

## My System 411

Chapter 411 - Zhao Jin, You Come Back to Us \_5

Elder Ning looked at the woman behind him, chuckled, shook his head, and gently tapped her forehead, "Qianxue, Duke Zhen's Mansion holds great power in the Great Zhou, and Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan's cultivation and strength, are not much weaker than mine."

"Who knows what the future holds, we cannot reach the heights of the World Royal Family, so naturally, we cannot miss the opportunity to form connections with Duke Zhen's Mansion."

"Besides, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, I've heard, is not too shabby—exceedingly handsome, indeed. You didn't see him just now, but once you do in the future, you will understand."

"We won't be at a disadvantage."

Ning Qianxue sighed upon hearing Elder Ning's words, her lips slightly pouting, "Anyway, Grandmother, you handle everything, so I have nothing to say."

"If that Princely Heir is not good-looking or bullies me, I will beat him up, and you have to back me up, Grandmother."

Elder Ning chuckled and said, "Alright, alright, I will naturally help you."

As she spoke, Elder Ning gently took Ning Qianxue's hand, "Come, let's go and wait for the Town-Nation Duke's Heir to come fetch you tomorrow."

"From Duke Zhen's Mansion to our Taihao Sword Sect, the journey is not very long; perhaps we will have just arrived when the Heir arrives."

Upon hearing this, Ning Qianxue's face twisted slightly in distress, "Grandmother, if you ask Qianxue, I'd rather just stay here at Duke Zhen's Mansion and not leave at all since we have to come back anyway."

Elder Ning responded helplessly, "We cannot neglect such basic etiquette; otherwise, if others see us, they might think that our Taihao Sword Sect just can't wait to marry you off."

With that, Elder Ning led Ning Qianxue away.

When they arrived at the gates of the Capital city, Elder Ning turned her head to glance at the Imperial Palace, where faint traces of light lingered above it.

One wonders what significant event had occurred.

Let's ask around once we return to the Taihao Sword Sect.

Elder Ning pondered to herself.

...

At this moment.

In the Great Zhou Imperial Palace, within Taihe Hall.

Emperor Zhou sat upon the Dragon Chair, scanning the officials seated below with an authoritative gaze, gently tapping the back of the chair with his fingertips, quietly waiting for all the officials to gather.

Once most of the officials had arrived.

Emperor Zhou slowly began to speak, "Not long ago, news reached the World Royal Family that remnants of Great Chu have surfaced in Great Yan, are you all aware of this?"

After Emperor Zhou finished speaking, the officials were momentarily stunned, exchanging glances, unsure why the Emperor suddenly brought up this matter.

Did something unexpected happen to those Great Chu remnants?

Were they not captured?

As Emperor Zhou's voice fell, his gaze swept over the officials, finally resting on Cheng Zhihai.

Pausing briefly on Cheng Zhihai, Emperor Zhou slowly shifted his gaze away

He didn't wait for any response from the officials and continued, "Those remnants of Great Chu showed up a few days ago."

"However, the remnant's strength is formidable, and it seems a mighty figure with extraordinary power backs her."

"All who went to eliminate the remnants were flattened by a single palm strike from that powerful individual."

"As a result, we've only just received the news."

As Emperor Zhou's voice died down, the officials were suddenly shocked.

All those sent to pursue the remnants of Great Chu were wiped out?

If they remembered correctly, Great Zhou had also sent people to investigate those remnants, right?

Moreover, it seemed to be the Town-Nation Duke's Heir who was sent?

According to the implication of Emperor Zhou's words, isn't he suggesting that the Town-Nation Duke's Heir suffered a mishap??

The Emperor's intentions were clear; he sensed that Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, had likely encountered an accident and urgently called for this court meeting—they as officials were merely attendant, mainly for Cheng Zhihai's attendance.

To prevent rash actions by Cheng Zhihai if his son, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, was indeed killed by the Great Chu remnant.

Upon hearing the Emperor's words, Cheng Zhihai was initially startled, instinctively clenching his fist, but then he thought.

That's not right.

His son Guanger just returned home today, safe and sound.

And considering the surprise of his return and the Flying Boat's inherent stealth capabilities, apart from Heavenly Human Realm experts deliberately noticing, nobody would be aware that Guanger had already returned to Duke Zhen's Mansion.

With this in mind, Cheng Zhihai felt relieved and hurriedly spoke up, "Your Majesty, I have failed in my duties. I will immediately send people to continue the search for the Great Chu remnant and the powerful figure behind her."

As Cheng Zhihai finished speaking.

The officials were astonished.

They hadn't expected that, with the Princely Heir possibly in trouble, Cheng Zhihai could remain so composed.

Emperor Zhou was also visibly taken aback.

His summoning of the officials this time had two main objectives.

First, to appease Cheng Zhihai.

If something had indeed happened to the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, Cheng Guang, Cheng Zhihai would go mad, and so would the Duke of the State.

The Great Zhou Dynasty could ill afford the turmoil these two might cause.

Second, to discuss with the officials whether they should continue to deal with the Great Chu remnants.

That remnant possessed exceptional strength and had the support of a Heavenly Human Realm expert behind her—if they were to continue targeting her, the Great Zhou Dynasty must also deploy Heavenly Human Realm warriors.

The whole of Great Zhou had very few Heavenly Human Realm experts at its disposal, necessitating Emperor Zhou's caution.

Faced with Cheng Zhihai's statement, Emperor Zhou pondered for a moment before slightly raising his hand and saying, "Zhihai, about that child Guanger now..."

Cheng Zhihai knew what Emperor Zhou wanted to say and quickly took over, replying, "Your Majesty, my son is already safely at home."

Chapter 412 - Zhao Jin, You Come Back to Us \_6

"I just got home at noon today, all is well."

Emperor Zhou of Great Zhou was taken aback upon hearing Cheng Zhihai's words.

Just got home today?

Returned so early?

No, that's not right.

Why could Cheng Guang, the Duke's Heir, return?

Wasn't he involved in the operation to suppress the remnants of Great Chu?

Emperor Zhou couldn't help but be filled with doubts in his heart, his majestic face written with perplexity, intending to ask something, but when the words came to his lips, he couldn't ask anything.

It's good that nothing has happened to Cheng Guang, the Duke's Heir.

Although Emperor Zhou didn't know why Cheng Guang had returned to the capital city so early, he still breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's good if there's no trouble."

Emperor Zhou slightly nodded, his brows mildly relaxed, understanding why Cheng Zhihai appeared so composed.

Compared to Cheng Zhihai, it was he who seemed a bit unstable.

After taking a deep breath, Emperor Zhou rested his chin on one hand, gazing at the officials below, and asked, "Next, how should we deal with the remnants of Great Chu?"

As Emperor Zhou's words fell, the officials began discussing amongst themselves.

For a time, no one took the initiative to respond.

Until Emperor Zhou was almost impatient.

Minister of War Zhang Jingxing stepped forward and said:

"Your Majesty, the remnants of Great Chu are not to be underestimated, and behind them stands a Sky-Man. If we are to take action against them now, I fear it would be too forced."

"We could wait and see how other dynasties act. If they decide to strike against the remnants of Great Chu, we can observe the strength of these remnants as well as the Sky-Man behind them."

"Once the other dynasties have tested the strength of Great Chu's remnants and their Sky-Man, and if we decide to take action then, we would have a better chance of winning."

Emperor Zhou slightly nodded when he heard what Zhang Jingxing said, although he regarded the remnants of Great Chu as a thorn in his side, he wasn't in a rush to remove them immediately.

There's no rush for now.

Emperor Zhou waved his hand, signaling Zhao Jin to dismiss the officials and stood up to walk towards the inner hall.

When he arrived at his sleeping quarters, the palace maids and eunuchs had already burnt incense and prepared the bed.

"Your Majesty, which Noble Consort's tablet needs to be turned over tonight?"

Zhao Jin timely stepped forward to inquire.

Emperor Zhou waved his hand, sitting by the side of the tea table, and said, "Let's discuss that later, come, join me in a game of chess."

Zhao Jin nodded, carefully taking his seat in front of Emperor Zhou.

Looking at Emperor Zhou's stern and commanding face, he hesitated for a moment before asking:

"Your Majesty, do you have something on your mind?"

Emperor Zhou was momentarily startled by the questioning then laughed, preparing to shake his head, but pausing as something came to mind, he placed a chess piece with a smile, and then said:

"Zhao Jin, let me ask you, why did the Duke decide to kill everyone inside the Imperial Palace of Great Chu when he breached it?"

Zhao Jin carefully made his move, and upon hearing Emperor Zhou speak of the fall of Great Chu, he felt an immense pressure, sweat beads instantly covering his forehead.

"That, Your Majesty, the Duke did so back then to leave no future troubles behind, to eradicate them root and branch—that's a principle known to all under the heavens."

Emperor Zhou remained silent, continuing the game, and after several rounds, he said, "And yet, at that time, I didn't command him to do so."

"People from other kingdoms were also eyeing this piece of fat meat that was Great Chu, after all, the Golden Edict prophecy was known to all under heavens, and the families of the World Royal Family, apart from wanting to completely break down Great Chu, also had other intentions, they wanted to explore why the prophecy was as such."

"Had the Duke not slain the entire royal family of Great Chu back then, the World Royal Family wouldn't need to scramble and fight over a single remnant of Great Chu now, would they?"

Zhao Jin didn't understand at this point, his forehead dripping with large beads of sweat, his fingers also began to tremble unconsciously.

He dared not make a sound.

After playing another piece.

Emperor Zhou's tone slightly hoarse, he murmured, "The Duke defied my command to do so, he must have had his reasons."

"Zhao Jin, I wonder, did you ever see the Emperor of Great Chu, or the Empress?"

Zhao Jin raised his hand slightly and wiped the sweat from his forehead with his sleeve before saying apprehensively, "Your Majesty, back then Great Chu was the strongest dynasty, not many people under heaven had seen them in person. There were portrayals of the Emperor of Great Chu, but none remained of the Empress."

Emperor Zhou laughed, "Indeed, with my status back then, I could only catch a glimpse of the Emperor of Great Chu from afar, so how could you have seen them in person."

As he said this, Emperor Zhou's smile slightly faded, and he placed another piece on the board with a slightly heavier tone.

"Logically speaking, apart from the Emperor of Great Chu and a few others, no one has seen the face of the Empress of Great Chu, not even the emperors of the four great dynasties."

"The Duke of the State believes so as well."

"However, there are always exceptions. He did not consider that during my travels outside the palace when I was still a Prince, I once encountered a woman."

"Upon our first meeting, I thought she was a goddess, her beauty celestial. For so many years, I have been searching for her whereabouts. Only recently did I find out... you know..."

Emperor Zhou's voice trailed off as he looked towards Zhao Jin, "Do you know where I encountered that woman back then?"

At this moment, Zhao Jin felt a chill crawl up his scalp, staring at Emperor Zhou, unsure of the implications behind his words.

He quickly bowed his head.

"This servant does not know..."

Emperor Zhou sighed, shaking his head with a wry smile, "That place, it turned out to be the very spot where the Emperor of Great Chu and the Empress of Great Chu secretly met."

"The person I've been yearning for all these years, whom I once thought was a mere illusion, turned out to be the former Empress of Great Chu."

"What astonished me even more was that the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, Guanger, that child... "

"Bears such a striking resemblance to her."

"Don't you think that's very strange?"

Emperor Zhou continued, raising his gaze to Zhao Jin.

Zhao Jin's face showed difficulty; he weakly placed down the piece and bowed, "Your Majesty, this servant has lost."

"This... this servant doesn't know how to respond..."

Emperor Zhou casually put down the chess piece, stood up, and walked over to the window. Gazing at the bright moon through the latticed window, he said, "The Town-Nation Duke's Heir bearing such a resemblance to her at that time cannot possibly be coincidental."

"So there are two possibilities."

"Either the Duke of the State secretly saved the child of the Crown Prince of Great Chu, her offspring, and raised him alone, holding onto the secret of the prophecy reserved for the golden list."

"Or the Town-Nation Duke's Heir is Yuemei's child, and there's no telling what measures the Duke took back then that caused Yuemei's child's appearance to change so drastically."

"To bear such a striking resemblance to him."

Zhao Jin, standing to the side, bowed his head, not daring to make a sound.

Emperor Zhou muttered to himself with his hands behind his back, "After learning this information, I felt uneasy, unable to sleep. Today, more than ever, I feel that the household of the Duke of the State is too much of a disturbance for Great Zhou."

"Should the Town-Nation Duke's Heir die, both the Duke of the State and Cheng Zhihai would lose their minds."

"The Town-Nation Duke's Heir looks so much like her—there must be a reason for it. I do not intend to investigate deeply anymore, but I can be certain that the Duke was hiding something from me back then."

"Today I summoned Cheng Zhihai to see what his reaction would be if his Princely Heir, Cheng Guang, truly were dead. How could I have expected that he was not dead?"

"If there were survivors left from Great Chu back then, it would make sense if there weren't just one. If he survived, that could explain it."

"Let them go mad, for in this world, who isn't a little insane?"

Emperor Zhou sighed and then looked at Zhao Jin, his austere and cold face unchanging, and spoke slowly,

"As far as I know, Cheng Zhihai has been in contact with the Taihao Sword Sect recently, intending a marriage alliance. You should eliminate them on my nephew's journey to the wedding and bring back the body to me."

"After all, I must look for a reason."

Zhao Jin's heart tightened upon hearing this, "Your Majesty, do you truly wish to proceed in this way?"

"The Duke of the State, he..."

Emperor Zhou waved his hand dismissively, "You don't need to worry about that matter. When you act, leave as few traces as possible, or else you will join Guanger in his fate."

Zhao Jin's spine turned cold, and he broke out in a cold sweat, quickly acknowledging.

He then added a respectful "I shall take my leave" and slowly exited.

After Zhao Jin left,

Emperor Zhou continued to gaze at the moon from the palace, his thoughts as tumultuous as a pouring rain. After a while, he felt he might have forgotten something.

His imposing, frosty face twitched slightly.

No, had he forgotten to turn over the nameplates today?

He looked out at the palace with a gloomy expression and couldn't help but want to call out.

Zhao Jin, come back to me.

Chapter 413 - A Desperate Struggle Between You and Me

This night, the evening breeze brought many clouds and fog again.

As the temperature grew warmer, Cheng Guang let Qing Luan open the window, and he embraced Qin Yanqiu to sleep under the gray-blue fog.

Though Qin Yanqiu had a cool demeanor, she also had her advantages; she was very well-behaved when sleeping, quietly laying beside Cheng Guang like a little cat.

In the middle of the night, Cheng Guang slowly opened his eyes, his thoughts stirring slightly as the Proving Dao Map of the True Lord of Pure Origin surfaced in his mind.

The figure within the Proving Dao Map stood tall in Cheng Guang's mind, like a peak so high its summit could not be seen.

Cheng Guang, in his thoughts, turned into a handsome peerless young master standing before the divine figure.

He looked the same as before, but with his cultivation steadily growing over time, his face had taken on a more spirited look, and his Primordial Spirit had become more solid.

Upon closer inspection, one could see golden light flickering across the surface of Cheng Guang's Primordial Spirit, illuminating his features, body, and even clearly reflecting the hairs on his skin.

"I have now reached the fifth grade of the Destiny Realm in the Spirit Dao, and my Primordial Spirit can communicate with the powers of heaven and earth, but to break through to the sixth grade Enlightenment Realm, I still need some opportunity," he thought.

With this thought in mind, Cheng Guang continued to observe the Proving Dao Map.

The vast and profound divine figure once again gleamed with light, which transformed into flowing radiance that shined upon him, infusing into Cheng Guang's Primordial Spirit little by little, strengthening it.

The remnants of the Nine Turn Golden Pill he had taken before were also merging into Cheng Guang's body at this moment.

"I still have many Nine Turn Golden Pills, and resources are certainly not lacking; the only thing I need is time," he mused.

"A single Nine Turn Golden Pill has already benefited me for so long, I wonder how potent the effect of the Heavenly Dao Pill, the reward from this system task, will be."

Cheng Guang felt anticipation, and without hesitation, he focused wholeheartedly on his cultivation.

In his mind, the immense, ethereal divine figure seemed abruptly to open its eyes, and its indistinct pupils flashed with brilliant crimson light.

As the radiant red light darted across the divine eyes, Cheng Guang, who had been meditating on the Proving Dao Map, suddenly felt a jolt in his mind. In that moment, it seemed that for a split second, he caught a glimpse of the true face of the divine figure that had always been elusive.

The visage of the divine figure that had flashed across his mind for an instant now became more and more vague within Cheng Guang's mind as he breathed.

No matter how he tried to recall it, he could not clearly remember the appearance of the True Lord of Pure Origin in his mind.

It was as if it was shrouded in a massive fog.

Misty and indistinct!

At that time, Cheng Guang did not realize that when the divine figure opened its eyes, his own Primordial Spirit emitted a pure and flawless white light that was much more brilliant than before.

When the white light passed, the color of the originally pure white Primordial Spirit had changed to an orange light as intense as flames.

A bright light emanated from Cheng Guang's forehead, and his aura shot up wildly.

Qin Yanqiu, who had been sound asleep beside him, sensed something, shifted her body slightly, turned her head, and her cool eyes landed on Cheng Guang with a trace of confusion.

But one look at Cheng Guang at that moment,

Qin Yanqiu was stunned.

Was this a breakthrough?

The aura on the Princely Heir seemed to be of the Spirit Dao?

Could the Princely Heir cultivate the Spirit Dao?

In an instant, many questions surged into Qin Yanqiu's mind. Her usually cool and unrippled eyes could not help but stir slightly.

She pursed her red lips, did not say much, and did not disturb Cheng Guang, hardly daring to move her body as if she did not want to interrupt him during his breakthrough.

It was only when Cheng Guang's aura gradually stabilized that Qin Yanqiu shifted her body and fixed her cool gaze tightly on him.

Under Qin Yanqiu's watchful eyes, Cheng Guang slowly opened his eyes, and during the moment they opened and closed, a reddish-orange light flickered within them.

Cheng Guang exhaled a breath of stale air, and he could not help but feel joyful as he hadn't expected to break through to the sixth grade Enlightenment Realm of the Spirit Dao so easily.

Since the beginning of his cultivation journey, it hadn't even been two or three months, had it?

In such a short time, he had brought his cultivation in the Spirit Dao to this level, which could be said to have surpassed many of the royals in the World Royal Family.

Even Emperor Zhou at his age might not have had a higher Cultivation Realm.

Cheng Guang calmed his emotions and then realized that Qin Yanqiu next to him was watching him, her cool eyes twinkling as if observing some rare species.

Cheng Guang smiled and asked, "What's the matter?"

When Qin Yanqiu heard Cheng Guang's question, her brows raised slightly, and her cool face did not show much change as her unrippled gaze slowly retracted from him and she lay back down.

"Nothing," she replied.

Cheng Guang smiled, knowing that Qin Yanqiu had noticed something.

However, even if Qin Yanqiu had noticed that he could cultivate the Spirit Dao, it wasn't a big deal.

To him, Qin Yanqiu was already someone he could trust; he didn't need to worry that she would expose his ability to cultivate the Spirit Dao.

Even if it were known, there would be no issue.

With his identity alone, he could fend off any petty crooks, and the World Royal Family wouldn't scheme against him just because he, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, could cultivate the Spirit Dao.

Only Emperor Zhou would potentially overthink it.

With his current Cultivation Realm and the Different Treasures he possessed, he didn't need to fear that Emperor Zhou would have any designs on him, or take any action against him.

Chapter 414 - The Struggle of Trapped Beasts Between Us \_2

Or perhaps, he was even hoping someone would try to attack him now, so he could test out his own strength.

Cheng Guang stroked his chin thinking about this and couldn't help but let out a laugh and shake his head.

By this time, the night was more than half over. Cheng Guang didn't go to sleep in the following hours, but closed his eyes to meditate until the sky was faintly bright. Only then did he curl up under the covers and embrace Qin Yanqiu's slightly cold body.

He didn't know what material Qin Yanqiu's body was made of. Though it was cold, it wasn't excessively so, but just cool enough for Cheng Guang to notice.

Even in the scorching summer days, sleeping with Qin Yanqiu would probably feel like embracing a central air conditioner.

Cheng Guang held Qin Yanqiu in a half embrace and fell into a deep sleep.

When the sun was three poles high, Qing Luan knocked on the door, then came in carrying hot water to assist Cheng Guang in getting up.

After waking up, Cheng Guang found that Qin Yanqiu had long since left his side.

She must have gotten up early.

Cheng Guang let Qing Luan help him with the simple morning routine. After washing up, he went out to the courtyard and stretched languidly.

Qing Luan busied herself with tidying up the bedding and packing some essential luggage for travelling.

This time, Cheng Guang needed to go to the Taihao Sword Sect to welcome his bride. The sect wasn't far from the Great Zhou Capital; it would only take three to five days of travel by day, or less than two days if one took a Flying Boat.

Therefore, Qing Luan didn't need to pack too much this time.

After stretching, Cheng Guang's gaze swept across the courtyard and noticed that for some reason, Qin Yanqiu seemed to be playing with the Queen of South Ming in the pavilion.

The two of them, one like a cold white lotus on a high mountain, and the other like a noble jasmine in a splendid garden.

Each had their own beauty.

Merely looking at them was a delight to the eyes.

Cheng Guang thought to himself that a big reason the Queen of South Ming could stay so long and content in the Million Specie Garden was because of Black Cub.

Cheng Guang glanced over at a patch of shade near the side room, where a black shadow was visible.

Black Cub was bouncing around Qing Luan, who was cooking porridge, wagging its tongue non-stop and shaking its tail constantly.

Since coming to Duke Zhen's Mansion, Black Cub had obviously gained quite a bit of weight.

What used to be a lean and muscular body had now become round.

This showed that even when Cheng Guang wasn't at Duke Zhen's Mansion, the people there didn't neglect Black Cub and fed it very well.

"If it keeps being fed like this, Black Cub will probably have to change its name to Black Pig soon."

Cheng Guang couldn't help but mumble to himself.

It was at this moment that he suddenly sensed something and looked toward the courtyard entrance.

Outside the courtyard.

On the shady path paved with fine white pebbles, Cheng Zhihai and Wu Yuemei approached together.

"Guanger."

As Cheng Zhihai and Wu Yuemei got closer to Cheng Guang, they called out to him. After a brief pause, Wu Yuemei spoke,

"Guanger, this time your father and I have found you a new match. The other party is the current goddess of the Taihao Sword Sect, a person of the Martial World."

"Although they're from the Martial World, their status is extremely high. They have always remained hidden, rarely getting involved in external conflicts. They don't show off, yet their strength is profound."

"They may not be as powerful as Duke Zhen's Mansion, but in a sense, they are not much inferior to the genuine daughters from big minister families in the Court."

"You will head for the Taihao Sword Sect today to welcome the new bride."

As she spoke, Wu Yuemei's eyebrows slightly curved, "Although it feels like you've just returned and now have to leave again, marriage is something that is better done sooner rather than later. It's good to settle down the position of the main wife early."

With that, Wu Yuemei gently caressed Cheng Guang's forehead.

Cheng Guang wasn't surprised by what Wu Yuemei said, as he had already inquired about it last night and knew that the visitors to the mansion yesterday were from the Taihao Sword Sect.

The Taihao Sword Sect practiced the way of the sword cultivator, excelling in offense, and was one of the current Four Great Sword Sects. Though their power was slightly weaker than the four great dynasties, they were still not an entity that the World Royal Family and the four great dynasties could easily ignore.

If it weren't for the fact that the Sword Sect people usually stayed hidden and did not get involved in external conflicts, the World Royal Family would have started disputes over these Four Great Sword Sects long ago.

Either to subjugate them or to completely obliterate them.

The Four Great Sword Sects held a pivotal position among the forces of the world.

They had become a counterbalance capable of affecting the equilibrium of the scales.

Although Cheng Guang wasn't very interested in this marriage anymore, he still smiled and nodded in agreement, saying, "It's no trouble, mother. The journey is just a bit boring, not hard at all."

Cheng Zhihai nodded slightly and timely added, "It's good as long as you're safe on the road. Pay more attention to safety, and don't neglect your cultivation, Guanger. If you feel bored, it probably means you haven't been cultivating and that you find too much time on your hands."

When Cheng Zhihai spoke these words, Cheng Guang hadn't said anything yet, but Wu Yuemei already seemed displeased. She lightly placed her hand on Cheng Zhihai's waist and gave a nearly imperceptible twist.

Wu Yuemei smiled, "Don't worry, Guanger. Don't listen to your father's nonsense. We should rest when we can, why bother getting so tired?"

"Improving one's cultivation is not something that can be achieved in a short while, we're not in a hurry. It's better to take it slow."

To the side, Cheng Zhihai involuntarily sucked in a breath through clenched teeth and forced a smile, "Right, right, right, your mother is correct. Let nature take its course."

Cheng Zhihai said this and couldn't keep his eyes from sizing up Cheng Guang a few times, sensing the fluctuating aura emanating from him. His expression froze for a moment, and his eyes grew distant.

"Hang on, Guanger, your cultivation level..."

Cheng Zhihai was speaking when he suddenly seemed to realize something and stopped.

His heart was secretly shocked.

Cheng Guang's Spirit Dao cultivation, why did it feel like it had already broken through to the sixth grade of the Enlightenment Realm?

A sixth-grade in the Enlightenment Realm before the age of twenty?

That was surely on par with Qin Yanqiu's astoundingly gifted talent, right?

Even though Cheng Guang practiced the Spirit Dao, which had a faster cultivation speed compared to Martial Cultivation, overall, Qin Yanqiu was still a bit more formidable.

But to Cheng Zhihai, it was already more than enough to satisfy him.

Wasn't this what he and Duke Zhen had painstakingly planned for when they plotted for the bloodline of the Great Chu royal family?

The rapid improvement of Cheng Guang's cultivation.

Made Cheng Zhihai's mood unexpectedly buoyant.

He felt that Duke Zhen's Mansion had its future assured.

Wu Yuemei glanced at Cheng Zhihai, and knowing that he had only spoken half of what he intended without continuing, she felt extremely uncomfortable, with the impulse to make Cheng Zhihai finish his sentence right then and there.

But after thinking it over, Wu Yuemei restrained herself.

Today, she would give Cheng Zhihai some face.

Once Guanger had left, she would properly question him.

With these thoughts, Wu Yuemei helped Cheng Guang pack his luggage. After Cheng Guang's personal luggage was organized, the group went towards the mansion's gate.

Since this was a marriage procession,

The team that Cheng Zhihai and Wu Yuemei prepared for Cheng Guang appeared much more festive, with tall horses wearing red flowers around their necks, and many carriages pulled opulent and ample gifts.

Had it not been inappropriate to be too ostentatious on this trip,

Cheng Guang would have suspected that Wu Yuemei and the others might also want to arrange a band for him, parading all the way to Taihao Sword Sect with gongs and drums.

With this in mind, Cheng Guang intended to summon the Flying Boat, allowing the group to take the Flying Boat to Taihao Sword Sect.

The Flying Boat was faster than the vast majority of Exotic Beasts and had plenty of room for rest. If possible, Cheng Guang would always choose to travel by Flying Boat.

This Flying Boat was an exceedingly rare and precious item in the whole world, and even Cheng Zhihai only had one.

Now that Cheng Zhihai was not going out, he let Cheng Guang use it first.

If Cheng Zhihai needed to go out in the future, the Flying Boat would probably still have to be returned to him.

Cheng Guang couldn't help thinking that it would be wonderful if he could one day have a Flying Boat of his own.

Pondering this, Cheng Guang boarded the Flying Boat.

After everyone had embarked, Cheng Guang waved to Cheng Zhihai and Wu Yuemei below, then set off.

As this was a bridal pickup mission and the round-trip would only take a day or two, Cheng Guang didn't bring Qin Yanqiu with him and only took Qing Luan for personal service, keeping everything else simple.

The Taihao Sword Sect was located to the southeast of the Great Zhou Capital.

Cheng Guang steered the Flying Boat, heading southeast.

In just a moment, the Flying Boat controlled by Cheng Guang disappeared from the sight of Cheng Zhihai and Wu Yuemei.

Cheng Zhihai watched the direction in which Cheng Guang had departed, and as he was about to return to the mansion after pulling Wu Yuemei, who was still in a daze, he suddenly sensed something, frowning slightly as he looked towards the direction of the Imperial Palace in the Capital city.

He vaguely sensed a trace of Qi rising as Cheng Guang left the Capital, quickly following behind him.

But that Qi appeared only for an instant.

Cheng Zhihai wasn't sure if it was just an illusion.

"What's the matter?" Wu Yuemei noticed Cheng Zhihai's unusual behavior and asked.

Cheng Zhihai shook his head.

"It's nothing, probably not worth worrying about," he replied.

With that, he continued to hold Wu Yuemei's hand as they walked into the mansion.

Wu Yuemei did not inquire further.

After entering the mansion, Cheng Zhihai couldn't help pondering.

That pulse of Qi he had just felt, coming from within the Imperial Palace and closely following his Guanger's departure, was it really just his imagination?

If not an illusion,

Then either someone in the palace wanted to target Guanger, or it was just a coincidence?

If it was the latter, it wouldn't matter much.

But if it was the former, the matter was serious.

The Emperor had no reason to target Guanger, unless there was something he was unaware of?

With this thought,

Cheng Zhihai paused slightly, still not at ease. His concern for Cheng Guang's safety was greater than his own life.

If he had not noticed that concealed pulse of Qi, it would have been a different story.

But now that he had detected it, he could not stand idly by.

Letting go of Wu Yuemei's hand, Cheng Zhihai said, "Yuemei, go back to your room and rest. Guanger's trip to Taihao Sword Sect might not go without incidents, so I will follow and keep watch."

Wu Yuemei's brows furrowed slightly and she said, "Previously, Guanger went to Great Yan and had no issues; this time within Great Zhou's borders, moreover on a trip to Taihao Sword Sect, will return in just a day or two. What could possibly happen?"

"Besides, Guanger is not short of guards..."

Cheng Zhihai did not explain further but after soothing Wu Yuemei with a couple of words, he stepped into the qi, ascended into the sky, turning into a streak of light, and set off in the direction Cheng Guang had left.

Wu Yuemei watched Cheng Zhihai's departing figure, and could not help but shake her head slightly.

It wasn't that she wasn't concerned about Cheng Guang's safety but felt that Cheng Zhihai was possibly making a mountain out of a molehill. If he was concerned about Guanger's safety from the start, he could have accompanied Guanger to Taihao Sword Sect from the very beginning.

Although it might be slightly against etiquette for a father to accompany his son on a bridal procession, as a Martial World Sect, Taihao Sword Sect would clearly not care too much about such formalities.

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Upon realizing what had happened, it now seemed unnecessary to hurry and catch up.

Wu Yuemei let out a sigh; she decided not to meddle further. With Cheng Zhihai accompanying, at least Guanger wouldn't encounter any accidents on the way.

As she pondered this, Wu Yuemei stood up and returned to her room.

...

Meanwhile,

just as Cheng Zhihai, stepping on Qi, transformed into a streak of light and was pursuing the direction of the departing Flying Boat of Cheng Guang,

within the Great Zhou Imperial Palace,

Emperor Zhou, who was burning incense in Taihe Hall's side chamber bedroom, paused in his actions and lifted his eyes towards the direction where Cheng Zhihai had left, nodding slightly.

"Zhao Jin, go follow them now,"

"Begin with a decoy to attract Zhihai's attention. Based on my familiarity with Zhihai, I know he wouldn't ignore the Qi rising from within the Imperial Palace and would surely follow."

"You can make your move afterwards. As long as you are clean and leave few traces, even Zhihai, even the Duke of the State, won't be able to detect that it was you."

Emperor Zhou spoke in a calm and measured tone, his stern, expressionless face revealing no emotions. After igniting the incense cake and bringing it to his lips to blow on it, he was satisfied with the smoke that rose and nodded slightly.

Then Emperor Zhou's gaze fell on Zhao Jin, who stood beside him with utmost respect and waved his hand.

"Go ahead."

Zhao Jin bowed respectfully, replied with a "Yes," and took slow steps backward. Upon leaving Emperor Zhou's bedroom, he rose into the air, discerned the direction for a moment, and then swept away towards the direction Cheng Guang had left, towards the Taihao Sword Sect.

Emperor Zhou looked up slightly, watching Zhao Jin's figure disappear, and sighed deeply. His gaze lowered as he watched the smoke rising from the incense cake in his hand, filled with many emotions.

His lips moved as if to speak, but the words were swallowed back down by Emperor Zhou; he said nothing.

Emperor Zhou placed the incense cake in the burner and stood by the window with his hands behind his back, silent.

...

Cheng Guang stood on the deck of the Flying Boat, surveying the surrounding scenery.

The sky was a light blue, with white clouds drifting in the sea of clouds. The rising sun bathed the sea of clouds in a veil of pale gold.

As Cheng Guang admired the landscape, a guard approached to report.

"Princely Heir, someone is approaching."

"Someone is approaching?" Cheng Guang's eyebrows raised slightly as he followed the guard's direction, looking back to see a figure that, from afar, seemed no larger than a sesame seed approaching rapidly.

Cheng Guang observed the newcomer, who was too distant to see clearly, but could make out that the person was wearing an official uniform of Great Zhou.

The newcomer's Cultivation Realm seemed to be extremely profound, moving slightly faster than the Flying Boat itself.

In just a few breaths, the tiny figure that had seemed so far away was now within arm's reach.

The person landed steadily on the deck of Cheng Guang's Flying Boat and bowed respectfully to Cheng Guang.

"I have seen the Princely Heir."

Cheng Guang examined the visitor, noting the uniform of the Minister of Rites. The man appeared to be in his sixties or seventies, with a chubby face that seemed quite jovial when he smiled.

This person must be the new Minister of Rites. The former one, involved in the matter of the King of South Ming, had been almost completely purged.

Seeing the new Minister of Rites before him, Cheng Guang wondered what could be the reason for this sudden visit.

Minister of Rites Jiang Fan, noticing the confusion on Cheng Guang's face, guessed what Cheng Guang was thinking and said with a smile, "Princely Heir, I am here on Your Majesty's orders to present a gift to you."

"A gift?" Cheng Guang was puzzled once more.

He hadn't informed Emperor Zhou about his marriage, had he?

Where did this talk of a gift come from?

Besides, even if it was a gift, wasn't it too early since he was just on his way to welcome his bride?

Minister of Rites Jiang Fan also didn't know what Emperor Zhou was thinking but chuckled awkwardly, "Perhaps His Majesty has his own considerations. With the Princely Heir's wedding imminent, and this trip to welcome the bride, His Majesty kept the gift intended for you but ordered me to present this gift, meant for the one you are to marry."

As Cheng Guang listened to Minister of Rites Jiang Fan's words, his mouth curled slightly, not sure what to say.

At least Minister of Rites Jiang Fan managed the situation somewhat.

And from the news he inadvertently revealed, it seemed Emperor Zhou already knew about his alliance through marriage with the Taihao Sword Sect, and his trip to fetch the bride.

After all, if Emperor Zhou was not aware, how could Minister of Rites Jiang Fan have found him so precisely and be delivering a gift?

Cheng Guang pondered, thinking that he shouldn't turn down a gift from Emperor Zhou. Just as he was about to let Minister of Rites Jiang Fan bring out the gift to take it,

there suddenly came a thunderous noise from the distant heavens.

A figure, stepping on Qi, rushed toward Cheng Guang's Flying Boat with a ferocious and hurried momentum.

Given the newcomer's powerful presence, all the guards on the Flying Boat initially thought they were under attack.

But upon a closer look, when the guards recognized the person, they were taken aback, and then said,

"It's the Family Head!"

Hearing his guards, Cheng Guang's brows furrowed. He looked toward the approaching Cheng Zihai with confusion.

Why was Cheng Zihai rushing up to them now?

Was it related to Minister of Rites Jiang Fan?

Cheng Guang thought this as his gaze flickered towards Minister of Rites Jiang Fan.

Minister of Rites Jiang Fan also looked puzzled as he watched Cheng Zhihai hasten forward from afar and land right before him in the blink of an eye, equally unsure of why Zhihai was in such urgent pursuit.

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"Mr. Cheng."

The Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, first performed a respectful greeting toward Cheng Zhihai.

Cheng Zhihai's stony expression remained unchanged, his body surging with Qi, imposing no small pressure on the Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan.

Cheng Zhihai stared at the Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, sizing him up a few times before speaking with slight surprise, "Is it you?"

The Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, looked up slightly in confusion, looking toward Cheng Zhihai, "Mr. Cheng, what is it?"

Cheng Zhihai shook his head, not offering an explanation, his breathing slowed as he asked, "What brings you here for my Guanger?"

The Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, answered with a smile, "Mr. Cheng, I am here by His Majesty's command, to deliver a gift to the Princely Heir."

With that, he pulled out an exquisitely crafted sandalwood box from his sleeve and handed it to Cheng Guang.

After transferring the item to Cheng Guang.

The Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, prepared to leave.

Cheng Zhihai called out to him, frowning slightly, "Did His Majesty not say anything else?"

The Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, shook his head, "No."

Cheng Zhihai nodded slightly, "In that case, I appreciate you taking the trouble to make this trip specially, Jiang Fan. His Majesty really should have said something in advance if he intended to send a gift. Now that Guanger has already departed, you had to make such a trip."

The Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, hearing this, his round face suddenly changed color, hastening to say, "Mr. Cheng, we really shouldn't say such things. Who can fathom His Majesty's thoughts?"

"Perhaps His Majesty simply acted on a whim and sent me to deliver a gift to the Princely Heir."

"Very well, since I have carried out what His Majesty commanded, I won't disturb the Princely Heir or Mr. Cheng any longer."

Having said this, the Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, bowed slightly and with one step, stood up to leave.

The figure of the Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, swept down from the Flying Boat and disappeared from view in just a moment.

Cheng Guang watched as the figure of the Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, gradually vanished, then his gaze returned from the distance, falling upon the wooden box in his hands, opening it for a glance. Inside was a black pearl, made of some unknown substance.

By the looks of it, it seemed quite precious.

After taking a glance, Cheng Guang closed the box and looked toward Cheng Zhihai, asking, "Dad, how come you're here?"

Cheng Zhihai, watching the Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, depart, felt his anxious heart gradually settle. Now hearing Cheng Guang's question, he didn't feel it was appropriate to voice his own suspicions.

Opting for a light smile instead, he said:

"Nothing much, I just suddenly felt like seeing you off."

Cheng Guang, hearing this, paused mid-sentence, glanced down at the scenery beneath the Flying Boat, and said, "Dad, if you keep seeing me off, we'll be there soon."

Cheng Zhihai felt a touch of embarrassment, coughed with his hands behind his back, and then stretched out a hand, "Guanger, could I see the gift His Majesty sent?"

Cheng Guang passed the wooden box to Cheng Zhihai, while explaining:

"This is what His Majesty is sending to that person from the Taihao Sword Sect."

"It's not for me."

Cheng Zhihai gave a slight nod, examining the wooden box. With one hand, he gently pinched the black bead, inspecting it for a moment, then after probing it with Qi for a while, he put the black pearl back down.

He sighed in relief within his heart.

At the same time,

Cheng Zhihai was somewhat puzzled by Emperor Zhou's intentions in doing all of this.

Suddenly giving a gift to Cheng Guang and having the Minister of Rites, Jiang Fan, personally deliver it was one thing, but to even give such a precious Blackwater Bead was another.

For those who cultivate in the water-related pathways, it could be considered a treasure.

Water nourishes the skin.

Blackwater Bead.

For women, it's even more so an invaluable treasure.

When Wu Yuemei once asked for the Blackwater Bead from Wu Shang, the Emperor of Great Zhou, even as much as Wu Shang doted on his sister Wu Yuemei, he did not part with the Blackwater Bead.

In the right hands, the Blackwater Bead becomes a cultivation treasure. Rather than being used by women for skin nourishment, it's better to let it serve a more important purpose.

In the eyes of Emperor Zhou, cultivation is clearly more significant.

The very Blackwater Bead that Wu Yuemei asked from Emperor Zhou years ago and that Emperor Zhou was reluctant to part with was now given to Cheng Guang.

To present it to the future Wife of Crown Prince of Taihao Sword Sect.

No matter how Cheng Zhihai thought about it, he found it incredible.

But now, even with all the incredulity, Cheng Zhihai couldn't see anything amiss.

Emperor Zhou behaved extremely well, out of concern as an uncle, giving Cheng Guang a little gift was nothing out of the ordinary.

At most, it was a bit rushed, and the timing was off, that's all.

Cheng Zhihai placed the Blackwater Bead back into the sandalwood box, slowly exhaled and said, "Alright, this is a good item. If you give it to that child from Taihao Sword Sect, they'll probably be very pleased."

"You keep it safe, so as not to waste His Majesty's good intentions."

"I'm heading back now, if there's anything, contact me."

Seeing that they were nearing Taihao Sword Sect, Cheng Zhihai was already planning his return.

Cheng Guang listened to Cheng Zhihai's words, looked into the distance for a moment, and could already see a peak that resembled Heavenly Gate amidst the mountains from afar.

Rising into the clouds, standing amidst the mountains, it seemed like an Immortal Realm of the mortal world.

That Heavenly Gate, amidst the clouds, clothed in a layer of golden glow from the radiant sun, took on a sort of divine aura, as if it was the Southern Heavenly Gate of Heavenly Court.

This Tianmen Mountain was precisely where Taihao Sword Sect was located.

Cheng Guang nodded and said, "Then go ahead, Dad, I don't think there'll be any accidents along the way."

Cheng Zhihai nodded slightly and stood up to leave.

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Cheng Guang was going to welcome the bride this time. As a father, even if the Taihao Sword Sect did not care much, he cared quite a bit, and would stay out of sight if he could.

Cheng Zhihai left quickly.

Compared to when he had arrived, Cheng Zhihai's footsteps were much lighter as he departed.

Cheng Guang propelled the Flying Boat towards the Tianshan Sect, and just as he was about to enter the range of the Tianshan Sect.

Suddenly, all of heaven and earth fell silent.

Cheng Guang looked up.

He then saw a giant green porcelain bowl descending from the sky, overshadowing the Flying Boat.

Around him, the world outside seemed isolated from the world within the bowl.

But from the outside, Cheng Guang's Flying Boat appeared to continue towards Tianmen Mountain without a change in speed, and there was no giant green porcelain bowl covering it.

All of these changes happened quietly, without many noticing.

Inside the Tianshan Sect, there was no sign of activity from the Taihao Sword Sect.

The recently departed Cheng Zhihai seemed to sense something and paused in his steps, glancing in the direction of Cheng Guang, aware that Cheng Guang was about to enter the Tianmen Mountain range.

Even if Emperor Zhou had some tricks up his sleeve, it wouldn't be possible to send another person in such a short time.

And at the same time, the Taihao Sword Sect was also a security measure for Cheng Guang.

One would think nothing would go wrong.

Cheng Zhihai stood in place, glancing in the distance.

He could see the Flying Boat driven by Cheng Guang slowly moving towards Tianmen Mountain, without any anomalies.

He suppressed the inexplicable emotions in his heart.

Cheng Zhihai swept towards the direction of the Capital city.

...

Below the green porcelain bowl, on the Flying Boat.

On the white jade eaves of the Flying Boat, a bird was trapped under the green porcelain bowl, trembling carefully, shielding its head with its wings, curling its body.

It occasionally popped its head out, sticking up its bottom, and looked at the group of people on the deck.

On the deck.

Cheng Guang looked at the green porcelain bowl above him, examined his surroundings, furrowed his brows, and quickly determined that Cheng Zhihai had just come in a rush, very likely because he sensed that someone was going to make a move on him.

But they had not caught the culprit.

Cheng Zhihai probably had not expected that as soon as he had left, the culprit would appear.

Cheng Guang ignored the tense guards around him and looked up at the green porcelain bowl, saying aloud,

"I wonder who is going through such great lengths to target me."

"Surely, it couldn't be someone sent by my imperial uncle, the Emperor?"

Cheng Guang was not a foolish man.

From the moment Minister of Rites Jiang Fan appeared, followed by Cheng Zhihai's anxious inspection of the gifts from Emperor Zhou, it was conceivable that Emperor Zhou was likely behind this.

Thus, Cheng Guang spoke to test the waters.

Cheng Guang's words fell, but there was no response.

Just as Cheng Guang was about to dishearteningly shift his gaze away from the green porcelain bowl, he suddenly felt a gaze on him.

Cheng Guang turned around and saw, at the side of the Flying Boat, Zhao Jin slowly emerging from the void, dressed in magnificent clothes, with a Jade Pendant hanging at his waist, looking at him with hands behind his back.

Although Zhao Jin was not young, his face did not show much age, and his slender figure exuded a soft air. His splendid robes added a touch of nobility to him.

He stood quietly watching Cheng Guang and softly said, "Princely Heir, may we speak privately?"

Cheng Guang sized up Zhao Jin, his eyes revealing surprise, but then with dawning realization, he nodded slightly.

He dismissed the surrounding guards and instructed Qing Luan to go back into the room.

Cheng Guang's authority and orders were effective, and even at a time like this, no one dared to disobey him.

After the deck was left with only Cheng Guang and Zhao Jin.

The already silent heavens and earth seemed even more desolate, save for the faint breathing and the calls of flowers and birds resting on the eaves.

Looking at Zhao Jin, Cheng Guang saw that even though Zhao Jin might have come to harm him today, he did not exude much arrogance, perfectly embodying the confidence and nobility one would expect from someone residing in the Imperial Palace.

And the Cheng Guang standing before him was equally extraordinary.

Handsome in appearance, black hair casually tied behind his back, clothed in brocade, his jade-like stature emitting a faint luster—he was a graceful nobleman.

In confidence, nobility, and the ease with which he moved, he was no less than Zhao Jin.

Zhao Jin, looking at the composure of the Town-Nation Duke's Heir before him, could not help but admire that the Town-Nation Duke's Heir was indeed worthy of his title, remaining calm even under such circumstances.

After observing Cheng Guang for a moment, Zhao Jin suddenly said, "Princely Heir, sometimes, our own life and death aren't for us to decide. To common people, we are noblemen, but in our eyes, it's the one above who is the nobleman."

"A single word from a nobleman can decide our life and death."

Cheng Guang listened quietly.

Zhao Jin continued, "Such is the world, we can't defy it. You don't need to be too afraid today, Princely Heir. In a way, I stand with you. There's no difference between us in the eyes of those above."

"If you do not resist, Princely Heir, I will be lighter with my hand when I move against you, not to make you suffer too much."

Cheng Guang, hearing Zhao Jin's words, displayed a look of curiosity. "Are you saying, that the order to kill me came from His Majesty?"

Zhao Jin nodded earnestly.

It was evident that he considered Cheng Guang doomed whether he resisted or not.

Once the prohibition was cast, there were few in the world who could break it.

In the entire Great Zhou, Zhao Jin was probably the only one capable of breaking the prohibition.

Now that Cheng Guang was trapped within the prohibition, it was as if there were no escape to heaven nor door to earth.

Cheng Guang looked at Zhao Jin, curiosity still evident in his eyes.

Zhao Jin paused, then smiled again, "It's enough for the Princely Heir to know that His Majesty wants you dead."

"Don't bother asking why His Majesty wants me to kill you."

"I can't clarify the cause and effect of it all at once, so let's not waste any more words."

"Wasting words is one thing," Cheng Guang said, looking directly into Zhao Jin's eyes, then he chuckled jokingly, "But speaking of which, do you really think you can kill me?"

Zhao Jin fell silent for a moment before shaking his head, "Honestly, I don't know. The Princely Heir has peerless means to save himself; even if I use the prohibition to isolate heaven and earth, I may not be able to kill the Princely Heir."

"However, since I've come today, you are doomed."

"Otherwise, it would be my death."

"When a nobleman has spoken, you and I have no choice. One of us must die today."

At this point, Zhao Jin paused before adding, "Of course, for now, I think the Princely Heir is more likely to die."

Realization dawned on Cheng Guang, "So that's how it is. Even if you die and I live, there's no way to prove it was His Majesty who acted against me. He would push all the blame onto you."

"Thus, we're both fighting like cornered beasts now," he concluded.

Zhao Jin didn't respond and was silent for a while, about to leave when Cheng Guang suddenly said with a smile, "Hold on, I'm going to get a good bottle of wine."

Zhao Jin was taken aback, looking at Cheng Guang in astonishment.

This was a life-and-death situation already.

Why could this Town-Nation Duke's Heir still be so indifferent?

Even if he had some means to save his life, it shouldn't be that he felt no nervousness at all in front of me, a Ninth-order Martial Emperor Realm fighter?

Does he truly believe he is guaranteed victory?

Or does he feel that death is certain and wants to enjoy one last pleasure before then?

Zhao Jin watched Cheng Guang closely as he took out a jug of wine and began to leisurely pour and savor it on the deck.

Such an unconstrained and free-spirited demeanor of Cheng Guang brought a touch of resignation to Zhao Jin's heart.

No one else could face such a situation as calmly as the Town-Nation Duke's Heir before him.

Chapter 419 - Princely Heir, This is Impossible

Tianmen Mountain stood silently among the mountains.

The afternoon sunlight was dim, but today's weather was extremely good, the firmament washed clean like water, a deep blue without dust, the blazing sun suspended in the sky.

"The Princely Heir truly has a good disposition, even wanting to drink wine,"

Zhao Jin said, then suddenly fell into thought, nodding with agreement, "That's good, after the Princely Heir has had his wine, it will be easier to set off."

"I shall allow the Princely Heir some time to drink."

As Zhao Jin spoke, he held his hands behind his back, his gaze calmly watching Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang, however, paid no attention to Zhao Jin, drinking one cup after another, his eyebrows sometimes furrowed in concentration and sometimes relaxed as if pondering something.

His gaze had not fallen upon Zhao Jin since the beginning but rather looked in the direction of the Great Zhou Capital.

Cheng Guang was wondering why Emperor Zhou suddenly wanted to act against him.

Although Duke Zhen's Mansion wielded great power and Emperor Zhou had shown signs of unease before, no matter what, there had never been any indication that the emperor wanted to take action against Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Now, even if action was to be taken against Duke Zhen's Mansion, Cheng Guang thought that according to Emperor Zhou's character, he wouldn't be so anxious to strike at him—this was an attack aimed directly at the vital points of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

There was no intention of leaving any leeway from the start.

Why, after all?

Had Emperor Zhou received some intelligence that forced his hand?

Cheng Guang pondered in his heart, yet he couldn't figure out the reason. Just a moment ago he had asked Zhao Jin, but Zhao Jin did not tell him.

Asking Zhao Jin nicely seemed like it would be of no use.

He would have to resort to some other method.

At this thought, Cheng Guang sighed, alcohol rising to his head, a drunken flush spreading over his exceedingly handsome face.

At the same time, the wine in Cheng Guang's jug had all been drunk.

Cheng Guang wasn't much of a drinker to begin with, so the jug didn't contain much in the first place.

Seeing Cheng Guang finish his wine, Zhao Jin finally said, "Princely Heir, would you like another drink?"

Zhao Jin appeared extremely solicitous.

He was not worried that Cheng Guang could escape from his hands at this moment.

With the restrictions laid down, unless a Sky-Man actively investigated, no one would realize the restriction he had set, nor what happened within it.

Everything had been executed flawlessly.

In Zhao Jin's view, even if a Sky-Man noticed the restriction and tried to break it, it would take a great deal of time, enough for him to kill Cheng Guang hundreds of times over.

As Zhao Jin's voice faded, Cheng Guang ignored him, simply putting down his wine cup and shaking his head, "No need, too much drinking harms the body."

"Zhao Jin, if you are going to act, you might as well do it now."

Zhao Jin nodded again, his mouth shut, not saying anything further, a cold light flashing in his eyes as he silently stared at Cheng Guang.

He lifted his hand slightly, a terrifying aura brewing in his palm, just as he was about to do something.

Inside the Flying Boat, many guards, who had been secretly observing everything, were desperate. As Zhao Jin was about to make his move, they couldn't help but stand up, each rushing out to stand in front of Cheng Guang.

Someone shouted in a stern voice:

"Zhao Jin, how dare you lay hands on the Princely Heir!"

"What vile intentions are you harboring!"

"If Your Majesty learns of your actions, I fear he won't spare you!"

Besides the guards,

Qing Luan was also frantic, her hand tightly clenched, her long fingernails digging into her flesh due to too much force, a faint trace of blood emerging.

Zhao Jin raised his hand, Divine glossiness flashing around him, he looked at the unflappable Cheng Guang, then at the guards standing in front of him, chuckling and shaking his head:

"Princely Heir, your guards are indeed utterly loyal, daring to come out in the face of me,"

"However, whether they come out or not, the outcome will be the same."

As Zhao Jin spoke, he shook his head slightly, the dreadful aura in his palm growing ever stronger.

The divine glow on Zhao Jin's body flickered incessantly, the previously clear sky suddenly filled with rolling dark clouds, silver snakes dancing wildly within them.

It was as if the heavens and earth within this bowl were stirred by Zhao Jin's Divine Power.

The winds changed, the clouds moved.

All the guards on the Flying Boat, sensing the aura emanating from Zhao Jin, immediately showed expressions of despair and collapse.

Zhao Jin was a Ninth-order Martial Emperor Realm powerhouse; even though he was a eunuch with somewhat weaker blood and vitality than the average man, thanks to practicing martial arts exclusive to eunuchs, he managed to make up for it somewhat.

In a battle within the same realm, Zhao Jin might not be the best.

But to those below, he was practically invincible.

"Go."

Zhao Jin waved his hand, and the silver snakes wildly dancing in the sky surged towards his body like a flood.

As they were about to touch Zhao Jin's body, following his wave,

The silver snakes sped towards the guards in front of Cheng Guang.

On the Flying Boat.

The technique Zhao Jin deployed had yet to touch anyone,

But just from his aura and pressure, everyone's faces turned pale.

The silver snakes flew rapidly toward the guards, transforming into beams of silver light that arrived in an instant, carrying with them the might to destroy gods, slay immortals, and even shatter the very void, sweeping over the people!

For the guards who stood before Cheng Guang, the sight unfolding before them left their minds blank, devoid of all emotions except for despair and helplessness.

Despite feeling utterly powerless, they still didn't flee but stood firmly in front of Cheng Guang, forming a human wall.

Chapter 420 - Princely Heir, This is Impossible \_2

It seemed that if they did this, they would be able to withstand Zhao Jin's attack.

However, they actually knew that even if they exhausted all their strength, they would not be able to withstand Zhao Jin's attack; to be able to delay for a mere one or two breaths would already be extremely fortunate!

The silvery light had just approached!

Countless guards were immediately pressed down by the endless might, causing their bodies to sink, their bones to creak, and blood to spurt wildly!

Aboard the Flying Boat, numerous splendid structures were instantly crushed to powder!

After Zhao Jin swung his hand, he did not look at Cheng Guang again, but sighed and slowly retracted his hand.

He knew that after this strike, Cheng Guang's death was certain.

It was useless no matter how many guards stood in front of Cheng Guang.

These guards' cultivation levels were at most Seventh Rank of the Rebirth Realm; how could they contend with him?

What followed was for him only to shatter the Flying Boat.

Just as Zhao Jin prepared to step out into empty space and ascend close to the inverted bowl's bottom, he suddenly seemed to notice something, his gaze turning towards Cheng Guang.

He saw the silver snake, imbued with the force of power, streaking towards Cheng Guang, whose guards in front of him sank slightly, mouths gushing with blood.

Cheng Guang's expression didn't change in the slightest; instead, he found a moment to lift his gaze and look at himself.

Immediately after, Zhao Jin saw Cheng Guang produce a piece of Talisman Paper from seemingly nowhere.

The Talisman Paper fluttered gently and burst into flames as it met the wind.

The next moment.

Strange lights began to flicker behind Cheng Guang.

It was as if Zhao Jin could hear.

The sounds of war drums and the pounding of horse hooves emerged from the void around Cheng Guang!

At the same time, it seemed that the shouts of soldiers charging into battle also arose.

The sound started inaudibly soft.

But in just a breath's time, it became distinct!

"An enemy approaches! General! We ask to fight!"

"An enemy approaches! General! We ask to fight!"

Around Cheng Guang, the strange gleams transformed into figures clad in pitch-black armor and draped in crimson battle robes, sword in hand, astride horses, with auras both powerful and cold!

Zhao Jin couldn't see the faces of the soldiers.

Under their thick masks, all he could see were a pair of cold, merciless eyes, filled with a dense intent to battle.

At that moment, Cheng Guang merely "Hmm'ed" softly.

Without requiring any further commands from Cheng Guang, the soldiers he just summoned charged towards the Divine Power unleashed by Zhao Jin.

One hand pulling the reins, the other wielding a long sabre.

In a posture ready to charge!

The drumming in the void subtly grew louder.

Witnessing this scene, Zhao Jin's eyes slightly changed color.

He suddenly realized that, through some unknown method, the soldiers summoned by Cheng Guang each possessed the strength of the Eighth Rank!

Jointly, the soldiers indeed seemed capable of contending with him!

What kind of method was this!?

Even though the Town-Nation Duke's Heir had a noble status, he shouldn't have such high-level methods at his disposal.

Could it be the power of some Different Treasures??

In that moment, Zhao Jin plunged into deep thought.

Not only was Zhao Jin stunned, but also, in front of Cheng Guang, the guards who had been nearly unable to stand straight from Zhao Jin's Divine Power, gaped blankly upon seeing the soldiers summoned by Cheng Guang, their mouths agape.

For a moment, they were at a loss for words.

After looking dazed for a moment, joy began to sparkle in the depths of their eyes.

They discovered that their own Princely Heir might indeed have the means to counter Zhao Jin!

Their own Princely Heir was saved!

Upon seeing Cheng Guang use the General's Seal, the first reaction of the guards was not that they themselves were saved, but that Cheng Guang was saved.

Cheng Guang noticed the expressions of these guards, his eyelids slightly drooping.

These guards.

It had to be said that they all possessed a kind of blind loyalty.

Even if they died, they did not wish for him to be injured.

But from another perspective, if Cheng Guang himself died, these guards would likely not live either.

Thinking this way, it was understandable why these guards thought as they did.

Under the gaze of everyone.

The hundred soldiers summoned by Cheng Guang collided forcefully with the silver light that seemed capable of slaying immortals and exterminating Buddhas, filled with endless pressure!

At that moment, the world turned white.

A thunderous "boom!" was heard!

The world seemed to go suddenly deaf, silent for an instant!

Then, a massive shockwave followed, forming a pressure of thousands of tons, sweeping mightily across the surrounding world!

Standing amidst the howling wind, Cheng Guang stood with his hands behind his back, his clothes billowing wildly, his hair undulating, and his stunningly handsome face remained calm as he watched what was before him.

It was as if he could see through the blinding white light to clearly understand everything happening within.

Under Cheng Guang's gaze.

Crack!!

Following a sound like shattering glass, the white light dissipated.

Thudding footsteps!

The pitch-black armor of the hundred soldiers was speckled with dots of brilliant silver light; although the armor seemed to have cracks, not a single soldier showed fear.

They plunged into the body of the silver snake, their sabres held horizontally in front.

In that moment, the hundred soldiers became like a Black Dragon topped with sharp angles, tearing the silver snake apart from the middle with sheer force!

The Divine Power unleashed by Zhao Jin was thus completely neutralized.

In a battle between the strong, although it is not solely about cultivation level, but also about the quality of Divine Power, one's foundational strength and other factors, cultivation level still plays a crucial role.

It is a decisive factor in battles between the mighty.

Zhao Jin initially watched as Cheng Guang summoned the hundred soldiers, and although he was shocked for a moment, he still did not think these soldiers could withstand his attack.