

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 28 - Chapter 26 What's Wrong with the Princely Heir Chapter 28: Chapter 26 What's Wrong with the Princely Heir

While Cheng Guang was cultivating at Duke Zhen's Mansion, another place.

In an exquisitely beautiful pavilion, where the light gleamed within the small attic.

Yuemei of the Wu Family lay on the bed on her side, her delicate eyebrows slightly knitted as she flipped through various portrait scrolls in her hand.

The information described in those documents pertained to eligible daughters from noble families across Great Zhou, whose backgrounds and appearances matched the prestige of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

"The eldest daughter of the Lin family from the ancient residence in Nan Yu seems not bad either, but I'm unsure if she's the type Guanger would like."

"The Empress suggested it would still be best to find someone in the capital city; a family with a clear background, both well-known and rooted. Although the Lin family's eldest daughter has both beauty and talent, it's a pity she's not in the capital city but in the ancient residence in Nan Yu."

"Empress Wang also recommended her niece, Wang Xilu, to me. I've watched that girl Wang Xilu grow up since she was young, and she got along well with Guanger in her youth, so she seems all right."

Wu Yuemei lay on the bed, flipping through one portrait scroll after another.

The daughters depicted on these scrolls were goddesses in the eyes of the common folk, untouchable and noble young ladies.

However, in Yuemei's eyes, all their halos vanished, and the only criteria that mattered were their suitability for childbearing and whether the Princely Heir liked them.

2

For ordinary people, family background was of utmost importance, but to Yuemei, it clearly wasn't as significant—as long as the family was decent, that was enough.

3

While Yuemei was worrying about the Princely Heir's marriage, suddenly, a noisy clamor came from outside the room; before the person arrived, the excited voice already reached her ears.

"Yuemei, oh, I have good news, good news!"

The voice was a bit loud due to excitement, causing Yuemei to frown slightly, feeling a headache.

"Keep it down."

As the words fell, Cheng Zhihai's stern and serious face briefly froze with excitement, and he smiled apologetically, then quickly sat down beside Wu Yuemei.

"Yuemei, there really is good news!"

"What good news?" Wu Yuemei asked distractedly as she looked through the portrait scrolls, "Is there any news more important than Guanger's marriage?"

"After coming back, you didn't come to see me. You were treating Guanger all day and disappeared. Is there someone else outside?"

2

Wu Yuemei asked coolly.

Cheng Zhihai broke into a cold sweat upon hearing this and hurriedly waved his hand with a smile.

"Not at all, you're the only one in my heart."

Cheng Zhihai explained and after a brief pause, he quickly said, "Yuemei, Guanger's injuries have healed!"

Wu Yuemei's face showed a flicker of surprise, then joy spread across her features, "Is that true?"

Though she was unaware that Cheng Guang's injuries were due to the forced integration of the royal bloodline, she was still very happy.

Whether he could cultivate or not was actually not important.

After all, in her view, as long as Cheng Guang grew up healthy and safe, that was enough.

4

Cheng Zhihai nodded slightly, "Yes, Guanger can cultivate now. You have no idea, today I even gave him the Divine Python Coiling Skill to train with. I wanted him to experience some hardship with this technique, to firm up his foundation. Later, I planned to switch to something simpler for him, but who would have thought..."

"Hey! Guess what, he actually mastered it!"

Cheng Zhihai's excited grin almost reached his ears, "In just one day, he's fully mastered the whole set of moves of the Divine Python Coiling Skill."

"He's truly my seed!"

6

Cheng Zhihai was filled with emotion.

Hearing Cheng Zhihai's words, Yuemei frowned, "What do you mean 'your seed'—the way you put it is so unpleasant. Am I not part of the reason?"

5

Cheng Zhihai quickly laughed, scratching his head with no pride at all and nodded, "You are, you are."

Yuemei let out a sigh of relief, "No matter what, it's good that Guanger's health is restored. Also, you, letting him train in martial arts the same day his body recovers—what were you thinking? Couldn't you let him rest a bit more?"

"Why must you rush him? You shouldn't push him too hard, cultivating is something to be done slowly. Otherwise, you'll have me to deal with."

"By the way."

Yuemei spoke, tossing the portrait scrolls she held into Cheng Zhihai's lap, "Here are some girls that mother and I have narrowed down, and they seem decent. Take a look, see which family's daughter seems the best?"

1

"Also, we should ask father's opinion."

Cheng Zhihai responded with a light "Oh," taking them and started to look through them earnestly.

1

This man, who appeared stern and serious on the outside, showed not a trace of coldness towards his family at home but rather seemed spineless.

5

After watching for a while, Cheng Zhihai also became somewhat perplexed, "I think all these girls are quite acceptable, why don't we just take them all?"

Upon hearing this, Wu Yuemei was first taken aback, then scolded with a smile, "Cheng Zhihai, what do you think you're treating our son as? Just take them all? Do you want to wear him out until he is a wreck?"

Cheng Zhihai chuckled, "I was just saying that."

Wu Yuemei frowned and warned, "You say that, but aren't you just trying to make up for your own regret from the past? Marrying only me and feeling hard done by?"

Upon hearing this, Cheng Zhihai broke out in a cold sweat.

"Where did that come from? Having Yuemei as my wife in this lifetime is a fortune for three lifetimes!"

1

These cheesy words made Wu Yuemei's skin crawl.

She twisted her body uncomfortably, "Alright, enough said. If there's nothing else, then please leave."

"Leave? Why leave? It's said that absence makes the heart grow fonder."

"Ah, you..."

The candlelight went out in an instant.

The pavilion plunged into darkness.

...

After waking up, Cheng Guang felt spirited and refreshed.

The fatigue from his cultivation had vanished over the night; the flesh of the Misty Forest Spirit Tiger was quite exceptional. Having consumed only a little, he never lacked vigor.

Instead, he feared eating too much and having an overabundance of blood energy to the point of nosebleeds.

This, too, was a happy problem.

Assisted by Qing Luan, Cheng Guang, after washing up, went to the courtyard.

Lin Cheng had arrived early in the morning, just as the sky was beginning to brighten, offering his routine greetings to Cheng Guang before heading off to practice his martial cultivation.

Previously, Cheng Guang had no experience in Martial Cultivation, so he merely thought Lin Cheng's skills were decent—nothing particularly striking.

Now, upon watching again, he realized that Lin Cheng's Cultivation Technique appeared to be a form of Tiger-Form Skill, fierce and domineering, reckless and fearless.

In terms of lethality, this Tiger-Form Skill was evidently stronger than Cheng Guang's own Divine Python Coiling Skill by no small margin, but when it came to the potential for cultivation and foundation, the Divine Python Coiling Skill was still superior by several counts.

Each had its advantages and disadvantages.

The movements of this skill were imbued with a bloody murderous intent, seeming like a technique from the military.

Cheng Guang pondered in his heart, watched for a while, then stopped looking at Lin Cheng and began his own cultivation.

Cheng Guang sat cross-legged, his mouth silently chanting obscure and difficult incantations.

His hands formed seals with extreme precision, just as described in the God Emperor Cultivation Method.

Once he activated the blood power within his body and sensed the Heavenly and Earthly Qi, maintaining this state became much easier.

Cheng Guang got up and began practicing the Divine Python Coiling Skill.

"Divine Python pounces, coils around trees, and climbs..."

Cheng Guang executed each move, visualizing the Qi in the air around him as lively starlight spirits. Inviting the starlight into his body, adding the muttered incantations and the peculiar seals.

In a mere instant.

Cheng Guang's bloodline felt subtly warm, a hint of noble purple flashed in his eyes, his thoughts became much clearer, as if he had an epiphany, which made him more focused and easier to immerse himself fully in the state of cultivation.

In this state of cultivation, the Heavenly and Earthly Qi surged like a raging tide, wildly rushing towards Cheng Guang.

Whoosh!!

It was as if there was a gust of wind howling!!!

Cheng Guang's body shone with bright streaks of light, and Qing Luan and Lin Cheng involuntarily stopped what they were doing and abruptly turned to look at Cheng Guang.

For a moment, they couldn't believe that Cheng Guang was the cause of this phenomenon.

"What is this? Qi leaving the body? No, it's drawing in Heavenly and Earthly Qi, but even martial scholars in the Purple Mansion Realm can't do this, right??" Lin Cheng was dumbstruck.

"What's happening with the Princely Heir?"

Qing Luan's beautiful eyes blinked rapidly, she too was shocked by the scene before her.

Lin Cheng was not present last night, but she knew that Cheng Guang had only begun his cultivation yesterday.

He had just started cultivating yesterday, and today he could already move Heavenly and Earthly Qi??

This seemingly nonsensical scene left her feeling bewildered.

...