

## **My System 531**

Chapter 531 The Princely Heir's cultivation has become this terrifyingly powerful?! \_4

The enormous skull that had just shrunken into the whirlwind of air reemerged, writhing in pain once again.

But this time,

no sooner had its head appeared than it was seized back by an even larger hand.

Immediately after,

from inside the dark whirlwind, there emanated a chilling sound of chewing, and blood splattered out, red mingled with black.

Following that,

a scorching breath could be felt as it bore through the whirlwind.

A hand larger than the giant skull before it reached out from within the whirlwind.

That hand was devoid of skin, covered in muscle and sinew, and in the gaps of the muscle fibers, numerous flames of pitch black could be seen.

The pitch-black flames blazed upon his arm.

Burning the air, they hissed audibly.

At the moment this hand appeared,

Elder Deng, who had been unconcerned until now, suddenly underwent a change of heart, his expression shifting as he couldn't help but widen his eyes.

"What in the world is this?"

"I've never encountered someone with such abilities before, who are you?"

After exclaiming in shock, Elder Deng turned his gaze to Zhou Qingxu and asked out loud.

Zhou Qingxu replied with a smile, "Just an ordinary scholar. It's me who they say 'scholars are good-for-nothing.'"

"I'm quite ordinary and not very famous, certainly not as well-known as Elder Deng."

Elder Deng narrowed his eyes slightly, "A scholar..."

He glanced at Zhou Qingxu,

and then his gaze returned to the whirlwind beside him.

After the giant, flaming hand emerged, it reached out and then violently clenched.

It seemed to grasp the air itself.

Then the air boomed with explosions.

The very void trembled.

Something terrifying seemed about to emerge from the whirlwind.

Zhou Qingxu cleared his throat twice and hastily pulled out a coarse cloth to cover his mouth, his gaze settling on the entity within the nearby whirlwind, his brow slightly furrowed, and then helplessly said:

"It's still too hard for me to use such a tactic. If it were the Ancient Immortals, they could summon countless beings of this caliber effortlessly, whereas I can't even summon one."

Zhou Qingxu shook his head, seeming somewhat disappointed.

"Enough, enough."

With a flick of his finger,

a tidal wave of heat surged forth.

The void suddenly fractured.

A giant, shrouded in pitch-black flames and with an indistinct face covered by black hair, stepped out of the void, a giant axe in hand, and swung it towards Elder Deng.

The moment the black-haired giant appeared,

a dreadfully intense and almost tangible aura swept in all directions.

In the distance, towards Hundred Mile City,

the battling factions involuntarily ceased their fighting, looking up at the phenomenon above them that filled them with profound fear even before getting any closer.

"What is this?"

"Are Sky-Men battling each other? But that can't be. Great Zhou shouldn't have any Sky-Men here right now; the Duke of the State is still in North City at the moment."

"Come to think of it, can a Sky-Man even unleash such might???"

Many soldiers looked up at the sky and couldn't help but express their thoughts aloud, but before they could observe further, they were drawn back into the fray.

Meanwhile, in Hundred Mile City,

Wu Ling, who had just ascended the city wall, also noticed the aura emanating from Cheng Guang's Flying Boat.

At this moment, she realized that there were actually two people on Cheng Guang's Flying Boat.

One of them was dressed in blue robes, with a gentle appearance that now bore a trace of paleness.

And the other,

in filthy garments, with tangled hair, the very image of a beggar, yet the aura he exuded and the expression in his eyes surpassed those of many high officials and nobles.

"Who are these two people?"

"Why are they on the Princely Heir's Flying Boat?"

Wu Ling couldn't help but feel puzzled.

At that moment,

one of the officers couldn't contain his excitement as he spoke to Wu Ling, "Your Highness, who would have thought that Great Zhou still had such a Sky-Man willing to help us. With that old master's intervention, Great Yuan's Sky-Man will be constrained too!"

Listening to her subordinate's words, Wu Ling's eyes narrowed, and she looked again at the figure in blue robes.

No matter how she looked,

the man did not resemble someone from Great Yuan,

but rather looked a bit like he was from Great Zhou.

"Are you saying that the man in blue robes is a Sky-Man from Great Yuan?"

Wu Ling inquired.

The officer was startled by the question but respectfully nodded,

then looked at Wu Ling with a puzzled expression.

"Your Highness, aren't you aware?"

"Isn't that Elder on the Princely Heir's Flying Boat invited by the Court?"

As Wu Ling heard this, her expression turned strange,

but she honestly shook her head.

"The Court currently has no Sky-Men at its disposal."

"That elder... must be someone the Princely Heir has sought..."

Upon saying this, Wu Ling's voice unintentionally revealed a hint of shock,

and she muttered to herself,

"Perhaps the elder the Princely Heir spoke of taking action is the one, his cultivation and strength seem extraordinary."

"Maybe he truly can help Great Zhou hold off Great Yuan's Sky-Man."

At this moment, Wu Ling did not see Cheng Guang effortlessly dispelling Zhou Qingxu's attack.

Continue your saga on NovelBin.Côm

Otherwise, Wu Ling might have changed her mind.

Cheng Guang's offer to take action,

did not seek assistance from anyone else,

it simply referred to his own intention to intervene.

Chapter 532 - The Princely Heir's cultivation has become this terrifyingly powerful?! \_5

It turns out that Wu Ling was overthinking.

After Wu Ling finished speaking, the generals' expressions turned slightly dazed, as if they couldn't believe that such a Sky-Man had been summoned by the Princely Heir.

And Great Zhou actually had no Sky-Man to employ.

Seeing the power unleashed by the Great Yuan Sky-Man, every general by Wu Ling's side believed.

If the Princely Heir had not come, wouldn't the probability of Great Zhou's defeat be very high?

Enjoy exclusive content from NovelBin.Côm

Perhaps to even say...

Doomed?

Previously, they were able to defend Hundred Mile City mostly because that Sky-Man from Great Yuan did not take action.

If that were not the case.

If a Sky-Man intervened, breaking several key defensive points, how could they, Great Zhou, still resist?

Originally, all the generals had decided to admit defeat as soon as the Great Yuan Sky-Man made a move, never expecting that the Sky-Man had not acted at all.

They just helplessly watched as their men and Great Yuan's clashed in slaughter.

It seemed they were not intent on victory in this battle but were simply watching as their casualties continued to mount.

A few Great Zhou generals, thinking of this, found it incredibly absurd.

Sky-Men were powerful, there was little in this world that could interest them.

Even if Sky-Men had strange preferences, they surely wouldn't take pleasure in such events... right?

The generals, gazing at the distant figure in green robes on the Flying Boat, then at the scattered corpses around Hundred Mile City, remained silently speechless.

Elsewhere.

Wu Mengde noticed the surge of Qi released from Cheng Guang's Flying Boat in the distance, first startled, then his eyes revealed a surge of elation.

"Mr. Zhou has made his move!"

"He has finally taken action!!"

Wu Mengde hastily stood up, not bothering to dress, pushed away the beauty next to him, grabbed his trousers in a rush, and ran outside the tent to look into the distance.

He first saw Mr. Zhou's figure, then he saw Deng's figure in front of Mr. Zhou.

Wu Mengde was suddenly stunned.

"Huh?"

"Why is there another Sky-Man in front of Mr. Zhou?"

"Does Great Zhou still have a Sky-Man to send out?"

"Isn't the Duke of the State already trapped?"

Confused, Wu Mengde voiced his doubts, his face showing a touch of bewilderment.

But.

This bewilderment did not last long as Wu Mengde quickly gathered himself, his gaze fixated on the distant Flying Boat.

His hands excitedly clasped together.

"Mr. Zhou has taken action."

"Hundred Mile City will finally fall, and so many dead will have some value at last."

Speaking of this, Wu Mengde felt a bit distressed, "If only Mr. Zhou could have acted earlier, there would have been no need for so many of our Great Yuan people to die; perhaps we could have taken Hundred Mile City without needing even half the casualties."

"...And even be able to capture each of Great Zhou's cities one by one, taking all of Great Zhou into Great Yuan's hands."

After saying this, Wu Mengde fell silent once again, his eyes calmly and tremblingly watching the distant scene.

...

At this time, Deng, facing the oncoming black-haired giant, sensed the terrifying Qi emanating from the giant and his pupils slightly narrowed.

"This power..."

"This Qi..."

Deng stared deeply at the black-haired giant, then glanced at Zhou Qingxu, not daring to delay further, and quickly waved his hands.

Streaks of starlight passed through Deng's fingers, above his head in the sky; gathering forces of heaven and earth merged Qi into a massive fireball in an instant.

"Go!"

Deng stepped forward, closing in on the black-haired giant's body, then threw his fists.

As his fists flew, the massive fireball in the sky, like a myriad of meteors, smashed down towards the black-haired giant.

Under the watch of countless onlookers nearby.

The two forces collided.

Boom!!!!

What followed was a sea of flames.

Deng's fists, along with the enormous meteors, hit the giant's black-haired body, and the terrible might spread around.

Any ordinary Sky-Man would probably be unable to withstand a single strike from Deng's attack.

But the black-haired giant roared in agony a few times, with a patch burnt black as if scorched by something.

However, his black flames grew fiercer, igniting upon his body, and in moments,

His freshly blackened flesh suddenly restored to its original state.

The black-haired giant, enduring Deng's attack, howled and swung his fist at Deng.

Deng, facing the giant's assault, showed no hesitation, numerous fireballs smashing down from the sky, converging mid-air into a Magma Giant Dragon that lunged at the black-haired giant.

The black-haired giant stomped on the void, bellowed, and flung out his fist.

It collided with the Magma Giant Dragon!

Another dazzling flash of white light ensued.

The whole world became blanketed in white.

Then came a roar that seemed to shake the entire world.

Waves of terrifying Qi instantly rippled out like a sweeping deluge.

The close mountains were instantly pulverized into fragments by these terrible waves!

Turned to dust and smoke!

At the same time, below Hundred Mile City.

Many far-off Great Yuan troops, stationed on distant mountains and not yet planning to engage in battle, were caught in the aftermath before they could react, turning into countless fragments of corpses that burst and scattered around.

Countless Great Yuan soldiers were horrified beyond measure.

Sky-Men were indeed powerful, but even one person's strength, no matter how great, has a limit.

But...

Zhou Qingxu and Deng, these two Sky-Men, just with one strike, just the mere aftershocks of the battle, had already caused them heavy losses.

Chapter 533 - The Princely Heir's cultivation has become this terrifyingly powerful?! \_6

If the two of them joined forces,

I'm afraid that even if they killed all the people present, they still wouldn't be able to force out their limits, right?

At that thought,

countless faces revealed fear.

They watched the black-haired giant summoned by Zhou Qingxu in the distance as it engaged in hand-to-hand combat with Old Deng again.

Visible shockwaves rushed towards them once more.

They hurriedly covered their ears again.

The whistling sound by their ears, or rather, it was no longer simply the sound of the wind.

Everything seemed so piercing, numerous high-pitched and shrill buzzing string sounds quickly swept past the eardrum, entering their minds and becoming a tearing sensation of pain.

Everything before their eyes made them feel as if it all turned into blurred lines of light.

They hadn't seen anything yet.

Many Great Yuan soldiers vanished amidst the aftermath of the battle.

Wu Mengde, standing in front of the tent, was so scared he nearly lost his senses upon witnessing this scene.

And when he looked towards the location of Hundred Mile City of Great Zhou,

he saw

that the position where Great Zhou was located was enveloped by an aura covering Hundred Mile City, sparing the soldiers of Great Zhou from much of the battle's impact.

They were hardly injured.

In an instant, Wu Mengde's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"What's going on??"

"Why does the battle fluctuation between Sky-Man only harm our Great Yuan soldiers, yet those from Great Zhou remain completely unscathed??"

Wu Mengde looked closely,

and suddenly he saw

that above Hundred Mile City of Great Zhou, there appeared to be a faint golden protective barrier, completely shielding the aftermath of the battle between the black-haired giant and Old Deng.

Not even a hint of wind got through.

Within that golden barrier, there was a faint golden line connected to the Flying Boat.

It seemed as though someone on the Flying Boat was using a method to continuously supply energy to the golden barrier.

Wu Mengde raised his eyes to the sky, looking at the Flying Boat, and beyond Zhou Qingxu and Old Deng, the third figure.

The Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

Wu Mengde could clearly see that the Town-Nation Duke's Heir leaned against the railing on the deck. Facing the magical fight between Zhou Qingxu and Old Deng, even though he was at the closest distance, his face did not reveal much panic.

His eyes were as tranquil as an ancient well, devoid of any ripples.

Wu Mengde carefully observed Cheng Guang, thinking to himself, could this golden barrier be the work of the Town-Nation Duke's Heir?

But this Town-Nation Duke's Heir,

judging by his appearance, wasn't even as old as him.

At such an age, how could the Town-Nation Duke's Heir possibly manage to use such a method??

Wu Mengde was incredibly puzzled.

Just as he was preparing to dismiss the doubt in his mind, he suddenly noticed that Cheng Guang's hand extended beyond the railing, slightly drooping down.

Wu Mengde blinked blankly and, looking carefully,

suddenly discovered

a nearly invisible golden thread was wrapped around Cheng Guang's hand!!

And that golden thread

was connected on one end to Cheng Guang,

and on the other end to the golden protective barrier.

Seeing this scene!

Wu Mengde's eyes widened in disbelief, "Could it really be him?"

Due to the shock,

Wu Mengde's breathing became somewhat erratic.

At the same time as Wu Mengde was shocked,

inside Hundred Mile City,

the soldiers who were very frightened by the battle between Zhou Qingxu and Old Deng,

seeing the tragic state of the distant Great Yuan soldiers, instantly felt that they would end up in the same fate.

But,

up in the sky,

even though the winds that swept down from the heavens brought a menacing force, silencing the whole world around,

it was like the scenery of doomsday.

But,

they weren't affected much by the aftermath.

Even,

the fierce winds didn't touch their bodies, let alone disturb their hair.

"What is that...?"

"Is someone protecting us??"

"Who is it???"

A host of soldiers shouted in amazement after they noticed the golden shield enveloping the skies above Hundred Mile City.

Soon, someone discovered it.

A golden thread was connected from the shield to the inside of the Flying Boat.

And the person inside that Flying Boat.

It was Cheng Guang!

Seeing the golden thread wrapped around Cheng Guang's finger and his indifferent, tranquil face, all the soldiers of Great Zhou were both shocked and excited.

"The Princely Heir!! It's the Princely Heir who has taken action!!"

"The Princely Heir actually has such a method!!!"

"We thank the Princely Heir!!!"

"We thank the Princely Heir!!!"

The host of soldiers promptly offered their endless thanks.

Even though it was possible that Cheng Guang could not hear their words, many soldiers still instinctively voiced their gratitude.

There was a certain pleasure in their hearts, akin to having narrowly escaped disaster.

Atop the walls of Hundred Mile City.

Wu Ling too was watching the activity aboard the Flying Boat.

As the terrifying aftermath that posed an immense threat swept toward Hundred Mile City, she watched as mountains crumbled, sand and stones were flung about, and great rivers stopped flowing in the wake of the destructive shockwaves.

Her bright eyes involuntarily contracted slightly.

Under such fearsome power, even she could only hold on for a moment at most.

But she had no means to protect everyone around her.

Just when Wu Ling thought Hundred Mile City would suffer heavy losses due to the battle between the two Sky-Men on the Flying Boat,

it hadn't occurred to her

that Cheng Guang would make a move!!

What Wu Ling had not anticipated was...

that this golden shield covering the entire Hundred Mile City was actually created by Cheng Guang's intervention!!

"Has the Princely Heir's cultivation... reached such a terrifying level??"

"How did he cultivate?"

"When we first met, the Princely Heir had not even begun to cultivate, had he? How has his cultivation become so powerful now... "

"That even I cannot see through it??" Find exclusive stories on [NovelBin.Côm](http://NovelBin.Côm)

Wu Ling slightly pursed her red lips, her bright eyes trembling slightly as she gazed at the incomparably handsome figure atop the Flying Boat.

She could not understand.

What cultivation level Cheng Guang had reached at this moment that he could so effortlessly shield the entire Hundred Mile City from the battle aftermath between Zhou Qingxu and Old Deng, such powerful Sky-Men.

At this moment.

She suddenly felt that perhaps Cheng Guang had been letting her win all along.

At this moment.

She could not fathom Cheng Guang's cultivation level.

Just as she couldn't when they first met.

... ..

Cheng Guang was unaware that a casual act of his had astonished those around him.

To him, the aftershock of Zhou Qingxu and Old Deng's battle was not so terrifying.

It was just a breeze brushing past his face.

Protecting the whole of Hundred Mile City was, for him, at most a matter of lifting an arm and expending some Primordial Spirit energy.

It was a mere trifle.

Not worth mentioning.

Cheng Guang pondered, stroking his chin, and turned his attention back to the black-haired giant in front of Old Deng.

The black-haired giant and the Magma Giant Dragon released by Old Deng were engaged in a fierce battle.

Both were Sky-Men.

But their manner of fighting held none of the grace expected of masters.

It had reverted to the most primitive state.

Fist against fist, foot against foot.

The black-haired giant even used its teeth as weapons, biting into the Magma Giant Dragon.

Both were seeing red with bloodlust.

The black-haired giant, while tearing into the Magma Giant Dragon, quickly scorched a huge hole in its mouth.

Even so,

the black-haired giant showed no fear.

Its body ignited black flames, and quickly it healed back to normal.

The wounds inflicted by Old Deng's attacks did not heal as quickly as the other's.

Chapter 534 - Beast! You beast!!

Seeing this scene,

Deng's eyes and expression changed.

Deng clearly hadn't expected, though his attack had injured the black-haired giant, the recovery speed of the latter far exceeded his imagination.

"Elder Deng, you have cultivated to such a realm with great difficulty, it would be best if you do not meddle in affairs that are not your concern,"

After a simple cough, Zhou Qingxu slowly spoke up.

Upon hearing Zhou Qingxu's words, Deng did not say much. He reached out with both hands, one hand swirling in motion, threads of starlight and various profound auras circulating around him.

Zhou Qingxu, observing Deng's movements, seemed to discover something and couldn't help but let out a light "hmm," before continuing to speak:

"The aura of this technique is not simple, has Elder's Martial Arts Divine Power ascended to a higher level again?"

Zhou Qingxu could not help but ask aloud.

Hearing this, Deng too cracked a smile, "Whether I have ascended a level or not, a trial will tell."

Having said this,

Deng, without waiting for Zhou Qingxu's response, clenched his fists and swung them instantly.

Boom!!

A loud booming sound echoed in the surroundings, with streaks of starlight emerging around Deng, emitting flashes of light like breaths.

Instantly, a terrifying force enveloped thousands of feet around.

The numerous soldiers, merely feeling this aura, had their eyes pop wide open, filled with horror, and let out shrill screams.

Most of them could not withstand the pressure of the attack.

Even the soldiers within Hundred Mile City, despite being protected by Cheng Guang's Primordial Spirit, felt extremely uncomfortable.

In pain, they crouched down and furrowed their brows.

Zhou Qingxu, watching Deng's technique, nodded slightly: "Among the multitude of strong figures in the mortal realm, Elder's mastery in Martial Arts and realm of Cultivation could indeed be said to have reached an incredibly high level."

"However, you have yet to touch the threshold of becoming an immortal. If Elder were to come into contact with the path of immortality, maybe even ten of me, at this moment, might not be a match for you."

"But at this moment,"

"you are not my opponent."

Zhou Qingxu faced Deng whose breath had arrived in front of his face and was surrounded by an increasingly piercing aura due to Deng's offensive move, but his expression remained unchanged.

He continued to watch Deng calmly.

The moment Deng's figure was about to reach him, Zhou Qingxu suddenly let out a low shout.

"Gold!"

"Vajra!"

A grand chanting sound resounded through heaven and earth.

This sound, ethereal and subtle, as if emanating from the soul, carried an ancient and sagacious aura.

Suddenly, a thick layer of turning hovered around the vortex of air where the black-haired giant had appeared.

A black-faced Vajra Buddha tens of zhang high emerged from the dark air vortex and suspended in the void, enveloping Zhou Qingxu within its protection.

The vast and seaworthy Buddha Power, the dazzling Jet-black Buddha Power, was filled with dense sinfulness and malevolence.

The Black-faced Vajra Buddha, on the surface, seemed to overflow with a gentle smile, but a closer look revealed a rather ferocious grin at the corners of its mouth.

The Jet-black Buddhist Robes seemed to be permeated with a thick scent of blood.

It was uncertain whether the robes were inherently black or stained by blood to appear as such.

In the moment that the gigantic Black-faced Vajra Buddha appeared,

the vast Jet-black Buddha Power like that of a sea filled the air, the piercing dark glow impossible to look at directly, and the chanting of "Gold," "Vajra" that spread across the area immediately drew the attention of countless strong beings on the battlefield.

From Great Yuan's location,

Wu Mengde, still shocked that Cheng Guang could cast a technique to protect all the soldiers within Hundred Mile City of Great Zhou, also noticed the commotion caused by Zhou Qingxu on the distant Flying Boat.

Seeing the Black-faced Vajra Buddha in the sky, as towering as a mountain and stretching across the horizon, his eyes unconsciously tightened.

"Mr. Zhou actually possesses such a technique, truly inconceivable."

"Had he shown this technique earlier, my Great Yuan wouldn't have suffered such losses."

Wu Mengde murmured in astonishment.

In his tone, without his knowledge, there was an inevitable touch of strangeness.

Explore hidden tales at [NovelBin.Côm](http://NovelBin.Côm)

What he had not considered,

was that with the strength that Zhou Qingxu currently displayed, even the Emperor of Great Yuan would need to greet him with utmost respect.

He, still not yet the Emperor of Great Yuan but only a Prince,

how could he blame Zhou Qingxu?

...

Elsewhere,

Wu Ling and the other generals of Great Zhou gazed in the direction of Cheng Guang's Flying Boat, looking at the Black-faced Vajra Buddha half-suspended in mid-air, hand raised slightly, eyes full of compassion.

The Black-faced Vajra Buddha was gigantic, and the aura it inadvertently exuded was extremely terrifying.

Wu Ling and the others felt an indescribable sense of suffocation before they even got close.

"What is this giant? It seems to be... an ancient Buddha."

"Were the people of ancient times all this massive?"

"It is said that the Buddhas of ancient times were a group of people with compassionate hearts, but why does this Black-faced Vajra Buddha exude an aura of evil all over, as if it is tainted with some kind of filth??"

The generals, quite knowledgeable, couldn't help but discuss aloud.

Meanwhile, Wu Ling was also unable to fully understand.

Chapter 535 - Beast! You beast!! \_2

She had originally thought

that in this battle, the war against Great Yuan, even with Qiu Hao gathering all the border troops, they might not win, but they shouldn't lose too disastrously either.

But after witnessing Zhou Qingxu's methods,

her thoughts quietly began to change.

"I'm afraid with this Sky-Man of Great Yuan here, there's no way my Great Zhou can win."

"Had he used such methods from the beginning, there would have been no chance for me to arrive in time, and Hundred Mile City might have been breached by the Sky-Man of Great Yuan in the blink of an eye."

Wu Ling murmured to herself.

Her bright eyes trembled slightly with shock.

While Wu Ling was still stunned, out of the corner of her eye, she suddenly caught sight of the strikingly handsome Town-Nation Duke's Heir on the deck of the Flying Boat.

Under Wu Ling's watchful gaze,

Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, was facing the extraordinary scene and confrontation between Zhou Qingxu and Deng without a trace of change in his expression.

His demeanor was the epitome of calm and composed.

If Wu Ling didn't know that Cheng Guang, the Princely Heir, wasn't a body double or a fool,

she might have thought that Cheng Guang's serene appearance was due to being scared silly by the Black-faced Vajra Buddha.

Wu Ling watched Cheng Guang, observing his silhouette sparkling amidst the Jet-black Buddha Power and the dense starlight, and suddenly, she began to worry about him for no reason.

She couldn't help but bite her red lips, wanting to speak up and urge him to leave the Flying Boat.

Too close.

It was very likely that he might be hurt by accident from both sides, costing him his life.

If that were to happen, Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, would die too unjustly, too miserably.

At this thought,

Wu Ling's eyes drooped slightly, hesitation flickering between her brows.

A moment later,

Just as Wu Ling was about to call out to Cheng Guang to say something,

she suddenly realized

that Cheng Guang had abruptly severed the golden shield enveloping Hundred Mile City and was slowly stepping toward the Black-faced Vajra Buddha.

"Princely Heir! What are you trying to do??"

"That's not an existence you can contend with, even if you can wield the power of a Sky-Man, it's no use!"

Wu Ling was frantic with anxiety, Stay updated through [NovelBin.Côm](http://NovelBin.Côm)

fearing Cheng Guang would inadvertently seek his own death.

At this time,

All the soldiers who saw Cheng Guang's actions fretted anxiously.

But,

they had no reasons to urge Cheng Guang to stay.

Firstly, they didn't know what Cheng Guang's intention was.

Secondly, they could see that in Cheng Guang's present state, his face was filled with calm, and his eyes brimmed with resolve.

At the same time,

On the Yuan Army's side,

Wu Mengde also noticed Cheng Guang's movements on the Flying Boat.

Seeing Cheng Guang approaching the Black-faced Vajra Buddha summoned by Mr. Zhou,

Was he planning to beg for mercy?

Or was he trying to help that old man against Mr. Zhou?

"This is getting interesting,"

murmured Wu Mengde to himself.

He slightly raised his eyes, focusing intently on Cheng Guang in the distance,

curious to see what Cheng Guang would do next.

.....

Meanwhile,

On the deck of the Flying Boat,

Cheng Guang, like a solitary figure, took steps one by one toward the Black-faced Vajra Buddha.

He seemed so vulnerable.

Zhou Qingxu glanced over with the corner of his eye, and upon seeing Cheng Guang, he let out a slight "hm" and then smiled.

"I noticed you've been idle just now, and now you're coming towards me. Are you planning to beg for mercy?"

Cheng Guang shook his head without speaking.

But Zhou Qingxu was neither impatient nor did he focus too much on Cheng Guang.

When he detected Deng, alone, shrouded in endless starlight, swinging his fist like a shooting star crashing toward him, he immediately split into countless clones.

Zhou Qingxu was momentarily stunned,

then he turned his deep gaze toward Deng and swung his hand out.

The Black-faced Vajra Buddha above Zhou Qingxu's head slightly parted his lips, emitting a thunderous shout.

Morphing into thousands of halo-topped miniature Buddha silhouettes, they clashed with the countless shades of Deng.

Every shade of Deng touched by the little Buddhas exploded instantly, not with a shower of blood, but with a gentle stream of nothingness, subtly rippling across the sky.

In the blink of an eye,

Zhou Qingxu's attack had turned the many shades of Deng into dust.

Zhou Qingxu's gaze searched the area and soon saw a figure like a solid rainbow, soaring towards him.

"Found you."

"Go."

Zhou Qingxu uttered softly, and the dark-haired giant who had been standing still and gasping for breath suddenly lunged at Deng to tear him apart.

However, just as Zhou Qingxu was about to take a breath of relief,

he suddenly realized,

that a figure had quietly appeared beside him at some unknown time.

Zhou Qingxu quickly turned to look, and upon recognizing the figure beside him, his eyes widened in shock, which he quickly concealed.

Zhou Qingxu was a bit puzzled by Cheng Guang and wondered why he was suddenly beside him without notice,

even as he himself had not sensed it.

Although he had been busy dealing with Deng, he should never have overlooked Cheng Guang, who was approaching him, a very much alive person.

"You..." He was just about to start speaking to Cheng Guang,

but Cheng Guang ignored Zhou Qingxu's words, calmly considering Zhou Qingxu for a moment, then suddenly broke into a bright smile, "Mr. Zhou, may I ask you a question?"

Chapter 536 - Beast! You beast!! \_3

Zhou Qingxu maintained his composure, with a slight raise of his hand. While glancing at Deng out of the corner of his eye, he focused most of his attention on Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang stared at the figure of Zhou Qingxu, as well as the Black-faced Vajra Buddha by his side, which radiated an uncanny aura, inexplicably reminding him of those bizarre Worms in the Secret Realm.

"Mr. Zhou, the path to becoming an Immortal that you speak of, did you obtain it from within the Secret Realm, or did you discover it on your own?"

Cheng Guang voiced his doubts.

This question was quite important for Cheng Guang; it could potentially unlock the gate to this unknown world for him.

If Zhou Qingxu had obtained it from within the Secret Realm, then it would prove that there might be many others like Zhou Qingxu in existence, who simply rarely show themselves.

But if Zhou Qingxu had discovered it on his own.

Then Zhou Qingxu was very likely the same as Zhang Shunlong and Li Tongzhen.

When Zhou Qingxu heard Cheng Guang's question, he was stunned for a moment and then chuckled bitterly, "You're asking this?"

"The path to becoming an Immortal naturally involves following the footsteps of the ancients. Since the distant past, there have been no Immortals between heaven and earth."

"Even Sky-Men are few and far between."

"Do you think I could have discovered it myself?"

As Zhou Qingxu spoke, Cheng Guang nodded slightly.

"Makes sense."

Having said that.

With an unchanged expression, Cheng Guang took a step forward, closing in on Zhou Qingxu. At the same time, he slightly raised his hand, and a point of golden starlight began to blossom at his fingertip.

"Finished asking, I should make my move now. Mr. Zhou, how would you prefer to die?"

"Die?"

Zhou Qingxu was taken aback by the words, while noticing out of the corner of his eye that Deng, under the siege of his black giant and the Black-faced Vajra Buddha, was quickly losing the ability to defend himself.

Even if Deng could save his own life, there was no chance to rescue Cheng Guang.

With this in mind, Zhou Qingxu couldn't help but show a hint of sympathy in his eyes when he looked at Cheng Guang.

"Originally, I didn't want to get involved with the chance and karma surrounding you, Princely Heir, as it seems quite complex."

"But since the Princely Heir wants me to choose a way to die, perhaps you could share how you would like to die?"

Zhou Qingxu stood with his arms behind his back, his casual and lazy demeanor unchanged.

Cheng Guang simply shook his head, saying no more.

Bang!!

Cheng Guang stomped his foot, stepping onto the air as if it were solid, and the void trembled.

Cheng Guang, like a bolt of lightning, charged at Zhou Qingxu's face.

A flicker of golden brilliance passed by, and sharp blades of sword energy suddenly condensed in midair, slashing towards Zhou Qingxu.

Zhou Qingxu, seeing Cheng Guang's attack, wasn't very surprised, and at the same time, he sighed with relief.

If Cheng Guang was only at this level.

Then the Town-Nation Duke's Heir was probably going to die here today.

"Vajra!"

Zhou Qingxu bellowed.

The Black-faced Vajra Buddha, which had been coordinating with the black giant in the heavy siege against Deng, slowly turned around upon hearing Zhou Qingxu's call.

Lofty as a small mountain, the Black-faced Vajra Buddha, whose benevolent face now bore a trace of ferocity, twitched his eyes and then rolled them back, revealing a vast expanse of white as he stared "palely" at Cheng Guang.

The next moment.

Cheng Guang felt a pressure bear down on him.

However.

Facing an entity like the Vajra Buddha, Cheng Guang showed no signs of panic; instead, he covertly formed hand seals and took out a prepared powder of Tri-color Grass from his storage ring, sprinkling it over himself.

Cheng Guang's actions were very discreet. Read new chapters at [NovelBin.Côm](http://NovelBin.Côm)

Apart from Zhou Qingxu, who was close by, no one else noticed.

Zhou Qingxu, startled by Cheng Guang's actions, became somewhat perplexed.

The Town-Nation Duke's Heir, Cheng Guang, faced the Black-faced Vajra Buddha without a trace of fear, and that was one thing, but now he was sprinkling something on himself in such a circumstance.

Could he possibly think.

That by spraying some fragrance on himself, he could make the Black-faced Vajra Buddha reluctant to "eat" him?

Zhou Qingxu didn't quite understand, and after staring blankly at Cheng Guang for a while, he waved his hand indifferently.

After muttering "Amitabha Buddha," the Black-faced Vajra Buddha lifted a palm and then smacked it down towards Cheng Guang.

The gigantic black Buddha palm, like a black sun descending, pressed down on Cheng Guang with fearsome might.

Even the distant Deng couldn't help but turn pale at this aura.

"Cheng, what have you done...? When I'm holding them off for you, you should be running!!"

At the same time.

Many soldiers on the walls of Hundred Mile City, having noticed this scene, could hardly bear to keep watching.

Although they didn't understand why Cheng Guang could remain calm under these circumstances.

The situation before them could no longer be described by whether one could remain composed or not.

It was clearly impossible for him to survive the hands of the Great Yuan Sky-Man!

"The Princely Heir is in danger!"

"That black thing is extraordinarily powerful, and who knows how that Great Yuan Sky-Man summoned it."

"Princely Heir, run! What are you doing at a time like this?"

Some were anxiously urging.

Wu Ling also couldn't help but become anxious, her pale white fingers clenched tightly together, turning slightly blue.

But.

Unlike others, she didn't avert her gaze.

Chapter 537 - Beast! You beast!! \_4

Couldn't bear to watch any longer.

Instead, her eyes widened, refusing to miss a single frame.

Princely Heir Cheng Guang's method of protecting the entire Hundred Mile City had already thoroughly shaken Wu Ling to her core.

From this, Wu Ling dared to believe that the Princely Heir might truly be extraordinary.

His cultivation and strength might even have reached that of a Sky-Man.

At this moment, Wu Ling not only believed in Cheng Guang's simplicity.

Stay connected via [NovelBin.Côm](http://NovelBin.Côm)

She even possessed a potential for imagination.

Seeing Cheng Guang remain so composed in the face of Zhou Qingxu's attack, Wu Ling couldn't help but think that Cheng Guang might indeed have a way to deal with Zhou Qingxu.

.....

At this time.

Zhou Qingxu watched Cheng Guang engulfed by the palm of the Black-faced Vajra Buddha, countless waves of qi stirring around, dust billowing.

A yawn stretched lazily across his face.

His hands came together, sliding into his sleeves.

Just as he intended to turn away, his gaze falling on Deng who was entangled with the black-haired giant and unable to advance further, all of a sudden.

He sensed something.

His eyes widened slightly, and he looked up.

The face of the Black-faced Vajra Buddha, usually serene with a hint of ferocity, now unavoidably filled with intense fear.

His palm.

Laid on top of Cheng Guang's head.

Without even touching Cheng Guang's body.

It seemed as if he sensed some kind of presence.

And could not move a step further.

The palm shook stiffly as it tried to retract.

"What?"

Zhou Qingxu exclaimed, "What on earth does this Town-Nation Duke's Heir have that could make even the Black-faced Vajra Buddha so fearful?"

As Zhou Qingxu's cry echoed, his hands no longer cared to stay within his sleeves, pulling them out urgently and watching Cheng Guang with a serious expression.

Their gazes collided.

Eye to eye.

A hint of amusement flickered in Cheng Guang's eyes as he pointed at the Black-faced Vajra Buddha above, "This fellow seems rather reluctant to lay a hand on me, why don't you try doing it yourself?"

After hearing Cheng Guang's words, Zhou Qingxu's face twitched slightly a few times, and without replying, silently controlled the Black-faced Vajra Buddha.

Directing it to attack Cheng Guang.

Zhou Qingxu's own strength had been greatly diminished after summoning the Black-faced Vajra Buddha and the black-haired giant.

At this time, if he were to fight Cheng Guang.

Even if Cheng Guang was merely a half-baked Sky-Man.

Zhou Qingxu believed he would not stand a chance against Cheng Guang.

The Black-faced Vajra Buddha, receiving Zhou Qingxu's command, displayed a pained and struggled demeanor, his thick lips constantly writhing, chanting indecipherable Buddhist scriptures.

At the same time.

The Black-faced Vajra Buddha's hand reached out again, aiming towards the direction where Cheng Guang stood.

However.

The palm of the Black-faced Vajra Buddha trembled more with every inch it extended.

It was as if a mountain weighed upon him.

Every motion was taken with the utmost difficulty.

"Move!"

Zhou Qingxu, seeing the state of the Black-faced Vajra Buddha, frowned slightly and couldn't help but urge him again.

And as Zhou Qingxu did so,

it was as if he shattered the psychological defenses of the Black-faced Vajra Buddha completely.

With a roar, his gaze like lightning swept towards Zhou Qingxu, his palms suddenly switched direction and swung out towards Zhou Qingxu.

At that moment, the casual and complacent look in Zhou Qingxu's eyes vanished.

He cried out in terror,

"How dare you!"

As his words fell,

Zhou Qingxu had no chance to react before his body was struck like it was hit by a train, vanishing on the spot, leaving only a cloud of blood mist.

And the Black-faced Vajra Buddha, after attacking Zhou Qingxu,

seemed to experience relief yet also suffered, as cracks began to appear on the black iron flesh across his body.

And he vanished from the world in an instant.

Meanwhile,

Deng, who was still being attacked by the black-haired giant, managed to shatter its head with a punch.

This time,

the black-haired giant's bizarre regenerative abilities failed to manifest.

The giant stumbled a few steps, then suddenly fell to its knees, crashing in the direction of the Yuan Army.

With a loud thud,

a pool of blood flowed beneath it.

It was unclear whether the blood belonged to the black-haired giant or the Yuan soldiers.

Countless people watched the scene in horror.

At this time,

Zhou Qingxu was nowhere to be seen.

Only a trail of blood mist remained at the original spot.

His figure, having been swept away by the Black-faced Vajra Buddha, was nowhere to be found.

Such a sorry state was a stark contrast to Zhou Qingxu's previous demeanor of dismissing the heavens.

It took a long time for many to recover from the shock.

And then,

the sky began to clear once more.

The air was fresh, clouds scattered, the azure sky washed clean, and a gentle breeze brushed against the faces.

Sunlight pierced through the clouds, casting thousands of golden beams, illuminating the earth.

At this time,

numerous corpses around Hundred Mile City, bathed in the golden light, seemed somewhat liberated, and the stench of blood in the world dissipated.

Cheng Guang stood in place.

He glanced around, no longer seeing Zhou Qingxu and shook his head.

"I originally wanted to slap you myself, but who would have thought, you'd be sent flying by your own summon,"

"I don't even know if you're dead or alive."

Unable to sense Zhou Qingxu's presence, Cheng Guang found himself without many options even if he wanted to deliver the finishing blow, so he gave up the idea.

Chapter 538 - Beast! You beast!! \_5

Even if Zhou Qingxu was still alive.

If they wanted to continue to target him in the future.

It wouldn't necessarily be a bad thing for Cheng Guang.

The creatures summoned by Zhou Qingxu, be it the black-haired giant or the Black-faced Vajra Buddha, were mostly similar to those strange Worms.

Cheng Guang had originally planned just to see if those two entities were afraid of Tri-color Grass.

If they were afraid.

Then Cheng Guang would have saved himself a lot of trouble.

But if they weren't.

Continue reading at [NovelBin.Côm](http://NovelBin.Côm)

Cheng Guang didn't have many options, only to take matters into his own hands, live off the fat of the land, think of a strategy, and extract some more power from the Fruits of Path to Divinity for that battle against Zhou Qingxu.

In doing so, although he might have to exert more effort,

Overall, it wouldn't be much of a problem.

Even if he couldn't defeat Zhou Qingxu, with Deng's assistance, escaping wouldn't be difficult.

Although it would be somewhat embarrassing, at least his life would be saved.

Cheng Guang had nothing much to say about that.

Fortunately, the outcome was good in the end.

The Tri-color Grass was effective against the Black-faced Vajra Buddha.

It drove the Black-faced Vajra Buddha into such fear that it willingly slapped Zhou Qingxu just to avoid touching itself.

It killed Zhou Qingxu.

And since the Black-faced Vajra Buddha was summoned by Zhou Qingxu,

The two were essentially one.

So when Zhou Qingxu died,

The Black-faced Vajra Buddha died too.

This meant...

The Black-faced Vajra Buddha would rather take its own life than touch itself???

Realizing this, Cheng Guang's eyes showed a hint of disbelief.

The reaction of the Black-faced Vajra Buddha was even more dramatic than Cheng Guang had imagined.

Recalling the performance of those strange Worms in the Secret Realm, even though they were unwilling to touch themselves, they hadn't made any extreme moves.

Of course.

That might have been because those strange Worms hadn't had anyone behind them, forcing them to attack.

If there had been.

Cheng Guang guessed that those Worms might have, like the Black-faced Vajra Buddha, preferred to take their own lives rather than touch him.

Unfortunately.

Zhou Qingxu was now without a trace.

Otherwise, Cheng Guang was thinking of taking Zhou Qingxu into the Five Daos Mountain Secret Realm if the opportunity arose, to see if he could tame those strange Worms inside.

Since Zhou Qingxu could control the Black-faced Vajra Buddha and that strange black-haired giant,

It was possible he might have tamed the strange Worms as well.

Thinking this, Cheng Guang sighed regretfully.

If those from Hundred Mile City, surrounding Great Zhou and Great Yuan knew what Cheng Guang was thinking, they would likely be terrified.

Beings they didn't even qualify to look up to, Cheng Guang was even thinking of utilizing them.

"Cheng, are you alright?"

At that moment, a voice suddenly rang in Cheng Guang's ear.

It was Deng's voice.

Cheng Guang turned to look.

Looking towards Deng.

At that time, Deng's face was pale, obviously looking overexerted, his breath slightly unsteady, but fortunately he didn't seem to have sustained any injuries or show signs of hurting.

"Deng, I'm fine, thank you for this time," Cheng Guang said to Deng with a smile.

Deng gave an unimpressed snort and pulled out a flask from his bosom, taking a fierce swig for himself.

"You say you're fine, but do you have any idea how scared I was just now?"

"How did you block that attack from the Sky-Man of Great Yuan?"

"And how did the Black-faced Vajra Buddha suddenly stop attacking you and turn to attack the Sky-Man?"

Deng looked intently at Cheng Guang, his face filled with intense curiosity, as if he wouldn't rest without an answer.

Cheng Guang, of course, was not about to give a lengthy explanation but simply smiled, "Deng, I'll explain it to you later."

"Now that you are here, could you do me another favor?"

Deng's mouth twitched slightly, "I thought owing you a favor wasn't going to take much effort."

"I hadn't expected"

"I nearly lost my life this time."

As Deng spoke, he couldn't help but take another look at Cheng Guang, noting that Cheng's expression didn't change at all while listening to him.

No longer could he see that initial reservedness that slipped out unintentionally during their first meeting.

It seemed as if his own cultivation strength was somewhat insufficient in front of Cheng.

Deng hesitated for a moment, poured himself another drink, and then said, "Alright then."

"After all, it was you who drove Zhou Qingxu away, otherwise I might have ended up planted here myself."

"That Zhou Qingxu is far too strange."

"His methods are completely unheard of to me."

"Just tell me straight, what favor do you need from me?"

Hearing this, Cheng Guang, with a smile on his lips, didn't stand on ceremony and pointed across the Hundred Mile City to where the forces of Great Yuan were encamped.

"Deng, could you bring over Prince Wu Ming from Great Yuan for me? He's located in that largest tent over there, very conspicuous. You should be able to spot him with one glance," Cheng Guang said.

Upon hearing this, Deng didn't refuse but instead asked curiously, "Cheng, what do you want with Prince Wu Ming from Great Yuan?"

"Without a Sky-Man, Great Yuan is destined to lose this battle."

"Even if I, and others, don't take action."

Chapter 539 - Beast! You beast!! \_6

"Great Zhou can still hold its ground."

Cheng Guang chuckled and said, "Deng, stop asking. I naturally have my own reasons."

"Help me out with this, and you'll have repaid the favor you owe me."

Deng nodded slightly upon hearing this and said no more, stepping out.

For Deng.

If from the start, Cheng Guang had asked him to capture the Princely Heir of Great Yuan, how could it be considered a favor?

But now.

After clashing with Zhou Qingxu and almost failing to protect Cheng Guang.

The request Cheng Guang was making now seemed anything but sincere.

Deng felt an inexplicable taste of bitterness in his heart.

But he had no way to say anything to Cheng Guang's face.

All he could do was frown, pretend to contemplate, and go to where Great Yuan's forces were stationed to capture someone.

After Deng had left.

Cheng Guang remained standing in the same spot.

A good while passed.

Cheng Guang, with one hand on the railing, let his legs give way beneath him and slowly sat down.

"Damn, the might of the Black-faced Vajra Buddha is truly formidable. If he hadn't held back at the last moment, I'm afraid I would have been seriously injured."

"Blundering into this bet was a bit too risky, not stable enough," Cheng Guang muttered to himself, going over the recent fight in his mind.

As Cheng Guang was reviewing his battle with Zhou Qingxu.

Deng stepped into Wu Mengde's tent of the Yuan Army.

At this moment, Wu Mengde was still standing at the entrance of his tent, scanning the surroundings for Zhou Qingxu's figure.

"What the fuck, where did Mr. Zhou go?"

"How did he suddenly disappear??"

"And why did the Black-faced Vajra Buddha he summoned suddenly turn to attack Mr. Zhou??"

"What on earth is going on here??"

Wu Mengde's lips were constantly moving, speaking incessantly.

Zhou Qingxu's disappearance was like a bolt from the blue for Wu Mengde.

Zhou Qingxu was Great Yuan's biggest reliance in their invasion of Great Zhou.

If Zhou Qingxu disappeared.

Then Great Yuan was almost certainly doomed to defeat.

Wu Mengde himself, who led the Yuan Army in the invasion of Great Zhou, might very well be punished by the Emperor of Great Yuan.

As a means to quell the anger within the royal court.

It was even possible that Wu Mengde might have nothing to do with the Emperor's position ever again.

Thinking of this.

Wu Mengde felt like crying.

"Mr. Zhou, where are you?!"

"I can't lose you, such a powerful man!!!"

At this moment, the ferocious look on Wu Mengde's face turned into a bawling strongman.

Just as Wu Mengde was crying out.

Deng placed a hand on Wu Mengde's shoulder.

Wu Mengde felt the hand on his shoulder, first stunned, then quickly became excited.

Apart from Mr. Zhou.

No one in the entire Great Yuan dared to touch him.

"Mr. Zhou...? Where...??"

Wu Mengde turned his head abruptly to look at the person behind him.

Once he clearly saw the face of the person behind him, the excitement on Wu Mengde's face instantly turned to astonishment.

Looking at Deng's smile, which seemed to bloom across his elderly face.

With a face full of astonishment.

Wu Mengde stood frozen in place for a good while, then suddenly seemed to realize something.

His eyes widened.

Staring blankly at Deng.

He recognized Deng as the elder who had fought with Zhou Qingxu on the deck of the Princely Heir of Duke of the State's Flying Boat.

Immediately following. Experience new tales on NovelBin.Côm

Wu Mengde, seeing the laughter in Deng's old eyes, couldn't help but shiver.

The fierce look on his face was suddenly and awkwardly replaced with a sycophantic smile.

"Elder? What brings you here? Are you just stopping by as a guest before leaving?"

Deng, smiling at Wu Mengde, said, "I'm here on business."

"I'll be gone right away."

Upon hearing Deng's words, Wu Mengde immediately smiled happily, feeling a sigh of relief in his heart.

Just as Wu Mengde wanted to say something,

this time,

Deng did not give him the chance to speak.

"However, I am taking you with me."

With that,

Deng picked up Wu Mengde's body with one hand and flew away into the distance.

Wu Mengde hadn't even had time to react before he was captured by Deng.

By the time he realized what was happening, he was already in the high sky.

Wu Mengde's legs trembled uncontrollably.

He was terrified beyond measure.

He had no idea why Deng had suddenly come to him.

But,

given his current identity, he was destined to face a grim fate if Deng succeeded in abducting him.

In an instant,

even though Wu Mengde was overwhelmed with fear, he couldn't help but let out a scream:

"Help me!!!"

"Save me!!!"

Wu Mengde's voice was loud.

It echoed as if it exploded through the high sky of the Great Yuan Army.

There were echoes.

Countless soldiers of the Great Yuan noticed Wu Mengde's figure, as well as Deng's.

Some were about to intervene.

But the next second, their eyes met Deng's chill-filled gaze.

They awkwardly smiled and dismissed the idea of taking action.

After all, Deng was a Sky-Man.

No matter how many of them there were, it would still cost them their lives to kill a Sky-Man.

But,

to kill Deng, the cost in lives would be enormous, and if they were among those lost, that would be the end for them.

Even if Wu Mengde, the Prince, was extremely important,

at the moment he was targeted by a Sky-Man,

the soldiers had little they could do.

Therefore, they could only give up.

With such an incident, even upon their return to Great Yuan, when the Emperor of Great Yuan would question them, they would have an excuse.

It would be impossible to think of battling to the death with the enemy when their own Sky-Man had already vanished without a trace.

At this time,

no matter what,

the priority should be to flee quickly and preserve their strength.

When Wu Mengde was crying out for help, at first there were soldiers who thought of intervening, but as his cries grew louder and louder,

eventually, the entire Great Yuan Army fell silent.

Countless Great Yuan soldiers simply glanced at Wu Mengde.

Then they actually began to pack up their belongings, mounted their wolfhounds, and headed back to Great Yuan.

Seeing this scene, Wu Mengde's eyes nearly split with rage.

"Damn it!!"

"Beasts!!! Beasts!!!"

"You're really not going to help me???"

"How dare you!!!"

Wu Mengde was furiously stomping his feet, his face turning from white to red to black with anger.

He kept shouting.

Because he was exerting so much force, his voice was now somewhat hoarse.

With his mouth open, he wanted to say something,

but all that entered his mouth

was the endless cold wind.

It left him unable to utter a word.

In misery, he covered his neck, coughing out loud!

Chapter 540 - Mr. Cheng, What Are Your Thoughts?

Wu Mengde was led by old Deng onto Cheng Guang's Flying Boat.

By the time he landed on Cheng Guang's Flying Boat, he hardly had the strength to scream.

His face was pale to the extreme, without the slightest trace of blood.

The moment Wu Mengde's feet touched the deck of the Flying Boat, they gave way, and he collapsed powerlessly to the ground.

Old Deng glanced at Wu Mengde but didn't bother to help him up, instead, his gaze turned to Cheng Guang.

"Cheng, I've brought the person back as well, so I won't join in on this excitement. I'm leaving first," he said.

Cheng Guang nodded slightly, smiling as he spoke.

"Senior, take care," he replied.

Having said this,

old Deng, without any hesitation, turned to leave. However, just as he was about to leave, he seemed to remember something. His steps faltered, and he looked back at Cheng Guang.

After pondering for a moment,

he asked,

"Cheng, what is your current level of cultivation?"

Cheng Guang was taken aback, then shook his head, "I'm not quite sure, my realm of cultivation is somewhat special."

Hearing Cheng's words, old Deng was first startled, then nodded as if suddenly understanding.

He left thoughtfully taking slow steps.

With one step, old Deng's body disappeared from the spot in a few breaths, vanishing from Cheng Guang's line of sight.

After old Deng left,

Cheng Guang's gaze fell on Wu Mengde.

Wu Mengde was also watching Cheng Guang.

As their eyes met,

he looked at Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir of Great Zhou.

In Wu Mengde's eyes, fear uncontrollably began to spread.

For Wu Mengde,

Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir of Great Zhou, was no ordinary person.

Someone who could contend with Mr. Zhou, and even manage to repel him with his own power,

how could he even compare to him?

As Wu Mengde looked at Cheng Guang, fear shimmered in his eyes. His body trembled involuntarily, and he dared not stare too much at Cheng, slowly lowering his head.

"Wu Mengde?"

Cheng Guang, hands clasped behind his back, asked softly.

Wu Mengde nodded slightly in acknowledgment and hastily said, "Princely Heir, we should have no grudges, and you have no need to target me purposely."

"The actions of Great Yuan this time were not decided by me alone."

"I hope the Princely Heir can be magnanimous and spare me."

Wu Mengde was no fool, nor was he naïve. Knowing that in his current state, with no power to resist Cheng Guang, pleading for mercy was the best approach.

Stubborn defiance would only result in his own detriment if he sought trouble with Cheng Guang.

"Spare you? I hadn't planned on doing anything to you in the first place."

Cheng Guang, hands behind his back, walked slowly towards Wu Mengde, looking him up and down.

Wu Mengde was the future emperor of Great Yuan.

But the Wu Mengde of this moment,

did not even slightly resemble an emperor of Great Yuan.

Full of humility, full of eagerness to please.

To those unaware, seeing Wu Mengde in his current state, they would never think of a prince, but would instead assume he was just a minor eunuch from the palace.

At Cheng's words, Wu Mengde's face showed ecstasy, and he instantly breathed a sigh of relief.

"Your words are true, Princely Heir? Thank you," he said.

Wu Mengde immediately prostrated himself, expressing his thanks to Cheng Guang.

But after thanking him, Wu Mengde again voiced his confusion, asking:

"But, what business does the Princely Heir have with me at this time?"

Hearing this, Cheng Guang's smile did not waver as he faced Wu Mengde and responded slowly:

"Well, I need to make use of your face."

Cheng Guang still remembered the demands of his task.

To stomp the face of Great Yuan Emperor Wu Mengde underfoot.

Cheng Guang was clear on his purpose, but Wu Mengde did not know what Cheng Guang intended.

When Wu Mengde heard that Cheng Guang wanted to "borrow" his face,

he was stunned for a moment.

Standing still for a few seconds, he touched his own face in confusion and muttered,

"My face?"

"What does the Princely Heir need with my face?"

Cheng remained calm and pointed to the ground,

"Lie down first." Stay updated through NovelBin.Côm

"Lie down?"

Confusion like never before swept over Wu Mengde's fierce demeanor.

But due to his fear of Cheng Guang, he suppressed the unease and irritation in his heart and slowly bent down.

Wu Mengde placed his hands on the ground and lay down.

Just as Wu Mengde did so and slightly raised his head to say something to Cheng,

he saw Cheng Guang step toward him.

Under his own watchful eyes, he observed Cheng Guang approach, come beside him, and then suddenly lift his foot.

And press it slowly onto his face.

Thud.

Wu Mengde's head was stamped down instantly, his cheek smashed heavily against the deck, making a dull sound.

At that moment,

Wu Mengde was completely stunned.

His eyes were wide with disbelief, and his brows furrowed in shock.

His hands clenched into fists, gripped tightly together—so hard they turned pale and purple—yet he did not let go.

"Princely Heir, what are you doing?"

After Wu Mengde recovered, he roared instinctively, propping himself up on his hands, trying to push himself up slowly to stand.

Qi involuntarily surged from his body.

Invisible waves of air emanated from Wu Mengde, spreading outward in all directions.

Seeing the change in Wu Mengde, Cheng Guang's expression remained the same, but he silently pressed his foot down harder.