

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 29 - Chapter 27 I miss you so much! Chapter 29: Chapter 27 I miss you so much!

"Has the Princely Heir obtained some treasure that can attract Qi?"

Lin Cheng's eyes widened in shock, and for a moment he didn't know what to say.

Duke Zhen's Mansion was extremely powerful and filled with treasures, and Cheng Guang was the Princely Heir. It was normal for him to display one or two extraordinary abilities beyond common knowledge.

Lin Cheng consoled himself and didn't ponder too much. He simply made a silent vow to cling to the Princely Heir's coattails from now on.

Getting close to the Princely Heir was the greatest opportunity of his life.

Even obtaining a trinket that fell through the Princely Heir's fingers would ensure a life of wealth and ease for him.

Although Qing Luan's reaction wasn't as exaggerated as Lin Cheng's, she too was taken aback, her red lips slightly parted as she stared at Cheng Guang, waving his body around in the courtyard, momentarily at a loss for words.

2

As Qing Luan and Lin Cheng watched in amazement, time hurried by.

A quarter of an hour later, Cheng Guang collapsed exhausted on the ground, forming a spread-eagled figure. His brocade clothes were soaked with sweat, sticking to his skin and making him unbearably hot.

Even so, his eyes were still filled with joy.

A quarter of an hour!!

Last night, when he tried, cultivating both paths at the same time, he barely managed to last a few breaths. But this morning, he was able to hold on for a full quarter of an hour!

The rate at which he was progressing was visibly fast.

"Each movement of the Divine Python Coiling Skill strengthens the sinews and toughens the flesh. Under normal circumstances, you need to practice every day. When the Qi and Blood fills the limbs and bones, preventing the Qi from escaping, reaching

the level of generating Qi internally, one can step into the Ninth Grade of the Refining Origin Realm."

"The duration of this process entirely depends on age and resources. The younger the age and the more abundant the resources, the greater the advantage."

"Even so, at the fastest, reaching the level of generating Qi internally would still take three to four months."

"And I..."

Cheng Guang heaved a long sigh.

"With the God Emperor Cultivation Method, even if I can't seal the Qi with my Qi and Blood, I can directly use Qi to strengthen my body. It's like a max-level player pulling along a newbie entering a beginner's village, directly boosting their leveling!"

"Unless something unexpected happens, my martial cultivation will officially enter the Refining Origin Realm tomorrow."

"As for Spirit Dao..."

2

Cheng Guang recalled the God Emperor Cultivation Method's description of the Spirit Dao realms.

The Spirit Dao and Martial Cultivation realms differed greatly at first, but later on—following the three thousand great daos—all converge, ultimately leading to Breaking Heaven's Gate and achieving the Sky-Man state.

The previous realms are Sensing Realm, Yin God, Yang God, and Ascension.

3

The conditions for reaching the Sensing Realm are actually very simple, so simple that Cheng Guang found it a bit unbelievable.

One only needs to be able to activate the power of their bloodline, sense the Heavenly and Earthly Qi, and draw it into the body to be considered stepping into the first realm of Spirit Dao, the Sensing Realm.

In that case...

Doesn't that mean I've been a Spirit Dao practitioner in the Sensing Realm since last night?

It seemed as though Cheng Guang only realized this then. At first, he was startled, then a smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

"I've finally stepped onto the path of cultivation. However, Spirit cultivation is inherently faster than martial cultivation. Those imperial family members might all be like me. I shouldn't be too pleased with myself too soon."

"Besides, I am not young, and diligent effort can compensate for my inadequacies. I'll rest for a bit before resuming cultivation."

Cheng Guang muttered to himself, his eyes filled with determination.

If anyone from the other royal families knew of his thoughts, they would likely be frustrated enough to cough up blood.

1

Even if Spirit Dao cultivation progressed more quickly than Martial Cultivation, it wasn't supposed to be this preposterously fast.

To step into the Sensing Realm in just one night was something countless royal descendants dared not even imagine.

If they could enter the Sensing Realm within a month, they would be profoundly grateful!

Then there was Qing Luan.

Qing Luan, who had been next to him, seemed to finally snap out of the shock Cheng Guang's performance had given her.

She hurriedly approached, her lovely face showing concern and a bit of reproach as she helped him into the house, removed his clothes, and wiped the sweat and filth from his body.

"Princely Heir, the weather is somewhat cool now, and the season of changing winds. Don't rush yourself, take your time to practice. Today, you have practiced for just a quarter of an hour and already collapsed from weakness. That's a bit too quick..."

Cheng Guang's lips curled slightly, "Is it really that fast?"

Qing Luan nodded solemnly, looking rather annoyed, "You can't rush martial training, Princely Heir. Lie down; I'll massage your body and ease your muscles."

Cheng Guang lay on the bed, feeling Qing Luan's slightly cool hands roaming over him, and said nothing.

After enjoying Qing Luan's massage for a while, Cheng Guang ate some Spirit Food to replenish his qi and blood, then planned to head out.

Although Cheng Zhihai had told him yesterday to report his cultivation progress every day, considering the Princely Heir's temperament, if he actually took Cheng Zhihai's words to heart, that would be truly astonishing.

Now that Cheng Zhihai had allowed him to leave the Duke's Mansion, he was finally free to roam about!

Having arrived in this world for just over a week, he had been trapped every day in the Million Specie Garden within Duke Zhen's Mansion, and the only time he had gone out was when he followed Mrs. Wu to the Imperial Palace.

He had yet to experience the world outside at all.

While Qing Luan was helping him change his clothes, before he could even step out of his yard, suddenly from outside the yard came the roar and panting of an exotic beast.

Soon after, a robust voice followed.

"Big bro, big bro, come out and play!"

Cheng Guang looked puzzled.

Big bro?

It was indeed rare for someone to address him with that term.

Judging from the tone, it was clearly a male voice.

Among the Princely Heir's friends, was there anyone who called him big bro?

As Cheng Guang thought about it, he suddenly remembered someone mentioned in the materials he had seen in the Book Collection Pavilion.

One year ago, the Princely Heir's best friend, Shenyong Duke's legitimate son, Qiao Songshan, went with the Princely Heir to the brothel to drink and enjoy himself.

After getting into a dispute over an Oiran and injuring several dignitaries, he was sent off to the border by the angered Shenyong Duke to join the military for training.

Had he just come back?

Cheng Guang's eyes flickered slightly, and then he instructed Qing Luan to go open the door.

Qing Luan looked at Cheng Guang and then at the door outside. Before leaving, she thought for a moment, moved closer to Cheng Guang's ear, exhaled like orchids, and softly said:

"Princely Heir, the one outside is the Shenyong Duke's legitimate son, Qiao Songshan, one of the few friends you get along with quite well. You can interact with him freely."

Cheng Guang nodded slightly, "I know, hurry and open the door."

Seeing this, Qing Luan did not say anything more and hurried to open the yard door.

The gate swung wide open.

What came into view was a majestic exotic beast that looked like a horse but wasn't, like a deer but not quite; it had a somewhat similar form.

The beast was covered in black scales, had sturdy limbs, a broad back, and its muscles bulged profusely, visibly filled with explosive power beneath them.

Its steps kicked up trails of dust.

It snorted like thunder, rumbling continuously.

This exotic beast was of extraordinary value.

Anyone who possessed such a beast was clearly from no ordinary family.

Cheng Guang narrowed his eyes slightly but wasn't surprised.

It made sense; given the status of a Princely Heir, anyone who could become his best friend would naturally come from an extraordinary background.

Shenyong Duke, Qiao Zhongqin, was the youngest martial cultivator in Great Zhou, who had been given the title of Duke for his military exploits. Just past a hundred years of age, he had attained Ninth Grade in Martial Cultivation and had distinguished himself commendably on the battlefield.

He was also Duke, Cheng Shiyuan's, capable general.

In all of Great Zhou, he was considered a person of influence.

It was because of this connection that Shenyong Duke's legitimate son, Qiao Songshan, had the opportunity to interact more with the Princely Heir and become his best friend.

As Cheng Guang pondered, he shifted his gaze upward.

Sitting on the exotic beast was a tall young man, the legitimate son of Shenyong Duke, Qiao Songshan himself.

Qiao Songshan was a year older than Cheng Guang, with a rugged face, a long sword at his waist, dressed in martial attire, and had just returned from battle experience, still faintly exuding traces of blood and sharpness.

As soon as he saw Cheng Guang, his eyes suddenly brightened, and he quickly dismounted. He came over to Cheng Guang and embraced his thighs tightly.

3

He cried out as if in sorrow or yearning,

"Big bro, big bro!!!"

"I've missed you so much!!!"

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