guang himself got hold of it, even hanging it on Black Cub would be very useful.

Not a bit would be wasted.

Moreover, according to the Queen of South Ming, the Si Tong in the King of South Ming's possession wasn't a one-time use item, meaning it could be reused.

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Cheng Guang clicked his tongue audibly.

He slowly rose to his feet and walked over to the Queen of the South Ming. As soon as he got close to her, he caught a pleasant scent coming from her.

The moment the Queen of the South Ming noticed Cheng Guang approaching, her body instantly tensed up, feeling somewhat nervous for no apparent reason.

She dared not make a move against Cheng Guang at this time.

Should she harbor such a thought, Black Cub's gaze would sweep over her intentionally or unintentionally.

Even if Black Cub made no move, she could still sense an overwhelming pressure and a peculiar feeling of suffocation.

Therefore, the Queen of the South Ming decisively gave up struggling.

After all, Cheng Guang had already touched her who knows how many times and seen her who knows how many times, so letting him have a few more glances didn't make any difference.

It was certainly better than being sent to the Opera Department.

That's how the Queen of the South Ming comforted herself internally.

At this moment, Cheng Guang was unaware of the rich and complex drama playing out in the Queen of the South Ming's mind. He simply reached out toward her neck and picked up the piece of jade adorning it.

The jade appeared quite delicate and exhibited a moist luster, as if it were one with her skin.

The jade was shaped like an oval leaf, finely carved, with smooth lines.

The surface of the jade shimmered with a faint glow, like a flower moistened by the morning dew, creating a serene and noble impression.

The princess's neck was elegant and slender, her cervical spine clearly visible, lending her neckline an even more delicate appearance. Set against the jade, her neck seemed all the more graceful.

No, this isn't right, why was his gaze drifting to his aunt's figure again.

Focus on the jade, look at the jade.

Cheng Guang examined the jade once more, but found that the Queen of the South Ming's fair and radiant neck seemed to possess some sort of magic, continuously drawing his gaze.

Cheng Guang didn't linger with his eyes.

He simply let go of the jade he was holding.

When his fingertips brushed against the Queen of the South Ming's fair and smooth skin, her body involuntarily shivered slightly.

Her eyes, like autumn water, opened wide, glaring fiercely at Cheng Guang.

Though it was a glare, the Queen of the South Ming's demeanor had become alluring, and that look seemed more like a pout, even making Cheng Guang feel somewhat itchy inside.

The effect of the princess's silk stockings was too powerful.

Amitabha Buddha, this is a sin.

Cheng Guang retreated a few steps and sat back down in his chair, diverting his gaze from the Queen of the South Ming to the teacup on the table.

Staring at the clear and boiling tea, roiling inside the cup, Cheng Guang seemed to remember something, lifting his eyes slightly, his gaze once again falling on the Queen of the South Ming.

"By the way, how did the King of South Ming die?" he asked.

"To replace the Crown Prince with the King of South Ming must have taken quite an effort, no? After all, the King was of royal blood, and hiding the celestial phenomenon that occurs at his death would not have been so easy."

Upon hearing Cheng Guang's words, the Queen of the South Ming's complexion turned slightly unnatural as she nodded faintly.

Seemingly finally aware of something off about herself, a blush of shame tinged her fair-as-jade cheeks, and her body inadvertently squirmed a little, more enticing than even a brothel's Oiran.

Such seductive allure was hardly inferior to Bai Shuxuan's.

And all this without much effort, purely natural, no additives.

Oh, that's wrong, there was an additive.

A black silk.

Cheng Guang thought to himself, unable to suppress a joke.

Even now that the Queen of the South Ming had noticed something, she still didn't understand the situation.

Clearly, she did not realize that it was all because of the black silk, which she initially thought to be particularly scandalous.

The Queen of the South Ming organized her thoughts and slowly spoke, "When the King of South Ming died, a restriction was cast. The power of that restriction was merely to prevent the celestial phenomenon from spreading too widely."

"It couldn't be concealed too deeply. Within a hundred miles, everyone who saw the celestial phenomenon was killed, and those who could not be killed had been dealt with to ensure their silence."

"At first, some might have wondered, upon seeing the celestial phenomenon at the King's domain, whether the King of South Ming had died. But later, when the Crown Prince was replaced and the King of South Ming reappeared, their doubts naturally waned on their own."

"With the prior silencing dealt with, the matter was rather perfectly suppressed. Even those who remained suspicious could not delve deeper into it."

"Perhaps one of the King's offspring had perished prematurely."

"Such instances, even though rare in the royal family, are not unheard of, and are typically kept secret among the royals," explained the Queen of the South Ming.

Cheng Guang understood the meaning behind the Queen of the South Ming's words.

At the same time, he realized that the Queen of the South Ming and the person mourning the Crown Prince did not enjoy the favorable circumstances that he did.

The restriction he used, Nine Dragons Stealing Sky, allowed him to confine the area of the restriction to the size of a single room.

Aside from himself, no one else saw the celestial phenomenon that occurred at the actual Princely Heir's death.

Cheng Guang felt somewhat relieved at this moment.

If it weren't for acquiring such a restriction, Nine Dragons Stealing Sky, as a system task reward, killing the real Princely Heir would have required more effort.

And, it might have been even messier than what the Queen of the South Ming and her people went through to kill the King of South Ming.

After listening to the Queen of the South Ming, Cheng Guang pondered for a moment, all the while glancing outside the round window at the sky.

Unbeknownst to him.

The sky gradually brightened, and the dawn's early light spilled over the land.

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The originally faintly lit sky gradually became blanketed with soft orange and pale yellow glows, and the clouds began to emit a faint light.

The gentle breeze of the early morning stirred the leaves, rustling them, scattering the morning fog and making the scenery around more distinct.

In a moment, within a side room, Qing Luan quietly pushed open the window, yawned, her eyes bleary with sleep, stretched languorously, and began to fetch water to prepare some toiletries for Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang looked at Qing Luan for a while, then his gaze returned to the Queen of the South Ming.

Smiling, he said, "Auntie, you can go back now."

Upon hearing Cheng Guang's words, the Queen of the South Ming felt a flicker of joy, but also a bit of confusion, "Aren't you going to take this 'Different Treasure'?"

The Queen of the South Ming pulled a jade stone from her bosom.

Inadvertently, she revealed a large expanse of fair skin.

It was apparent that after her personality change, the Queen of the South Ming was both wealthy and generous.

Quite good.

Cheng Guang gave the Queen of the South Ming a thumbs-up.

After admiring her for a moment,

Cheng Guang shook his head.

"No need now, even if I were to take this 'Different Treasure,' it would be of no use at the moment. If the Crown Prince realizes his identity is exposed, he might just hide away in some turtle hole again and be out of reach."

"It's best not to startle the snake by hitting the grass."

Speaking of this, Cheng Guang's gaze fell upon the Queen of the South Ming, and smiling, he said, "Speaking of which, Auntie, you should be on my side now, right?"

"You know what to say about the King of South Ming, don't you?"

"You ought to visit your nephew frequently and not suddenly disappear. Otherwise, I would miss Auntie, and even if I have to turn the Great Zhou Dynasty upside down, I will find you."

"Of course, if Auntie escapes back to the Ten-Layered Demon Sea, then naturally, I never said a word."

As Cheng Guang spoke, his eyes narrowed slightly, with a profound implication.

The Queen of the South Ming felt immense pressure just from Cheng Guang's look.

At the same time, upon hearing Cheng Guang utter the words "Ten-Layered Demon Sea,"

Her fair, picturesque face momentarily froze.

How did the Town-Nation Duke's Heir know about the Ten-Layered Demon Sea?

She had not told Cheng Guang before that she came from the Ten-Layered Demon Sea!?

The Queen of the South Ming looked at Cheng Guang dumbfounded for a while, observing his indifferent expression and the meaningful smile at the corner of his mouth.

A few fine beads of sweat involuntarily formed on her forehead.

She secretly bit her silver teeth and glared at Cheng Guang.

Quickly, she pulled out something that looked like a compass from her hand.

In a single breath's time,

The delicate figure of the Queen of the South Ming vanished in an instant.

After the disappearance of the Queen of the South Ming, Cheng Guang slowly stood up and stretched.

At that moment, the door was pushed open.

Qing Luan walked in at a leisurely pace, her hands carrying a delicate porcelain vessel filled with warm water.

Just about to call Cheng Guang to rise, she entered the room and found Cheng Guang already sitting by the desk, looking at her with a smiling gaze.

Qing Luan was surprised.

"Princely Heir, you're already awake?"

"You're up early today."

As she spoke, Qing Luan put down the toiletries she had brought, rolled up her sleeves, and was about to tidy up the bed when she suddenly noticed that besides her own arrangement of floral fragrance, there was an additional scent in the Princely Heir's bedroom.

That scent...

It was different from her own fragrance and also different from the bedroom's floral aroma...

Instead, it was another woman's scent...

Not the lady's, nor her own, nor any other maid in the courtyard...

It was more like the Princess's scent.

The pretty eyebrows of Qing Luan knit slightly, as she looked at the noble Princely Heir beside her with some suspicion.

"Princely Heir, did the Princess just visit?"

Upon hearing this, the smile on Cheng Guang's face became somewhat stiff.

"No."

"Princely Heir is lying!"

"Cough cough..."

Cheng Guang was caught off guard.

I didn't even manage to keep it a secret for a second.

Feeling choked up, he couldn't help but cough awkwardly.

It must be said, women are indeed exceptionally vigilant in these matters.

Chapter 226: A Sudden Enlightenment, the Supreme in the World of Men!

In the early morning, the autumn breeze brought in many more clouds and mist.

Cheng Guang pushed open the door and, with the help of Qing Luan, hastily washed up before proceeding to the courtyard to cultivate.

Cheng Guang's Spirit Dao cultivation had already reached the Yang God Realm, just one step away from breaking through to the Ascension Realm. So far, the only technique he possessed was the Charm Eyes awarded by the system.

The scarcity of methods was due to two reasons: first, Cheng Guang did not have any Spirit Dao magical techniques; second, the Proving Dao Map in his mind was of such a high order that he could not comprehend any techniques from it to wield the power of deities.

Even so, the Proving Dao Map of the True Lord of Pure Origin still provided him considerable aid.

If Cheng Guang wanted to fully unleash his Spirit Dao cultivation strength, relying solely on the Proving Dao Map in his mind was insufficient.

It was not that the Proving Dao Map was weak but rather too powerful for him to utilize at his current level.

Learning some Spirit Dao techniques might be better.

However, due to Cheng Guang's identity as the Duke of the State's Heir, he could not yet reveal his ability to cultivate the Spirit Dao.

Cheng Guang thought to himself that perhaps the Queen of the South Ming could provide him with some Spirit Dao techniques in the future.

After all, she was a Spirit Dao cultivator as well, with a cultivation realm far surpassing his own.

If it weren't for Black Cub's ability to suppress her single-handedly, Cheng Guang would not dare face her alone.

As Cheng Guang's thoughts reached this point, the Proving Dao Map in his mind faintly flickered with light, transforming into myriad brilliances that merged into his sea of consciousness.

Although his Yang God Realm cultivation could not wield much of the Proving Dao Map's power, he was still capable of some enlightenment.

Cheng Guang carefully contemplated the Proving Dao Map, visualizing the form of the deity in his mind, detailing each stroke. His mental state achieved an unprecedented level of tranquility.

Suddenly, a bright insight flashed through Cheng Guang's mind.

The tall and awe-inspiring deity within Cheng Guang's mind slowly opened its eyes, and its gaze seemed to fall upon him.

A golden radiance streaked from the deity's eyes.

It settled upon Cheng Guang's Primordial Spirit.

A series of cryptic messages started to flood his mind like a flowing stream.

Cheng Guang's expression briefly froze before his face lit up with joy.

Had he just gleaned a Spirit Dao technique from the Proving Dao Map?

Cheng Guang's spirit sank as he carefully examined the newly acquired Spirit Dao technique.

"Congealing Cold Sword Light."

"Suitable for Yang God cultivation, can be used to command a sword to attack enemies at the Ascension Realm, carries the chill of the moon's frost, and with a single breath, a flying sword can travel one, two, or three miles."

"A Divine Power suitable for the third rank of the Yang God Realm to cultivate, more lethal than the Charm Eyes, and once reaching the Ascension Realm, one can fully unleash the strength of the Congealing Cold Sword Light."

Cheng Guang pondered inwardly, closely reviewing the cultivation method of the Congealing Cold Sword Light he had just realized from the Proving Dao Map.

He was not in a hurry to cultivate.

Instead, he read through the text word by word.

The cultivation method for Congealing Cold Sword Light was laden with many complex and abstruse words, so even Cheng Guang himself did not dare to cultivate it recklessly.

Understanding each meaning thoroughly before proceeding with cultivation was much safer, preventing him from veering off the correct path.

"For now, the Congealing Cold Sword Light will suffice for many days of cultivation. Once I master the Congealing Cold Sword Light and my Spirit Dao realm breaks through to the Ascension Realm, none can consider me weak," he thought to himself.

"At that point, I will truly possess a method to attack my adversaries."

After some contemplation, Cheng Guang slowly opened his eyes; his dark pupils, laced with a hint of noble purple, seemed even more resolute.

Cheng Guang did not waste his time early in the morning.

He concentrated on his Primordial Spirit and practiced Martial Arts.

After cultivating the Divine Python Coiling Skill in conjunction with the God Emperor Cultivation Method to the limits of his physical body and Primordial Spirit, Cheng Guang also practiced the Heavenly Gang Star Fight for a while.

The Heavenly Gang Star Fight was key to his future breakthrough to the Divine Power Realm in Martial Cultivation.

Whether he could break through from the Purple Mansion Realm to the Divine Power Realm depended entirely on whether his Martial Arts could condense into Divine Power Marks.

Once he condensed the Heavenly Gang Star Fight into Divine Power Marks, every movement he made would be capable of evolving into endless unimaginable variations.

Only then would the true strength of the Heavenly Gang Star Fight Martial Arts be fully realized.

While Cheng Guang was busy cultivating Martial Cultivation, Qing Luan was doing her chores in the courtyard, watering flowers and cooking.

Black Cub was running around in the Million Specie Garden, and when it caught the scent of cooking, it skidded to a halt and dashed straight for the kitchen.

The meals prepared by Qing Luan today were relatively light.

Perhaps with the intention of replenishing Cheng Guang's body, Qing Luan added quite a few precious and valuable Spirit Foods to today's meal, such as Red Dragon Dates, Fragrance City Mushroom, Nine-Color Lotus Seeds, and the flesh and blood of some Exotic Beasts.

After having a bowl, Cheng Guang prepared to leave for the Bureau of the Lamp.

The royal ceremony was drawing near.

The King of South Ming, or rather the crown prince, might soon arrive in the Capital City, and if Cheng Guang were to reveal the true identity of the King of South Ming in the imperial court, he would need certain maneuvers in place.

Now, informing Cheng Zhihai or Emperor Zhou that the King of South Ming was in fact the cherished crown prince was also an option.

After all, Cheng Guang now had the means to manipulate the Queen of the South Ming at any moment and expose the true identity of the King of South Ming.

Even if outsiders found it hard to believe that the King of South Ming was the cherished crown prince, his status as the Town-Nation Duke's Heir would prevent them from disregarding his claims outright, and investigations into the King of South Ming would certainly ensue.

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By then, Cheng Guang would take out the jade pendant hanging from the neck of the Queen of South Ming, to drag the back-stabber, who was the crown prince or rather the shadow lurking in the dark corner, into the sunlight.

As she left the courtyard, Qing Luan adjusted the hem of Cheng Guang's robe for him, standing with her hands clasped behind her back, smiling with squinted eyes at Cheng Guang.

Under the morning glow, Cheng Guang stood tall and straight, even more handsome and dashing than when he first came to this world.

All over him, apart from a natural air of nobility, there was also a sense of detachment that came with holding a high position for a long time.

As Qing Luan sized up Cheng Guang, he was also taking her measure.

After looking at Qing Luan for a while, he said warmly with a smile, "If you have some free time, you can also go out for a stroll. There's no need to keep yourself cooped up in the courtyard all day."

"Besides, the mansion is not short of money, and you can add some clothes for yourself. I see that in your wardrobe, you seem to wear the same few pieces all year long."

Qing Luan nodded with a smile yet remained silent, her beautiful eyes twinkling with laughter, leaving Cheng Guang to wonder what she was thinking.

Cheng Guang knew that Qing Luan probably didn't care about her clothes and seemed uninterested in his suggestion for her to go out for a stroll.

For Qing Luan, who had entered Duke Zhen's Mansion at a young age, she seldom left the mansion.

Perhaps she was accustomed to the opulence of the mansion, or perhaps she had no interest in the colorful world outside, or she simply did not wish to go out alone; in any case, unless necessary, she preferred spending her time in the Million Specie Garden, watering the flowers, and cooking.

It was indeed a leisurely life.

Cheng Guang turned around, and Qing Luan waved to him.

Cheng Guang also waved back without looking at Qing Luan, thinking to himself:

This girl is young, but her temperament is even more serene than mine. If I had to stay alone in this courtyard, I couldn't stand it.

With these thoughts, Cheng Guang walked toward the Bureau of the Lamp and arrived at the grand hall of the Bureau.

He found Cheng Zhihai.

In the past few days, Cheng Zhihai had felt utterly exhausted, his eyes heavy with fatigue, and dark circles had emerged prominently.

The lock of black hair on his forehead had turned white without him noticing, and now he had a streak of white hair.

Cheng Zhihai sat at the desk, holding a teacup in one hand, and quickly flipping through the missives and intel from various branches of the Bureau of the Lamp and from some secret agents, attempting to locate the whereabouts of the crown prince within this vast sea of information.

When he noticed Cheng Guang's arrival, a tired yet noble face revealed a hint of affectionate smile.

To Cheng Guang, this smile made Cheng Zhihai's weariness visibly apparent.

It should be noted that Cheng Zhihai was a power of the Ninth-order Martial Emperor Realm, just one step away from stepping into the Heavenly Human Realm.

For such a powerful figure, not sleeping for dozens of days would not likely affect his mental state.

But.

Since Cheng Zhihai started investigating the whereabouts of the crown prince, it had only been two or three days, right?

Had Cheng Zhihai become so fatigued in such a short time?

And to think, in these two or three days, how much information had Cheng Zhihai combed through?

The entire Bureau of the Lamp had been bustling because of one man, the crown prince, and if the director of the Bureau, Cheng Zhihai, was in such a state, how much worse must it be for the officials below him?

A torrent of thoughts surged in Cheng Guang's mind.

"Guanger, you're here. Take a seat for a moment," said Cheng Zhihai with a smile as he rose to pour Cheng Guang a cup of tea, "I have a lead on the crown prince's whereabouts now. The Bureau of the Lamp is the legacy I plan to leave for you in the future. It won't be so easy for the Emperor to take back this power from our Duke's Mansion."

As he spoke, there was a hint of pride in Cheng Zhihai's voice.

Cheng Guang felt a strange emotion stirring within him upon hearing these words.

So Cheng Zhihai was pushing himself so hard just so I could comfortably take over the Bureau of the Lamp in the future?

Cheng Guang glanced at the tea Cheng Zhihai had handed him and saw that the leaves had been brewed many times over, leaving the tea's color somewhat clear.

It was evident Cheng Zhihai had been drinking tea repeatedly to stay alert throughout the day and didn't even have time to change the leaves due to the urgency of his tasks.

Cheng Guang accepted the teacup and sipped slowly, just as he was about to say something.

Cheng Zhihai had already sat back at the desk, flipping through documents again.

"Guanger, you play here for a while, I'll keep you company once I'm done with my work," Cheng Zhihai said without looking up from his work.

"Father," called Cheng Guang.

Cheng Zhihai looked at Cheng Guang, puzzled.

"What is it?"

Cheng Guang said with a smile, "I think I've found the crown prince's whereabouts."

Upon hearing this, Cheng Zhihai was firstly stunned and then shook his head with a chuckle, "You're teasing your father, aren't you?"

"The Bureau of the Lamp has turned Great Zhou upside down these past few days without finding any trace of the crown prince. How could you have found him?"

Saying this, Cheng Zhihai still looked at Cheng Guang with an indulgent face, "Guanger, don't worry about this matter. Even if the sky were to fall, your father is here to hold it up for you."

"Right, it's mealtime now, isn't it? Have you eaten since coming from home?"

As if realizing something, Cheng Zhihai was about to call an official standing in the hall to arrange for some food for Cheng Guang.

"No need, I've already eaten," Cheng Guang shook his head and said with a helpless look, "Father, I really have found the whereabouts of the crown prince."

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Cheng Zhihai's movements slightly hesitated when he heard Cheng Guang's words. Although he found it somewhat unbelievable, Cheng Guang's serious face and his undeniable confidence made him think otherwise.

He instinctively felt that his own child was not likely to deceive him about such a matter.

He was inclined to believe what Cheng Guang had said.

Yet, Cheng Zhihai's rationality told him it was hardly possible.

How could Cheng Guang possibly have discovered the whereabouts of the crown prince?

The Bureau of the Lamp conducted exhaustive searches with countless spies throughout Great Zhou, even extending their espionage into other dynasties in pursuit of intelligence, yet they had found very little information related to the crown prince.

And now, Cheng Guang suddenly came to tell him that he had found the crown prince's whereabouts.

This notion left Cheng Zhihai at a loss for words for a moment.

It all just seemed too ridiculous.

Cheng Zhihai sighed, choosing to dismiss Cheng Guang's claim as child's play, the indulgent affection in his stern eyes undiminished.

The corners of his mouth turned up in a smile as he looked at Cheng Guang and said with a laugh:

"Alright, tell me, where is the crown prince now?"

Cheng Guang said, "South Ming Mansion, the King of South Ming."

No sooner had Cheng Guang finished speaking than Cheng Zihai subconsciously said, "What's the matter, can't say it out loud..."

But before he could finish his sentence, he suddenly realized something and slowly raised his head to look at Cheng Guang.

A hint of confusion flashed across his stern face.

"Guanger, what did you say?"

Cheng Guang repeated, "South Ming Mansion, the King of South Ming."

When Cheng Zihai heard Cheng Guang say "South Ming Mansion, the King of South Ming" again, he could no longer sit still.

He quickly stood up, one hand to his forehead, somewhat helplessly tapping Cheng Guang's forehead.

"You can't talk nonsense about this, boy."

"Do you mean to say that the King of South Ming is the crown prince?"

"If the King of South Ming is the crown prince, then who is the crown prince?"

Having said this, Cheng Zhihai stopped.

Immediately, Cheng Guang replied, "No, the real King of South Ming is already dead. The current King of South Ming is actually the crown prince in disguise."

Cheng Zhihai's brow furrowed slightly as he listened to Cheng Guang.

Instinctively, he felt that Cheng Guang's words were most probably untrue, but then, Cheng Guang had come to him in such a serious manner today to tell him this.

Knowing Cheng Guang as well as he did, he knew that while Cheng Guang might enjoy making a fuss on ordinary days, he would never joke about such a matter.

Especially to the extent of implicating the King of South Ming, a royal noble.

If the King of South Ming really was the crown prince in disguise, then the whole thing was going to be quite a spectacle.

They had been searching for years without locating the crown prince, and now he was being told that the crown prince had not been hiding at all, but had been under their noses all along.

To Cheng Zhihai, it was simply another embarrassment for the Bureau of the Lamp.

But to Emperor Zhou, it would truly be an outrage.

Since ascending the throne, Emperor Zhou had been very good to his only brother, the King of South Ming, not only granting him one of Great Zhou's wealthiest territories as his fief but also renaming the land and mansion after him.

To then tell Emperor Zhou that the King of South Ming he doted on was actually the crown prince of old.

All the years of favor and rewards had been falling into the crown prince's pockets.

It was as if he were unwittingly nurturing an enemy preparing to strike back at him.

If Emperor Zhou were not stable-minded, his spirit might just shatter.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, Cheng Zhihai regarded Cheng Guang with a scrutinizing gaze, looking especially serious.

"Guanger, are you certain of what you're saying, do you have evidence?"

Cheng Guang, unfazed by his intense scrutiny, replied with composure:

"I am certain!"

"As for the evidence..."

Cheng Guang's voice trailed off.

Cheng Zhihai's heart leaped. Without evidence, even if the King of South Ming were truly the crown prince, he and his Bureau of the Lamp would have no grounds to take action against him.

After all, the King of South Ming, being a member of the royal family and nobility, was different from the ordinary court officials and powerful families.

Even without Emperor Zhou's favor, the Bureau of the Lamp had no right to arrest him outright.

If they were to arrest the king forcibly, as long as they could produce evidence afterwards, Cheng Zhihai was confident that Emperor Zhou would not blame him.

If there was evidence, then the matter would be much easier to handle.

But without evidence, they would have to investigate thoroughly, and who knows how many more days it might take.

Under Cheng Zhihai's watchful eye, Cheng Guang said casually and with a smile:

"I do have evidence!"

Upon hearing this, Cheng Zhihai immediately relaxed. Overwhelmed with emotion, he couldn't help but grip Cheng Guang's arm tightly.

"Really?"

Cheng Guang nodded slightly.

Cheng Zhihai took a deep breath, and a glimmer of emotion passed across his stoic visage, while his authoritative eyes trembled slightly.

At that moment, he still did not know how Cheng Guang had discovered that the King of South Ming was the crown prince in hiding.

But that was not his concern.

In his eyes, it was normal for his child to have some secrets, and it was not surprising if his clever child had discovered clues that others had failed to find.

Cheng Zhihai effortlessly accepted the fact.

If Cheng Guang said that the King of South Ming was the crown prince, then he could not disbelieve it.

And when Cheng Guang claimed to have evidence proving that the King of South Ming was the crown prince, he simply had no choice but to believe.

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...

"What is it?"

Cheng Zhihai looked at Cheng Guang, his majestic eyes flickering with light.

Cheng Guang smiled and said, "The crown prince, using a Different Treasure, disguised himself as the King of South Ming. That Different Treasure is probably called Si Tong."

"Si Tong?" Cheng Zhihai's expression froze slightly, then he frowned. He naturally knew of this Different Treasure.

But, he was somewhat puzzled. Discover what's next at [m,vi-em,py-r](#)

Why would the crown prince use this Different Treasure to disguise himself as the King of South Ming?

Could it be that among all the capabilities of the person he merged with, there was the ability to disguise?

What kind of ability could perfectly disguise one person as another?

Even to the extent of deceiving Emperor Zhou and himself and others?

Cheng Zhihai did not really understand.

Cheng Guang seemed to have noticed the doubts in Cheng Zhihai's heart and immediately smiled and said, "The person who shares powers with the King of South Ming is from the Demonic Race, and that Demonic Race seems to have this kind of method."

Upon hearing this, Cheng Zhihai's frown softened, "The Demonic Race, I see."

Cheng Zhihai murmured to himself, looking at Cheng Guang, "So you're saying, within the Great Zhou territory, there still exists the Demonic Race?"

"If it's the Different Treasure Si Tong, as long as we capture that member of the Demonic Race, the matter can be perfectly resolved."

"Do you know the whereabouts of that member of the Demonic Race?"

By the end of his question, Cheng Zhihai's confidence waned slightly.

Because he knew that neither the Demonic Race nor the Devil Clan would dare to appear in public, they must be extremely well-concealed, not something ordinary people could find.

Last time, Cheng Guang had managed to discover the Devil Clan smuggling in the canal beneath Great Zhou, which was already a huge shock to Cheng Zhihai. So even with some mental preparation this time, he still found it hard to believe that Cheng Guang could have found a lead on the Demonic Race.

Cheng Guang nodded, "That member of the Demonic Race, Dad should also recognize."

Cheng Zhihai was startled.

Cheng Guang continued, "It's the Queen of the South Ming."

When Cheng Zhihai heard the words "Queen of the South Ming" from Cheng Guang's mouth, the corners of his mouth twitched involuntarily.

The King of South Ming was the crown prince.

The Queen of the South Ming was a member of the Demonic Race.

The crown prince had not only consorted with the Devil Clan but also with the Demonic Race, and even dared to elevate a member of the Demonic Race to the prominent position of queen.

For so long.

And he had not noticed a thing!

At the same time, Cheng Zhihai also felt a chill of fear.

He was well aware that just the day before yesterday, the Queen of the South Ming had visited Duke Zhen's Mansion to see Wu Yuemei and Cheng Guang.

"The Queen of the South Ming didn't do anything to you, did she?"

A wave of anxiety suddenly rose in Cheng Zhihai's heart. He quickly grabbed Cheng Guang's wrist with one hand, channeling his Qi to carefully probe Cheng Guang's body.

Only after finding nothing amiss in Cheng Guang's body did he slowly exhale in relief.

Cheng Guang shook his head.

"No, it was because the Queen of the South Ming tried to make a move on me that I realized her identity," Cheng Guang explained.

"Make a move on you? In Duke Zhen's Mansion, with an Elder presiding, she wouldn't have the audacity."

Cheng Zhihai frowned slightly.

Cheng Guang also nodded, "She didn't use conspicuous methods, but Spirit Taoism."

"Spirit Taoism." Cheng Zhihai was somewhat taken aback. He was no fool; upon hearing Cheng Guang's words, many connections were made instantly.

It turned out that the Queen of the South Ming had tried to attack Guanger's Primordial Spirit, but had not anticipated that Guanger was also a Spirit Dao cultivator and detected it in advance.

This led to pulling the strings and exposing that the King of South Ming was actually the crown prince.

Cheng Zhihai felt a sense of satisfaction. Little did he know that having Cheng Guang cultivate Spirit Dao would lead to such an unintended discovery.

Had it not been for Cheng Guang's reminder, how could he have guessed that the Queen of the South Ming was actually of the Demonic Race and was even able to cultivate Spirit Dao, something only the royal members of the Four Directions Mortal World could?

If Cheng Guang had not cultivated Spirit Dao and had fallen into the hands of the Queen of the South Ming, even he wouldn't have immediately suspected the queen.

Truly a cunning scheme.

Cheng Zhihai's expression darkened slightly, turning cold, "Guanger, if the Queen of the South Ming fails once, she will definitely come a second time. During this period, stay by my side as a precaution."

"It's not appropriate to make a move now; if we touch the Queen of the South Ming, the crown prince disguised as the King of South Ming will notice. If he escapes again, that would be troublesome."

Hearing Cheng Zhihai's words, Cheng Guang smiled and said, "There's no need, Dad. That Queen of the South Ming..."

At this point, his expression turned a bit strange, and after a slight pause, he continued,

"The Queen of the South Ming probably doesn't pose much of a threat to me anymore," Cheng Guang explained.

Cheng Zhihai glanced at Cheng Guang, somewhat puzzled, "What do you mean by that?"

Cheng Guang organized his words, then smiled and said, "It's likely, perhaps, because I have some leverage on her..."

"So Dad doesn't need to worry about my safety. Instead, we can have some people keep a watch near her to prevent her from escaping the Capital City."

Seeing that Cheng Guang was reluctant to say more, Cheng Zhihai curbed his curiosity and asked no further.

Cheng Guang did not have much idle chat with Cheng Zhihai at the Bureau of the Lamp.

When 5pm arrived, Cheng Guang bid farewell to Cheng Zhihai and left the Bureau of the Lamp.

As soon as Cheng Guang left, Cheng Zhihai immediately called for Qian Siyuan and Li Zhengyang, and at the same time gathered all the Gold Lantern Catchers in the Capital City.

The already turbulent Capital City became even more restless at this moment.

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In the Capital city, many noble and influential families were aware of the Bureau of the Lamp's activities.

In the current situation where the entire Bureau of the Lamp was frantically searching for the whereabouts of the crown prince, they dared not show themselves.

Once they did, if they were suspected by the Bureau's constables of being related to the crown prince and had their homes raided, they would have nowhere to cry.

Family after family, the doors were tightly shut.

Some sons of influential families, who would occasionally cause trouble, were now confined to their homes, until the imperial festival, this tense atmosphere would likely shroud the heads of the noble families.

Cheng Guang was unaware of the Bureau of the Lamp's actions.

He also did not know what kind of confinement the Queen of the South Ming was under at Cheng Zhihai's hands.

To Cheng Guang, the Queen of the South Ming, his aunt in name, was after all a member of the Demonic Race and even a split being of the Demon Emperor.

Even with the presence of Black Cub, a powerful weapon, by his side, he could not fully control the Queen of the South Ming.

Therefore, it would be more prudent to hand over the subsequent matters to Cheng Zhihai to handle.

It was unlikely for the Queen of the South Ming to quietly leave the Great Zhou Dynasty under the surveillance of the Bureau of the Lamp.

Cheng Guang strolled slowly, leisurely returning to Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Upon returning to Duke Zhen's Mansion, Cheng Guang went straight to the Million Specie Garden.

In the Million Specie Garden, Qing Luan was sitting in a pavilion, holding a book, engrossed in whatever she was reading.

Next to her, Black Cub held something unknown in its embrace, voraciously eating it.

The dusky red halo of twilight enveloped the Million Specie Garden, casting an incredibly serene and tranquil atmosphere.

Seeing Cheng Guang return to the mansion, Qing Luan quickly got up, took the robe he shed, and at the same time, was about to prepare dinner for Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang waved his hand, "Qing Luan, don't trouble yourself, I'm not hungry."

After Cheng Guang finished speaking, Qing Luan stopped and asked, "Princely Heir, do you need me to prepare some bathwater?"

Cheng Guang nodded slightly.

Qing Luan hurried off to prepare it.

After bathing, Cheng Guang lay on the bed, staring at the white jade canopy, his mind drifting. The issue with the crown prince was almost resolved; now, it was best left to Cheng Zhihai.

For a moment, he felt somewhat empty.

Cheng Guang's mind sank into the depths of his consciousness, quietly contemplating the Proving Dao Map.

He had to practice the Congealing Cold Sword Light Divine Power more.

Just as he was preparing to cultivate, he suddenly felt a warm, jade-like touch in his arms.

"Princely Heir, do you want to tonight..."

Cheng Guang opened his eyes, and beneath the blankets, a petite and lovely face, with pursed red lips and slightly flushed cheeks, emerged.

Cheng Guang smiled and responded with actions rather than words.

It's not that I don't want to work hard at my cultivation; it's just that the little demon is disturbing my mind.

Once I subdue this little demon, I'll resume my cultivation.

...

Night fell like ink, shrouding Duke Zhen's entire Mansion.

Under the silent night, in the bedroom of the Duke's Heir, a storm had just passed.

Cheng Guang's room was decorated in an antique style, the air filled with a faint scent of wood. Moonlight passed through the lattice windows and spilled onto the floor, casting mottled shadows.

Cheng Guang lay on the soft bed, his face still as handsome as before, but there was a trace of weariness between his brows.

The storm he had just gone through left his mood somewhat in turmoil.

This girl is becoming quite capable.

I've broken through to the Purple Mansion Realm, and yet she can still somewhat suppress me.

Cheng Guang clicked his tongue, feeling an increased urgency to improve his Martial Cultivation.

One Qing Luan left him somewhat embarrassed; if there were a few more people...

Cough cough.

Thinking this, Cheng Guang's old face suddenly reddened as he thought of Qin Yanqiu.

"Qin Yanqiu is like a big block of ice and also a figure like a Female Martial God; she's probably not adept at these kinds of matters, I suppose."

As Cheng Guang pondered, he embraced Qing Luan, who looked exhausted, bearing the appearance of someone unable to withstand the storm, and gazed out the window at the sky, silent for a moment.

Midnight.

A familiar and cold voice, devoid of any emotion, rose in his mind.

[On the thirty-fourth year of Zhensheng, August 21, the forty-fifth day since you became a Sky-Man, you successfully clung to the Queen of the South Ming's coattails. Thanks to the care of the Queen of the South Ming, you were finally able to lift your head and speak on the side of South Ming.]

[But you are aware that you have become someone who lives off a woman's provisions. Though these provisions might be savory, your pride absolutely will not allow you to keep eating such an easy meal.]

[You recall your childhood, the upheaval that shocked the Great Zhou.]

[The World Royal Family controlled the Four Directions Mortal World, and the vast majority of resources and wealth, unrelated to most of the commoners, were divided by the noble families and the aristocracy.]

[Under these circumstances, the True Sun Martial God, a slave-born individual with astonishing talent for Martial Cultivation, had an epiphany and advanced to Sky-Man in just ten years. As a Sky-Man, the True Sun Martial God sought to establish his own dynasty with his own power, even without royal blood, he could become an Emperor.]

[With his actions, nearly half of Great Zhou's territory was seized by the True Sun Martial God and his backing, the True Sun Army, even Emperor Zhou had little way to intervene at that time.]

[After the imperial festival, when Emperor Zhou, weakened by a disease following an assault by the Devil Emperor, could only watch helplessly as the True Sun Martial God wreaked havoc within Great Zhou's borders.]