

## **My System 521**

Chapter 521 - It Doesn't Matter, I Will Take Action! (Subscribe Please)\_6

After entering Duke Zhen's Mansion, she stopped a guard and asked for directions.

When the guard saw Wu Ling, he was struck by her stunning appearance and understood that her identity was not simple.

The guard even thought that Wu Ling might be a friend of Cheng Guang's or something like that.

He immediately pointed Wu Ling in a direction.

Wu Ling nodded slightly and followed the direction indicated by the guard.

If it weren't for her not wanting to attract too much attention in Duke Zhen's Mansion,

she would have used her cultivation to project her Primordial Spirit and found Cheng Guang's location right away. Find exclusive stories on NovelBin.Côm

For now, she just wanted to come quietly and then leave quietly.

...

The yellow river flowed on while leaves fell in abundance.

After the summer, the winds grew stronger and the falling leaves increased, yet new leaves sprouted, showing a scene brimming with vitality.

Cheng Guang was cultivating in the courtyard.

His Primordial Spirit had already become very strong, needing only to slowly build up his accumulations without being drained by the power of the Fruits of Path to Divinity all at once.

The main focus was still on training his body.

Cheng Guang swung his limbs around in the courtyard, and the sound of metal clanging from his body became deeper and thicker. If one listened closely, they could sometimes hear the hissing of divine pythons emanating from him.

Cheng Guang also clearly noticed that his physical strength was becoming more and more enduring. Now, even without using Martial Arts, facing ordinary martial artists at the sixth or seventh rank, he hardly felt any pressure at all.

After practicing martial exercises for a while and feeling that he had reached his limit, Cheng Guang stopped.

At the right moment, Qing Luan came over, holding a Brocade Handkerchief to delicately wipe away the fine sweat from Cheng Guang's forehead.

Cheng Guang smiled as he watched Qing Luan, took the Brocade Handkerchief from her hand, and said, "Qing Luan, I can take care of this myself."

Qing Luan softly smiled and replied, "Taking care of the Princely Heir is the very purpose of my existence. Please, allow me to do something for you."

Cheng Guang felt helpless.

Qing Luan took back the Brocade Handkerchief from Cheng Guang's hand, just as she was about to help him change his clothes and accompany him for a bath, when she heard a series of light yet hurried footsteps coming from outside the courtyard.

"Do we have a visitor?"

Qing Luan voiced her confusion.

Cheng Guang didn't make a sound but listened attentively to the breath of the newcomer. Once he recognized it clearly, his eyes narrowed slightly in a brief daze.

"Why has she come?"

"She? Who is she?" Qing Luan asked, puzzled.

Meanwhile, Ning Qianxue seemed to have sensed something as well, her gaze falling outside the courtyard.

Under her watch, a figure dressed in elegant royal attire that shimmered like the rosy clouds and whose every step bloomed like lotuses, appeared outside the courtyard.

"It's you?"

At first glance, Ning Qianxue recognized Wu Ling and called out in shock.

Wu Ling stood at the courtyard entrance, observing the inside of the courtyard.

She ignored Ning Qianxue, her gaze sweeping over her before falling on Cheng Guang.

"May I come in?"

Wu Ling asked Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang had not expected Wu Ling to come looking for him at this time.

He had only just returned from her Crown Prince East Palace.

Cheng Guang was puzzled but still stepped aside, gesturing an invitation as he spoke:

"Please, come in."

Wu Ling nodded slightly and stepped into Million Specie Garden.

She approached Cheng Guang.

Her bright eyes flickered as she stared at Cheng Guang, watching him intently.

Just as her red lips parted slightly, as if she was about to say something,

a figure swiftly dashed from the side, placing themselves between Cheng Guang and Wu Ling.

Ning Qianxue crossed her arms, appearing confrontational as she glared at Wu Ling.

"You, as the Crown Prince, why are you not staying in the Imperial Palace, running around outside all the time?"

...

Wu Ling, upon seeing Ning Qianxue blocking the way between herself and Cheng Guang, suddenly found herself at a loss for words.

Her mouth slightly agape, she was somewhat at a loss.

Her gaze shifted back to Cheng Guang.

It clearly conveyed a "you decide what to do" sentiment.

Cheng Guang, however, didn't seem to care about Wu Ling's expression and shook his head with a chuckle. He gently ruffled Ning Qianxue's hair, "Qianxue, she must have come to find me for something."

Ning Qianxue pouted and glared at Wu Ling.

Her woman's intuition told her.

That Wu Ling was no ordinary woman.

At that moment, Wu Ling was also secretly fuming, her hand clenched tight, but soon she slowly relaxed it.

"Forget it, I'm leaving."

Having said that, Wu Ling turned and walked away without any hesitation.

Just as she was about to leave.

Wu Ling suddenly found her hand caught by someone.

The speed was so fast, Wu Ling didn't even have a chance to react.

Startled, Wu Ling quickly turned around and, upon seeing that Ning Qianxue was gripping her hand, not someone else, she was taken aback.

Ning Qianxue... could it be her strength was even greater than hers?

How could her speed be so fast?

Shock that couldn't be concealed welled up in Wu Ling's eyes.

Yet Ning Qianxue did not notice Wu Ling's astonishment, only saying, "If you've come all this way, why leave? I'm rather curious about why you're looking for the Princely Heir."

"Just go ahead and speak."

Although Ning Qianxue agreed to let Wu Ling stay,

she still harbored some hostility towards her.

Ning Qianxue herself didn't understand why she felt this way.



She only felt that Wu Ling's arrival might very well be an attempt to take something from her.

What was she here to take?

To take the Princely Heir?

But that didn't seem right.

By the Princely Heir's side were Qin Yanqiu and Qing Luan, and Ning Qianxue herself didn't feel jealous.

So why did she feel uneasy specifically about Wu Ling, the Crown Prince?

Ning Qianxue didn't quite understand and, covering her chest, she let go of Wu Ling's hand and stood beside Cheng Guang.

Wu Ling looked at Ning Qianxue with astonishment, rubbing her slightly painful wrist, then turned her attention to Cheng Guang.

"May I come in here? Is that okay?"

Cheng Guang nodded and then said with a smile, "Just go ahead and speak. Your sudden visit must not be for a trivial matter."

Wu Ling responded, "Indeed, it's not a trivial matter."

"Great Yuan has invaded Great Zhou. One of the borders has already fallen, and it's unknown how many cities have been captured. To this day, aside from a few sporadic messages, we still don't know how many Great Yuan troops have attacked Great Zhou."

"All those who have encountered Great Yuan's forces are likely to have been silenced."

Wu Ling said this.

Cheng Guang's face showed little surprise.

After this battle, Great Yuan had reduced Great Zhou to a single city's land. Apart from the role of the King of South Ming, Great Yuan itself must have attached great importance to this.

Therefore, all those who encountered Great Yuan having no survivors was somewhat expected.

Wu Ling noticed that upon hearing her words, Cheng Guang's expression did not waver in the slightest, and she knew he must have been aware of this matter.

After taking a deep breath to compose herself,

she continued:

"Didn't you say before that Great Zhou would fall into chaos, and that I could ask for your help? I want to know, how do you plan to intervene?"

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After Wu Ling finished speaking, her gaze tightly fixed on Cheng Guang.

However, Cheng Guang just smiled and did not directly answer Wu Ling's question, instead, he asked her with a smile, "What do you think I will do?"

Wu Ling watched Cheng Guang.

Observing Cheng Guang's serene and inscrutable face, Wu Ling realized she could not fathom his thoughts. After pondering carefully for a moment, her bright eyes suddenly twinkled, and she teasingly replied,

"Princely Heir, you're not just boasting, are you?"

Cheng Guang shook his head, "That would not be the case."

After Cheng Guang spoke, he looked at Wu Ling again, revealing a timely trace of curiosity in his eyes.

"But speaking of which, did you come to ask me how I would make my move?"

Upon hearing this, Wu Ling's smile slowly faded, then she shook her head:

"No, I'm asking the Princely Heir to make a move."

"That's why I want to ask how the Princely Heir would do it."

"As far as I know, if the Princely Heir wishes to seek help from others, aside from the Duke of the State, I wonder which other Sky-Man could be persuaded?"

Cheng Guang's eyebrows slightly raised upon hearing Wu Ling's words.

To persuade which Sky-Man?

Truth be told.

Cheng Guang had not initially thought about it this way; he had planned to take action himself. But upon hearing Wu Ling's words, he thought of old Deng.

Old Deng had reached the Second Realm of Sky-Man, and could be considered, aside from the enigmatic Zhang Shunlong and Li Tongzhen, the strongest Sky-Man in the Great Zhou.

If old Deng made a move, then the Sky-Men of Great Yuan would likely be no match for him.

However.

The words Cheng Guang had said to old Deng were to save his life at a moment of crisis.

To get old Deng to block Great Yuan now would require some effort.

Cheng Guang pondered inwardly, it would be great if old Deng could be persuaded to act, then he himself would happily remain uninvolved.

Cheng Guang, however, remained silent on the surface, "You don't need to worry about that, I will naturally have a way."

As he spoke, Cheng Guang paused slightly and looked at Wu Ling, "But speaking of which, how do you plan to deal with Great Yuan?"

Wu Ling shook her head, "My options are few, and I've had no chance to make the acquaintance of other Sky-Men. The only method is to gather all the forces at the border and fight against Great Yuan."

"If you truly have a way later on, Princely Heir, although I'm in charge of the emperor's power in name only, without any real authority, I will still have to go to the battlefield."

"I may be heading to the borders soon to meet Great Yuan's forces."

"Princely Heir, will you come with me when the time comes?"

Wu Ling's clear eyes fixed on Cheng Guang, her gaze sparkling intermittently as it had in those early years when she had the manner of a little white rabbit.

It's just that now, Wu Ling's temperament had changed somewhat from that innocent rabbit-like quality of the past.

Wu Ling was still very cold in front of others, not speaking much.

But in front of Cheng Guang, she occasionally revealed a slight girlish coyness.

Cheng Guang regarded Wu Ling, taking in her stunningly beautiful face, but his heart remained undisturbed as he nodded slightly.

"All right, if you are going to depart, just let me know in advance."

Wu Ling, upon seeing Cheng Guang agree so readily without hesitation, couldn't help but show a hint of surprise in her eyes.

"Princely Heir, won't you discuss this with others?"

"Going to the frontlines at the border is quite dangerous."

Cheng Guang shook his head, only smiling, "Such a matter doesn't require consultation. Even if there's danger, it can't do much to me." Discover more stories at [NovelBin.Côм](http://NovelBin.Côм)

Wu Ling, listening to Cheng Guang's words, saw a flicker of something unusual pass through her eyes.

One must know.

This time, there were Sky-Man powerhouses among Great Yuan's forces.

Even she herself could not guarantee a safe return.

Yet the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, Cheng Guang, could be so confident.

The notion was quite inconceivable.

Could the Princely Heir really have some sort of trump card?

Wu Ling pondered but could not come up with an answer.

For now, her objective of coming here had been achieved. Regardless of Cheng Guang's secrets, as long as he had agreed to go to the border with her, she would eventually find out what Cheng Guang's trump card was.

"Then, Princely Heir, I'll send someone to notify you before we depart."

Having said that, Wu Ling slowly left.



Just as she reached the courtyard's gate, she couldn't help but look back.

At Cheng Guang, she pulled a face.

"If you really aren't confident when the time comes, you can treat what I said earlier as if it was never mentioned."

Having said this.

Wu Ling quickly left.

After Wu Ling had left.

Cheng Guang stood still for a moment, then chuckled and shook his head.

"Is she suddenly worried about me?"

"Saying that if I really don't have confidence, I should not go?"

Cheng Guang stood in the courtyard, looking up at the full moon, taking a deep breath.

In his heart, he thought of the system task.

Trampling the future emperor of Great Yuan, Wu Mengde, underfoot.

Even if it wasn't for Great Zhou, nor for Wu Ling, if just for the sake of this task, Cheng Guang would also have to go to the frontlines.

How Great Zhou fared at this time, whether it would be crushed by Great Yuan, seizing the Capital city, Cheng Guang was actually not particularly concerned.

Cheng Guang cared not for Great Zhou, but for its people.

If Great Yuan waged through the borders, marching straight in, not to mention whether Great Zhou would perish, its common folk were certain to be displaced and might even be slaughtered by Great Yuan.

Whether such an event would happen, no one could say for sure.

"Wu Mengde, the future emperor of Great Yuan, is leading the invasion this time. It's evident that he is already highly trusted by the emperor of Great Yuan."

## Chapter 523 - The Spirited Zhou Qingxu Back in the Day \_2

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"I wonder if there are other princes from Great Yuan besides Wu Mengde."

"If most of the princes from Great Yuan have come to Great Zhou, maybe there's a notion of treating Great Zhou as a training ground for troops. Whoever can achieve the most merits might have the chance to become the future emperor of Great Yuan..."

Cheng Guang muttered to himself.

It was getting late.

Cheng Guang went back to his bedroom.

He got into bed and went to sleep.

.....

Five days passed in the blink of an eye, and the weather cooled down significantly.

The news of Great Yuan's invasion of Great Zhou swept through the Great Zhou Capital, and indeed the entire Great Zhou Dynasty, like a storm.

The usually bustling capital suddenly became eerily silent, as if shrouded by an invisible fear.

Emperor Zhou was nowhere to be found.

In Great Zhou, except for Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, there were no other Sky-Men visible in the public eye.

Most people were panicking.

On the streets and alleyways, people hurried along.

Some were packing up their belongings, ready to flee at any moment.

Others were gathering supplies to send to the front lines.

Inside the Great Zhou Imperial Palace.

In the Council Hall, ministers were busy discussing strategies, their faces grim and their eyes filled with worry.

Empress Wang sat silent by the Dragon Chair, occasionally casting a cold glance at Qiu Hao.

Wu Ling sat next to Empress Wang, dressed in the authoritative dark silken attire of the Crown Prince, looking dignified and majestic, with his hands properly placed on his knees. His exceedingly beautiful face was as calm as the surface of an ancient well, with hardly a ripple to be seen.

The atmosphere in the Council Hall was even tenser and colder than before.

It was as if a storm was imminent, the complexions of the many ministers were extremely dark, their eyes shining with unease and fear.

At this time.

The Council Hall was silent, the air almost felt like it had frozen.

In the midst of this silence.

Zhuge Wansheng's face had no trace of a smile as he watched Qiu Hao intently, his gaze sharp and piercing.

It wasn't just Empress Wang and Zhuge Wansheng; other court ministers were also watching Qiu Hao with icy stares.

Under the scrutiny of the ministers, the face of Minister of War Qiu Hao, although showing little change, bore the intensity of their gazes.

Even with Qiu Hao's composed nature, he could sense the immense pressure he was under at this moment.

But right then, his forehead couldn't help but break out in cold sweat.

Not daring to meet Empress Wang's eyes, he could only bow his head and silently endure the stares coming from all directions.

"Sir Qiu, how do you explain the situation on the border?"

Zhuge Wansheng suddenly asked.

Qiu Hao pursed his lips, slightly raised his head, first looked at Empress Wang, then turned to Zhuge Wansheng, and after bowing to both,

he slowly spoke out:

"Your Majesty, Left Chancellor, there is a reason for this."

Qiu Hao paused slightly in his speech.

He had thought someone would interrupt him at this point, but there was silence.

Qiu Hao then continued to speak.

"The decision to move the border army was made based on the current situation, and was the best judgment I could make."

"Great Yuan is coming on strong, and they even have the help of Sky-Men; only by pulling together the entire nation's strength do we stand a chance to hold them off."

Qiu Hao said up to this point.

Empress Wang looked at Qiu Hao with a slight headache, "So because there are Sky-Men aiding Great Yuan, you moved the border army?"

"Aren't you afraid of the neighboring kingdoms seizing the chance to invade Great Zhou?"

"Or do you think, the Duke does not exist?"

Upon hearing this, Qiu Hao responded very forthrightly, "I am afraid!"

"It's indeed possible that a few neighboring kingdoms could take this opportunity to invade Great Zhou. But now, we are at a point where we have to take a gamble."

"Ever since Great Yuan crossed the border, there has been no news from the Duke's side."

"The people sent there have disappeared, and it's very likely that something went wrong upon reaching North City and they could not return, or perhaps they were killed before they even reached North City."

"In this case, I can only prepare for the worst and make decisions accordingly."

Qiu Hao explained. Explore stories on NovelBin.Côm

The surrounding people's stares at Qiu Hao softened a bit, and then, most of the ministers turned their gazes to Wu Ling who was seated beside Empress Wang.



They knew.

That the words said by Qiu Hao and the actions he had taken could very likely be related to Wu Ling.

If Wu Ling hadn't spoken, or perhaps had given his consent,

how could Qiu Hao, the Minister of War, have so easily mobilized so many border troops and even kept them unaware until recently when the news finally came.

Empress Wang's gaze also landed on Wu Ling. After a moment of silence, she barely began to speak:

"Wu Ling, are these actions directed by you?"

Wu Ling neither shook his head nor nodded, simply stating, "Yes, in a way."

Upon hearing this, a flicker of anger flashed in the depths of Empress Wang's eyes, but was quickly suppressed.

"You..."

Empress Wang slightly raised her hand, pointing at Wu Ling, wanting to say something, but no words came out, and she let her hand fall somewhat dejectedly.

"Never mind."

"Since things have come to this point, I won't say more."

"Wu Ling, you are to go to the front lines; depart today."

Wu Ling nodded slightly in acknowledgment, and Empress Wang did not pay him any further attention.

To Empress Wang, Wu Ling was but an ornament.

Merely there to balance the various forces in the court vying for the throne.

To play a role in easing the conflict.

But Empress Wang truly did not expect.

That Wu Ling would dare to take certain actions, and that the Minister of War Qiu Hao would actually heed Wu Ling's words.

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When did these two people start colluding together?

Qiu Hao, as the Minister of War, and given that the position of Minister of War is one of the most important within the six departments, is not a role just anyone can hold.

One must be loyal to Great Zhou, loyal to the Emperor Zhou.

In terms of personal character, having undergone Emperor Zhou Wu Shang's numerous tests, Qiu Hao presumably doesn't have any major issues.

But why would Qiu Hao help bring about such a matter?

Does he truly believe...

That without mobilizing the border army, they won't be able to deal with Great Yuan?

Empress Wang felt that the whole matter was utterly absurd.

Yet she also felt that what Qiu Hao did made some sense.

After massaging her temples,

Empress Wang collected herself and began discussing various other major and minor matters with the court officials.

At this point,

The conflicts and gazes within the Council Hall finally shifted away from Qiu Hao and Wu Ling.

After the court meeting concluded,

Wu Ling and Qiu Hao left the grand hall one after the other.

"Crown Prince, as you head to the frontline, I hope that the Crown Prince takes good care of himself,"

"If the situation is unavoidable, I alone shall bear the responsibility."

Qiu Hao stopped in his tracks and turned to speak to Wu Ling.

Wu Ling looked at Qiu Hao, her expression unchanged, simply nodding her head slightly as she walked past him at a leisurely pace.

Heading towards the Crown Prince East Palace.

Inside the Crown Prince East Palace, after packing her baggage, Wu Ling called over a Palace Maid.

"Go to Duke Zhen's Mansion, tell the Princely Heir that I will be leaving the Capital city today."

The Palace Maid nodded promptly upon hearing this and quickly left.

After the Palace Maid was gone,

Wu Ling stood up and changed into a new set of robes, then, accompanied by her entourage, she headed towards the Imperial Palace gates.

At that moment,

The sun was shining just right.

The sunlight filtered through the layers of clouds, casting reflections on Wu Ling's golden armor.

Outside the Imperial Palace, the arrayed army was meticulously prepared, flags flying valiantly, warhorses neighing.

Under the watchful eyes of countless soldiers, Wu Ling's figure slowly emerged.

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Wu Ling did not issue any rallying cries or deliver any lofty speeches; given her current identity and status, in the hearts of many soldiers, aside from being of noble birth, she offered nothing else for them to admire.

Wu Ling slowly climbed onto her warhorse.

Mounted on the horse,

She glanced sideways, casting a look in the direction of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

But she did not see any figure appearing.

The light in Wu Ling's clear eyes dimmed subtly as she considered the time; her Palace Maid should have reached Duke Zhen's Mansion by now and relayed the news of her imminent departure to the Princely Heir.

If the Princely Heir still hadn't shown up by now,

Perhaps he was not going to come after all.

Wu Ling felt an inexplicable sense of disappointment, and suddenly, she cracked her whip.

"Let's go!"

With a low shout,

The horse kicked up dust as they raced off.

Wu Ling made her move, and the troops gathered near the Imperial Palace set off in a grand procession.

They marched on,

Leaving the Capital city.

The sunlight bathed the earth, and the battle flags fluttered in the wind.

The procession was vast—tens of thousands strong—with footsteps that sounded like drums shaking the earth and stirring people's hearts.

It was apparent,

That most of the troops Wu Ling brought on this expedition possessed considerable strength; in fact, they could be described as elite forces.

Wu Ling, seated on her warhorse, gazed into the distance, and at that moment, she suddenly felt something above her head blocking the sunlight.

The world seemed to darken.

"What is that?"



"Is that Duke Zhen's Mansion's Flying Boat??"

"Hiss, look, it seems like the Town-Nation Duke's Heir is on it!"

At that moment, the surprised exclamations of numerous soldiers reached Wu Ling's ears.

Wu Ling raised her eyes to look up into the sky.

With just one glance, she saw a Flying Boat so large it almost blotted out the sun, slowly descending overhead.

Scanning the Flying Boat, Wu Ling quickly noticed on the deck a figure standing with hands behind his back, an exceptionally graceful and distinguished young noble.

"The Princely Heir?"

Wu Ling exclaimed in surprise.

"Why has he come?"

"I thought he wouldn't come."

The moment Wu Ling saw Cheng Guang, her heart inexplicably sped up a bit; she was somewhat happy but also somewhat bewildered and concerned.

As soon as the Flying Boat reached a certain height,

Cheng Guang leapt down from it, immediately retracting the Flying Boat and landing steadily not far from Wu Ling.

Wu Ling looked at Cheng Guang, then surveyed her surroundings.

She noticed that among those who had disembarked the Flying Boat,

Besides Cheng Guang, there was no one else.

Not even a glimpse of Cheng Zhihai or any strong member of the Bureau of the Lamp.

"Princely Heir, are you alone?"

Wu Ling asked, puzzled.

Cheng Guang chuckled and nodded, "I alone am enough."

Wu Ling, unconvinced, nodded.

She could sense that the aura emanating from Cheng Guang was not even as strong as her own.

So she didn't take his words seriously.

While riding, she furrowed her brows and slowly pondered.

Seeing Wu Ling had little desire to chat, Cheng Guang did not mind; he once again summoned the Flying Boat, flying high into the air, and headed towards the frontline battlefield in the distance.

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Wu Ling, leading the first wave of troops on warhorses that could cover countless miles in a day, was still much slower compared to the speed of the Flying Boat.

There was no need for Cheng Guang to slow down his own pace, he could advance a certain distance first.

On this outing,

Cheng Guang did not bring Cheng Zhihai and Qin Beifeng with him.

It wasn't that he found them weak, nor that he saw them as a hindrance.

It was simply that in the war between the two great dynasties,

high-level Martial Artists weren't very necessary,

unless they were of the Heavenly Human Realm.

Otherwise, amidst the chaos and slaughter, they would only offer brute force, unable to decisively influence the battle.

Cheng Guang propelled the Flying Boat towards the distance.

The Great Yuan's invasion of the borders of Great Zhou was taking place in the center of Nanyu State.

Nanyu State was neither particularly affluent nor impoverished within the entirety of Great Zhou, but was squarely average.

Great Yuan's choice of Nanyu State as the breakthrough point must have involved much consideration.

States with great power or wealth were either at the heartland of the Great Zhou Dynasty or not located on the borders.

Places like Nanyu State, with just the right level of prosperity, weaker strength, and situated right on the border, naturally became the best choice.

Even if Great Yuan were to be defeated by Great Zhou in the end, they would not return empty-handed.

Cheng Guang's eyelids drooped slightly as he pondered.

After a brief while, he hurriedly arrived at Hundred Mile City on the Flying Boat.

Hundred Mile City was the central stronghold of Nanyu State and the last strategic military location.

If Hundred Mile City were to fall, then Nanyu State would be left defenseless under the watchful gaze of Great Yuan.

Cheng Guang stood on the deck of the Flying Boat, looking in the direction of Hundred Mile City. The sight in the distance made him involuntarily draw a breath of cold air.

Around Hundred Mile City, even before drawing near, one could smell the thick scent of blood.

In the distance, for some unknown reason, massive clouds of dust were rising into the air.

Blood and dust were intertwining,

and converging over Hundred Mile City,

casting a blood-red hue over the entire sky and land.

When he got closer,

on the battlefield,

on the walls of Hundred Mile City,

shouts, the beating of hooves, and the clashing of swords mingled together.

At this moment,

it seemed that every minute, every second witnessed the casualties of soldiers.

With just one glance at the walls of Hundred Mile City, Cheng Guang was shocked by the flesh and blood, and the rivers of blood.

The flesh and blood on those walls, piled up into a thick layer, made one wonder how many soldiers it took, how much blood had to flow, to create such a scene.

It was also uncertain whether these soldiers were from Great Yuan or Great Zhou.

Since the location of Hundred Mile City was so vital, perched high with a cliff in front, both sides were contesting for it, unwilling to yield.

It had already become a bloody meat grinder.

If Cheng Guang hadn't witnessed it with his own eyes, he wouldn't dare to imagine that warfare in this world could be so cruel.

And now,

although Hundred Mile City had gathered armies from various parts of the Great Zhou Dynasty, they seemed unable to match Great Yuan.

Great Yuan's troops continuously arrived from afar, treading through the sky on fierce wolves, wielding sharp weapons, and charging towards Hundred Mile City with imposing momentum.

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Great Zhou's defenders, although occupying the high ground with walls and cliffs for protection, still seemed overwhelmed in the face of Great Yuan's fierce assault.

Cheng Guang's gaze swept across Hundred Mile City; wherever he looked, he could see bloodshed.

He then looked beyond Hundred Mile City.

Across the cliff,

Cheng Guang could see an army formation, a sea of figures, eying the direction of Hundred Mile City hungrily.



The forces Great Yuan had sent to attack Hundred Mile City apparently did not even make up half of their total numbers.

There, towering figures, strong and burly men wrapped in beast hide armor, stood with their wolves beneath them, mouths agape, drooling, emitting low growls loaded with ferocity.

Deeper within the army, tents of different sizes stood clustered together.

Near the most luxurious and prominent of these tents,

a man in a green robe stood with his hands behind his back in mid-air.

That figure in the green robe stood calmly in mid-air, looking in the direction of Hundred Mile City.

Even at such a distance, Cheng Guang could still clearly see his appearance and clothing.

That figure in the green robe stood out amongst the Great Yuan warriors, both in appearance and attire.

"He's not one of the Great Yuan?"

"Why does he look like... he's from Great Zhou?"

Cheng Guang squinted as he watched from afar.

It was at that moment,

the figure in the green robe, who had been observing the direction of Hundred Mile City, seemed to sense something.

His eyes lifted, emitting a light sound of surprise.

He then turned his gaze and landed on the deck of the distant Flying Boat, and on Cheng Guang.

The figure in the green robe looked at Cheng Guang, visibly stunned for a moment, then smiled and moved his lips slightly towards Cheng Guang's direction.

"Town-Nation Duke's Heir."

He only moved his lips gently, and the next moment, his voice warmly reached Cheng Guang's ears.

Cheng Guang, hearing the voice of the man in the green robe, showed little surprise.

From afar, Cheng Guang could feel the aura of the Heavenly Human emanating from the man in the green robe.

The only thing that surprised him was the aura and appearance of the man in the green robe.

With clear-cut features and a serene atmosphere, he resembled a scholar.

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This very appearance.

For some reason, it made Cheng Guang think of Emperor Zhou of Great Zhou.

If this person didn't look so unlike Emperor Zhou, Cheng Guang might even suspect that this man was one of Emperor Zhou's brothers, similar to the existence of the King of South Ming or the crown prince.

As Cheng Guang pondered in his heart, he continued the conversation.

"Your Excellency, with such an appearance, you don't seem to be from Great Yuan. Now, assisting Great Yuan to attack Great Zhou is something I find quite incomprehensible."

"After all, it wasn't for profit that you came here. For a Sky-Man like you, there is little in this world that can move your heart."

"Could it be some kind of old grudge?"

Cheng Guang's words, spoken softly,

caused the face of the distant figure in the green robe to change slightly. He stared blankly at Cheng Guang and then broke into a laugh, shaking his head and saying,

"Duke's Heir, it is said that seeing once is better than hearing a hundred times. Your mind is indeed sharp."

"Merely by seeing my face, you have guessed what my background might be."

"You're right, I am indeed not from Great Yuan, nor do I have any old grudges with Great Zhou. It's simply an irresistible force."

"You have a great destiny upon you, and there are several deities I know of that are implicated with you. In the future, you might very well have a share in the grand trend of the world."

"For a seeker like me, if I don't compete for a chance, I'm afraid I won't even have the opportunity to take a sip of the broth."

The figure in the green robe spoke with a smile, and after finishing, he kindly reminded Cheng Guang again.

"Duke's Heir, you should leave quickly. In this world, there are not many who can be my match."

"Not to mention your grandfather, the Duke of the State, who cannot come at this time. Even if he were to come, he would not be my match."

The tone of the person in the green robe was leisurely, but from that leisurely tone came an immense confidence.

As if there really weren't many in the world who could defeat him.

Cheng Guang's brows furrowed slightly as he looked at the distant figure in the green robe, somewhat puzzled.

Exactly what was the background of this figure in the green robe?

He had no old grievances with Great Zhou,

nor was he from Great Yuan.

And there was no interest entanglement with Great Yuan.

Then why would he help Great Yuan invade Great Zhou?

The sudden invasion of Great Zhou by Great Yuan suggests that there might be someone behind it pushing the agenda.

Could it be that the one behind Great Yuan was this figure in the green robe?

And what was his purpose?

Cheng Guang couldn't figure it out. He was puzzled.

Just as he was about to communicate further with the figure in the green robe and say something more.

The figure in the green robe suddenly raised a hand with a smile on his face, waved it gently, and said with a chuckle,

"Duke's Heir, I do not wish to take your life. The karma on you is not something I can afford to provoke; you should leave."

The figure in the green robe waved his hand,

and immediately thereafter,

a red rainbow light was swept out from his hand toward the direction of Cheng Guang's aura, streaking towards him at an extremely fast speed.

In just the span of a breath, the rainbow light waved by the figure in the green robe had reached right in front of Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang's eyes also reflected the colors of the rainbow light.

Even though it was very close, Cheng Guang did not reveal much panic.

Because in the rainbow light, there was no dangerous aura, but rather an aura of profound power.

What the figure in the green robe said and did was essentially the same; it seemed he just wanted to send Cheng Guang away from this place and had no intention of harming him.

Revitalizing his Spirit Dao cultivation, Cheng Guang made a hand seal and the Power of the Primordial Spirit flowed like a stream from the center of his brows, slowly pouring out, and in front of him, instantly formed a sharp sword.

It flew towards the red rainbow light.

The sword, transformed from the Power of the Primordial Spirit, entered the red rainbow light and flickered incessantly. The rainbow light, like a piece of fabric, was rapidly slashed to pieces by the sword.

It dissipated into specks of red light that vanished into the atmosphere.

The figure in the green robe was already prepared to withdraw his hand.

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In his estimation, Cheng Guang simply would not have any means to block his magical powers, but he didn't expect that Cheng Guang would actually block it.



Feeling the Power of the Primordial Spirit on Cheng Guang, the figure in the green robe's eyes first flashed with a hint of confusion.

Then after carefully sensing it,

his eyes revealed a bit of shock.

"This is... the aura of a Sky-Man..."

"Could the Duke's Heir already be a Sky-Man?"

"Impossible, it doesn't quite fit. A common Sky-Man wouldn't have the ability to sever my magical Divine Power."

The figure in the green robe stared blankly at Cheng Guang on the distant Flying Boat,

shocked by his actions for a moment,

frozen in place.

He pondered what kind of technique Cheng Guang possessed that allowed him, the Duke's Heir, to unleash a power comparable to that of a Sky-Man,

and even break his magical Divine Power.

After thinking for a while, the figure in the green robe still couldn't understand.

Just as he was about to step forward and sprint towards Cheng Guang's location, planning to meet the inscrutable Duke's Heir,

a voice rose from beneath his feet.

"Mr. Zhou, please make your move quickly."

"Here at Hundred Mile City, my Great Yuan has not been able to break through and has already suffered heavy casualties. If you make a move, Great Zhou would not have lasted this long."

Hearing this, the figure in the green robe glanced down, looking towards the tent below, where a young man in a beast robe with a tall and imposing figure stood.

The young man spoke respectfully to the figure in the green robe, his tone reverent but with a hint of urgency implicit in his words.

"Prince Wu Ming, the time is not yet ripe."

Chapter 527 - The Spirited Zhou Qingxu Back in the Day \_6

The figure in the green robe barely opened his mouth.

After he had spoken,

He ignored the young man, took a step, and swept towards the direction of Cheng Guang's presence.

After the figure in the green robe had disappeared,

The look of reverence on the young man's face instantly faded, replaced by full dissatisfaction.

"This Mr. Zhou really is odd. Clearly, he's already a Sky-Man, clearly, he's already promised my father the emperor that he will certainly help us take down Great Zhou, so why does he act like this as soon as I ask him to make a move?"

"The time has not yet come,"

"What 'time' are we waiting for?"

Wu Mengde was completely at a loss, filled with puzzles in his heart, as he waited to return to his tent.

This time Great Yuan set out to campaign against Great Zhou, and he volunteered for the leading role.

Because he was Prince Wu Ming, he fought for this opportunity.

If he didn't trample Great Zhou underfoot this time, then upon his return to Great Yuan, the one trampled underfoot would be him.

The position of future Emperor of Great Yuan might very well not fall upon his head.

Thus, Wu Mengde took this military action very seriously.

The more Wu Mengde cared about it, the more dissatisfied he was with Mr. Zhou's nonchalant attitude.

Mr. Zhou was not simple.

Even his father the emperor treated Mr. Zhou with such respect.

Even if given eighteen times the courage, he wouldn't dare to speak rudely to Mr. Zhou.

He could only remind him respectfully and very tactfully.

After Mr. Zhou had left,

Even if Wu Mengde felt stifled and puzzled, he had no way to deal with it.

He could only return to his tent and rage impotently.

.....

On the other side,

Aboard the Flying Boat,

Mr. Zhou in a flowing green robe, stepped onto the Flying Boat.

As he landed on the Flying Boat,

He stood not far from Cheng Guang.

He observed Cheng Guang silently.

Cheng Guang, facing Mr. Zhou, showed no trace of nervousness, his expression was calm and his demeanor composed.

This stance elicited a look of admiration in Mr. Zhou's eyes.

While Mr. Zhou was observing Cheng Guang,

Cheng Guang was also observing Mr. Zhou.

He sensed the aura emanating from Mr. Zhou.

And suddenly noticed,

The aura around Mr. Zhou, though that of a Sky-Man, was stronger than that of an ordinary Sky-Man.

In the Second Realm?

Like old Deng?

Cheng Guang became inwardly vigilant.

"Town-Nation Duke's Heir, no refreshing tea upon my arrival?"

Without waiting for Cheng Guang to speak, Mr. Zhou opened his mouth with a smile.

Upon hearing Mr. Zhou speak in such a way, Cheng Guang first looked stunned, then nodded:

"Alright."

Cheng Guang brought out the tea leaves, poured a pot of hot water, the hot water steaming the leaves and releasing a clear and refreshing fragrance.

Cheng Guang, turning to Mr. Zhou, said:

"Please, take a seat?"

Mr. Zhou nodded slightly, picked up the teacup slowly, took a gentle sip, and then said, "Good tea."

"When it comes to tea, those from Great Zhou are still the best, no other dynasties have such good tea."

Cheng Guang glanced at Mr. Zhou, "Have you visited many dynasties?"

Mr. Zhou replied with a smile, "Naturally, wandering all around, my only hobby is tasting tea."

Cheng Guang nodded slightly noncommittally, and after sipping the tea, asked, "May I know how to address you?"

When Mr. Zhou heard such a question, he was taken aback and then laughed:

"Are you interested in my name?"

"You probably haven't heard of it."

"Let's not mention it."



Cheng Guang looked up, glanced at Mr. Zhou, "You must be from Great Zhou, right?"

Mr. Zhou's hand holding the teacup paused briefly upon hearing Cheng Guang's words, then he raised it to his lips.

After taking a sip of the tea,

He slowly began to speak:

"How can you tell?"

Cheng Guang shook his head: "It's just a feeling."

Mr. Zhou fell silent for a moment, then nodded, "You're right."

"I was indeed once a person of Great Zhou."

Cheng Guang then asked, "A scholar?"

Mr. Zhou smiled.

"Yes."

After saying that, Mr. Zhou paused again.

"A top scholar from a humble background."

When Cheng Guang heard this, his eyes slightly widened in surprise. He suddenly remembered skimming the historical records of Great Zhou when he had nothing better to do.

Among the records of the Great Zhou Dynasty, although there were quite a few individuals from humble backgrounds who had made something of themselves,

still,

when it came to a top scholar from a humble background, especially in the literary exam, there was only one person.

Zhou Qingxu.

Speaking of Zhou Qingxu, his story was quite extraordinary.

At his birth, it was said that unusual signs appeared in the sky, drawing countless cultivators to investigate. After they found Zhou Qingxu and examined him,

they discovered nothing too out of the ordinary about him.

His body's energy channels were blocked, making even moving his limbs extremely difficult, let alone cultivating.

Just when everyone thought that Zhou Qingxu would likely live and die in obscurity,

nobody could have expected that,

more than a decade later,

a youthful and promising teenager would step into the capital city alone to participate in that year's imperial examination.

After emerging successful at the top of the list,

came the palace examination.

Then, Emperor Wu Shang, who had just ascended the throne, crowned him as the top scholar.

Perhaps it was because Emperor Wu Shang wanted to promote individuals from humble backgrounds.

Or perhaps because Emperor Wu Shang truly appreciated Zhou Qingxu's literary talent.

Regardless of the reason, in the end, Zhou Qingxu became the first and only top scholar from a humble background in Great Zhou's history.

After becoming the top scholar, Zhou Qingxu was full of ambition, only thinking of serving his country and people. However, after less than a month in the Imperial Palace, within the Imperial Academy, he could no longer bear it.

There were rumors that he was ostracized.

Other rumors said that Zhou Qingxu caused trouble within the palace.

There were various speculations, but no one knew the exact reasons.

Zhou Qingxu then left the Imperial Palace.

He was demoted to a small county town to become the County Magistrate.

For the average person, becoming a County Magistrate was a step up; at the very least, they would be an official, and although they might not be wealthy, they would not starve.

To live better than the vast majority of people.

But,

that's for ordinary people.

For someone like Zhou Qingxu, a top scholar, becoming a County Magistrate was simply unthinkable.

Aside from those in the palace,

everyone found it hard to imagine what mistake Zhou Qingxu had made to be demoted to such a position.

If it was said that he had offended Emperor Zhou,

Emperor Zhou would not have let him live.

Instead, he spared his life.

With intense speculation from the outside world, whether it was the officials, Emperor Zhou, or Zhou Qingxu himself,

no one came forward to explain.

As time passed,

this incident was quickly forgotten by the people and gradually buried in the corners of history.

Later on,

it was heard that Zhou Qingxu died of illness in that small county town.

At that time,

Zhou Qingxu was only eighteen.

Beyond this point, the history books no longer mentioned Zhou Qingxu.

Thinking of this, Cheng Guang turned his gaze to the young man with a genial aura and a lazy smile in front of him.

No matter how he looked,

he couldn't find much of Zhou Qingxu's shadow in him.

The Zhou Qingxu of the past was spirited and ambitious.

And what about Zhou Qingxu now?

As carefree as clouds and wild cranes, with a demeanor as serene as the gentle breeze and the light clouds.

It really was incredible to think about.

The man hadn't died.

He was still alive.

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And his personality had undergone such a dramatic change.

What had he experienced over these years?

Cheng Guang couldn't help but be curious.

Chapter 528 -The Princely Heir's cultivation has become this terrifyingly powerful?!

Mr. Zhou noticed the curiosity in Cheng Guang's eyes but didn't seem inclined to explain.

Instead, he regarded Cheng Guang thoughtfully.

"Town-Nation Duke's Heir, you've asked me many questions. Isn't it time you allowed me to ask some of my own?"



Mr. Zhou said with a smile.

Cheng Guang, upon hearing this, first blinked in surprise before coming to a realization.

It seemed that Mr. Zhou's willingness to answer his questions was not due to a particularly amiable nature, nor was he eager to communicate with Cheng Guang.

It was simply because Mr. Zhou was also curious about Cheng Guang himself.

Cheng Guang picked up his teacup, took a sip, and then looked at Mr. Zhou before saying:

"How should I address you?"

Mr. Zhou laughed and said, "You may call me Mr. Zhou. Let's not bother with a common name."

Cheng Guang, upon hearing this, became even more certain of Mr. Zhou's identity. He nodded slightly and then said:

"I don't know what Mr. Zhou wishes to inquire about, but please feel free to ask directly."

Mr. Zhou gave a slight nod and was about to speak when he suddenly seemed to notice something, raising his eyebrows slightly and casting a glance with the corner of his eye towards the distance.

At the outskirts of Hundred Mile City, dust clouds scattered.

The sound of horse hooves stirred the ground, reverberating like drums.

Many strong riders approached, their powerful Qi and Blood converging, forming a great furnace capable of igniting heaven and earth.

Such commotion quickly attracted the attention of those within Hundred Mile City as well as the forces of Great Yuan.

Countless eyes turned towards the newcomers.

Inside Hundred Mile City,

there were shouts of excitement from the soldiers.

"It's the Crown Prince, leading the reinforcements!"

"Hundred Mile City can be held now!"

Compared with the cheers from within Hundred Mile City,

the faces of the many Yuan Army soldiers across the canyon rift, were not looking too good.

The stubborn resistance of Great Zhou and Hundred Mile City had exceeded their expectations.

They had assumed that in no more than seven days, they could break through Hundred Mile City and charge directly into the interior of Great Zhou. However, during these seven days, countless armies had unexpectedly rallied from all directions.

Did Great Zhou have so many armies readily available for deployment?

Countless warriors of Great Yuan were in disbelief!

It was not just the numerous warriors of Great Yuan who were in disbelief!

Wu Mengde was also finding it hard to believe!!

Wu Mengde looked towards Hundred Mile City, where dust and smoke filled the air. As the dark figures drew nearer, he could clearly see that these imposing silhouettes were none other than the powerful warriors of Great Zhou.

The one leading them,

was a woman.

She wore dazzling gold armor, radiating majesty and solemnity.

While the woman's cultivation might not have been particularly strong, Wu Mengde found her identity quite intriguing.

"The Crown Prince of Great Zhou."

"A woman."

"To be able to mobilize such forces, such military power, to Hundred Mile City to confront Great Yuan in such a short time, with such decisiveness, I fear that many men in the world could not compare to her."

Wu Mengde furrowed his brows and murmured in admiration, but his fierce face betrayed deep concern.

Great Yuan was engaged in a prolonged warfare.

If they could capture Hundred Mile City quickly, turning it into a spear to thrust directly into Great Zhou's heartland, they would not only reap great rewards but even have the chance to completely eradicate Great Zhou and relegate it to history.

But now, Mr. Zhou was unwilling to make a move, and the Crown Prince of Great Zhou had come to the frontline with reinforcements. Surely Great Yuan would not return empty-handed?

As these thoughts crossed Wu Mengde's mind, his expression darkened.

His gaze swept around, searching for Mr. Zhou's figure.

Before long,

Wu Mengde saw him.

Aboard the deck of a massive Flying Boat above Hundred Mile City,

Wu Mengde saw the figure in the green robe, enjoying tea with an exceptionally handsome young noble.

Seeing this, seeing such a scene,

Wu Mengde's eyes bulged with rage to the point of nearly bursting.

"What is Mr. Zhou doing?"

"Why is he sitting there, having tea with people from Great Zhou? He wasn't willing to make a move earlier, claiming the time wasn't right."

"With Great Zhou's reinforcements now arriving, what more does he wait for? Does he wish to wait until Great Yuan is exhausted and forced to retreat?"

Wu Mengde suppressed the anger within him and growled.

The warriors of Great Yuan at Wu Mengde's side couldn't help but speak up: "Your Highness, although Mr. Zhou discussed with His Majesty and expressed his willingness to strike against Great Zhou on our behalf, Mr. Zhou is not one of our people after all."

"Perhaps, he never intended to help us from the start, and this is all part of his scheme...?"

Hearing this, Wu Mengde shook his head and immediately retorted, "Nonsense about a scheme."

"If I were deceived, then so be it, but it's not so easy to deceive my father, the Emperor."

"Nowadays, most Sky-Men have vanished from the world, and among the rulers of the four great dynasties, only Empress Wei of Great Wei is a Sky-Man. It is indeed the best time for Great Yuan's prosperity."

"It's precisely because my father indeed has no intention to act, and if it weren't for Mr. Zhou's arrival, my father would probably have continued to observe for a while longer."

"Now that my father has heeded Mr. Zhou's advice and even allowed Mr. Zhou to come to our aid, it means we can trust Mr. Zhou."

As Wu Mengde spoke, he frowned again, as though with a headache, and expressed his confusion:

"I just don't understand."

"I don't understand why Mr. Zhou won't make a move, I don't grasp when the 'right time' he speaks of will come, and I can't comprehend why, at such a critical moment, Mr. Zhou would fraternize with the Town-Nation Duke's Heir of Great Zhou."

Chapter 529 - The Princely Heir's cultivation has become this terrifyingly powerful?! \_2

Wu Mengde spoke, and the generals beside him couldn't help but lower their heads.

They dared not reply.

They feared that Wu Mengde, impatient at this moment and unable to vent his anger on Mr. Zhou, would unleash it upon them instead.

Fortunately, Wu Mengde managed to keep his composure. Although there was anger in his heart, he did not do anything outrageous.

He simply gazed quietly at the distant Flying Boat of the Town-Nation Duke's Heir from Great Zhou.

He remained silent.

This attitude allowed the generals around Wu Mengde to breathe a sigh of relief.

.....

Aboard the Flying Boat.



Cheng Guang noted that Zhou Qingxu was glancing at something out of the corner of his eye, and followed Zhou Qingxu's gaze.

Quickly.

Cheng Guang saw the figure of Wu Ling.

Behind Wu Ling, a vast army was assembled.

Dense shadows loomed, and their might shook the heavens.

"That was quite fast," Cheng Guang muttered to himself, slightly surprised by Wu Ling's speed.

Cheng Guang had thought that Wu Ling and her troops, even with the best Exotic Beast mounts, would need several moments to reach Hundred Mile City.

But.

He had just arrived at Hundred Mile City, and not long after.

Wu Ling had led her people there.

It seemed that Wu Ling had indeed sped up.

Cheng Guang glanced at Wu Ling below and did not continue to pay attention to her. Instead, he turned his gaze back to Zhou Qingxu.

Zhou Qingxu, however, had not recovered so quickly. He observed Wu Ling intently for a while, his brows involuntarily knitting slightly before he turned to look at Cheng Guang.

"Town-Nation Duke's Heir, I originally thought that my plan this time would not encounter any mishaps,"

"But unexpectedly, there really was a surprise."

"Not one surprise, but two, which indeed caught me off guard," Zhou Qingxu said.

Listening to Zhou Qingxu, Cheng Guang's brows furrowed again. He didn't quite understand what Zhou Qingxu was talking about.

What surprise?

If it was about Cheng Guang himself, he could understand, but what about Wu Ling? How was she a surprise?

Could it be Wu Ling leading the army?

Thinking this, Cheng Guang couldn't help but glance again in the direction of Wu Ling, then said, "For you, though, these don't seem like much of a surprise, do they?"

"With your methods, combined with the military strength of Great Yuan, pushing through Great Zhou wouldn't be much of a problem."

Upon hearing this, Zhou Qingxu chuckled lightly and did not directly respond to Cheng Guang. Instead, he asked, "I am quite curious about the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, your cultivation feels very strange to me."

"It bears some aura of a Sky-Man yet is not a Sky-Man, clearly not a Sky-Man, but the foundation seems deeper than the average Sky-Man's, perhaps even deeper than mine."

"What exactly is going on? Who has infused such cultivation into you?" Zhou Qingxu asked, voicing the doubts he had in his heart.

Cheng Guang shook his head and replied, "I just came across some fortunes."

Zhou Qingxu was half right.

It was indeed akin to infusion, but not from someone else.

It was from the Heavenly Dao.

Zhou Qingxu murmured, "Fortunes."

"I felt earlier that a Secret Realm had appeared near the Great Zhou Capital, and the aura emanating from it attracted many Sky-Men,"

"I was delayed and did not go."

"I didn't expect that by doing so, I avoided a calamity."

"The fortune you mentioned, could it be from that Secret Realm?" Zhou Qingxu asked.

Cheng Guang nodded again.

At this, Zhou Qingxu's eyes flashed slightly, and he sized up Cheng Guang with inevitable desire in his gaze.

It appeared as if he had taken a liking to Cheng Guang.

This liking was not of the romantic kind.

It was merely interest in the fortune Cheng Guang had acquired.

The expression in Zhou Qingxu's eyes was not concealed in the slightest; it was revealed as if he didn't care if Cheng Guang knew about his intentions.

Cheng Guang, facing the look in Zhou Qingxu's eyes, did not change his expression.

He just slightly paused while lifting his teacup, then looked at Zhou Qingxu and smiled, saying,

"What's the matter? Mr. Zhou, do you want to make a move on me to see what fortune allowed my cultivation to change so significantly?"

Zhou Qingxu nodded frankly and said very candidly,

"The fortune that could allow you, the Princely Heir, to ascend to such a realm in such a short time, is truly not simple."

"If it were not for my extraordinary talent and slightly older age, I probably wouldn't be able to touch the Princely Heir."

With that, Zhou Qingxu paused for a moment, smiling lightly, "Of course, if you, the Princely Heir, are willing to hand over the fortune, I can still spare you."

"I know there are no other strong individuals around you. If you think that with your half-baked Sky-Man cultivation, you can make me back off, that's really quite naive," he said.

Cheng Guang couldn't help asking, "Aren't you afraid that the fortune on me, once used, will be of no use?"

Zhou Qingxu slowly finished the tea in his cup, then stood up and said indifferently, "I'm not afraid, nor do I care."

"I just want to understand what that fortune is."

"It is a particularly precious existence for you, but for me, perhaps not so much," Zhou Qingxu spoke softly, standing up completely, and calmly stared at Cheng Guang from not too far away.

He raised his hand slightly.

"I'll let you make the first move, so you can't say that I bullied you."

Cheng Guang, seeing Zhou Qingxu in this state, wasn't too surprised.

He didn't stand up.

Chapter 530 - The Princely Heir's cultivation has become this terrifyingly powerful?! \_3

With just a slight stir of intent, deep within his mind, a starlight that had been deeply hidden was disturbed by Cheng Guang.

Suddenly,

A thought rang out in the depths of Cheng Guang's mind.

"Cheng, have you encountered danger? Hang on for a while, this old man will come right away."

The voice was incredibly aged, and even now it was panting heavily, tinged with a trace of vulgarity.

Cheng Guang heard this voice.

He recognized it immediately.

It was indeed Deng's voice.

But at that moment, he didn't know what Deng was up to, not daring to think or ask.

Cheng Guang used the life-saving method given to him by Deng.

Fortunately, Deng was reliable, and it was not only at Cheng Guang's moment of life-or-death that he could summon Deng.

Having received a response from Deng, Cheng Guang felt reassured and planned to let Deng test the waters with Zhou Qingxu first.

Years ago, it had been rumored that the deceased Zhou Qingxu had suddenly reappeared.

His cultivation and strength had reached the Second Realm of Sky-Man, and it was even possible that it was higher.



Such an existence had never before been heard of by not only Cheng Guang but also the entire Bureau of the Lamp and indeed the whole world.

If it weren't for Zhou Qingxu revealing himself now to help Great Yuan overthrow Great Zhou, Cheng Guang would still be unaware of the existence of such a person in the world.

A person who disappeared so suddenly and reappeared just as abruptly.

He was shrouded in far too many secrets.

His methods were likely very powerful as well.

Although Cheng Guang had the strength of Sky-Man, his foundation was too shallow; his Primordial Spirit's quality had improved, but its foundation had not kept up.

A genuine 'three-second real man.'

After executing a few techniques, his Primordial Spirit would be exhausted.

The depletion of the Power of the Primordial Spirit was much worse than the depletion of Qi.

It wasn't only about being mentally fragile and unstable.

It was highly possible that he would pass out immediately, and it might not even be certain that he would recover after sleeping for three days and nights.

So at this moment, facing Zhou Qingxu, whose depth was unclear, Cheng Guang would refrain from making a move if at all possible.

Letting Deng test Zhou Qingxu's true capability was a good idea.

Meanwhile, Cheng Guang was lost in thought.

Zhou Qingxu next to him, however, was becoming impatient.

He had planned to make Cheng Guang move first.

But Cheng Guang just sat there, drinking tea with a calm face, not sparing him another glance.

This kind of demeanor, as if Cheng Guang did not even consider him worth the attention.

Zhou Qingxu watched Cheng Guang, and at this moment began to doubt whether he was the fake Sky-Man, or if Cheng was.

Although he admired Cheng Guang's composure in the face of adversity,

Zhou Qingxu had to admit that seeing Cheng Guang's indifferent attitude, his normally nonchalant demeanor, had subtly changed at this moment.

Zhou Qingxu took a deep breath and after watching Cheng Guang calmly for a while longer, he finally spoke slowly:

"If you're not going to make a move, then don't blame me for bullying the weaker."

As soon as Zhou Qingxu finished speaking, the air beside Cheng Guang suddenly twisted like a liquid, forming a transparent vortex, and then with a thunderous roar, a huge head with indistinct features, covered in bloodshot eyes, emerged.

It howled, its gaping maw roaring at Cheng Guang.

Its eyes glowed like heated Black Iron, and the scorching breath from its open mouth made the air wave with countless invisible distortions.

As the enormous head bit towards Cheng Guang,

Below Cheng Guang's feet, unbeknownst to when, several sharp and pointed Ice Crystals, like crazy vines, grew out, piercing through the soles of his feet, into his bones, and immobilizing him in place.

Cheng Guang, watching Zhou Qingxu's movements and seeing the changes around him, couldn't help but narrow his eyes slightly.

This attack was so peculiar, it had an eerie feeling akin to facing those strange Worms.

Cheng Guang became vigilant.

This Zhou Qingxu, even if he was not one of those bizarre beings from Five Daos Mountain, must possess many of their techniques.

Just as Cheng Guang was preparing to act,

A voice full of vigor but slightly ethereal, echoed from the high skies.

"Cheng, this old man is here!"

The words fell from above.

It seemed as though an invisible sound wave emanated from the heights.

Upon hearing that voice, the huge head near Cheng Guang seemed to be assaulted by a terribly grating noise, howling in agony and reluctantly trying to retract back into the vortex of air.

And the white Ice Crystals, which were about to entangle around Cheng Guang's body,

Instantly exploded outward like a splattering, blooming as ice flowers.

Cheng Guang looked up at the sky, spotting a filthy figure not far from the deck of the Flying Boat, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Deng, good timing on your arrival."

Deng picked his teeth with one hand, chuckled with a sneer, and slowly stepped forward, landing on the Flying Boat.

"Of course, if it weren't for this old man here, you would've nearly died just now, you know?"

As Deng spoke, he also examined Cheng Guang.

He only looked at Cheng Guang for a moment,

Before Deng's expression changed.

"Something's wrong, Cheng, your cultivation... it's off."

Deng exclaimed in shock, and just as he was about to ask something,

He suddenly noticed something.

His gaze turned to Zhou Qingxu, not far from Cheng Guang.

Zhou Qingxu remained silent, surprised but not panicked by Deng's arrival, and simply waved his hand again.