

My System 261

Chapter 261: Why Is This Happening? _3

Liu Hao listened to the woman's words and only felt a new wave of headaches, "Madam, don't be anxious. It has only been a little over a month since Mr. Lin took Yuting away. A few months is not a long time; perhaps she has been busy with other matters and hasn't had the time to write a letter."

The woman took a deep breath, her eyes shimmering with concern, "I hope that's the case. I didn't feel anything was amiss before, but after what the Princely Heir just mentioned, I can't help feeling uneasy."

"A nobleman of that stature is not someone we can aspire to reach."

"We should have let Yuting elope with Zhang Shunlong in the first place..."

Liu Hao waved his robe in annoyance, "What's the point of saying such things at this time?"

"That's enough, let's not mention that again."

Yet the woman was insistent, her gaze falling on Cheng Guang as she began to plead, "Princely Heir, could you possibly bring Zhang Shunlong to the Prime Minister's Mansion to see our Yuting?"

Cheng Guang looked at the woman and nodded slightly.

The woman quickly followed up, "Then, could we also accompany you to the Prime Minister's Mansion to see for ourselves?"

Liu Hao, the Family Head of the Liu Family, changed his expression upon hearing this and hastily interjected, "Madam, why do you say such things?"

In Liu Hao's view, it was highly likely that Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, was going to bring Yuting back from the Prime Minister's Mansion to marry Zhang Shunlong.

Although he did not know the true intentions of Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, nor how his own daughter Yuting was faring in the Prime Minister's Mansion, at the very least, marrying her to Zhang Shunlong was a much better prospect.

If his wife were to accompany Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, to the Prime Minister's Mansion, wouldn't it indirectly prove that the Liu Family intended to renege on the marriage?

By now, the die was cast; a woman should not remarry.

Liu Hao felt only a throbbing headache.

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But his companion, Mrs. Wu, was unconcerned about losing face – none of that was as important as her daughter's safety.

A whole month had passed without any news from their daughter.

The Prime Minister's Mansion, a place they couldn't even approach, let alone enter; it was impossible for them to be permitted.

If their daughter did not send a letter out on her own initiative, they would not receive any news about her.

In such circumstances, how could Mrs. Wu not be anxious?

Mrs. Wu's pleading gaze fell on Cheng Guang, her eyes trembling as if she feared he would refuse.

She also knew that it would be normal for Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, to dismiss her request, after all, how could she expect a nobleman to do her such a favor?

She was already prepared in her heart.

Under Mrs. Wu's watchful eye, Cheng Guang stroked his chin, slowly contemplating.

He was not necessarily averse to rejecting Mrs. Wu's request; since he had to help Zhang Shunlong out of a predicament anyway and was bound for the Prime Minister's Mansion, it hardly mattered if he took a few extra people along.

His main concern was whether Mrs. Wu could handle the news if it turned out something unfortunate had befallen the third daughter of the Liu family.

Furthermore, Cheng Guang was also wondering whether Zhang Shunlong could withstand such news himself.

But if he didn't bring Zhang Shunlong along, the issue still could not be resolved, and the task would remain incomplete.

Cheng Guang continued pondering.

Having no response for a long period, Mrs. Wu gradually resigned herself to despair, a bitter smile emerging at the corner of her mouth, "It's just my idle chatter, I hope the Princely Heir will not take offense..."

As Mrs. Wu spoke, she was about to step back when Cheng Guang's voice sounded in her ear.

"Yes, it's possible."

Cheng Guang looked up at the sky and saw that it was still early. If they rode quickly, they could return to the Capital city before dark.

"Prepare the horses. Once Zhang Shunlong is ready, we head for the Capital city."

Mrs. Wu, startled by Cheng Guang's words, then showed a glimmer of surprise and joy.

Clearly, she had not expected Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, to truly acquiesce to the request of a woman as inconsequential as herself.

She promptly ordered someone to prepare the horses.

Seeing the situation, Liu Hao was overcome with a headache but found himself unable to say anything; in the end, he could only silently sigh to himself, "So be it."

"It would be good to see Yuting. It's been a long time since the child sent a letter..."

Liu Hao was caught in a whirlwind of emotions, reluctant to let go of Lin Yunzhen as a son-in-law yet afraid to offend Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir. Not wanting to offend either side, he was stuck in the middle.

By the time Mrs. Wu had the servants bring the horses, he too felt a pang of desire to follow along to the Prime Minister's Mansion.

If given the chance, he could at least explain to Lin Yunzhen, the son of the Prime Minister, that all of this was the will of Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, and not entirely the wishes of the Liu Family.

Cheng Guang, unaware of Liu Hao's delicate considerations, was indifferent.

He stood to one side, waiting in silence with Qing Luan, Lin Cheng, and others.

Before long, Zhang Shunlong was led over by a servant of the Liu Family.

Having changed into a fresh set of clothes and cleansed himself, his lean face appeared somewhat handsome.

Zhang Shunlong seemed to be aware that Cheng Guang intended to take him to the Prime Minister's Mansion to see Liu Yuting, causing him to become inexplicably restrained and cautious.

He had no clue what the Town-Nation Duke's Heir wanted with him.

Nor did he understand what he had that would make Cheng Guang seek him out, even to the extent of seeking justice for him at the Prime Minister's Mansion.

Despite his lack of understanding, Zhang Shunlong could still sense the intentions.

Zhang Shunlong could feel that Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, bore no malice towards him, unlike Lin Yunzhen, who seemed refined on the surface but had a sinister and arrogant nature beneath, looking down upon all from his lofty position.

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As he approached Cheng Guang, a wave of tension washed over him, and he respectfully called out, "Princely Heir."

At this moment, although Zhang Shunlong's eyes still harbored hatred for the powerful, for this Town-Nation Duke's Heir, he had already lost much of his objection.

Cheng Guang seemed to see, floating above Zhang Shunlong's head, a row of words.

[Zhang Shunlong's favorability +10]

So I've come to conquest a young man, huh?

Cheng Guang felt a peculiar sensation in his heart, shook his head, and without thinking further, said, "Let's go."

Cheng Guang turned and walked away.

Having left the Liu Family, Cheng Guang, with Qing Luan and others in tow, mounted his horse and sped toward the Capital city.

Zhang Shunlong and others from the Liu Family, including Liu Hao and Mrs. Wu, rode their horses close behind.

After boarding the carriage, Zhang Shunlong's gaze was fixed tightly on the distant capital, a massive entity sprawled across the land like a huge beast.

That was Great Zhou's capital, the place all nobility yearned for.

It was also where the woman he loved resided.

In just over a month's time,

Yuting had already become another's wife.

Zhang Shunlong knew that the Princely Heir bringing him to the capital might be planning to snatch Yuting back.

To take her back from the Prime Minister's Mansion, to bring her to his side.

But he did not wish it so.

Firstly, even for the Princely Heir, the cost would not be light; there was no need to trouble himself over such an insignificant wretch as I.

Secondly, even Zhang Shunlong had to admit that Lin Yunzhen, son of the Prime Minister from the Prime Minister's Mansion, surpassed him greatly in status and identity.

If Yuting lived well in the Prime Minister's Mansion.

No matter how painful he felt, he would not dare to hope for more – as long as Yuting was happy, that was good enough.

Being able to say a proper farewell, he would be content.

Given this, the Princely Heir had done so much for him; how should he repay the Princely Heir? Continue reading at m|v-l'e -NovelBin.net

With my worthless life, what can I offer in return to the Princely Heir?

Zhang Shunlong sighed, his lean face slightly contorted in conflict, but after a moment, the conflicted expression was covered by nervousness.

Soon, very soon, he would reach the Capital city and see Yuting.

The last time they met was beneath the peach blossoms, the beauty clutching his hand, her eyes full of love, unmindful of nobility and family, wanting to leave with him.

But this time...

It was a changed world.

The beauty was now a wife to another, and he had become a slave.

Zhang Shunlong did not know how he should face Yuting with what demeanor, and nervously smoothed his robes, patting his stiff face due to tension.

He only hoped he could face Yuting in a good state.

In the same carriage,

Mrs. Wu beside Zhang Shunlong was also brimming with nervousness; some of it due to the impending entry into the Prime Minister's Mansion, some due to the concern for her daughter's situation at this time.

Liu Hao, on the other hand, regarded Zhang Shunlong with eyes filled with hostility,

Seemingly warning him with his gaze that once they arrived at the Prime Minister's Mansion, he must not utter anything that ought not be said.

Yuting is no longer one you can approach.

Zhang Shunlong noticed Liu Hao's gaze, simply furrowing his brow slightly without saying anything.

Everyone's emotions were complex, and no one spoke.

Inside the carriage, it was exceptionally quiet.

The journey back seemed shorter than the journey there; in less than a few hours, they had reached the Capital city.

The Prime Minister's Mansion was several streets away from Duke Zhen's Mansion, on the other side of the imperial city within the Capital; Cheng Guang had not been there before.

When they arrived at the Prime Minister's Mansion, the sky had already begun to dim.

The great gates of the Prime Minister's Mansion loomed, painted in a solemn vermilion, decorated exquisitely, with a pair of tall stone lions on either side, majestic and dignified.

Cheng Guang dismounted before the Prime Minister's Mansion, standing at the gates where the guard, catching sight of Cheng Guang's appearance, widened his eyes.

He quickly stepped forward and asked,

"Princely Heir, may I inquire if you are seeking the Prime Minister?"

Cheng Guang shook his head, "No, I'm looking for Lin Yunzhen."

Hearing that Cheng Guang sought Lin Yunzhen, the guard quickly stepped aside and ordered the other guards to push open the great doors, respectfully inviting Cheng Guang in.

At the same time, it seemed the steward of the Prime Minister's Mansion had been promptly informed of Cheng Guang's visit, hurrying to greet him and respectfully asked him to wait in the main hall for a moment.

"Princely Heir, I have sent someone to call the Nobleman. He was at the Academy studying today and has just returned; please, rest for a while."

Cheng Guang nodded faintly.

After speaking, the steward was about to summon servants to bring Cheng Guang some tea when suddenly he noticed the company following the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

Qing Luan and a retinue of guards were there—these, the steward of the Prime Minister's Mansion did not question, but there were also several people exuding a commoner's air.

Upon entering the Duke of the State's Mansion, they became restrained, bowing their heads one by one.

"Princely Heir, who are these people?"

The steward of the Prime Minister's Mansion, Yang Tiexin, cautiously inquired.

Cheng Guang glanced sideways, "Do I need to explain to you?"

Hearing this, Yang Tiexin immediately slapped his own cheek, chuckling apologetically, "No need, no need..."

"Princely Heir, please rest for a moment,"

Yang Tiexin hastily retreated, leaving the main hall.

It seemed he was going to inform the Prime Minister and Lin Yunzhen.

Cheng Guang looked toward Zhang Shunlong.

He found that since entering the Prime Minister's Mansion, Zhang Shunlong, unlike Liu Hao and Mrs. Wu, who were reserved, couldn't help but look around as if searching for someone.

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Cheng Guang couldn't help but shake his head, knowing that it would be impossible to find anyone at this time.

Most of the female members of a household typically resided in the back courtyard.

This was merely the front courtyard.

Seeing them would only be possible after Lin Yunzhen arrived, either by coercion or by having Lin Yunzhen bring them over.

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Cheng Guang remained silent, lifting the tea a steward from the Prime Minister's Mansion had brought and taking a sip.

Tsk.

The Prime Minister's Mansion really was the epitome of extravagance; even the tea could enhance one's cultivation. Such conspicuous consumption.

At that moment, a somewhat hearty and aged voice rang out.

"I had no idea the Princely Heir was visiting, my omission in not coming out to meet you, sir."

The person had not yet arrived, but their voice preceded them.

Cheng Guang's gaze directed towards the hall's entrance, where a figure slowly approached. His face bore the signs of age, yet he had a full head of black hair. His stature was upright, not at all reflective of his advanced years.

Although this person's face was wreathed in smiles,

his demeanor was exceptionally brisk.

At the same time, the old man's eyes were deep like ancient wells, and being stared at by him felt like the focus of a venomous snake, sending an involuntary chill down one's spine.

This person was none other than Right Minister Lin Gongfu, a senior official who had served under two emperors of Great Zhou and the current Prime Minister.

Cheng Guang said with a smile, "My visit was unannounced; I hope the Prime Minister isn't feeling imposed upon."

Lin Gongfu's expression paused before the smile on his face became even more amiable, and he waved his hand, "Not at all, not at all. What brings you to my humble abode, Princely Heir?"

As Lin Gongfu finished speaking, his gaze fixed intently on Cheng Guang.

He knew that Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, would not come without a purpose.

Under Lin Gongfu's scrutiny, Cheng Guang appeared unfazed, merely offering a smile and saying, "It's nothing serious. I am merely helping a friend look for someone."

"Looking for someone? Who might that be?" Lin Gongfu was taken aback.

He knew Cheng Guang had wanted to see Lin Yunzhen upon arriving, but Lin Gongfu suspected that Cheng Guang's true intent was not to meet Lin Yunzhen.

To his knowledge, his own son, Lin Yunzhen, had never had any dealings with the Town-Nation Duke's Heir. It was unlikely they knew each other at all.

So...

Whom was the Town-Nation Duke's Heir seeking?

Lin Gongfu was at a loss.

Cheng Guang merely smiled without responding.

Lin Gongfu's aged face studied Cheng Guang, seemingly unable to penetrate the thoughts of the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

This was quite terrifying.

The depth of the Town-Nation Duke's Heir's strategems was, it seemed, even greater than Lin Gongfu had imagined.

It was at this moment that the steward's voice carried in from outside the hall.

"Prime Minister, the young master has returned."

Lin Gongfu immediately stood up, offering Cheng Guang a smile, "Princely Heir, my son Lin Yunzhen has arrived. I heard of your visit and understood you wanted to meet with Yunzhen."

Cheng Guang remained silent, his gaze turning towards the outside of the hall.

Outside the hall.

A young nobleman clad in splendid robes slowly entered.

While his looks were somewhat less impressive than Cheng Guang's, compared to the average person, he was quite handsome. Tall and straight, his every movement exuded ease and scholarly grace.

Upon seeing him, Cheng Guang immediately recognized the man as Lin Yunzhen.

After entering the hall, Lin Yunzhen's gaze first fell on Prime Minister Lin Gongfu, whom he addressed as father and to whom he bowed respectfully. Then his attention turned to Cheng Guang.

His eyes revealed considerable confusion.

It was as if he did not understand.

Why would the Town-Nation Duke's Heir suddenly come to the Prime Minister's Mansion, specifically asking to see him?

Lin Yunzhen could not quite grasp the reason and suddenly felt the gaze of several others. His eyes shifted, landing on Liu Hao, Mrs. Wu, and Zhang Shunlong.

Towards Liu Hao and Mrs. Wu, Lin Yunzhen felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity.

Yet they still seemed like strangers to him.

He didn't give it much thought.

Instead, he was more concerned about the gaze of Zhang Shunlong.

There seemed to be a hidden hatred within Zhang Shunlong's look, though he concealed it well, Lin Yunzhen had keenly perceived it.

Could it be that the Princely Heir's special trip to the Prime Minister's Mansion was because of this person?

It must be said that Lin Yunzhen was nobody's fool and had his own insights into the matter. Just by glancing at Zhang Shunlong standing beside Cheng Guang, he roughly guessed the purpose of Cheng Guang's visit.

However, Lin Yunzhen didn't care much; he couldn't recall who Zhang Shunlong was in an instant.

Even if he had offended Zhang Shunlong, he didn't believe that Cheng Guang would bother with him just for someone who looked as lowly as Zhang Shunlong.

Therefore, Lin Yunzhen's face soon carried a smile that was somewhat scholarly and gentle. He slowly saluted Cheng Guang with his hands clasped together, "I have met the Princely Heir."

"What brings the Princely Heir to our mansion today; for what matter are you seeking me?"

Seeing that Lin Yunzhen, the primary person involved, had arrived at the scene, Cheng Guang didn't delay any further, getting straight to the point, "I am here today to find the third daughter of the Liu Family."

"It's Liu Yuting, whom you married into your mansion some days ago."

Cheng Guang assumed that upon hearing these words, Lin Yunzhen would respond, whether he seemed willing to let him see her or not.

However, to his surprise, after hearing what Cheng Guang had said, Lin Yunzhen's face showed a sense of bewilderment.

"The third daughter of the Liu Family; the person I married into my mansion?"

"No, Princely Heir, could you be mistaken? I'm not yet married, how could I have taken a wife?"

Lin Gongfu, also failing to grasp the current situation, his keenness as an old fox drawing his attention to the visibly tense members of the Liu Family standing beside Cheng Guang.

Once Lin Yunzhen made this statement, the Liu Family members shuddered fiercely.

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Liu Hao stared in disbelief, his eyes wide open.

How could Lin Yunzhen say such words?

What did he mean by not yet married, that there would be no wedding?

His third daughter, wasn't she married off to the Prime Minister's Mansion?

Mrs. Wu, standing nearby, trembled slightly upon hearing Lin Yunzhen's words, her fingers tightly clutching the corner of her clothing, as a sense of foreboding grew within her.

Zhang Shunlong found himself holding his breath. He had thought that Yuting, having married into the Prime Minister's Mansion, would now be living a good life. But listening to Lin Yunzhen, the Prime Minister's son, it was as if Liu Yuting had never existed at all?

Liu Hao and Mrs. Wu might not dare to offend Lin Yunzhen, but Zhang Shunlong knew his own life was worthless, so he immediately challenged him.

"Then may I ask, the young lady you took from Ping'an County a month ago, where did she end up?"

Upon hearing Zhang Shunlong's question, Lin Yunzhen let out a light exclamation, his noble gaze falling upon Zhang Shunlong.

Instead of answering, his eyebrows furrowed slightly, "Princely Heir, may I ask who this man is?"

Had Cheng Guang not been present, Lin Yunzhen would have already slapped this impolite commoner to death.

How dare he question him?

It would have been fine if it were Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir asking the questions.

But what was this commoner?

These thoughts floated through Lin Yunzhen's mind. At the same time, recalling the woman he had brought back from Ping'an County more than a month ago, his expression darkened upon looking at Zhang Shunlong, Liu Hao, and Mrs. Wu.

He had never imagined that these lowly commoners would dare to come to the Prime Minister's Mansion for the sake of a mere woman.

Even the Crown Prince had inquired about this matter.

Why?

Lin Yunzhen could not understand.

Cheng Guang looked at Lin Yunzhen and nonchalantly said, "You don't need to concern yourself with his identity. Just answer his question."

Lin Yunzhen's breath hitched, his complexion souring.

He glanced over at Lin Gongfu.

Lin Gongfu seemed to realize that unless his purpose was achieved, the Crown Prince would not rest.

At the same time, he was curious about what Lin Yunzhen had done to warrant such a dignified visit from Cheng Guang, the revered Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

So, Lin Gongfu said, "Yunzhen, just answer his question, did you or did you not take a girl from Ping'an County?"

Lin Yunzhen's mouth twitched secretly a few times before he reluctantly spoke, "Indeed, I did, but I didn't marry that girl. I only planned to make her a maiden for warming my bed, but I didn't expect her to be so uncooperative."

"I didn't do much to her. After sharing a bed a few times, I lost interest, and later casually gave her away to a menial worker in the mansion."

"As for whether that girl is called Liu Yuting or not, I really couldn't say."

Lin Yunzhen spread his hands in a helpless gesture.

At these words, the body of Liu Hao, the Family Head of the Liu Family, shook violently, his eyes widening in disbelief.

He could not believe what he had heard.

He had thought that his family had climbed high, that his daughter had married into the Prime Minister's family, becoming a lady of the mansion, but the reality was...

The reality was...

She wasn't even considered a bed-warming maiden?

More than his daughter's fate, Liu Hao was thinking about all the benefits he had reaped during this time, relying on the status as the Prime Minister's in-law.

If outsiders knew that his daughter had not actually married the Prime Minister's son, but was taken as merely a bed-warming maiden, and that she was not even that anymore...

Even worse...

She had been given away by the Prime Minister's son to a menial worker in the mansion.

Disgrace!

Humiliation!

Embarrassment!

A flurry of uncomfortable emotions surged in Liu Hao's heart, almost making it impossible for him to lift his head.

Mrs. Wu, upon hearing Lin Yunzhen's words, felt as if she had been violently struck, crying out with a pained gasp as tears uncontrollably welled up in her eyes.

Large teardrops fell, sliding down her cheeks and dropping onto the ground one after another.

"Yuting, where is Yuting, where is she?"

"We don't want to be related to the Prime Minister's Mansion anymore. My lord, can we take Yuting back home, please?"

Mrs. Wu's heart seemed shattered as she clutched Liu Hao's arm, her grip so tight that her fingers turned blue.

Liu Hao, hearing Mrs. Wu's plea, had a shifting expression and his lips moved a few times, but he said nothing.

His daughter had already entered the Prime Minister's household.

Her fate was no longer in her own hands, nor in theirs.

How could it be easy to take their daughter back?

At this point, perhaps only the Crown Prince could compel the Prime Minister's Mansion to release her.

At the same time, after hearing what Lin Yunzhen had said, Zhang Shunlong felt as though he had been struck by lightning. His complexion turned deathly pale, and his body froze in place. Staring blankly at Lin Yunzhen's face, which seemed so gentle and cultured, he couldn't bring himself to believe it.

The nobleman before him had snatched Yuting away from his side, only to treat her so carelessly, to the extent he didn't even know Yuting's name, playing with her life before callously discarding her.

How could this be!?

How could a nobleman be so utterly oppressive!

Why!?

Why did it have to be my Yuting who suffered thus!?

Zhang Shunlong's breathing became rapid, his eyes turning a painful red as he fixated his gaze on Lin Yunzhen.

If looks could kill, Lin Yunzhen would have died countless times over by now.

Lin Yunzhen noticed Zhang Shunlong's gaze, merely furrowing his brows slightly, turning his eyes to Cheng Guang with a smile, he said, "Crown Prince, this man's stare makes me rather uncomfortable. If it were at all convenient, I would really like to dig out his eyeballs."

Lin Yunzhen spoke these words with a laugh.

His status might not be as high as Cheng Guang's, but it was not much lower.

His own father was, after all, the current Prime Minister and one of the top powers in the Great Zhou Dynasty.

Therefore, he could afford to stand a bit taller in Cheng Guang's presence.

Lin Gongfu, who was beside them, heard Lin Yunzhen's words and cast a glance at Zhang Shunlong before closing his eyes to rest, appearing indifferent to his son's statement.

Cheng Guang too laughed.

"I'm afraid that would be quite inconvenient."

Lin Yunzhen expressed regretfully, "In that case, the Princely Heir is rather kind to this commoner."

Without further conversation with Lin Yunzhen, Cheng Guang gently tapped his fingers on the back of his chair and said, "Just bring the person over."

In front of Cheng Guang, Lin Yunzhen could only feel frustrated, yet he was powerless to do anything but obediently comply, summoning a servant to fetch the woman he had brought back to the mansion a month before.

Had it not been for Cheng Guang's visit today,

he would have almost forgotten about the whole affair.

The servant hurried off.

It was only a moment later that the servant returned with hasty steps, his voice urgent, "It's bad, Young Master, the woman is gone."

"Gone?"

Lin Yunzhen was stunned.

Zhang Shunlong violently turned his head, staring intently at the servant who had just come in from outside.

Behind that servant, several attendants were carefully carrying a delicate body covered with a white cloth, walking gingerly and not daring to speak aloud.

"This lady... has long since committed suicide."

Committed suicide... already?

Zhang Shunlong's mind buzzed, and the world seemed to fade to grey; Mrs. Wu's cries, the conversations of the crowd around him—he could no longer hear them.

He looked towards the delicate body shrouded in white.

In a trance, he seemed to see a gentle and graceful woman smiling at him.

"Shunlong, what do you think, does long hair suit me or short hair?"

The lady looked at him with hopeful eyes, a sparkle in her gaze.

"Shunlong, when we get married, I want you to carry me out of the Liu Family residence."

The lady pursed her lips in thought.

"Shunlong, once we're married we should have lots of children. The elders always say, if you don't have kids when you're young, it gets tougher as you get older."

The lady's face showed a hint of worry.

"Shunlong... my father says a nobleman has taken a liking to me..."

"Shunlong, will you take me away?"

The lady's eyes, misty with tears, were filled with sorrow.

Zhang Shunlong gazed into the distance, his world dwindling to nothing but white, tears streaming down his face without his noticing.

"Let's go, let's go..."

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Zhang Shunlong reached out with a dazed expression, grabbing at the air as if to clutch something, yet grasping nothing at all.

"Yuting, where can we even go?"

Zhang Shunlong cried softly, "In this vast world, where can we go?"

"Why is this happening."

"Why has it come to this?"

"Why must the world be like this?"

In that moment, Zhang Shunlong, asking questions for which there were no answers, cried out like a child who could never grow up.

Inside the vast hall.

It seemed that only Zhang Shunlong's cries could be heard.

Chapter 265: Hey, Don't You Die On Me!

In the vast emptiness of the grand hall,

stood Zhang Shunlong.

He gazed at the door in the distance, where the lifeless, delicate body lay draped in a white cloth.

Tears fell like pearls off a broken string.

Rolling down incessantly.

An endless despair and helplessness surged into his heart.

He walked slowly to the entrance, pushed aside the nearby servants, and knelt beside Liu Yuting, holding her hand tightly.

Her hands were already devoid of warmth, yet Zhang Shunlong could still feel every detail on her skin.

The laughter of the past, the promises once made, the warmth, all as clear as if they were from yesterday.

Helplessly, he stared at her face, once brimming with happiness and smiles, now so serenely still. His heart twisted in agony, so painful he could hardly breathe.

"It shouldn't be like this,"

"It shouldn't be like this,"

Zhang Shunlong muttered, his vision blurred by tears, his throat rough with pain.

Mrs. Wu seemed to have lost her spirit too, her fingers clenched tightly, legs weak, had it not been for Liu Hao's support at her side, she would have already collapsed to the ground.

"My daughter..."

"Master, how could things have turned out this way?"

Mrs. Wu felt a pang of heartache, her composure unkept, bearing such great sorrow, yet finding herself unable to cry.

Her tears seemed to be all choked up inside, with no means for release.

Liu Hao was also at a loss, standing there blankly, no longer knowing what to do.

He even hesitated to look at the figure lying on the ground in the distance, doubting if it was indeed his daughter's face.

He felt an inexplicable regret, condemning himself.

If only he hadn't captured Zhang Shunlong and Liu Yuting attempting to elope, perhaps things would not have turned out this way.

As dusk approached, the sky grew dark, heavy clouds pressing low, conjuring an almost suffocating oppression.

Lin Yunzhen looked at the scene before him, his brows lightly furrowed; his heart remained unmoved, finding the people before him exceedingly noisy.

It was just a suicide, after all, hardly a major incident.

Lin Yunzhen glanced at Cheng Guang, his voice reluctant as he spoke, "Princely Heir, as you can see, the person you were looking for has committed suicide."

"I have nothing to do with this."

Lin Yunzhen spread his hands, his face innocent.

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In his own view, it indeed had nothing to do with him; after all, it wasn't him who killed her, it was the woman herself who was foolish and in despair.

If she had only been sensible from the start, Lin Yunzhen thought, he might have even kept her by his side as a bed-warming maiden, how could she have ended up like this?

Cheng Guang remained indifferent, his expression unchanged, tapping the back of his chair, quiet, looking at Zhang Shunlong, who had fallen to the ground, weeping loudly.

Zhang Shunlong's voice gradually softened, and his trembling body began to calm.

He slowly lifted the girl wrapped in white, her long hair scattered, pale hands hanging limply, her features poignant, bruises faintly visible on her body.

Zhang Shunlong's hands trembled as he gently covered the girl's bruises with the white cloth, holding her tightly against him, and stood up, his gaze turned towards Cheng Guang.

His eyes, bloodshot and tear-filled, already brimmed with bloody tears.

"Princely Heir, thank you,"

Zhang Shunlong deeply bowed to Cheng Guang.

If it weren't for Cheng Guang, he'd still be in the Liu Family, unaware of Liu Yuting's current plight.

If it weren't for Cheng Guang, how could he have gained entry to the Prime Minister's Mansion?

If it weren't for Cheng Guang, he didn't know how much longer it would've been before he learned of Liu Yuting's departure from this world.

Zhang Shunlong was filled with gratitude towards the Town-Nation Duke's Heir who had suddenly offered help and brought him to the Prime Minister's Mansion.

As Zhang Shunlong's words fell, the system's permission completed sound timely rang in Cheng Guang's mind.

The voice was cold and devoid of any emotion.

Incredibly familiar.

Yet Cheng Guang felt little joy.

His assistance to Zhang Shunlong was not because he was a saint, but merely to complete a task.

But truly witnessing such a scene, where ordinary lives held no value in the eyes of the powerful, to be trifled with at will,

He couldn't maintain his composure after all.

Cheng Guang's emotions were, in fact, far more complicated than he had imagined.

After Zhang Shunlong, holding Liu Yuting, deeply bowed to Cheng Guang, his gaze shifted to Lin Yunzhen standing aside.

That look held hatred, murderous intent, a powerlessness like facing a towering mountain, a helplessness over his own weakness.

Zhang Shunlong knew it was already significant that Cheng Guang had brought him to the Prime Minister's Mansion.

He dared not expect too much.

Zhang Shunlong glanced at Lin Yunzhen, etching the image of this noble who had hurt Yuting deep into his memory, before turning to leave.

At that moment, Lin Yunzhen's frown deepened, finding the gaze of the man before him distinctly uncomfortable.

"Wait, where do you think you are taking someone from my household?"

Lin Yunzhen interjected, his gaze also landing on Cheng Guang.

"Princely Heir, this woman was, after all, from my household. Even in death, she shouldn't be taken away by a mere commoner, right?"

Hearing Lin Yunzhen's words, Cheng Guang simply laughed, "So, once they enter your Prime Minister's Mansion, even in death, they're your belongings?"

Chapter 266: Hey, Don't You Die On Me! 2

Upon hearing this, Lin Yunzhen's voice faltered slightly, and his expression turned rather unsightly as he said, "After all, she was one of my household, and once my woman for a time. Even if she was just a lowly woman, even though she's dead now, she's not someone outsiders can touch."

"If she were left behind, how would you handle her? Give her a grand and honorable burial?"

Cheng Guang became curious.

Lin Yunzhen was taken aback by the question. He simply didn't want Zhang Shunlong to take Liu Yuting away—his dislike for Zhang Shunlong was one reason.

The other reason was that Zhang Shunlong's deep affection for the deceased Liu Yuting annoyed him to the point it was unbearable.

How could such lowly people have any love?

If there really was deep love and passion, why did that woman just strip and run to his bed with a mere flick of his hand?

Faced with Cheng Guang's question, Lin Yunzhen fell silent for a moment. Dealing with someone like Liu Yuting would naturally not involve a grand and honorable burial. Most likely, she'd be wrapped in a mat and carelessly discarded on some mass grave.

But such words, Lin Yunzhen couldn't bring himself to say.

He simply said:

"Princely Heir, you needn't concern yourself with how I deal with her."

"In any case."

"She cannot be taken away by him."

As Lin Yunzhen spoke in this manner, Cheng Guang couldn't help but sneer with amusement.

When that woman was alive, she was just like a plaything—discarded carelessly once done with her. Now, for the sake of his own face, he wouldn't even allow someone to take away her body. Enjoy more content from [m-v l'e|-NovelBin.net](http://m-v.l'e|-NovelBin.net)

"What if I want to take her away?"

Cheng Guang looked intently at Lin Yunzhen.

Lin Yunzhen's complexion turned ugly, clearly not expecting that Cheng Guang would offend him for the sake of Zhang Shunlong and a woman so lowly she was beneath contempt.

Even though Cheng Guang was the noble Duke of the State's Heir, Lin Yunzhen was, after all, the son of the Prime Minister. There was a gap in status, but not a significant one.

To come to his mansion and act in such a manner, it was indeed disrespectful to him.

A twitch appeared at the corner of Lin Yunzhen's eyes, and his lips quivered slightly as he started to say something, only to realize an invisible force had sealed his throat, leaving him unable to utter a word.

A faint smile appeared on the face of Lin Gongfu standing beside him, who then stood up a little and let out a hearty laugh.

"Princely Heir, my son is somewhat thoughtless. If the Princely Heir wishes to take this woman away, then please do so."

"It really is a fickle world, isn't it? How did this woman come to commit suicide in my mansion?"

"If only I had noticed earlier, perhaps I could have saved a life," said Lin Gongfu, his aged face showing a hint of sorrow and self-reprisal. "From now on, I suppose I must instruct the stewards in my mansion to pay closer attention; such incidents must not occur again."

Cheng Guang watched the old face of Lin Gongfu, and after a moment felt that this old fox was being extremely discreet, even though he cared as little for Liu Yuting's life as anyone else.

Yet on the surface, he had given Cheng Guang some respect and exhibited a degree of care and self-reproach.

If the Prime Minister himself was like this, how many amongst all the nobles in the entire Great Zhou truly cared for those of the lower strata?

There are many who come from humble beginnings that eventually rise, but how many more remain that cannot even be considered humble?

Their lives are probably as insignificant as ants; upon their deaths, they probably won't even make a splash, right?

Cheng Guang found Lin Gongfu's act at the moment utterly distasteful. Had they shown disrespect to himself, he could have lashed out, teaching Lin Yunzhen a lesson.

However, both Lin Gongfu and Lin Yunzhen were men of deep cunning. Lin Yunzhen might still have some youthful zeal, letting emotions get the better of him to the point of recklessness.

But Lin Gongfu was different—he would never offend Cheng Guang rashly.

And he most certainly wouldn't offend Cheng Guang over a lowly woman who had already died; hence, he consented for Cheng Guang to take the person and leave.

Cheng Guang said no more and slowly stood up, walking toward the throne room exit.

Liu Hao, who was nearby, also didn't dare to stay any longer. Regardless that his daughter died in Prime Minister's Mansion, regardless of the grievous nature of her death, and regardless of the unknown torment she suffered before her death,

Liu Hao didn't dare to express a trace of dissatisfaction towards Lin Yunzhen or Lin Gongfu.

With his head bowed, supporting the already fainted Mrs. Wu, he quickly followed in Cheng Guang's footsteps, heading out of Prime Minister's Mansion.

Watching Cheng Guang leave the hall, Lin Gongfu patted Lin Yunzhen and gave him a look of slight helplessness.

"Yunzhen, you must control your emotions in front of the Princely Heir. He is not someone you can compare yourself with."

Lin Yunzhen rubbed his throat, coughed once, and then, with a slightly heavy expression, looked towards Lin Gongfu.

"Father, your status and influence are not less than Cheng Zhihai's or the Duke's, and your power is even slightly greater. Why are you so cautious around the Princely Heir?"

Lin Gongfu shook his head: "You don't understand, our Prime Minister's Mansion holds its power by the grace of the Emperor. If the Emperor wishes it, I can no longer be Prime Minister, and our mansion could crumble overnight."

"But the Duke Zhen's Mansion is different. Even if the Emperor wishes otherwise, it won't change the fact that the Duke is a Sky-Man, nor can he touch the million-strong Northern Expedition Army under the Duke's command."

"Perhaps, previously they could have done something to challenge Cheng Zhihai's Bureau of the Lamp, but after the incident with the crown prince, the Emperor can't touch the Bureau of the Lamp, for the moment at least," he added.

Pausing slightly, Lin Gongfu's expression turned strange, "Moreover, do you know that the Princely Heir was also involved? Almost single-handedly, he rooted out the crown prince. With the Bureau of the Lamp soon to be in the hands of the Princely Heir, I doubt even the Emperor could interfere."

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"The power and influence are far beyond what our Prime Minister's Mansion can compare to."

"If my position remains secure, we can still compete with Duke Zhen's Mansion, but if my status is lost, then..."

Lin Gongfu shook his head.

Upon hearing Lin Gongfu's words, Lin Yunzhen's expression subtly shifted. He hadn't known this secret.

At the same time, he hadn't anticipated that the previous actions of the Bureau of the Lamp and the investigation into the crown prince's matter had the shadow of the Town-Nation Duke's Heir behind them.

Lin Gongfu patted Lin Yunzhen's shoulder, "Alright, don't think too much about it. It's fine for you to have minor squabbles with the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, but don't let your emotions get the better of you and show no face to the Princely Heir."

"Go send him off."

Lin Gongfu waved his sleeve and stepped out of the great hall, quickly catching up to Cheng Guang, sending him off from the Prime Minister's Mansion with laughter and conversation.

Lin Yunzhen's lips curled slightly. Suppressing the complex emotions in his heart, he quickly followed suit.

Cheng Guang paid no mind to Lin Gongfu or Lin Yunzhen beside him as he led his entourage away from the Prime Minister's Mansion.

After leaving the Prime Minister's Mansion, Liu Hao helped Mrs. Wu into the carriage and then cast his gaze back at Zhang Shunlong.

Zhang Shunlong carried the body of Liu Yuting, walking out of the Prime Minister's Mansion step by step.

His gaze was vacant, his eyes listless.

He just walked on.

Liu Hao had intended to take Liu Yuting's body and bury her back at the mansion, but seeing Zhang Shunlong looking like a man abandoned by the whole world, as if his soul was lost, made him hesitate and sigh.

He could no longer face Liu Yuting.

"Zhang Shunlong, get on the carriage. We're going back to the mansion. My Liu Family...will compensate you..."

Liu Hao's words came with difficulty, filled with shame he could hardly bear.

It was he who had broken up Zhang Shunlong and Liu Yuting.

It was he who forced Liu Yuting to leave Zhang Shunlong and get into the bed of the Prime Minister's son.

It was he who, out of cowardice and fear of offending the nobility, had colluded with the officials to frame Zhang Shunlong's family.

If Liu Yuting hadn't threatened her own life, he might have already killed Zhang Shunlong's family at that time.

But now...

All this, when he recalled it, left him with no face to show.

Zhang Shunlong didn't listen to Liu Hao and continued to walk down the street at a slow pace.

Under the night sky of the Capital city, Zhang Shunlong carried a body wrapped in white cloth, walking along the street.

He drew the attention of countless pedestrians.

Seeing this, Liu Hao sighed, knowing that his own Liu Family owed Zhang Shunlong, owed Liu Yuting, but what could he do now?

What else could he do with the nobleman above him?

Liu Hao fell silent and instructed the coachman to follow behind Zhang Shunlong.

Cheng Guang stopped beside a street, silently watching the silhouette of Zhang Shunlong as he walked further away.

At this time, Qing Luan felt uncomfortable in her heart.

Qing Luan was no noblewoman herself; she had entered the Duke's Mansion at a young age, so she could deeply empathize with a woman like Liu Yuting.

Once you enter the deep waters of a wealthy family, it's like treading on thin ice when you live,

and everything ends when you die.

There's nothing worth mentioning, nor will it cause much of a stir.

"Princely Heir, shall we return to the mansion?"

Cheng Guang shook his head and remained silent. He rode his horse, following far behind Zhang Shunlong, watching his figure.

He hadn't done anything to the Prime Minister's Mansion.

Seeking justice for Zhang Shunlong, or for Liu Yuting, would be simple for him.

Even if he wanted Lin Yunzhen to kneel down and apologize, it would be easy.

But this was not something he should do.

It should be done by Zhang Shunlong.

That is what the most powerful Sky-Man of the future should do.

If he helped Zhang Shunlong now, using his power to pressure the Prime Minister's Mansion, that wouldn't be what Zhang Shunlong wanted.

However, it was different now. If Zhang Shunlong were leaving today, he wouldn't be so silent.

Zhang Shunlong walked slowly out of the Capital city, step by step, heading toward Ping'an County.

Although the distance from the Capital city to Ping'an County was not far, it was certainly not short. Zhang Shunlong, a man with no cultivation, walked on the official road with the body of Liu Yuting in his arms; he had only just left the Capital city when he felt utterly exhausted.

Even so, his dazed demeanor remained unaltered.

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His steps were slow and steady, his eyes filled with endless sorrow.

The scenery along the way blurred before Zhang Shunlong's eyes. In his heart, there was only the person who had once brought warmth to him, the one who had shared his laughter and his anger.

Zhang Shunlong could feel the person in his arms growing stiffer and heavier by the moment; his arms nearly broke from the strain, crying out in anguish.

But he was unwilling to let go.

He wanted to take her back home this way.

Back to the place where they had first met.

He walked step by step.

Time seemed meaningless at this moment.

Zhang Shunlong didn't know how long he had walked. It felt like an instant and also like an eternity.

When he came back to his senses, a peach blossom appeared before his eyes.

The view before him was just like when they first met—the peach blossoms cast reflections of red, and the beautiful woman was smiling and glancing around.

For a moment, Zhang Shunlong seemed to see her.

"Little beggar, what is your name?"

That was the first thing she had said to him.

At that time, he had stumbled by accident into the Peach Blossom Forest. Lost, he fell asleep on the ground, and upon waking, she squatted in front of him, looking down at him.

The girl tilted her head and her smile shone through.

"I'm not a beggar."

In front of him, it was as if it were the embarrassed self from back then.

"Eh, you're so dirty, yet not a beggar?"

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"I, I really am not," Zhang Shunlong's face flushed with color.

"Then what are you? The Earth God from Peach Blossom Forest?" she teased him again.

The youth glanced at himself, noticing his clothes stained with mud and looking dirty and disheveled.

"I am neither, there has never been an Earth God as young as me."

"Eh, who says that the Earth God has to be an old man? My mother said that according to the legend, the Earth God is very handsome," the girl lifted her head proudly, flaunting her knowledge.

The young man, seeing the girl beneath the peach blossoms looking like a fairy, lost himself for a moment. When he came to, he saw that she was blushing, glaring at him.

"Why are you staring at me like that? What I said is true."

The youth shyly lowered his head.

"Is that so, then I am the Earth God."

"Hahaha, I was just joking, you beggar, you really can't take a joke," the girl laughed heartily.

"Where could you be the Earth God, if you were, wouldn't that make you a celestial being?"

The boy was both ashamed and bashful, scratching his cheek, at a loss for words.

The girl laughed for a while, wiping away the tears brought on by laughter, and asked, "What's your name? Little beggar, you still haven't answered me."

The boy hurriedly responded, "I'm really not a beggar. My name is Zhang Shunlong, you must remember that."

"Zhang Shunlong? The character for 'dragon' is reserved for describing the Emperor, will you be able to become the Emperor in the future?"

The boy awkwardly looked upwards, "Probably not."

The girl said with a smile, "It's okay, neither can I."

Having said this, the girl stood up, patting off the mud-stained red skirt, "Alright, I need to get back home, you should head back too."

The girl was about to leave.

The boy hastily called out to her.

"What's your name?"

At this, the girl paused in her tracks, turned her head with a smile, showing her teeth, "You want to know?"

The boy nodded.

The girl stuck out her tongue, "I won't tell you."

With that, the girl ran off quickly.

It was only after the girl had left that the boy came back to his senses. Looking around, he realized that he still had no idea how to leave.

He should have left with the girl just now.

In his helplessness, the boy picked up a peach branch and began drawing circles on the ground, hoping his father would find him soon.

As he was thinking this, a moist breath whispered at his ear.

"Well, my name is Yuting, Liu Yuting. Is it a nice name?"

The boy was startled and suddenly stood up, feeling his forehead bump into something.

Then a girl's cry of pain echoed in his ears.

Looking up, he saw the girl who had just left, not knowing when she had returned, standing there with her nose covered, looking a bit angry at him.

The boy hurriedly tried to smooth things over with a smile, then, confused, asked, "You, why did you come back?"

At this, the girl took her hand away from her nose, slightly embarrassed as she wriggled, "I, I got lost."

"Do you know how to get out?"

The boy laughed out loud.

"You're lost too."

"Why are you laughing?"

"I wasn't laughing."

"Hmph, you clearly laughed out loud. It's getting late; we should find a way out," she said.

"I think it's unlikely, I'm lost too."

"Ah?"

The girl and boy looked at each other in silence, the girl puffing out her lips, the boy struggling to hold back his laughter.

As they looked on, Zhang Shunlong's face was once again streaming with tears.

Bending down, under the peach blossoms, he laid her body there.

Silently digging the earth beneath the peach blossoms.

His fingers were scratched by stones mixed with the soil, drops of blood falling, yet he seemed unaware, tirelessly digging.

Behind him, Liu Hao and Mrs. Wu, having followed, stood silently watching the scene.

Liu Hao, despite his reluctance to interfere, did not want Zhang Shunlong to bury his daughter there; if she was to be buried, it should be in the ancestral grounds of the Liu Family.

He was about to speak.

Mrs. Wu stopped him.

Mrs. Wu looked much more haggard, her gaze shifting to the girl lying among the flowers, her face filled with even deeper sorrow.

"Let him be, Yuting would probably not want to go back to the ancestral grounds either," she said.

Hearing this, Liu Hao hesitated, then nodded.

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After watching for a moment, Mrs. Wu took Liu Hao and left.

Zhang Shunlong did not notice Mrs. Wu and Liu Hao in the distance; he silently buried the girl, lying serene as if asleep, beneath the peach tree.

After neatly patting down the grave with his hands, he sat alone beneath the peach tree, gazing up at the clouds in the sky that they had once looked at together.

Perhaps it was the pain reaching a limit, or perhaps it was the rush of memories flowing into his heart, but a sudden illumination darted through his mind.

Like a bright shooting star, it streaked across the dark firmament.

Waves of enlightenment flickered within him, leaving Zhang Shunlong bewildered and lost.

A strong longing surged within him, a desire for power, a yearning to overturn this world filled with the privileged, a thirst to fight against injustice.

Zhang Shunlong was unaware that his body began to emit a warm glow.

Brilliant beams of golden light, like flowing luminescence, burst forth from his body, illuminating all around.

His eyes glistened with golden brilliance, his entire aura and demeanor seeming to shift, as he lifted his gaze to the heavens.

The heavens at this moment underwent tumultuous changes.

The golden radiance from his body formed a pillar of light, steadily rising towards the heavens.

Zhang Shunlong looked at the heavens, then at the aura about his body, and murmured.

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"Still not enough,"

He struck his own body with a palm, and a spurt of fresh blood sprayed from his mouth. Zhang Shunlong's breath suddenly weakened, and his complexion turned pale.

"Heaven and Earth uphold righteousness, fortune and longevity abound; I, Zhang Fude, the Earth Righteous God, am willing to use the virtues I've cultivated in my past and present lives to beseech Heaven and Earth to open a path!"

"The injustice of this world, the evil spirits and monsters—it's up to me to eradicate them, even if it exhausts the fortunes of my past life!"

The voice laced with blood fell.

Zhang Shunlong's body slightly shivered.

Suddenly, his momentum rose dramatically again.

As Zhang Shunlong's aura nearly equated that of someone entering the Heavenly Human Realm, the whole world seemed to blur in that instant. The surrounding scenery momentarily turned ethereal, and a terrifyingly powerful energy surged from within him, as if it could tear apart Heaven and Earth, shaking mountains and rivers.

In the sky, the originally clear blue turned suddenly overcast. Dark clouds bore down, as if responding to his inner turmoil. Silver serpents twisted and weaved through the clouds like veins of the world, illuminating everything with their brilliance. Thunder boomed loudly, resounding like a powerful war drum!

In the Capital city, inside the Great Zhou Imperial Palace.

When Zhang Shunlong's aura broke through to the Heavenly Human Realm, the world seemed to lose its color. The previously resting Emperor Zhou, lying in a side hall, suddenly opened his imperial eyes.

A hint of surprise flashed in his majestic gaze as he looked toward the direction Zhang Shunlong was in.

His sight, as if capable of piercing walls and bridging thousands of miles, clearly saw the distant happenings.

Upon seeing Zhang Shunlong, the usually unflappable emperor was slightly moved.

"What... what is this aura?"

"A Sky-Man? Doesn't seem like an ordinary one..."

"It carries a bit of the Proving Dao Map's aura...?"

Emperor Zhou muttered to himself, his majestic eyes flickering ceaselessly as he struggled to comprehend the scene before him.

At that moment, he felt as though he was witnessing a deity from the Proving Dao Map breaking free from the shackles of the Primordial Spirit and truly descending to this world.

Though this deity lacked the nobility of those within the Proving Dao Map, it was an existence that mortals could not approach.

Emperor Zhou stared blankly at the distant figure of Zhang Shunlong, enveloped in silver lightning, sensing that this newly emerged Sky-Man was no ordinary force.

The dreadfully intense aura brewed within Zhang Shunlong.

Like a bomb ready to explode at any moment, yet at this time, Zhang Shunlong was unmatched by anyone in the world.

"Who in the world is this man?"

"How could he suddenly step into the Heavenly Human Realm?"

Emperor Zhou continued muttering to himself.

Zhao Jin, who was at his side, was also dumbfounded.

But his sensations weren't as profound as those of Emperor Zhou.

He didn't know that Zhang Shunlong had stepped into the Heavenly Human Realm in one go. He was merely shocked that within the territory of Great Zhou, a new Sky-Man had suddenly appeared.

Within the Great Zhou Imperial Palace, many guards and strong men became aware of the terrifying aura emanating from a distance within the Capital city.

As they gazed at the radiant divine light far away, their eyes stung.

"What is happening?"

"It seems as if someone has ascended to the Heavenly Human Realm? There shouldn't be many who can achieve that,"

"Right, even though it's hard to see clearly, this aura feels unfamiliar. It doesn't match any of those powerful beings in our memory who have reached Ninth Grade,"

"Who exactly is this strong man ascending to the Heavenly Human Realm?"

Everywhere was abuzz with discussion.

And across the Capital city, countless officials and dignitaries were alarmed by the aura. Many old masters in seclusion turned their gazes toward where Zhang Shunlong was.

At the Prime Minister's Mansion,

Lin Gongfu, who had just returned, felt the distant aura and paused in his steps, looking toward the figure in the distance who seemed to be competing with Heaven and Earth for brilliance. His aged face couldn't help trembling.

"Who is this ascending to the Heavenly Human Realm?"

Inside the mansion, Lin Yunzhen was in a pavilion, also becoming aware of the unusual phenomena of Heaven and Earth. He glanced up but then no longer cared.

For him, even if another Sky-Man had emerged in this world, it had little to do with him.

Compared to this Sky-Man,

Lin Yunzhen was more concerned about Zhang Shunlong who had recently taken Liu Yuting from his mansion.

The incident had only just passed.

Though he didn't understand why the esteemed Princely Heir Cheng Guang would help Zhang Shunlong, he couldn't afford to think too much about it at that moment.

Lin Yunzhen planned to wait some time, after Cheng Guang had finished dealing with Zhang Shunlong, to recapture Zhang Shunlong and torment him thoroughly.

Every time he recalled the way Zhang Shunlong looked at him and the depth he showed, it made him uncomfortable.

That profound affection—he wanted to destroy it the moment he saw it.

Was that commoner displaying such depth simply to disgust him?

Lin Yunzhen picked up a teacup, poured himself some tea, and gulped it down in one breath, trying to calm his irritable heart.

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Inside Duke Zhen's Mansion, within the Million Specie Garden,

Cheng Guang sat in the pavilion, playing with the somewhat silly Black Cub in his hands.

Next to him, Qing Luan was still watering the flowers in the hedge courtyard.

The Queen of the South Ming lay lazily in a rocking chair nearby, displaying her fair skin and captivating figure unintentionally yet seductively.

Those stockings of the Princess still had their effect. .net

Even after having taken them off, the Queen of the South Ming couldn't quickly change her character.

The involuntary allure she exuded was extraordinarily enchanting.

Cheng Guang now and then admired the Queen of the South Ming's form. Suddenly, as if sensing something, his gaze shifted toward the distant heavens.

Chapter 270: Hey, Don't You Die On Me! 6

"Enlightened? What a commotion indeed..."

Cheng Guang murmured to himself.

In the system task prompt, it only said that Zhang Shunlong would become the strongest Sky-Man between heaven and earth in a short time, but there was no mention of such a disturbance.

Has he stepped into the Heavenly Human Realm in one fell swoop?

Wasn't it said to take some time?

Cheng Guang's brows knitted slightly, he clicked his tongue enviously, but when he thought of the woman who had enlightened Zhang Shunlong, he sighed again.

His gaze turned to the figure enveloped in the golden radiance in the distance, feeling incredibly complex.

In Cheng Guang's hands, Black Cub, which had initially worn a humiliated expression, suddenly seemed to sense something, tucked its tail between its legs, and with just one glance at the firmament in the distance, felt its fur stand on end.

It was a sense of terror that it felt in the depths of its own original essence.

Hurriedly holding its head, it nestled in Cheng Guang's arms, not daring to make a sound, nor to look up again.

Cheng Guang pushed Black Cub away in slight disgust, only to find that the dog was indeed a dog, tense and frantically burrowing into his embrace.

It seemed that it could feel a sense of security by Cheng Guang's side.

Looking again at the Queen of the South Ming, who had previously lain lazily on the rocking chair, she too was startled, reacting much like Black Cub, with a deep-seated fear inherited from her ancestors enveloping her in an instant.

But as she was not her true self, the fear she felt was greatly diminished.

She was just slightly pale.

"This aura makes me feel fear deep in my blood origin and soul, as if it's an emotion passed down from my ancestral bloodline..."

"This..."

The Queen of the South Ming murmured in disbelief, unable to comprehend what kind of being could make her, an avatar of the Demon Emperor, feel fear from within her blood origin.

Qing Luan, who was watering the garden hedge, also noticed the commotion at the edge of the sky. Looking at the figure enveloped in golden light, she felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity.

"Princely Heir, that person... seems like Zhang Shunlong..."

Qing Luan said, and then quickly shook her head.

"It shouldn't be Zhang Shunlong. He is just an ordinary mortal, and that one is ascending to the Heavenly Human Realm... It can't be the same."

Cheng Guang laughed, "Maybe it is him after all."

"Ah?" Hearing Cheng Guang's words, Qing Luan was taken aback once more.

Looking at Cheng Guang, intending to ask, she then saw Cheng Guang cast his gaze towards that figure ascending to the Heavenly Human Realm in the distance.

"Here it comes."

"Comes? What comes?" Qing Luan quickly turned her head.

She then saw the Sky-Man, wrapped in a golden hue in the firmament, walking toward the Capital city.

At the same time.

Within the Capital, many strong individuals suddenly noticed the newly ascended Heavenly Human Realm figure approaching the Capital through the void.

Walking step by step, unhurriedly.

Yet each step he took, he moved thousands of miles.

One second ago, still on the distant edge of heaven.

The next second, he appeared in the midst of the Capital city. .net

Countless citizens looked up at Zhang Shunlong in the sky, wrapped in golden light.

Emperor Zhou's voice, carried by Qi, rang out powerfully from the Great Zhou Imperial Palace.

"Congratulations to Your Excellency for entering the Heavenly Human Realm and attaining Sky-Man status."

Zhang Shunlong, shrouded in golden light, invisible to ordinary people's eyes, merely glanced indifferently at Emperor Zhou.

Then he descended.

His footsteps landed on the cobblestone pavement, walking step by step towards the Prime Minister's Mansion.

A faint golden light wrapped around him.

He seemed like a deity walking among mortals.

Emperor Zhou watched Zhang Shunlong, unfazed by his disrespectful behavior.

Emperor Zhou was known for his broad-mindedness.

Furthermore, the man before him was a Sky-Man.

Generally speaking, Emperor Zhou was not one to offend such beings.

Maintaining silent vigilance, he watched Zhang Shunlong head straight into the Capital city, step by step toward the distance.

This direction...

Seemed to be toward the Prime Minister's Mansion.

When Emperor Zhou realized that Zhang Shunlong was heading toward the Prime Minister's Mansion, he was slightly taken aback.

He clearly did not understand why this newly ascended Sky-Man would go to the Prime Minister's Mansion upon arriving at the Capital.

With such a clear purpose – could he be acquainted with someone in the Prime Minister's Mansion?

Under Emperor Zhou's watchful gaze.

And under the watchful eyes of countless powerful individuals within the Great Zhou Capital.

Zhang Shunlong arrived at the Prime Minister's Mansion.

Inside the Prime Minister's Mansion, Lin Gongfu and Lin Yunzhen also noticed that the newly ascended Sky-Man was approaching their mansion.

Though they didn't know why, they still came out very cautiously.

Perhaps they could befriend this newly ascended Sky-Man?

With that thought, the two of them, accompanied by a group of servants, came to the front gate of the mansion.

As Lin Gongfu saw the golden-lit Sky-Man approaching their mansion, he was just about to voice his congratulations.

Then inquire the other party's reason for visiting the Prime Minister's Mansion.

However.

Before Lin Gongfu could speak, he clearly saw the Sky-Man slowly walking towards the Prime Minister's Mansion.

At a glance, Lin Gongfu felt an incredibly familiar sensation from the figure of this Sky-Man.

As if he had seen him somewhere before.

Lin Gongfu believed he would not forget anyone of high stature and profound strength if he had seen them even once.

Yet this person in front of him only imparted a sense of familiarity, as though seen somewhere, but he could not recall the name.