

My System 301

Chapter 301: This Isn't How to Play, Right?! 4

Although he appeared very approachable and friendly, not just anyone could strike up a conversation with him.

Think about it, the people who could come to Duke Zhen's Mansion to attend Cheng Guang's wedding.

Most likely had no simple identities.

This soldier was only in his twenties, about the same age as Qin Gaozhi.

He had a generous face, with some flesh on his cheeks, making him look slightly overweight. His tall and large frame was mostly made up of well-honed muscle beneath the thick fat.

His martial skills were not low either.

This person, could he inexplicably be some official's second generation?

Cheng Guang paused his steps and looked at the soldier beside him with interest, asking, "What is your name?"

The chubby soldier quickly lowered his head, a bit excitedly whispered, "My name is Li Dabai."

"Li Dabai?" Cheng Guang's face showed a trace of amusement.

If it weren't for the fact that this world had no Li Bai, Cheng Guang would really suspect whether you were Li Bai's brother.

Li Dabai quickly nodded in agreement.

Cheng Guang sized up Li Dabai and thought about his not-simple identity. It seemed as if he had realized something, he slightly raised his eyebrows and asked softly again.

"What relation is Li Baxun to you?"

When Li Dabai heard Cheng Guang mention Li Baxun, he awkwardly scratched his head with a smile, "Princely Heir, Li Baxun is my grandfather."

Cheng Guang gave a slight nod, unsurprised.

"Alright, you go and drag Qin Gaozhi down for me."

"Okay!" Li Dabai nodded excitedly, as if he had some new or old grievance with Qin Gaozhi and couldn't wait to approach him.

He briskly walked to the wall where Qin Gaozhi was perched.

Li Dabai glanced up at Qin Gaozhi and, seeing him looking dispirited, gazing into the distance, and quietly biting the corner of his clothes while silently shedding tears, found it amusing.

Normally, anyone who took more than a glance at Qin Yanqiu would displease Qin Gaozhi, who would find trouble with them in private.

Now that Qin Yanqiu had married the Princely Heir, Qin Gaozhi dared not trouble the Princely Heir himself, and could only lie on the wall, shedding tears in secret.

Truly pitiful.

If you had been covertly watching, it would have been one thing. Unfortunately, you were seen by the Princely Heir.

You, boy, are just unlucky today, aren't you?

Li Dabai thought to himself, a tinge of regret on his plump cheeks. His feet stepped on the Qi, his body flew, and he aimed a kick at the upturned buttocks of Qin Gaozhi.

Qin Gaozhi heard a whooshing sound behind him.

His face which was just showing signs of grief and impotent rage, changed in an instant.

He turned his head abruptly.

And immediately saw the oncoming kick from Li Dabai's large foot.

Qin Gaozhi's face turned pale as he yelled, "Li Dabai, what are you doing!"

Before the words of Qin Gaozhi could settle, his body had already been sent flying.

A burst of pain came from his buttocks.

Qin Gaozhi adjusted his breathing in midair, steadied himself with Qi, and, slightly unsteady, landed on the ground.

His gaze was murderous, fixed on Li Dabai.

He was already in a bad mood today.

And to think that Li Dabai even dared to come and trouble him.

If he didn't teach him a lesson now,

Then he wouldn't be Qin Gaozhi!

Thinking this, Qin Gaozhi immediately wanted to take action against Li Dabai.

Just then, Li Dabai pointed at Qin Gaozhi and yelled angrily, "You, Qin Gaozhi, dare to commit such insolence towards the Princely Heir!"

"On the day of the Princely Heir's wedding, on the verge of entering the bridal chamber, you even dared to peep!"

"You've gotten yourself into big trouble today, boy!"

Qin Gaozhi, being so addressed by Li Dabai, had a fleeting look of panic, but he quickly suppressed it.

Qin Gaozhi firmly denied it, blurting out,

"I did not!"

Peeking at the Princely Heir's bridal chamber could be a major or minor issue.

If you make a big deal out of it, it's an offense against the Princely Heir.

If you make light of it, it's just playing along with the excitement.

After all, he saw nothing.

Upon hearing Li Dabai's reply, he only held his arms and let out a cold, mocking chuckle.

"I and the Princely Heir both just saw."

When Qin Gaozhi heard Li Dabai say this, he was stunned again.

What do you mean you and the Princely Heir both saw?

Does that mean when I was peering over the wall just now, the Princely Heir was also inside the bedroom watching me?

Qin Gaozhi did not know that Cheng Guang had left the bedchamber shortly after entering.

From the moment he started peeking over the wall, Cheng Guang was no longer inside the bedchamber.

Their timings were immaculately mismatched.

Qin Gaozhi, unable to clearly grasp the meaning of Li Dabai's words, quickly realized something and turned his head, glancing towards the distance.

He saw under the Cold Pavilion, the supremely handsome Town-Nation Duke's Heir in a red ceremonial robe, standing in the center of the pavilion, watching him with an indifferent gaze.

Just one glance at the Town-Nation Duke's Heir made Qin Gaozhi's scalp tingle.

Peeping at the Princely Heir's bridal chamber and being caught red-handed by the Princely Heir himself.

Now it was awkward.

Even though he hadn't seen anything,

But it was already disrespectful towards the Princely Heir.

With a tingling scalp, Qin Gaozhi's thoughts were surging, and without hesitation, he bowed to Cheng Guang, conveying a slight apology.

"Princely Heir, I have offended you."

Cheng Guang, watching Qin Gaozhi bow and admit his fault so decisively, was not much surprised.

For someone like Qin Gaozhi, a Ninja Turtle who dared to offend him, it would have been the real surprise.

If it had been the usual Cheng Guang, he might not have pursued the matter after Qin Gaozhi bowed his head. But at this moment, he certainly wasn't going to let Qin Gaozhi off easily.

Regarding Qin Gaozhi, a potential future back-stabber who might betray him, Cheng Guang had no intention of discussing martial honor.

Cheng Guang simply watched Qin Gaozhi with an indifferent expression and said, "You indeed have committed an offense."

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Qin Gaozhi was covered in a cold sweat the moment he heard what Cheng Guang said.

"Princely Heir, I dare not."

Qin Gaozhi lowered his head.

His lips were tightly pressed.

In his eyes was a full display of discomfort.

He had never anticipated, that the normally approachable and kind Cheng Guang would hold onto this matter relentlessly.

By now, Qin Gaozhi was already regretting the situation.

After all, Qin Yanqiu's marriage to the Princely Heir was a done deal.

No matter how much it pained him, he could not change the tide of events.

His peeping at Cheng Guang's wedding chamber was simply because he couldn't let go.

Had he known he would be caught red-handed by the Princely Heir, he wouldn't have come.

He was merely a general's son, and when compared to Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, his status and position were nothing to speak of.

If Cheng Guang truly decided to trouble him over this issue,

it would be more than Qin Gaozhi could bear.

Therefore, after hesitating for a moment, Qin Gaozhi slapped his own face, a "slap" resounding so distinctly that his cheek bore a bright red handprint.

"Princely Heir, I was disrespectful. I was just worried about my sister and I hope for your understanding."

Qin Gaozhi lowered his head once more.

His tone was very earnest.

A look of submission was evident on his handsome face.

Li Dabai watched in disbelief, and after a moment of stunned silence, his plump face was filled with disdain.

Qin Gaozhi really had no backbone.

In front of those with lesser status than him, he was all prim and proper, yet in front of the exalted Princely Heir, he became embarrassingly servile.

By now, Li Dabai had come to think that, given Qin Gaozhi's apologetic manner, the Princely Heir most likely wouldn't be too hard on him.

He felt somewhat disappointed.

If Qin Gaozhi had been more obstinate, he could have had the chance to give a good thrashing to a man down on his luck, especially with the Princely Heir at his side. But now the opportunity was lost.

Just as Li Dabai was thinking this, Cheng Guang's voice timely reached his ears.

"A mistake?"

"What if I don't accept your apology?" Cheng Guang said with a smile.

Li Dabai's face registered a flicker of shock, then he blankly looked at Cheng Guang before turning his gaze, filled with interest, to Qin Gaozhi.

It seemed he wanted to see how Qin Gaozhi would handle the situation.

Speaking of Qin Gaozhi,

Cheng Guang's faint smile combined with the words he uttered sent a chill down Qin Gaozhi's spine, disbelief mingling with a rising anger.

At the same time,

anger began to well up within Qin Gaozhi's heart.

He couldn't understand.

Why the Princely Heir was making such a big deal out of this.

Even though he had gone to the Capital city before, beseeching the Princely Heir to give up Qin Yanqiu,

it was merely a polite request, and he hadn't said anything offensive nor made any presumptuous moves.

Why then, was the Princely Heir treating him like this?

Qin Gaozhi was bewildered.

Even if Qin Gaozhi could endure it usually, facing Cheng Guang's aggressive demeanor was proving too much to bear.

He slightly lifted his gaze, looking into Cheng Guang's indifferent noble eyes, and asked with a slightly heavy tone.

"Then how would the Princely Heir like to proceed?"

"What must I do to earn the Princely Heir's forgiveness for my actions just now?"

At that moment, Qin Gaozhi felt utterly wronged; it was such a trivial matter!

He hadn't actually seen anything at all.

Why was the Princely Heir treating him this way?

Shouldn't he have bowed his head in apology, and then the Princely Heir, returning a smile, let bygones be bygones and simply let the matter go?

Cheng Guang laughed lightly and said, "You want my forgiveness for your actions just now?"

"You might as well think for yourself what you could do to earn it."

Hearing this, Qin Gaozhi finally raised his head slowly, straightening his posture as he looked at Cheng Guang.

"Princely Heir, I am, after all, a general's son, and if you succeed the Northern Expedition Army one day, I will also be a part of that army."

"Whatever punishment the Princely Heir deems fit, just state it."

Qin Gaozhi spoke with a level of measured articulation.

On one hand, he was asserting his own status and position, telling Cheng Guang that even if he, Qin Gaozhi, didn't match up to the dignified Duke of the State's Heir, he was by no means insignificant within the ranks of the Northern Expedition Army.

On the other hand, he was also showing his sincerity, indicating that whatever punishment Cheng Guang decided, he was willing to accept it.

This bit of cunning, had it been someone else, might actually have worked.

Even if not for the sake of Qin Gaozhi himself, out of respect for Qin Beifeng, they might have not made things too difficult for Qin Gaozhi.

Moreover,

Prying into the Princely Heir's wedding chamber is an issue that could be treated as major or minor.

In the end, it was likely to be brushed off.

Cheng Guang watched Qin Gaozhi and saw that though Qin Gaozhi's masculine face was filled with respect,

the faint trembling of his hands betrayed that inside, Qin Gaozhi was far from as composed as he appeared to be.

With merely a glance, Cheng Guang found it amusing.

"I just saw you slap yourself; why don't you continue doing that until I'm satisfied?"

As Cheng Guang uttered these words, Qin Gaozhi's face changed color again.

He froze, breathing sharply.

He looked at Cheng Guang in stunned silence.

His lips trembled slightly, as though he wished to say something, but ultimately, he found himself speechless.

He simply nodded silently, biting his teeth as he said,

"Princely Heir, isn't that going a bit too far?"

Cheng Guang's expression remained unchanged, "You also have the option not to slap."

Qin Gaozhi's lips quivered a few times, his fingers clenched tightly together before weakly letting go.

"I can slap myself, as long as the Princely Heir forgives me, but when will the Princely Heir be satisfied? Perhaps you could specify a time."

Chapter 303: You Just Can't Play Like This! 6

Qin Gaozhi spoke, and to the side, Li Dabai snickered with a laugh.

"You dare to haggle with the Princely Heir?"

Upon hearing this, Qin Gaozhi felt another surge of anger, glaring at Li Dabai, his lips twitching but unable to say anything for quite some time.

At this moment, he only felt that this fat man was truly annoying.

Cheng Guang, hearing what Qin Gaozhi said, pondered for a moment, as if he had thought of something interesting, feeling the situation becoming amusing.

He immediately nodded, "Alright, a stick of incense time is acceptable for fanning."

Having said that, Cheng Guang's gaze fell on Li Dabai, "Go fetch a stick of incense."

Li Dabai immediately nodded, ran off with a happy face to get the incense.

Seeing Qin Gaozhi's misfortune, he was particularly pleased.

However, it was only a moment before he returned with a stick of incense.

Qin Gaozhi sighed in relief upon seeing the incense Li Dabai brought over.

Fortunately, this fellow wasn't excessive, the incense he brought was just a common and normal one.

Cheng Guang took the incense, waving his hand, and the incense stick pierced straight into the ground while a burst of Qi ignited it.

"Begin."

Qin Gaozhi, looking at the incense burning at his feet, felt as if his dignity was being ruthlessly ground beneath the esteemed Princely Heir Cheng Guang's foot.

Yet if the Princely Heir was unwilling to let him off, and if Qin Beifeng and the others found out, he feared he might not die but would certainly be skinned.

Qin Gaozhi gritted his teeth and fiercely swung his hand, slapping his own face.

"Slap!"

In an instant.

Qin Gaozhi's face turned red.

Qin Gaozhi really exerted force, not holding back in the slightest.

Enduring, yet also quite ruthless.

Cheng Guang watched Qin Gaozhi, stroking his chin as he saw him in this state.

Someone who could endure such humiliation, no matter how submissive they appeared on the surface, could not possibly be content with mediocrity.

Cheng Guang was then somewhat able to understand why Qin Gaozhi would later betray that Princely Heir and turn to side with Emperor Zhou.

Along with the control of the Northern Expedition Army being taken back by Emperor Zhou.

This Qin Gaozhi, perhaps from the beginning, was a back-stabber.

He had never changed.

Cheng Guang watched Qin Gaozhi, who was slapping himself vigorously, one slap after another.

Qin Gaozhi's gaze was fixed on the stick of incense beneath his feet.

With each bit the incense burned, his heart felt a little more at ease.

As long as the incense burned down, he would be free.

Seeing this scene, Cheng Guang felt it was necessary to add a little something extra.

He began to slightly use the Tai Chi Diagram, with a flicker of black and white light at his fingertips passing by.

Cheng Guang subtly tapped the burning incense stick.

Slowing down the flow of time to the lowest.

The incense, previously burning fast, now took an imperceptibly slower time to burn.

Initially, Qin Gaozhi did not notice anything unusual.

But as he continued fanning, he felt something was wrong.

Because he realized that, although the incense had been burning continually, it never seemed to diminish.

He was somewhat puzzled, but the incense was burning right under his very eyes, and he had never heard of any method that could control the burning speed of incense.

There might be ways to make incense burn faster or extinguish it completely.

But in the current situation...

Qin Gaozhi did not understand.

He had no other option but to keep on slapping his own face.

Now there was only a little bit of the incense stick left.

Just a few dozen breaths of time and it would all be over.

Even though the incense was burning incredibly slow for some reason, it didn't matter anymore.

Qin Gaozhi consoled himself, continuing to slap himself in the face, one slap after another.

From the very forceful beginning to the increasingly weaker slaps toward the end.

His face was bruised, swollen to the point where his original appearance was nearly unrecognizable.

His eyes could barely fully open, and he was only able to see the outside world through a narrow slit.

With a trace of hope, Qin Gaozhi kept slapping himself.

The closer he got to the end, the more powerless his heart became.

When the final segment of the incense burned out, Qin Gaozhi let out a sigh of relief, turning his gaze toward Cheng Guang.

His head felt slightly dizzy, and his body swayed.

"Princely Heir, can it be over now?"

Qin Gaozhi panted heavily, his gaze looking at Cheng Guang, exhausted and in pain.

Cheng Guang's brows furrowed slightly. He had originally intended to add more to Qin Gaozhi's ordeal, to force him into a desperate act.

But he had underestimated just how much Qin Gaozhi could endure.

While Cheng Guang was pondering, a cold and emotionless voice echoed in his head.

[Mission completed.]

[Would you like to claim your reward?]

Just like that, the mission to teach Qin Gaozhi a lesson was deemed complete.

Even though the mission was accomplished, Cheng Guang didn't feel particularly happy.

Qin Gaozhi being such an enduring person, it was uncertain how many times he would stab him in the back later on; he still had to find an opportunity to deal with him for good.

The moment was not right to make a move.

Hiding and watching his wedding chamber was not reason enough.

After all, Qin Gaozhi was Qin Beifeng's sworn son and Qin Yanqiu's brother. If he were to kill Qin Gaozhi in public over such a reason,

It would be hard to justify.

Hiding and watching his wedding chamber, the lesson already given to Qin Gaozhi was sufficient.

Unless he could make Qin Gaozhi strike at him first.

But with Qin Gaozhi's capacity to endure, prompting him to act out on his own was almost impossible.

Cheng Guang considered this, suddenly sparking an idea, a faint smile appearing on his lips as he walked up to Qin Gaozhi.

"Li Dabai."

Cheng Guang called out.

Chapter 304: Aren't You Playing Too Much?! _7

Li Dabai hurried over.

He found it hard to look directly at Qin Gaozhi's current state, which was somewhat unbearable.

Li Dabai couldn't help but feel an inexplicable sense of "boarding with a tiger" when thinking of the distinguished Cheng Guang, the Princely Heir.

Li Dabai respectfully walked to Cheng Guang and bowed his head.

Cheng Guang took out some healing Spiritual Medicine from his bosom and tossed them to Li Dabai, gesturing towards Qin Gaozhi.

"Treat his wounds," he said.

Li Dabai quickly caught the Spiritual Medicine, but he was stunned for a moment by the way Cheng Guang had casually thrown them as if they were trash.

Xuan Bird Purple Fungus, Spirit Dew of Hundred Flowers, Purple Qiong Juice...

All were top-notch healing Spiritual Medicines to be used on Qin Gaozhi—wasn't this too wasteful?

Li Dabai hesitated.

But Cheng Guang was indifferent, "Go ahead and use them."

After hearing Cheng Guang's words again, Li Dabai no longer hesitated, though with a twinge of heartache, he applied the Spiritual Medicine to Qin Gaozhi's face.

Qin Gaozhi's previously disfigured face visibly began to heal.

Qin Gaozhi's expression did not change much; he still respectfully bowed to Cheng Guang as a sign of gratitude, on the surface, at least.

What he truly thought inside

nobody knew.

Through the subtle movements of his body, Cheng Guang could sense the extent of Qin Gaozhi's internal anger, knowing well that even his own attempts at healing wouldn't earn much gratitude from Qin Gaozhi.

Cheng Guang no longer expected any gratitude from Qin Gaozhi.

Healing the injuries on Qin Gaozhi's face was merely a preparation for his next move.

At the right moment, Cheng Guang's face showed a tinge of concern, he shook his head and then sighed.

"Qin, look at you, why hit yourself so hard? I wasn't even angry to begin with," he said.

Qin Gaozhi clenched his teeth in secret, thinking the Princely Heir before him deserved to die.

If you hadn't been holding onto me, how would I have ended up hitting myself so hard?

So, now you start to play the good guy?

Determined, Qin Gaozhi decided to wait for a chance to make this noble Princely Heir taste the humiliation he was suffering today.

As Qin Gaozhi thought this, he slightly raised his head and looked towards Cheng Guang, his mouth slightly parting as he attempted to speak with a respectful look on his face.

However, he caught sight of a strange gleam in Cheng Guang's slightly purple, noble eyes.

After just one glance,

Qin Gaozhi felt as if he had been struck, as uncontrollable irritability surged wildly within him.

The corners of his mouth twitched slightly.

The emotions he had been suppressing erupted instantly, like a volcanic eruption, impossible to contain!

Cheng Guang observed Qin Gaozhi's facial expression with an unchanging smile.

Charm Eyes could bewitch others' minds; it wasn't just for turning people into loyal followers, but also for manipulating certain emotions.

Like infatuation, like respect, like joy, like rage...

Do you think you can endure, Qin Gaozhi?

Let's see how you endure this!

Qin Gaozhi suddenly raised his head, emotions boiling over as his eyes turned red for a moment, filled with the desire to tear apart the Town-Nation Duke's Heir before him.

He lashed out a hand towards Cheng Guang.

But as soon as he struck out, he instantly regretted it.

He hastily withdrew his Qi.

Even so, his palm gently landed on Cheng Guang's shoulder.

The smile on Qin Gaozhi's face became stiff; then he lightly brushed Cheng Guang's clothes, "Princely Heir, it seems there's a bit of dirt on your robe."

Cheng Guang silently gazed back at Qin Gaozhi.

Then he spat out a mouthful of blood.

His complexion turned pale.

He shivered a few times and fell straight to the ground.

Scattering a spray of snowflakes.

Qin Gaozhi: "??!!"

Qin Gaozhi stood frozen in place.

From the moment Qin Gaozhi acted to Cheng Guang's collapse,

everything had happened too quickly.

Li Dabai hadn't even reacted, thinking the whole incident was about to end, and who could have expected Qin Gaozhi, seemingly seeking death, dared to attack the Princely Heir on his wedding day!

With the Princely Heir spitting so much blood, he couldn't possibly die on the spot, could he?

Out of shock, Li Dabai's body trembled, and he clenched tighter.

"Someone come!"

"The Princely Heir has been attacked!!"

Li Dabai howled tragically to the sky.

In an instant, numerous powerful auras rose up within Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Many formidable figures suddenly appeared near the small Cold Pavilion.

All Qin Gaozhi did was glance around before looking back at the Princely Heir who lay motionless before him; Qin Gaozhi felt like it was all over for him.

He was internally collapsing!

I didn't use excessive force!

I merely touched the Princely Heir lightly!

How could the Princely Heir be so fragile!?

Even if my cultivation level was a bit higher than the Princely Heir's, I couldn't have made him spit blood with just a slap!

That's not how it should be!

Chapter 305: Don't Talk Nonsense!

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At this moment, Qin Gaozhi was completely dumbfounded.

He stood frozen in place, his body rigid.

Like a little girl selling nuclear bombs who couldn't find her way home, Qin Gaozhi's eyes brimmed with tears, looking helplessly at the Duke of the State's Heir who lay on the ground, spitting blood, his life hanging by a thread.

Though he had just struck the Princely Heir out of an uncontrollable surge of emotion without understanding why, he had also promptly restrained himself.

The force of his attack on the Town-Nation Duke's Heir was so slight, it probably couldn't have killed a chicken, let alone caused such grave injuries to the Heir!

Initially, Qin Gaozhi suspected that Cheng Guang might be acting.

Yet even if it were an act, in Qin Gaozhi's view, there was no need for Cheng Guang, the esteemed Duke of the State's Heir, to harm himself so severely just to frame him.

Seeing Cheng Guang vomiting large amounts of blood, his vitality fading, he obviously appeared to be seriously wounded.

Now, Qin Gaozhi was thoroughly panicked.

As the aura of powerful figures approached and both Cheng Shiyuan and Qin Beifeng's silhouettes appeared close by, Qin Gaozhi couldn't sit still.

He quickly pointed at Li Dabai, who was wailing nearby, and shouted furiously:

"Li Dabai, you beast!"

"How dare you attempt to assassinate the Princely Heir!! That's a crime from which you cannot escape even with ten thousand deaths!!"

Qin Gaozhi was already trying to shift the blame.

He firmly believed that the move he had just made involuntarily could not have injured the Heir.

Thus, the only possibility was that Li Dabai, this cursed man, had accidentally injured the Heir during Qin's unintended action!

Of the people on the scene just now, aside from me and the Heir, there was only Li Dabai!

It must be this Li Dabai framing me!!

As Qin Gaozhi's thoughts raced, his eyes instantly turned red and he glared vengefully at Li Dabai, his look so fierce it was as if he could devour him.

However, upon hearing Qin Gaozhi's words, Li Dabai was stunned, and then his expression turned to one of furious rage, his portly body jumping up as he pointed at Qin Gaozhi's nose and cursed.

"How dare you, Qin Gaozhi! You dare to act but not admit it, eh? The Heir's body still bears the residual Qi from your vitality!"

"Today you dare to injure the Heir, and who knows what outrageous acts you could commit tomorrow!"

As Qin Gaozhi heard Li Dabai's words, the corners of his mouth twitched uncontrollably.

The aura of the strong grew stronger and stronger around them.

Even Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan and his father, Qin Beifeng, had already turned their gaze towards them, under the scrutiny of these important figures, Qin Gaozhi felt an unprecedented pressure.

He was desperate to rid himself of this blame.

The grievous charge and error of attempting the assassination of the Princely Heir was something he could neither afford nor endure.

If it were determined that he was the perpetrator, the lightest punishment he would face would be the loss of all his cultivation, to be thrown into the Northern Army Dare-To-Die Squad as cannon fodder.

Even though he was Qin Beifeng's adopted son.

He dared not!

He could not!

Bear this responsibility!

"No... it's not like that... it's not like that!"

"It's not like that, you blathering fatso!"

"It was clearly you who did it!"

Qin Gaozhi was already extremely tense, and after being provoked by Li Dabai, he could no longer sit still.

He first whispered a retort, and then, as if to muster courage for himself, Qin Gaozhi roared at Li Dabai.

"You dare to attempt assassination of the Princely Heir, today I shall avenge the Heir!"

As Qin Gaozhi spoke, his eyes turned bloodshot, and his inner panic and craziness could no longer be concealed. He stepped on Qi, and his body shot out like an arrow, striking directly at Li Dabai.

Li Dabai, with no trace of fear, burst into a derisive laugh.

"Very well, very well, a guilty conscience but lacking the guilty courage, eh, Qin Gaozhi? You only know how to frame me!"

"I'll beat you to death today!"

Li Dabai refused to be outdone and displayed his Divine Power, the sheen of his Martial Arts and Divine Power circulating around his body, with Qi vibrations around him erupting with formidable authority.

Both Li Dabai and Qin Gaozhi's cultivation was at the sixth rank of the Rebirth Realm in Martial Cultivation, but at this moment, they both unleashed the might of the seventh-rank Spirit Communication Realm.

The fight had barely begun, and it was already as fiery as if they were out for blood.

They were heading in the direction of fighting to the death.

Qin Gaozhi wanted to kill Li Dabai on the spot, settling the matter before Duke Zhen Guo Cheng Shiyuan and Qin Beifeng could even react to their recent arrival.

Even Qin Gaozhi himself was not sure if he could kill Li Dabai under the watchful eyes of so many powerful figures surrounding them.

But that no longer mattered.

The chances of survival were slim anyway.

Even if he couldn't kill him, he had to show this attitude, to convince the surrounding officers and his father, Qin Beifeng, that the Heir's blood-spitting collapse was not his doing.

As Qin Gaozhi pondered, his figure was about to collide with Li Dabai's somewhat plump and round body.

But in that instant, suddenly, two large hands appeared by their sides, grabbing them by their collars as if they were picking up chicks, lifting them into mid-air.

As Qin Gaozhi and Li Dabai unleashed their Divine Power and Martial Arts, transmitting the fluctuations of Qi and authority around them, it was like a passing cloud before those two hands.

A casual wave could smooth out the might emitted from their bodies.

Feeling the familiar aura from behind him, Qin Gaozhi knew that the person who had grabbed him was none other than Qin Beifeng.

Qin Gaozhi's gaze shifted towards Li Dabai.

Chapter 306: Don't Talk Nonsense! – Part 2

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Li Dabai found himself in a similar situation, like a little chick seized by the neck and lifted into mid-air.

Behind Li Dabai was his grandfather.

Second only to the Northern Expedition Army, above tens of thousands, Li Baxun's status was no weaker than Qin Beifeng's.

Qin Beifeng glanced at Qin Gaozhi in his hand and then at Li Dabai; his gaze slightly darkened, and he didn't say much.

After sweeping his eyes over Qin Gaozhi and Li Dabai, he slowly turned his gaze to Cheng Guang, who lay not far away on the ground.

He only looked for a moment.

Qin Beifeng felt a stabbing pain in his eyes.

The esteemed Town-Nation Duke's Heir, Cheng Guang, lay on the ground as lifeless as ever, surrounded by a lot of fresh blood, staining the snow red.

It contrasted with the red robes he wore.

The scene was aesthetically beautiful, yet so glaring.

At that moment, Qin Beifeng felt as though the sky had fallen.

The Town-Nation Duke's Heir, Cheng Guang, had been assassinated in North City?

Who had done it?

Was it Qin Gaozhi, that child?

Impossible.

He couldn't possibly have the courage.

Qin Beifeng stared at the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, lying in a pool of blood, uncertain of life or death, and a myriad of thoughts flashed through his mind.

It didn't matter who laid a hand on the Princely Heir.

What mattered now was to ascertain if the Princely Heir was unharmed at the moment.

If the Princely Heir were dead, that would be true despair.

Qin Beifeng dared not imagine how the Duke of the State would rage, how many waves would rise within North City!

Without further hesitation, he cast Qin Gaozhi aside like trash and hurriedly walked toward Cheng Guang.

Reaching Cheng Guang, he gently cradled Cheng Guang's head; his limbs went limp, his head drooped, his long hair covered his face, a complete visage of death.

The instant he touched Cheng Guang's body, Qin Beifeng felt a shock in his heart.

He immediately felt that the esteemed Princely Heir's body was exceptionally cold, and although his heart seemed to be beating, it was as if there was no rhythm at all.

Such an abnormally slow heartbeat was a serious problem.

Qin Beifeng carefully infused his Qi to probe Cheng Guang's body.

After a brief inspection.

Qin Beifeng's usually calm and composed face suddenly turned pale once again.

The Princely Heir's injuries...

Were too severe!!

His meridians were ruptured, and his internal organs had suffered damage to varying degrees.

The person who struck clearly did so with lethal intent.

Even though the Princely Heir still had a faint breath of life, this condition was neither alive nor dead.

It was more like that of a living dead person.

Even if the Princely Heir could recover from these injuries in the future, he might suffer incurable hidden traumas, and he would never be able to cultivate again!

The consequences were too severe!

Who on earth had the audacity!!!

Who!!!

Could it truly be Gaozhi, that child!?

Qin Beifeng only needed one glance at the esteemed Town-Nation Duke's Heir, Cheng Guang, to feel his blood boiling from the injuries he suffered.

His eyes narrowed slightly as he observed the remaining Qi on Cheng Guang's body, seemingly trying to determine if someone else was involved.

But he was quickly disappointed.

The only Qi on Cheng Guang's body was that of Qin Gaozhi.

No one else's.

At this moment, Li Baxun, who still had anger on his face, tossed Li Dabai aside and quickly walked toward Cheng Guang, who was lying in a pool of blood.

"How is it?"

Li Baxun looked at Qin Beifeng and asked.

Qin Beifeng helplessly shook his head.

"The Princely Heir's injuries are too severe, his life might be spared, but his cultivation..."

Qin Beifeng sighed deeply.

Slowly using his Qi to heal Cheng Guang's body.

The surrounding generals had all gathered by then, fixing their gaze on Cheng Guang; just one look at him lying in a pool of blood ignited their fury.

The Town-Nation Duke's Heir, Cheng Guang, was not only destined to be a top noble of the Great Zhou Dynasty but was also expected to command their Northern Expedition Army in the future.

Who in the world would be so heartless as to assassinate the Princely Heir in Duke Zhen's Mansion?

Were they not afraid of death?

A surge of anger spread among the soldiers as they scrutinized their surroundings.

There were no obvious signs of a struggle around, suggesting that the assassination of the Princely Heir happened too suddenly, leaving him no chance to react.

Otherwise, there would have been some mark of the fight.

The soldiers pondered deeply as they sensed the residual Qi on Cheng Guang's body.

After feeling it for a moment.

Many soldiers widened their eyes in surprise, the corners of their mouths twitching slightly.

"Does the Princely Heir have the Qi of Qin Gaozhi, Qin Beifeng's adopted son, on him?"

"Did Qin Gaozhi assassinate the Princely Heir??"

"How dare he?"

"General Qin has been truly unlucky to have such an adopted son."

The many soldiers' gazes fell on Qin Gaozhi, who was beside them, pale and looking somewhat overwhelmed, and began whispering among themselves.

The soldiers didn't try to conceal their discussions.

In their eyes, even though Qin Gaozhi was Qin Beifeng's adopted son, if he was guilty of assassinating the Princely Heir, it would be a capital offense.

Even dying a million times would not be enough to atone for his crime!

That Qin Gaozhi remained unharmed was solely because the soldiers were showing respect to Qin Beifeng, his father.

Even if they were to take action, it would be proper for Qin Beifeng to do it himself.

He should clean his own house.

If they took action now, even if Qin Gaozhi was truly responsible, it could incur Qin Beifeng's displeasure.

Though they were but warriors, they understood the complexities of human relationships.

Chapter 307 Don't Talk Nonsense! – Part 3

It was at this moment.

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, approached with slow steps, a formless force beneath his feet, lifting his body and hoisting it into mid-air.

With each step he took, he descended from the sky and came to stand beside Cheng Guang.

Qin Beifeng and Li Baxun, who were nearby, felt a stir of panic in the presence of the expressionless Duke.

The Princely Heir had now become like this.

They could already imagine just how furious Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, would be.

As Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, came to Cheng Guang's side, Qin Beifeng and Li Baxun respectfully lowered their heads.

The surrounding soldiers too halted their words, silently watching the scene unfold.

The very air around seemed to freeze solid in this moment.

Even the falling snowflakes trembled subtly, cautiously.

Li Dabai, on the other hand, seemed to be holding up better.

He knew that Cheng Guang was injured by Qin Gaozhi, and so his gaze was fixed unwaveringly on the not-so-distant Qin Gaozhi.

Qin Gaozhi, however, was faring very poorly.

As the strong aura around him grew increasingly intense, his nerves began to fray.

Now, with the arrival of Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, and feeling the terrifying pressure emanating from him, like bloody battles of hills of corpses,

His inner tension was at breaking point, his legs gave out, and he collapsed onto the ground.

At this time, Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, did not focus on Qin Gaozhi's reaction, but directed all his attention onto Cheng Guang.

Upon seeing Cheng Guang lying in a pool of blood, his body ravaged as though by a storm, lifelessly strewn on the ground,

His heart shattered instantly.

Within his aged eyes, a vast sorrow swelled.

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, felt an aching at the bridge of his nose, as tears threatened to spill from his eyes.

Amidst his overwhelming grief, he found he could not cry, his emotions more subdued than he expected.

Yet,

Amidst his overwhelming grief, he found he could not cry, his emotions more subdued than he expected.

It was as if his body had entered some state of protection.

Even without rage or uttering a word, the Duke in such a state still imposed a suffocating weight on the soldiers around him.

The Princely Heir was attacked on his wedding day and ended up in such a state.

Nobody even reacted in time!

They could only imagine how furious Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, must be feeling inside.

The current calm might very well be just a brief quiescence before the storm.

In the midst of this stillness,

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, took slow steps toward Cheng Guang, his once upright stature now stooping with age as he approached the bloodied figure.

The closer he got to Cheng Guang, the more disconcerted he became.

Blame filled Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan's heart.

If he had not insisted on keeping Cheng Guang in the residence for his wedding, this accident would not have occurred.

If he had not been preoccupied with other matters, he could have immediately responded when Cheng Guang was in danger.

One glance at Cheng Guang, and his heart ached too much to bear another look.

His gaze shifted slightly, looking towards Qin Beifeng.

"Who did this?"

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, asked coldly.

Upon hearing Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan's question, Qin Beifeng felt a chill seep into his heart.

His face tightened slightly, he hesitated, then spoke with absolute certainty,

"Duke, the Princely Heir bears the aura of my son Qin Gaozhi on his body. However, this does not confirm that it was Qin Gaozhi's doing."

"At the time, there was also Li Dabai present."

In this moment, Qin Beifeng was subconsciously defending Qin Gaozhi.

Qin Gaozhi was, after all, his adopted son.

Qin Beifeng knew Qin Gaozhi very well.

Based on his understanding of Qin Gaozhi's character, Qin Beifeng firmly believed that Qin Gaozhi would never dare to lay hands on the Princely Heir.

As soon as Qin Beifeng spoke, Li Baxun's brows furrowed slightly, his eyes lifted, and the hand stroking his goatee paused abruptly.

"Qin Beifeng, what you say is unfair. Are you suggesting that it was the doing of my grandson, Li Dabai?"

Qin Beifeng shook his head, "I did not say that. I am simply stating the facts."

"At the scene, besides the Princely Heir, there were only Qin Gaozhi and Li Dabai."

"It couldn't have been anyone else."

Hearing Qin Beifeng's words, Qin Gaozhi, as if grasping at a lifeline, hurriedly spoke out,

"Father, it wasn't me who hurt the Princely Heir! I wouldn't dare to injure him, not for a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand times the courage I possess!"

"It was definitely Li Dabai who did it, he attacked the Princely Heir and then cast all the blame onto me!"

Upon hearing Qin Gaozhi's words, Qin Beifeng frowned slightly, glanced at Qin Gaozhi, then turned to Li Dabai and remained silent.

Li Dabai was already seething with anger—who was Qin Gaozhi to injure the Princely Heir and refuse to admit it, but instead shift the blame onto him?

The accusation was utterly absurd!

Li Dabai had intended to stay quiet, considering that Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, his grandfather, his father, and the senior commanders of the Northern Expedition Army were present. He had to think about appearances and the situation at hand.

But Qin Gaozhi had no respect for martial virtue and insisted on slandering him. This, he could not endure!

Li Dabai did not hesitate and burst out angrily,

"You cur! You dare to do it but won't admit it. I saw with my own eyes, you struck the Princely Heir with your palm, and then you left him in this state."

"It must have been because you were caught peeping at the Princely Heir's bridal chamber, and out of resentment, you harmed him!"

Chapter 308: Don't Talk Nonsense! – Part 4

"In a fit of rage, he struck the Princely Heir!"

Upon hearing Li Dabai speak in such a manner, Qin Gaozhi's expression involuntarily revealed a trace of panic, but he quickly suppressed it.

He hastened to wave his hands, saying, "Don't talk nonsense!"

"I am not!!"

Li Dabai, seizing the moral high ground, hands on hips, took a forceful step forward, his cheeks jiggling just in time to project an unusual aura of authority.

"Dare you say you hold no grudge against the Princely Heir!"

"I..." Qin Gaozhi was just about to say something.

But Li Dabai shouted again, "Do you or do you not!"

Qin Gaozhi felt a tingling on his scalp. He suddenly realized that, being in the wrong, he found it rather difficult to win an argument against this Li Dabai.

Immediately he hurriedly replied,

"I do hold some grudge against the Princely Heir, but I swear I did not strike him!"

Upon hearing this, Li Dabai merely snorted coldly and did not speak further.

Meanwhile, through the exchange between Qin Gaozhi and Li Dabai, everyone around had roughly grasped the origin of the conflict.

It was very likely Qin Gaozhi's doing.

But reconsidering,

How dare Qin Gaozhi peep at the Princely Heir's wedding chambers?

Believing that he could act as he pleased just because his father was Qin Beifeng??

A few soldiers' faces betrayed a hint of bewilderment.

Qin Beifeng, who was eavesdropping, could not help but twitch the corners of his mouth, his handsome warrior's face flushed with mounting anger.

Without warning, he kicked Qin Gaozhi's backside.

"How dare you peek into the Princely Heir's wedding chamber??"

Qin Gaozhi was sent flying with a kick from Qin Beifeng, landing face-first into the dirt. The fall wasn't heavy, so he was able to scramble to his feet quickly, and, in a mix of rolling and crawling, clung to Qin Beifeng's leg.

He wailed,

"Dad, I only peeked because I was worried about my sister, it was not intentional, and I didn't see anything, I wouldn't offend the Princely Heir."

"Dad, you must believe me, I would never lay a hand on the Princely Heir, where would I find the courage!"

Qin Gaozhi cried his heart out.

His voice even slightly hoarse.

Qin Beifeng, hearing Qin Gaozhi's sobs, was also inclined to believe that Qin Gaozhi was unlikely to commit such a deed.

However, the evidence at hand all pointed to the fact that it was Qin Gaozhi's doing.

He had the motive to strike.

If indeed Qin Gaozhi had struck, then not even requiring others to speak, Qin Beifeng himself would strike him dead with one palm.

He would clean his own house.

But if it was not Qin Gaozhi's doing,

The Duke of the State, Cheng Shiyuan, in his fury, would not spare Qin Gaozhi either.

Qin Beifeng suddenly felt a headache coming on.

"Your Grace..."

Qin Beifeng looked towards Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, lips moving slightly, voice rough, attempting to seek how the Duke intended to handle the matter.

But Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, paid no mind to Qin Beifeng beside him.

Whether it was Qin Gaozhi's doing or not, that Cheng Guang was wounded to such a degree, was no longer important.

As long as Cheng Guang bore Qin Gaozhi's trace, it meant that Qin Gaozhi indeed had made a move against him. Merely that fact ensured Qin Gaozhi couldn't escape death.

Gently lifting Cheng Guang with one hand, Qi cautiously flowed into Cheng Guang's body.

Bit by bit, his injuries were tended to.

Feeling the extent of Cheng Guang's injuries, Duke Zhen Guo's heart ached even more.

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, turned his gaze to Qin Beifeng, "Handle this yourself."

Having said that,

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, disappeared from the spot with Cheng Guang.

At the Cold Pavilion,

Only a patch of snow stained red with fresh blood remained.

After Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, had disappeared,

The air once again fell silent.

All the officers' eyes turned to Qin Beifeng,

Keen to see how he would deal with Qin Gaozhi.

At that moment, as if realizing something, Qin Gaozhi's face turned pale, and he cried out in a pitiful voice,

"Dad, it really wasn't me, really not me. I only thought about striking the Princely Heir, but before I could make a move, he was already in that state."

"I didn't strike... I really didn't strike..."

Qin Beifeng felt only weariness in his heart, looking at Qin Gaozhi clinging to his leg, he sighed and delivered a kick.

This time with a bit more force.

Qin Gaozhi was sent flying with a kick, several ribs snapping, a torrent of fresh blood erupting from his mouth.

He collapsed onto the ground, completely dejected.

Qin Beifeng pointed at Qin Gaozhi.

Anger caused the tips of his fingers to tremble slightly.

"The Princely Heir bears your scent! You, really did not touch the Princely Heir!?"

"Even if I believe you don't have the nerve, how then do you explain the presence of your scent on the Princely Heir?"

Desperately flustered, Qin Gaozhi had no answers, only able to cry out,

"I don't know, I don't know."

"I really don't know what happened. Suddenly the Princely Heir collapsed."

"At that moment, I thought about killing the Princely Heir, but it was just a thought, I hadn't acted, I hadn't..."

Qin Gaozhi's defense was feeble.

Yet the more he defended himself,

The more he cemented his inner motives.

Peeping at the Princely Heir's wedding chamber, getting caught by the Princely Heir, and punished, followed by harboring resentment against the Princely Heir, then lashing out in anger.

With the Princely Heir's physical condition, how could he stand up to Qin Gaozhi?

Furthermore, the Princely Heir had never been guarded against Qin Gaozhi. It was logical that he could be beaten into such a state so suddenly.

Qin Beifeng sighed, feeling somewhat disinclined to speak further.

No matter what Qin Gaozhi said at this point, his handiwork against Cheng Guang was eventually a fact.

Chapter 309: Don't Talk Nonsense! – Part 5

This point is indisputable; on this point alone,

Qin Gaozhi simply cannot escape the death penalty.

Qin Beifeng didn't want to do it himself. Facing Qin Gaozhi, his adopted son, he ultimately couldn't bring himself to do it, so he waved his hand, signaling his men to take Qin Gaozhi away.

Two soldiers dressed in pitch-black armor stepped forward, seized Qin Gaozhi, and dragged him away.

When Qin Gaozhi was captured by the soldiers beside Qin Beifeng, his expression grew even more frantic.

He struggled weakly, his body trembling uncontrollably.

He cried out loudly, begging for mercy as he spoke.

"Father, father, it really wasn't me, it truly wasn't me."

"It was that bastard Li Dabai!

"It was definitely him!!!"

But at this point, there were few who were still willing to listen to what Qin Gaozhi had to say.

Soon, the figure of Qin Gaozhi was dragged out.

After a moment, a "crack" sound was heard as if something had fallen to the ground, and the once loud cries of Qin Gaozhi abruptly ceased and fell silent.

In that instant, Qin Beifeng's body imperceptibly shuddered a few times.

His eyes were filled with sorrow.

Even though Qin Gaozhi was an adopted son, for so many years, he had treated him no different from his own flesh and blood.

Originally, in the future, Qin Gaozhi would have inherited his position.

But who could have imagined

Qin Gaozhi would actually dare to attempt to assassinate the Princely Heir.

If the Princely Heir's injuries were not severe, it might have been another matter.

But the Princely Heir looked...

Almost no different from being dead.

If it hadn't been for his unwavering loyalty to the Duke, he probably wouldn't have been let off so easily.

Sighing deeply, Qin Beifeng walked toward the distant grand hall, almost in a daze.

The Duke had left this matter for him to handle, which in itself, was the greatest respect shown to him.

If he didn't execute Qin Gaozhi, he would be unable to answer to Duke Zhen, Cheng Shiyuan, nor the Princely Heir whose fate was currently unknown.

Today was supposed to be Yanqiu's wedding day, a day that should have been joyful.

But because of Qin Gaozhi's incident, the joy was shattered in an instant, changing the original mood.

Given the Princely Heir's condition, he probably couldn't even consummate the marriage.

Currently, Qin Yanqiu was still unaware of the situation.

If she found out that Qin Gaozhi had attacked the Princely Heir today, leaving him seriously injured, and that Qin Gaozhi had also been executed by Qin Beifeng, it was uncertain how she would react.

Thinking of this, Qin Beifeng sighed again, his sturdy face showing a trace of weariness.

After Qin Beifeng left, Li Baxun glanced in the direction where Qin Gaozhi had been dragged away, then looked at Li Dabai beside him, who seemed somewhat pleased.

He helplessly patted Li Dabai on the head.

"You, you, we'll have a good talk about this after you get back."

"And remember, just because you're off the hook now doesn't mean you're safe. If it's discovered that the Princely Heir's injuries have anything to do with you, your head could very well fall too."

Upon hearing Li Baxun's words, Li Dabai's chubby face trembled, his brief moment of schadenfreude at Qin Gaozhi's sudden demise, leaving him somewhat unable to smile anymore.

He replied with a forced laugh:

"Lord, that shouldn't be right; I didn't lay a hand on the Princely Heir."

Li Baxun, stroking his goatee, glanced at Li Dabai, "Of course I know you didn't lay a hand on him. If we had found your scent on the Princely Heir just now, your fate wouldn't be much better than Qin Gaozhi's."

"You brat, get out of here this instant."

Li Baxun waved his sleeve and then quickly headed toward the grand hall.

He needed to see the Duke and soothe his emotions.

Meanwhile,

he needed to check on the current state of the Princely Heir.

Given the Princely Heir's condition, he's likely not going to die, but it's also not certain if he could live.

In any case...

It was very strange!

There was a life force in the Princely Heir's body, but it was unlike that of ordinary people.

His breathing was almost gone.

His heart, though still beating,

was scarcely different from being dead.

His pulse had all but vanished.

It was very strange!

At this moment, Li Baxun also couldn't determine what the Princely Heir would become in the future.

If the Princely Heir ended up completely broken, it would mean the end of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

And along with that, the entire Northern Expedition Army, and possibly even the Great Zhou Dynasty, might be facing a change in reign.

Li Baxun realized the gravity of the situation.

Regarding the recently deceased Qin Gaozhi, he couldn't help but feel a touch of helplessness in his heart.

Why are today's youth so audacious?

To lay a hand on the Princely Heir?

If it had been anyone else, it's likely that even ten entire clans would have been flattened by the Northern Expedition Army.

After the shadows of Qin Gaozhi and Li Baxun had faded, the remaining soldiers also realized the implications of the Princely Heir's accident on the Northern Expedition Army.

Most of them appeared deeply troubled.

With their status and position, they weren't able to meet the Duke directly or check on Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, to see his current state.

For now, they had no other choice.

They could only quietly await further news.

"Let's hope the Princely Heir is alright."

"Sigh, tell me, who would dare to assassinate the Princely Heir? Is Qin Gaozhi out of his mind?"

"Perhaps Qin Gaozhi, relying on his father being General Qin, became arrogant, but no matter how arrogant one is, one should never turn those ambitions toward the Princely Heir."

"He really deserved to die. If anything happens to the Princely Heir, even if General Qin were to punish me, I would kill him again."

The low murmur of conversation among the soldiers grew quiet as they slowly departed.

Chapter 310: Don't Talk Nonsense! – Part 6

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...

In Duke Zhen's Mansion, within a secret chamber.

The surrounding walls, made of Black Iron, were air-tight, with very little light to speak of, a darkness so complete that only an Ever-bright Lamp provided a scarce amount of illumination in this pitch-black room.

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, supported the body of Cheng Guang as he slowly walked into the chamber.

The sorrow that once filled his eyes gradually receded and disappeared upon stepping into the chamber.

He placed Cheng Guang onto the bed.

Examining Cheng Guang.

Something was strange.

"Grandson, your methods are quite peculiar. Although your body has sustained numerous, severe injuries, they don't seem to reach your core; most are superficial," he said.

"At the same time, there seems to be a force that is repairing your body. If you weren't actively suppressing it, the injuries you have would have mostly recovered by now."

"If I were not a Sky-Man myself, I probably wouldn't have realized it. I must admit, I was quite scared at first," said Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, still shaken.

Seeing Cheng Guang lying in a pool of blood truly frightened him.

Fortunately, after a careful examination of Cheng Guang's body, and relying on the perception unique to those in the Heavenly Human Realm, he sensed something unusual about Cheng Guang.

Even though Cheng Guang's injuries were severe, and his breathing and heartbeat had almost stopped, it was all under the influence of an inexplicable force.

Cheng Guang's life was not in danger, and his breathing and heartbeat hadn't completely ceased...

It was as if...

The flow of time had been slowed down.

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, was dumbstruck after just sensing it.

Realizing that Cheng Guang was not truly injured, but had used certain means to feign this appearance, Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, although unsure what Cheng Guang intended to do by deliberately injuring himself, did not expose his thoughts and played along with his plan.

Now that Qin Gaozhi was dead, his grandson's goal must have been achieved, right?

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, stroked his chin, pondering.

Meanwhile, just as the words of Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, ended, Cheng Guang's previously limp hand twitched a few times.

It was as if someone had pressed the play button on a video.

Cheng Guang suddenly gasped for air, breathing heavily, as the Bloodline Divine Powers inherited from the true Princely Heir of the Great Zhou Empire, Everlasting, spontaneously activated within him.

A mysterious Divine glossiness covered his entire body.

His wounds began to heal rapidly.

Even the meridians in his body, which for an ordinary person would be considered irrevocably damaged for cultivation, were now visibly regenerating at an astonishing pace, healing on their own.

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, watching Cheng Guang at this moment, had anticipated this to some extent, but still, witnessing Cheng Guang sitting upright suddenly as if by a miracle, and then his wounds healing quickly, found his own breath catching ever so slightly.

Although he didn't fully understand the method Cheng Guang had used earlier, which made his vital signs appear paused, he was profoundly familiar with the Divine glossiness now flickering on Cheng Guang's body.

Could this be...

The Bloodline Divine Powers of the Great Zhou Imperial Family!?

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, was shocked by just one glance.

Why did his grandson possess the Bloodline Divine Powers of the Great Zhou Imperial Family!?

Could it be that after the Imperial bloodline was extracted years ago, it wasn't completely removed, but a trace was left behind!?!?

Just this remnant of the Imperial bloodline enabled his grandson to awaken the Bloodline Divine Powers of the Great Zhou Imperial Family???

This...

This...

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, stretched his mouth into a wide smile, his face suddenly brimming with joy.

At this moment, Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, showed no trace of the hardened warrior forged from battlefields of corpses and seas of blood, but rather resembled an ordinary aging farmer.

He nearly leaped for joy, clapping his hands like a dolphin.

For Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, there was nothing more delightful than his grandson achieving more accomplishments and prowess.

Ordinary scions of the Great Zhou Imperial Family often struggle just to awaken their Bloodline Divine Powers.

The amount of resources needed for such an awakening is immense, and without talent, the process could require innumerable immersions in the Blood Pool to achieve.

But what about his grandson?

He hadn't even entered the Blood Pool once.

Moreover, it seemed as though the Imperial bloodline within his grandson had been entirely extracted.

Yet despite this, he was still able to awaken the Great Zhou Imperial Family's Bloodline Divine Powers!

This was almost like getting a bargain for nothing!!!

Joyous!!

Truly joyous!!

If it weren't for the time and place, Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, would have wanted to laugh out loud with glee.

He briefly considered why Cheng Guang was able to awaken and possess the Divine Powers of the Great Zhou Imperial bloodline, but couldn't figure it out.

There had been no precedent of someone awakening their bloodline powers after having their Imperial bloodline extracted.

Could it be that his grandson, after merging with the bloodline of the Great Chu Imperial Family, caused some reaction with the residual Great Zhou Imperial bloodline within his body?

Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, stroked his chin, contemplating delicately.

He didn't ponder for long.

His gaze then turned back to Cheng Guang on the bed.

Cheng Guang's complexion was getting better.

His internal injuries had all healed, and the meridians that were shattered just moments ago were as good as new, and seemed even more resilient than before.