

## My System 551

Chapter 551: Hey, What a Coincidence, Right!? \_6

[To think that they were people of Great Tang back then, and even Great Tang would lose to the Heavenly Court...]

[You can hardly imagine what the Heavenly Court truly is.]

[The Heavenly Court is a presence beyond your reach for now, exalted and unattainable, where even ordinary Sky-Men have no chance to join. If given the opportunity, you should still try to join Great Tang.]

[Following behind Zhou Qingxu, who once brought down Great Zhou, might cause some discomfort in your heart, but it's still worth a try.]

[If you can't join the Heavenly Court, joining the organization formed by the powerhouses of Great Tang after its fall could also be an excellent choice.]

[Four-star task: Join Great Tang.]

[Task Reward: Great Tang Chang'an City.]

The system task alert sounded clearly, word by word, in Cheng Guang's ears.

After Cheng Guang finished listening to all the system task prompts,

his heart was deeply shaken, his eyes trembling involuntarily.

Heavenly Court?

Great Tang?

The Heavenly Court, effortlessly bringing down Great Tang?

And the individuals composing Great Tang's power included characters like Zhou Qingxu.

Not to mention,

aside from Zhou Qingxu himself, there were actually a total of twelve others.

A power consisting of twelve Sky-Men could generally sweep across the world.

Not to mention, they were all cunning and powerful Sky-Men like Zhou Qingxu.

Cheng Guang knew that if it hadn't been for the Tri-color Grass, relying solely on himself and Deng, they wouldn't have been able to defeat Zhou Qingxu, let alone kill him.

If Cheng Guang were to face Zhou Qingxu one-on-one,

it can be said,

there wouldn't be the slightest room for resistance.

At this thought,

Cheng Guang's mood was greatly shaken.

What kind of entity was Great Tang?

Why would a powerful person like Zhou Qingxu provoke the war between Great Zhou and Great Yuan, and why join that Great Tang?

What's the situation with the newly established Great Tang?

And what on earth was that Heavenly Court?

Was this Heavenly Court the same one I knew of before?

Cheng Guang's mind whirled with ceaseless thoughts.

Thinking too much

made Cheng Guang's head feel like a mushy mess, completely unable to make heads or tails of it.

One doubt after another, like great enigmas, enveloped Cheng Guang completely.

After a long while,

Cheng Guang slowly exhaled, calming his heart.

The future four great dynasties, and the numerous larger and smaller dynasties in the world, might all have a tough time.

First, the world was thrown into chaos, then two great dynasties, Heavenly Court and Great Tang, emerged out of nowhere, and afterwards, Great Tang fell, leaving only the Heavenly Court as the sole power dominating the world.

A force far stronger than Cheng Guang had imagined.

It's likely that the powerhouses within the Heavenly Court have strengths beyond Cheng Guang's imagination, no longer merely Sky-Men but having attained something above.

Otherwise,

how could such an organization like the Heavenly Court so easily eradicate Great Tang and the twelve powerful Sky-Men, including Zhou Qingxu?

It simply defied all logic.

Cheng Guang took a deep breath, shifting his gaze away from the system task prompt to focus on the system task and the task reward.

This time, the task seemed much simpler.

He just had to join an organization.

Join Great Tang.

It looked simple, and in reality, it was not difficult at all.

After all, Cheng Guang had just obtained an Emperor's Face Token, enabling him to command anyone in the world.

If he could find or meet anyone from the Great Tang organization, as long as he could speak with them, Cheng Guang himself joining Great Tang would be within easy reach.

The task was not difficult.

Instead, it was the task reward that caught Cheng Guang's attention.

Great Tang Chang'an City.

Great Tang Chang'an City??

When Cheng Guang saw the task reward, he rubbed his eyes in disbelief, as if he couldn't trust his own sight.

This task reward,

was it really a city?

This Great Tang was not the same as the flourishing Great Tang he remembered, the Great Tang of a hundred years of prosperity.

So, this Chang'an City might also be different from the Chang'an City in his past-life memories.

But no matter what,

this time the system actually planned to reward him with a city.

It must be said,

Cheng Guang's interest was indeed piqued.

He stared blankly at his mission reward for quite some time.

Soon,

Cheng Guang's eyebrows furrowed again.

This system task reward, Great Tang Chang'an City, looked truly astonishing.

But...

However he looked at it,

it seemed of no use.

It was just a city.

A city isn't used for battle, nor for anything else; could it be that he was supposed to live in it?



Cheng Guang was perplexed, somewhat unable to understand.

Fortunately, Cheng Guang's personality was not such that he would get bogged down by details.

Without dwelling on it too much, he cast the matter aside.

As for the use of Great Tang Chang'an City, he had not figured it out yet.

But Cheng Guang didn't need to worry about that, for now he should think of ways to complete the task, and after receiving the system task reward, he could ponder it thoroughly.

For now, he had no clue how to fulfill the system task.

First things first,

how was he going to find people from Great Tang?

Cheng Guang only knew one person, and that was Zhou Qingxu.

But...

Zhou Qingxu had been slapped away to who-knows-where by something Cheng Guang had summoned.

For Cheng Guang to join Great Tang through Zhou Qingxu, it seemed it would not be that easy.

With that in mind,

Cheng Guang clicked his tongue, looking at the starry sky far into the horizon, and uttered,

“Difficult, indeed...”

Perhaps because the wind blew during the day, it had cleared away the clouds in the sky.

Today,

the stars in the vault of heaven were densely packed, covering the vast expanse of the night sky. Upon closer inspection, these celestial bodies seemed to have sprouted from Dafu Taixuan Palace, spanning the mid-heavens and then sprinkling across the surrounding heaven and earth.

Cheng Guang admired the night color of the starry sky for a moment.

Suddenly,

the Flying Boat made a “bang” with a crisp sound.

It was unknown what it had struck.

The Flying Boat began to shake slightly.

Cheng Guang abruptly sat up, rushed out quickly, and ran toward the deck of the Flying Boat.

“Damn it, my Flying Boat is flying tens of thousands of miles high in the sky; how could it still hit something?”

“Could it be that I hit a bird??”

Cheng Guang mumbled to himself.

He arrived at the spot where the shaking was felt.

Leaning over, he looked down.

At the same time,

the Power of the Primordial Spirit surged out, spreading downward.

Soon,

Cheng Guang saw what his Flying Boat had hit below.

There, lying on the sleek hull of the Flying Boat, was a middle-aged man with weak breath, his robes completely torn, resembling a beggar.

At first glance, Cheng Guang couldn't make out the man's appearance.

But,

upon a closer look,

Cheng Guang recognized the man's features.

And then he suddenly laughed.

"Hey!"

"What a coincidence, isn't it!?"

"It's actually you..."

"Zhou Qingxu!!!!"

Chapter 552: I'm Not My Parents' Biological Child?

Cheng Guang looked at Zhou Qingxu stuck to the bottom of the Flying Boat like a piece of rag clinging to the hull, with a rich smile on his face.

At this time.

Zhou Qingxu, though pale and wheezing weakly, was still conscious.

He heard Cheng Guang's voice, slowly opened his eyes, and with effort lifted his eyelids to look at Cheng Guang.

The moment Zhou Qingxu saw Cheng Guang, his whole person seemed to fray at the edges.

His already pale face became ghastly white.

"How can it be you??"

Zhou Qingxu muttered to himself, a hint of fear unavoidably spreading in his eyes.

This fear did not stem from Cheng Guang's formidable strength.

But rather, it was an unknown fear.

Zhou Qingxu realized he couldn't see through or penetrate the true nature of Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

Previously in Hundred Mile City, Zhou Qingxu thought he was on the verge of taking down Great Zhou.

But who could have expected that Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, would still possess such abilities? He didn't know by what means Cheng Guang managed to keep his Black-faced Vajra Buddha from even daring to get close to him, flipping Zhou Qingxu away with a slap.

If this time my luck hadn't been hard enough, I might well have actually died, capsized in a gutter.

These recollections made Zhou Qingxu extremely uncomfortable.

"I was sent flying by a palm strike from the Black-faced Vajra Buddha; even if I didn't consciously control my direction, I shouldn't have run into the Town-Nation Duke's Heir just like that."

"I originally wanted to avoid him at all costs. How come I have encountered this Town-Nation Duke's Heir again?"

Zhou Qingxu pondered to himself, discomfort appearing on his face.

"Mr. Zhou, care to come up for a chat?"

"A cup of refreshing tea will warm the body nicely too."

Cheng Guang stood with his hands behind his back at the railing, looking down at Zhou Qingxu from above.

Zhou Qingxu, however, did not respond and bowed his head, pretending to play dead.

Cheng Guang stopped talking.

Zhou Qingxu did not hear Cheng Guang's voice.

He let out a sigh of relief subconsciously.

Zhou Qingxu had thought that Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, had decided to let him off the hook. It seemed reasonable after all, without Zhou Qingxu there, Great Yuan was bound to lose; and with tricks like his, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir might wish to spare him in an attempt to win him over.

As thoughts tumbled in Zhou Qingxu's mind, he planned to leave this place, but when he tried to slightly mobilize the Qi within his body,

he discovered an invisible yet tangible Power of the Primordial Spirit sweeping down upon him from above.

"Princely Heir, you...!?"



Zhou Qingxu's expression showed a hint of alarm as he hastily looked up at the railing to the Town-Nation Duke's Heir and urgently exclaimed,

"Duke of the State's Heir, what are you doing?"

At this point in time.

Zhou Qingxu was extremely nervous.

Having been struck by the Black-faced Vajra Buddha, he had sustained serious injuries, and despite his profound cultivation, recovery was not an easy matter.

He would need to recuperate for at least ten days to half a month.

During this period.

Ordinary Sky-Men were not something Zhou Qingxu feared much.

However.

Whenever Zhou Qingxu faced someone like Cheng Guang, he subconsciously became on edge.

Cheng Guang, seeing how Zhou Qingxu was so nervous, slightly curled the corners of his mouth, a trace of a smile appearing on his face, “Mr. Zhou, don’t be nervous.”

“I merely wish to invite you for a cup of tea.”

“Surely, Mr. Zhou, you won’t refuse such a basic courtesy?”

Cheng Guang’s smile was gentle, his demeanor noble and gracious, but his unflustered emotions made it impossible for someone as heavily-minded as Zhou Qingxu to grasp what Cheng Guang was thinking at that moment.

Zhou Qingxu scowled but soon took a deep breath, suppressing all his negative emotions, then regained his composure.

“Fine, the Duke of the State’s Heir wishes to invite me for tea, and I suppose I must afford him that respect.”

Zhou Qingxu’s hands hung slightly at his sides, he no longer resisted, allowing Cheng Guang’s Power of the Primordial Spirit to pull him onto the deck of the Flying Boat.

When Zhou Qingxu's feet landed on the deck of the Flying Boat, he inadvertently clenched his fists upon seeing Cheng Guang, who appeared innocuous in front of him.

At the same time.

Zhou Qingxu also couldn't help but take a step back to maintain a certain distance from Cheng Guang.

The tension in his eyes was naturally not feigned.

Cheng Guang didn't particularly care whether Zhou Qingxu was nervous, or feared him for whatever else.

He went off on his own to the other side of the Flying Boat's deck to fetch a pot of tea.

After sitting down, he invited Zhou Qingxu to do the same.

"Mr. Zhou, please, take a seat."

This scene eerily reminded Zhou Qingxu of something familiar.

Back on the Flying Boat that day, it was Zhou Qingxu himself who had reversed roles to become the host.

This time, however, he truly experienced what it meant to be the “guest.”

Zhou Qingxu sat down, resting his hands on his knees, displaying a level of restraint he had never shown before.

Cheng Guang ignored Zhou Qingxu, picked up the teapot, and poured a piping hot cup of tea for Zhou Qingxu, the fragrance of clear tea beginning to fill the air.

Then he poured one for himself.

And tasted it unhurriedly.

Cheng Guang was patient by nature.

But Zhou Qingxu at this point was becoming impatient.

Unable to see through Cheng Guang, or determine his trump cards, and clueless about Cheng Guang’s sudden interest in him, Zhou Qingxu was extremely nervous.

“Princely Heir, your invitation for me to come up here surely wasn’t just for tasting tea. If there’s something on your mind, just come out with it.”

Zhou Qingxu said, adding another sentence.

“As of now, I have no intention of aiding Great Yuan in their attacks against Great Zhou anymore, so the Princely Heir may rest assured on this matter.”

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Cheng Guang laughed and said, “Mr. Zhou, are you worried that I would take revenge on you because you helped Great Yuan invade Great Zhou in the past?”

Zhou Qingxu’s eyebrows furrowed slightly, and there was still a bit of confusion in his eyes.

It seemed he was saying.

Is it not so?

Besides this reason, Zhou Qingxu really couldn’t understand what other purpose the Princely Heir Cheng Guang might have for inviting him over for tea and refusing to let him go.

Could it be that he saw his own strength and wanted to win him over?

Thinking of this, Zhou Qingxu took another look at Cheng Guang and realized that Cheng Guang's attitude towards him was mostly indifferent and did not particularly value him.

For a moment.

Zhou Qingxu's heart was filled with suspicion.

Cheng Guang shook his head, slowly drank the tea in his cup, and then stood up slowly, going into the inner room.

Seeing Cheng Guang's actions, Zhou Qingxu looked perplexed once again.

He looked around.

He felt like taking the chance to escape while Cheng Guang was in the inner room.

But then he thought about it.

If Cheng Guang were an ordinary Sky-Man, he might have a chance to escape, given his current seriously injured state.

But.

As the heir to the Duke of the State, Cheng Guang was enigmatic, and the chance of getting away from him was pitifully small.

So Zhou Qingxu merely entertained the thought before quickly giving up on the idea, sitting obediently by the tea table, absentmindedly sipping tea while glancing in the direction of the inner room.

After less than half an hour.

Cheng Guang walked out of the inner room with a brush and ink in one hand and rice paper in the other.

Cheng Guang returned to the front of the tea table, sat down, spread out the rice paper, inked his brush, and began to write on the paper.

Zhou Qingxu, seeing Cheng Guang doing this, was at first startled.

Then he became curious.

What was Cheng Guang going to write?

Did it have anything to do with him?

Zhou Qingxu peered over, trying to see what was emerging beneath Cheng Guang's brush.

When he clearly saw the characters Cheng Guang had written with each stroke.

Zhou Qingxu's complexion suddenly turned pale, a rush of color flooded to his face, and he stood up abruptly, moving so hastily that he even knocked against the tea table.

The teacups on the table were tipped over, rolling and falling to the ground with a "bang," splashing water everywhere. At the same time, his eyes filled with shock.

"Great Tang?"

"Princely Heir, what do you mean by this?"

Cheng Guang calmly sat at the tea table, not at all surprised by Zhou Qingxu's reaction, just slowly putting away his brush, blowing the ink dry on the rice paper, and nodding slightly as he examined the characters "Great Tang" he had written on the pristine white paper.



“Mr. Zhou, you didn’t intend to hide it at all,” he said.

“I was thinking of testing you to see if you knew about Great Tang.”

While saying so, Cheng Guang looked up at Zhou Qingxu, a faint smile flickering in his deep and dark eyes.

Zhou Qingxu couldn’t help but twitch his mouth slightly, then took a deep breath and his face regained its calm, “There’s no need for any testing.”

“Princely Heir, neither of us are fools; we’re both intelligent people. Some things don’t need to be said for me to understand your intentions.”

“You probably already know about Great Tang, and that I am a member of Great Tang.”

“Otherwise, you wouldn’t write these characters of Great Tang in front of me.”

Cheng Guang, hearing what Zhou Qingxu had said, simply nodded indifferently in response.

Zhou Qingxu fell silent for a while, then couldn’t help but speak up again, “Princely Heir, may I ask, how did you come to know about Great Tang?”

“And how did you know that I am one of its members?”

“Our organization... has only just been established...”

“Logically, no one else should know about it.”

Zhou Qingxu spoke in a light tone, looking as if he was just casually inquiring.

But.

If one observed closely.

They would be able to see that Zhou Qingxu’s gaze was closely fixed on Cheng Guang as he asked these questions.

It was clear that inside, he cared greatly about the answer to this question, and it was not as indifferent or casual as he made it seem on the surface.

Cheng Guang’s eyes flashed upon hearing Zhou Qingxu’s words.

The Great Tang organization had just been established.

Which meant.

Perhaps there would still be some time before the confrontation between Heavenly Court and Great Tang?

If he could make use of Great Tang, or rather, join Great Tang and become one of its spokespeople, could he later use it to probe that lofty Heavenly Court?

At this moment.

Cheng Guang could still have contact with Great Tang.

But the Heavenly Court.

Cheng Guang didn't have the slightest clue about it.

Currently, Great Tang seemed very powerful, but compared to Heavenly Court, it was vulnerable.

Moreover, aside from Great Tang, it was likely that many other dynasties and many powerful individuals had never even seen the face of a Heavenly Court powerhouse.

As far as Cheng Guang knew.

In the timeline of the system, the real Princely Heir had been entirely unaware of the existence of Heavenly Court and even saw Great Tang as an unattainable entity.

From this one could see.

Great Tang wasn't bad; it just seemed lacking compared to Heavenly Court, but compared to ordinary people and many other powers in the world, it was far stronger.

Cheng Guang thought ahead to future dealings with the unknown and lofty Heavenly Court, forming new plans.

While pondering, he faced Zhou Qingxu's questioning without giving a direct response, merely laughing softly.

"How I came to know is not important, so don't ask," he answered.

“Compared to these trivial matters, I had only one purpose in inviting Mr. Zhou over.”

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Zhou Qingxu saw that Cheng Guang had finally gotten to the point and couldn't help but brace himself. After straightening up slightly, he said to Cheng Guang:

“Princely Heir, please go ahead.”

“As long as it is within my ability, I will certainly help the Princely Heir, and I hope that in the future, the Princely Heir and I will keep to our own paths.”

Cheng Guang gave a noncommittal nod, then tapped the tea table with one hand and began slowly:

“My goal is quite simple, that is, I want to join Great Tang.”

After Cheng Guang's words were spoken.

Zhou Qingxu was clearly taken aback, followed by a moment that seemed like he was stunned.

He stared blankly at Cheng Guang for a good while.

He looked at Cheng Guang with disbelief.

It seemed he didn't understand at all why Cheng Guang would say such a thing.

At the same time.

Zhou Qingxu's mind seemed to be stuck, failing to respond for a long time, momentarily unable to act.

"Princely Heir, you want to join Great Tang?"

Zhou Qingxu repeated the question.

Cheng Guang nodded slightly and chuckled, "Why, can't I join Great Tang?"

Zhou Qingxu shook his head, instinctively wanting to refuse, but then thought of Cheng Guang's unpredictable methods.

Naturally, ordinary people cannot join Great Tang.

But for Cheng Guang, the Duke of the State's Heir...

Perhaps it's not impossible.

"Given the Princely Heir's status and capabilities, joining Great Tang is certainly possible."

"However..."

Zhou Qingxu frowned, eyeing Cheng Guang, "However, I do not understand the Princely Heir's purpose in joining Great Tang."

"Within Great Tang, there are innumerable strong individuals. Even as a singular being, barely noticeable within Great Tang, I could still sweep through the vast majority of Sky-Men in this world."

"There are many in Great Tang who are not less powerful than I. If the Princely Heir sincerely wishes to join Great Tang, that's fine, but if there are other motives, I'm afraid it won't end well."

The intention behind Zhou Qingxu's words at this moment was quite obviously to refuse Cheng Guang.

Just not so overtly.

Cheng Guang didn't mind and simply said, "You needn't worry about me. Is it that you do not wish for me to join Great Tang, or do you mean something else?"

As he spoke, Cheng Guang observed Zhou Qingxu.

Zhou Qingxu shook his head, "This time I've fallen into the Princely Heir's hands, and it's my own incompetence. I dare not trouble you again myself, nor will I conspire with others to cause you trouble, so you can rest easy, Princely Heir."

"I say this merely in consideration of the Princely Heir."

"If the Princely Heir is truly intent on joining Great Tang, I need to go back and report this first. Whether to allow the Princely Heir to join Great Tang or not is not for me to decide."

Cheng Guang listened to Zhou Qingxu's words, and his eyebrows slightly raised.

Hearing him speak,

It was clear that Zhou Qingxu's status and power in Great Tang was not the highest.

Great Tang had just been established, and they would naturally be cautious in attracting members.



When he says he has to go back and report, it probably means informing the main person behind the scenes in Great Tang.

The big boss behind Great Tang has yet to show himself, and Cheng Guang also doesn't know who that person might be.

But it's not hard to guess.

Their power must far surpass anything Cheng Guang could imagine.

Additionally.

Cheng Guang also realized that when Zhou Qingxu said he would report back and that he would not trouble Cheng Guang in the future, it was nothing more than an offhand remark.

There were no vows sworn on the great path, nor any promises made.

For Zhou Qingxu, it was merely a matter of moving his lips, not the slightest bit difficult.

Cheng Guang didn't completely trust Zhou Qingxu and couldn't help but sigh to himself.

It seemed saving an Emperor's Face Token was not going to be easy.

The Emperor's Face Token could be used only once, and Cheng Guang thought, if he could save it, he should.

So looking at Zhou Qingxu, he decided to give him another chance.

Cheng Guang then said:

"In that case, Mr. Zhou, please make a vow on the great path."

Cheng Guang's words, when they reached Zhou Qingxu's ears, made Zhou Qingxu's complexion subconsciously shift, but he quickly regained his composure.

If Cheng Guang hadn't been attentively observing Zhou Qingxu, he himself might not have noticed the flicker of emotion in Zhou Qingxu's expression at that moment.

Zhou Qingxu pretended to be indifferent and said, "Of course, that is possible."

"I, Zhou Qingxu, hereby swear an oath, I will certainly strive for the Princely Heir to have a chance to join Great Tang..."

Zhou Qingxu hadn't finished speaking when Cheng Guang interrupted him.

"Your oath must include two points."

Zhou Qingxu was momentarily taken aback, "What two points?"

Cheng Guang shook his head slowly before raising a single finger.

"First, Mr. Zhou, you must let me meet the person behind Great Tang."

"Second, Mr. Zhou, you must never harbor any thoughts of harming me from now on."

Cheng Guang put forth these two demands and Zhou Qingxu's expression slowly darkened. His face involuntarily twitched, looking extremely unnatural.

Zhou Qingxu's normally good composure was unable to hold up in front of Cheng Guang, dissipating completely.

"Meet the person behind Great Tang? Princely Heir, could it be that you wish to meet the Great Tang Emperor?"

“The Human Emperor is not someone you can just meet, even I might not be able to meet him.”

Zhou Qingxu reflexively said, looking toward Cheng Guang with an unmistakable look of astonishment in his eyes.

From Zhou Qingxu’s words, Cheng Guang had learned something new.

The Great Tang Emperor?

The Human Emperor?

Could this Great Tang Emperor be the future ruler of the Tang dynasty, ascending to the throne?

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The Great Tang had just been established and already he was thinking of becoming the Emperor, calling himself the Son of Heaven??

That was bad enough.

But to actually call himself the Human Emperor???

Truly, his ambition soared higher than the heavens.

Cheng Guang's heart palpitated with shock and awe.

At the same time.

Cheng Guang knew that, even though the Great Tang Emperor's ambition towered, he too possessed strength.

If it were not for the sudden appearance of the Heavenly Court, the Great Tang Emperor, with Zhou Qingxu and the other eleven Sect Leaders, would likely have easily toppled the four great dynasties.

And upon the ruins of those dynasties, built anew a singular, powerful, and united kingdom.

As Cheng Guang pondered.

Zhou Qingxu took a deep breath and said, "Princely Heir, I can assure you I haven't harbored a single thought of harm towards you, but as for meeting the Great Tang Emperor, you can forget about that..."

"Even I can only glimpse his retreating silhouette."

Zhou Qingxu's words, clearly, did not dissipate Cheng Guang's thoughts.

Luckily, Zhou Qingxu wasn't a stubborn man.

Knowing the vulnerability of being under someone else's roof, he couldn't promise Cheng Guang anything impossible, but he assented to all other requests.

After Cheng Guang nodded slightly, he spoke up, "Since the Great Tang Emperor is so difficult for even you to meet, just inform him, and if it is possible, take me to see him."

"If it cannot be done, then it matters not."

"How does that sound?"

Zhou Qingxu hesitated for a moment, but this time he did not reject the proposal.

He knew there were limits to everyone's patience.

Cheng Guang had tolerated his refusals time and again, but he didn't know when Cheng Guang's patience would wear thin.

When that time came, Zhou Qingxu knew that ultimately, he would be the one at a loss.

Thus, he sighed.

“Princely Heir, since that is so, then I shall introduce you, but this being’s presence far transcends our imagination. Should he indeed agree to meet you, Princely Heir, I hope you won’t do anything offensive.”

“Otherwise, if he were to be angered, both of us might...”

Zhou Qingxu’s tone grew much heavier as he spoke, and he didn’t continue with his sentence, instead he sighed deeply.

After pausing a moment, he began to recite a solemn oath of the Dao word by word.

Once Zhou Qingxu finished reciting the oath of the Dao, from the depths of the void, a force descended upon him.

Zhou Qingxu staggered, his breath seemingly pausing for a few seconds, as though shackled by a heavy burden.

It took some time for Zhou Qingxu to recover, and then he looked up at Cheng Guang to inquire, "Then Princely Heir, may I leave now?"

Cheng Guang, lifting the teacup, nodded slightly.

"I hope you don't keep me waiting too long."

Zhou Qingxu fell silent for a moment, then said, "The reply should come very soon, but I daren't guarantee that he will wish to see you, Princely Heir."

After speaking.

Zhou Qingxu performed a simple courtesy, "I will take my leave now."

Lingering not a moment longer, Zhou Qingxu rushed off towards the distance.

As he left.

Zhou Qingxu's steps were hurried, as if he couldn't wait to be away.



Watching Zhou Qingxu's departing figure, Cheng Guang's expression remained unchanged, hand holding the teacup, gently swirling it.

The clear tea undulated within the cup.

Zhou Qingxu had not granted him any power within the Great Tang.

And if Zhou Qingxu remained stubborn, refusing him a glimpse of the person behind the scenes of the Great Tang, then Cheng Guang truly lacked any other recourse.

For using the Emperor's Face Token on Zhou Qingxu could indeed make him take Cheng Guang to see that person.

But whether the other party was willing to see Cheng Guang, that was another matter altogether.

Furthermore.

Having seen that mysterious and unfamiliar Great Tang Emperor, Cheng Guang hardly knew anything about him.

If that person's strength far outstripped Zhou Qingxu's.

What chance did Cheng Guang have against this enigmatic Great Tang Emperor?

Would the same tactics that worked on Zhou Qingxu prove effective against this Emperor?

Cheng Guang had no idea.

Now was not the time to take actions without assurance of success.

Otherwise, one misstep might lead to irreversible doom.

Furthermore.

In doing so, it would not only be a waste of the precious Emperor's Face Token but it would pose a danger to his life as well.

Far too high a price to pay.

For the moment, it was better to let Zhou Qingxu scout ahead.

If the Great Tang Emperor was willing to see him, then perhaps using the Emperor's Face Token on him might still have some extraordinary effect.

Cheng Guang exhaled a sigh, his thoughts drifting.

But when it came back to it.

The Great Tang Emperor's cultivation was much more advanced than Zhou Qingxu's.

At the same time.

Inside the Great Tang, there were several Sky-Men as powerful as Zhou Qingxu.

Why hadn't they acted together?

If they made their move now, the Great Tang could effortlessly conquer all under heaven.

Even if the Heavenly Court would appear later.

That would have been a concern for another time.

Could it be that the Great Tang Emperor had some reservations?

Cheng Guang mulled this over.

Leaning back slowly, he gazed at the distant sea of clouds.

A finger tapped lightly against the surface of the tea.

...

Riding aboard the Flying Boat, Cheng Guang headed back to Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Upon arriving at the capital city, Cheng Guang did not linger.

He positioned the Flying Boat above Duke Zhen's Mansion.

After descending from the Flying Boat, he tidied up briefly.

Cheng Guang then strode into Duke Zhen's Mansion and headed toward the Million Specie Garden.

Halfway there, he saw two individuals approaching from a distance.

The guard leading Cheng Guang on his side, upon sighting the two figures in the distance, stopped and bowed deeply to them.

As the pair drew nearer, Cheng Guang examined their appearance and his eyes revealed a flash of surprise, but he quickly concealed it and with a salute, said, "Mother, Aunt."

Chapter 556: I'm Not My Parents' Biological Child? \_5

The people arriving were none other than Wu Yuemei and Empress Wang.

Wu Yuemei, with a gentle and graceful appearance, was wearing a plain dress, her hands placed at her waist, laughing and talking with Empress Wang.

Whereas Empress Wang was dressed much more splendidly, with her sleeves brushing against jade bracelets, her wrists adorned with gold, hair clasps dangling from her head, and a belt of colored glaze around her waist, coupled with her graceful figure and her facial features, she could truly be described as "exquisitely beautiful".

Walking behind Wu Yuemei, Empress Wang conversed and laughed with her. When they approached Cheng Guang and heard his greeting, she slowly lifted her face and cast a brief glance at Cheng Guang.

At this moment, Cheng Guang was dressed in a white robe with embroidered edges, a green jade belt, his face pale as jade, his eyebrows sharp as swords, and holding a silver-white folding fan, he wore a smile that exuded nobility.

Guanger, this child, really was handsome.

Empress Wang felt that Cheng Guang was more handsome than both Wu Yuemei and Cheng Zhihai.

It was a wonder how those two managed to give birth to such a child as Guanger.

Thinking about this, Empress Wang associated Cheng Guang's appearance, which bore no resemblance to either Wu Yuemei or Cheng Zhihai, and how neither of them had ever harbored any doubts.

It inevitably struck Empress Wang as very strange.

Initially pondering over how to persuade Cheng Guang, Empress Wang suddenly thought of a plan.

Cheng Guang resembled neither Wu Yuemei nor Cheng Zhihai.

Perhaps she could use this fact to weave a small narrative.

To have Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, stand by her side.

Empress Wang's thoughts were in turmoil.

Wu Yuemei, however, was sizing Cheng Guang up and down and then happily approached, gently taking Cheng Guang's hand and softly said, "Guanger, when did you come back?"

"I heard you went to the frontlines, did anything unexpected happen? Are you hurt anywhere?"

Wu Yuemei spoke with apparent concern, scrutinizing Cheng Guang's face and observing his body for any injuries.

Cheng Guang smiled in response, "Mother, I'm fine. This time at the frontlines, I asked Old Deng to help out. He did most of the hard work; I was mostly watching from the sidelines."

Wu Yuemei was unaware of the specifics of what had happened on the battlefield.

She only knew that Cheng Guang had distinguished himself greatly there.

Hearing Cheng Guang put it that way, Wu Yuemei did not doubt his words, nor did she probe further.

Instead, she focused all her attention on whether Cheng Guang was injured.

Once she knew Cheng Guang was unharmed, Wu Yuemei let out a sigh of relief as if a heavy burden had been lifted from her heart.

Chiding Cheng Guang with an affectionate tap on the forehead, she said, "You child, becoming less and less visible by the day. You suddenly went to the battlefield without telling your father or me, just rushing over there."

"And you didn't even bring guards with you."

"What would you do if something bad happened?"

Cheng Guang listened quietly, not saying a word.

Wu Yuemei was just voicing her concern for Cheng Guang, even if her words were only admonishing. It wasn't really in her nature to castigate Cheng Guang or say anything too serious.

Just as Wu Yuemei was about to let Cheng Guang go, Empress Wang, who was beside her, began speaking with a smile.



“It’s been a long time since I’ve seen Guanger.”

“How about taking a walk with Aunt?”

As Empress Wang spoke, her gaze discreetly fell upon Cheng Guang.

Upon hearing Empress Wang speak, Cheng Guang glanced at her in return.

Ever since he saw Wu Yuemei and Empress Wang arriving together, he had felt something was very off.

Empress Wang rarely left the Imperial Palace, and even if she did, she wouldn’t come to Duke Zhen’s Mansion.

It wasn’t to say that Empress Wang couldn’t visit Duke Zhen’s Mansion, but rather that, as the current Empress and The Lord of the Harem, her visiting Duke Zhen’s Mansion could cast a negative shadow.

It might inadvertently lead to speculation by those with intentions, mistaking an ordinary family visit for something else.

And precisely because of how things stood.

Whenever there were affairs or events in the royal family, most of the time, it was Wu Yuemei who would go to the Imperial Palace, with very few from the palace visiting Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Why had Empress Wang come to Duke Zhen's Mansion today then?

Was she not concerned that the court officials would gossip?

Thoughts brewed in Cheng Guang's mind, but his expression remained calm as he addressed Empress Wang, "If Aunt says so, your nephew naturally should comply."

Empress Wang covered her mouth with a light laugh, moved closer to Cheng Guang, and gently linked her arm with his. Although there was a sense of an elder linking arms with a younger relative, Empress Wang's figure was petite; next to Cheng Guang, she was at most like a small potato.

Seeing them like this,

it strangely also seemed like Cheng Guang was leading a little daughter.

Cheng Guang internally felt uncomfortable with Empress Wang's affectionate gesture but also thought that she bore no ill will. Besides, Wu Yuemei was present at his side.

So Cheng Guang frowned slightly, but didn't shake off Empress Wang's arm.

All along the way,

Cheng Guang was confined on one side by Empress Wang, while also engaged in lighthearted conversation with her, mostly about trivial matters.

Out of politeness, Cheng Guang went along and chatted with Empress Wang.

Cheng Guang was fairly humorous and could make even the most mundane topics interesting, causing Empress Wang to chuckle with delight.

It was only after the three of them walked around Duke Zhen's Mansion,

and returned to Wu Yuemei's southeastern courtyard,

that they finally stopped.

Wu Yuemei smiled at Empress Wang, "Empress Sister, it's getting late. Why not have a meal before leaving?"

Chapter 557: I'm Not My Parents' Biological Child? \_6

Empress Wang, upon listening to Wu Yuemei's words, once again cast a discreet glance at Cheng Guang and then simply said, "That's acceptable."

Wu Yuemei, pleased with how quickly Empress Wang had agreed, nodded joyfully and then asked the Empress to wait here while she personally went to instruct the kitchen's chefs on what dishes to prepare for the day.

Before she left,

Wu Yuemei said to Cheng Guang, "Guanger, take good care of Empress Wang for me."

Cheng Guang, upon hearing Wu Yuemei's request, displayed a hint of helplessness in his brows. Just as he intended to rise and leave, he heard Empress Wang speak up,

"Yuemei sister is joking."

"If anyone needs to do the caring, it should be me taking care of Guanger. You go ahead."

Wu Yuemei nodded and slowly departed.

Before long,

in the southeastern courtyard, aside from a few maids and guards, only Empress Wang and Cheng Guang remained.

Empress Wang, sitting upright, watched Cheng Guang and did not immediately begin talking. Instead, she looked towards the distant bright moon.

“Guanger, we hadn’t seen each other for quite a while before today, had we?”

Cheng Guang slightly nodded, “It has been quite long, Aunt.”

Empress Wang also nodded lightly, her eyes filled with emotion as she said, “The last time we met was during a family banquet, but I never imagined that our next meeting after the banquet would be under such circumstances.”

Upon saying this,

Empress Wang paused her speech, then slowly began to speak again, “Guanger, frankly, there is something I need your help with.”

Cheng Guang, upon hearing Empress Wang’s words, felt no surprise in his heart as he had predicted that Empress Wang’s visit to Duke Zhen’s Mansion was certainly not just to see him or to see Wu Yuemei.

She definitely had her own agenda.

Cheng Guang's gaze slightly lowered while he also considered

that Empress Wang might indeed have come for his sake.

When Empress Wang had just met with Wu Yuemei, it was clear that she was intending to leave, and Wu Yuemei was seeing her off.

Empress Wang probably hadn't expected that at the moment of her departure, she would run into him just returning to the mansion.

That's why she had not left.

Cheng Guang was very clear about this in his heart, but his expression betrayed nothing. Feigning a degree of doubt, he asked,

"Aunt, please just tell me directly how I can help you."

As Cheng Guang spoke these words,

Empress Wang's face revealed a burst of joy.

She was just about to say something,

when she heard Cheng Guang add,

"If I can help, I will certainly do so."

Empress Wang's just-forming smile stiffened for a moment, her breath caught, and then she said to Cheng Guang with a smile, "Aunt wants to ask you for a favor, but it's nothing major."

"I just want you to visit Wu Ming more often during this time."

"Wu Ming also said that he has been missing you a lot these days."

Cheng Guang fell silent for a while, unable to help casting several glances at Empress Wang.

She wants me to visit Wu Ming more often?

Is Empress Wang trying to make me indirectly take sides with Wu Ming??

Empress Wang knew Cheng Guang was sharp-witted.

Even if she didn't spell it out for him, Cheng Guang would understand her intentions.

"Guanger, at this moment, your uncle's life and death are uncertain; we don't know when he will return, or whether he is alive or dead. Right now, court politics are swirling subtly around the imperial power struggle."

"Previously, due to the matters with Great Yuan, the conflicts were temporarily suppressed."

"Now that you, Princely Heir, have repelled Great Yuan and there's no immediate threat, it won't be long before chaos ensues anew."

"For the stability of Great Zhou, we need to quickly select the candidate for future Emperor."

Empress Wang spoke in a soft and delicate tone.

With these words, Empress Wang no longer intended to hide her meaning from Cheng Guang.



At this moment, Empress Wang fixed her gaze on Cheng Guang, her eyes conveying a timely show of entreaty.

She wanted to see what Cheng Guang's attitude would be.

He also wanted to see.

If Cheng Guang would reject him.

Cheng Guang was watched with an almost pleading gaze by Empress Wang, to tell the truth, being observed by the reigning Empress in such a manner.

Was an experience Cheng Guang had never had before.

It must have been difficult for Empress Wang, to lower herself to such an extent for someone of a younger generation like him.

Was the throne that important to her, or perhaps to her son Wu Ming?

At present, the world was in great chaos, Great Zhou under Wu Ling's command, might soon be reduced to a single city.

If Great Zhou fell into Wu Ming's hands.

With Wu Ming's capabilities, could he really do better than Wu Ling?

If not,

He would probably be trampled by various forces just a few days after becoming the Emperor.

Even before Great Tang and Heavenly Court made their moves, and before the emergence of those old monsters in hiding, Great Zhou might already be extinguished by a bunch of small potatoes.

Cheng Guang really didn't care about the life or death of Great Zhou.

But for now,

He quite liked his current lifestyle and his identity.

He had to keep Great Zhou alive for now.

Later, when he had his own force or established his own dynasty, the fate of Great Zhou would no longer matter.

Cheng Guang pondered in his heart, then smiled at Empress Wang, "Aunt, I don't understand these matters, and I'm not very familiar with Wu Ming. To go find him so rashly might be inappropriate."

"Let's discuss this another day."

Upon hearing Cheng Guang's words, Empress Wang didn't say anything more, but her face turned a bit ugly.

With Empress Wang's intelligence, how could she not understand the meaning behind Cheng Guang's words? He was clearly rejecting her.

Cheng Zhihai was unwilling to take sides, unwilling to stand with her.

Cheng Guang was also reluctant.

If Duke Zhen's Mansion could forever remain neutral, Empress Wang could still accept that.

But,

Once her visit today got out, and other Noble Consorts learned she had come alone to Duke Zhen's Mansion and met with Cheng Guang, even if they didn't know what she discussed with the Town-Nation Duke's Heir,

They would all become scheming.

They would pay visits to Duke Zhen's Mansion,

Wanting to win over Duke Zhen's Mansion, supporting their Princes.

If Cheng Guang refused her now and could also refuse others in the future, that would still be acceptable.

But if in the future he was swayed by the offer of another Noble Consort, Empress Wang's mood could hardly be described with the phrase "wishing for death."

No,

She must keep trying.

Whether through threats or enticements,

Achieving the goal was most important.

Thinking this, Empress Wang looked up again, fixing her gaze on Cheng Guang, and slowly began:

“Nephew Guang’er, you probably don’t know about your origins.”

“In fact, you are not the child of Wu Yuemei and Cheng Zhihai. Haven’t you ever noticed that your appearance does not resemble either Cheng Zhihai or Wu Yuemei...?”

Empress Wang spoke her suspicions as if they were fact.

But she failed to notice,

The strange glint that arose in the eyes of the esteemed Town-Nation Duke’s Heir in front of her as she spoke these words.

Cheng Guang fell silent for a moment, then his face bloomed with a brilliant smile and he laughed:

“So you mean to say, Aunt Empress...”

"I'm not the biological child of my parents?"

Chapter 558: The Great Tang Emperor, Thousand-Character Token

Cheng Guang's words were spoken, and Empress Wang immediately shook her head.

"That's not what I mean either."

As she spoke, Empress Wang's tone paused slightly before she addressed Cheng Guang:

"I'm also not certain about this matter, but do you think there might be such a possibility?"

"If you truly aren't born from your alleged parents and it's discovered in the future, I'm afraid your life wouldn't be spared."

"However, if you, my nephew, can manage to visit Wu Ming without any issues."

"Then you will always be my nephew."

As she reached this point, a hint of seduction crept into Empress Wang's tone.

“Whatever you want in the future, Aunt can satisfy for you.”

Empress Wang knew that Cheng Guang was not a fool.

It was enough to hint and no more.

She believed that by merely broaching the subject, Cheng Guang, with his own intelligence, would surely think a lot.

Like why his appearance does not resemble that of either Cheng Zhihai or Wu Yuemei.

And yet Cheng Zhihai and Wu Yuemei have never raised any issues about his appearance.

This kind of issue is unexplainable.

Even if Empress Wang knew that Cheng Guang was probably indeed the biological son of Cheng Zhihai and Wu Yuemei.

But looks not resembling either parent is, after all, an inexplicable matter.

In Empress Wang's view, even after contemplating it over and over, Cheng Guang would eventually believe that he is the biological son.

Still, to avoid unnecessary trouble, in the end, he would beg her not to reveal anything and then follow her wishes.

Empress Wang was confident in her heart as she gazed intently at Cheng Guang.

However, Cheng Guang's reaction was beyond Empress Wang's expectation.

"Empress Aunt, your train of thought is indeed exceptional."

"If you say it's not, then it's not."

Cheng Guang chuckled, seemingly indifferent to Empress Wang's words.

In reality.

In his heart, waves had indeed begun to stir, and it could be said that a hint of murderous intent had arisen.



Empress Wang herself may not believe what she has said, perhaps it was just a bluff, deliberately spoken.

But.

How could she have imagined.

That he was truly not the real Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

But an utter impostor.

He had managed to deceive Cheng Zhihai, Wu Yuemei, and likewise, Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan.

If his identity were suddenly exposed due to Empress Wang's baseless speculation.

Cheng Guang would be incredulously amused.

Seeing Cheng Guang's reaction, Empress Wang's face stiffened with surprise, then she gave an awkward smile.

Cheng Guang's indifferent demeanor left her at a loss for a moment.

Moreover, this had been a spur of the moment idea on her part, and if Cheng Guang did not act as she had anticipated, she had no backup plan.

She merely picked up her teacup and sipped a few mouthfuls of tea to alleviate the awkwardness.

A moment later.

Empress Wang took the initiative to backtrack, "If my nephew doesn't believe it, then Aunt has no right to say more. Just treat it as if Aunt was spouting nonsense just now."

Cheng Guang nodded noncommittally.

"It's not quite nonsense."

As Cheng Guang spoke, his gaze toward Empress Wang flickered with a profound meaning.

Empress Wang felt a bolt of tension at his gaze.

For some reason, under such scrutiny from Cheng Guang.

Empress Wang felt very uncomfortable.

Even though it was nearing summer.

Empress Wang still couldn't help feeling a chill.

Empress Wang quickly averted her gaze, not daring to look at Cheng Guang anymore.

In her mind, she kept echoing Cheng Guang's recent words.

It wasn't exactly nonsense?

What does that mean?

What isn't nonsense?

The words she just said?

Could it be that Guanger, this Town-Nation Duke's Heir, indeed isn't the biological child of Wu Yuemei and Cheng Zhihai?

Did he himself just admit it?

That's impossible!!

Torrents of shock and disbelief churned in Empress Wang's heart, unable to calm for a long time.

Question after question surfaced unceasingly in her mind.

But the tangled doubts, like smoke, could not be resolved, forming dark clouds that overshadowed her spirit.

Leaving Empress Wang almost breathless for a time.

"Empress Sister, it's time to eat, what are you thinking about?"

Unbeknownst to her.

And after who knows how much time had passed.

Empress Wang suddenly heard Wu Yuemei's voice by her ear.

Upon hearing Wu Yuemei's voice, Empress Wang slowly came back to her senses.

When Empress Wang came to, she noticed that the table was laden with many delicacies.

Wu Yuemei was sitting by her side, while Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, was already feasting heartily.

"Empress Sister, go ahead and eat. These should all be things you like," Wu Yuemei said with a smile, tenderly coaxing Empress Wang to start eating.

Empress Wang's lovely face was a tad stiff, and she gave an embarrassed laugh before taking up her bowl and chopsticks and eating with absent-mindedness.

Even though the table held foods she usually loved.

Empress Wang found them tasteless, like chewing wax, devoid of any delight at that moment.

Empress Wang's mind quickly drifted away from the meal, and her beautiful eyes occasionally fell on Cheng Guang, scrutinizing him as if contemplating why he had spoken those words earlier.

It wasn't entirely nonsense...

What was this Town-Nation Duke's Heir thinking inside his head?

Chapter 559: The Great Tang Emperor, Thousand-Character Token \_2

Empress Wang didn't understand.

She really didn't get it.

After the meal ended, Empress Wang had no intention of staying longer. She got up, bid farewell to Cheng Guang and Wu Yuemei, and left Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Watching Empress Wang's departing figure, Cheng Guang's eyes revealed no hint of disturbance. He simply tapped the table lightly with his hand, in deep thought.

Wu Yuemei, sensing the inexplicable atmosphere between Empress Wang and Cheng Guang, turned her head slightly and asked Cheng Guang softly,

“Guanger, what were you and your Aunt, the Empress, just talking about?”

“It seemed that your Aunt’s mood wasn’t very good.”

Cheng Guang smiled and shook his head, then spread his hands helplessly and said, “Mother, why ask me? How should I know?”

“I certainly don’t have the guts to offend my Aunt, the Empress.”

Wu Yuemei’s eyebrows furrowed slightly, and then she chuckled, “I suppose, you really don’t have the guts.”

“You must be respectful toward your elders. Your Aunt, the Empress, has been quite busy recently. It’s rare for her to visit our mansion; don’t make her upset.”

Wu Yuemei didn’t know if she was really naive or just pretending to be.

Whether she truly didn’t understand or was feigning ignorance.

Seeing Wu Yuemei act this way, Cheng Guang knew that she really thought Empress Wang’s visit to Duke Zhen’s Mansion was just an old-fashioned chat.

She never considered thinking any deeper.

Truly an innocent and sweet person.

And it made sense.

If Wu Yuemei weren't such a character, coupled with her identity as a royal princess, she probably wouldn't have married Cheng Zhihai by now.

Even if Cheng Zhihai persevered, Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan, wouldn't have agreed.

Being innocent and sweet has its advantages.

Cheng Guang smiled, "Mother, I didn't upset Auntie Empress."

Wu Yuemei didn't believe it and gave Cheng Guang a glance before saying, "Then why did I come back to find the Empress weighed down by heavy thoughts? Before I left, your Auntie was just fine."

Cheng Guang shook his head, unconcerned, and said, "Perhaps it's her time of the month."



Wu Yuemei was taken aback upon hearing Cheng Guang's words.

"Her time of the month?"

Wu Yuemei didn't understand what Cheng Guang meant by that.

Cheng Guang didn't bother to explain further to Wu Yuemei and just smiled at her, "Anyway, it's my Auntie Empress's own issue, nothing to do with me."

"So, Mother, may I take my leave?"

Seeing Cheng Guang like this, Wu Yuemei could only sigh helplessly and waved her hand, saying,

"Alright, Guanger, go on."

Cheng Guang bid Wu Yuemei goodbye and then headed towards the Million Specie Garden.

Within the Million Specie Garden.

The scenery there was much quieter than Cheng Guang had expected.

The first thing that caught his eye was Ning Qianxue, who was practicing martial arts. Dressed in a white lotus long skirt and holding the Cold Moon Long Sword, she extended her arms, swinging the sword fluidly.

Ning Qianxue's figure was already exceptionally graceful, and her martial practice looked more like dancing than fighting.

Cheng Guang's gaze swept past Ning Qianxue and turned to the side room where the Queen of the South Ming usually stayed.

The Queen was not inside.

Instead, she sat in a pavilion, sipping tea at a leisurely pace.

As for the Abyss Demon Emperor's true form, it was lying inside the room.

Wrapped tightly in a red cloth, the body occasionally shivered, proving that the Abyss Demon Emperor had not given up on struggling.

Cheng Guang merely glanced at the Abyss Demon Emperor and then shifted his gaze away.

At the moment, he had no effective means of dealing with the Abyss Demon Emperor.

If he were to remove the Hun Tian Lanyard from the Demon Emperor, the enraged creature would certainly demolish the entire Duke Zhen's Mansion.

He would think about releasing the Demon Emperor only after finding a way to deal with it.

So he pondered.

"Princely Heir, you're back. Do you want Qing Luan to prepare something for you to eat?" Qing Luan noticed Cheng Guang's return as she was tending to the plants and hurried over.

Cheng Guang shook his head and replied, "I've already eaten just now, just have something yourselves."

With that, Cheng Guang gave Ning Qianxue, who was practicing martial arts, a look but didn't disturb her and went straight into the bedroom.

As soon as Cheng Guang entered the bedroom,

he felt something was off in the atmosphere.

Cheng Guang lifted his eyes and surveyed the room. His gaze had just swept across a desk when he felt something unusual.

Turning his head back to the desk,

he saw a middle-aged man in a blue scholar's robe and scholar's cap seated beside it.

The man's appearance was all too familiar to Cheng Guang.

It was none other than Zhou Qingxu.

When Cheng Guang walked into the bedroom, Zhou Qingxu was sitting there, seemingly meditating quietly in a chair.

Only after Cheng Guang entered did Zhou Qingxu slowly raise his head and look at him.

Zhou Qingxu had originally thought that even if Cheng Guang was able to detect him, it would take some time due to his methods.

But unexpectedly,

Cheng Guang merely glanced once and instantly sensed something was wrong; on a second look, he discovered him.

Cheng Guang and Zhou Qingxu locked eyes.

It was silent.

After a moment of silence,

Zhou Qingxu broke the silence with a laugh, “I originally thought that the Princely Heir only had extraordinary methods but not high cultivation. I didn’t expect that your cultivation would be remarkably profound as well.”

Cheng Guang kept a straight face on hearing Zhou Qingxu’s words.

That he could detect Zhou Qingxu so promptly was largely thanks to the Fruits of Path to Divinity.

The power of the Fruits of Path to Divinity had vastly elevated the level of his Primordial Spirit.

Chapter 560: The Great Tang Emperor, Thousand-Character Token \_3

Finding Zhou Qingxu's figure was relatively easy.

Cheng Guang did not respond to Zhou Qingxu's words but asked instead,

"You've come back to find me so quickly; does that mean the Great Tang Emperor behind you is willing to see me now?"

Zhou Qingxu slowly nodded, looking towards Cheng Guang, "Yes, that person is willing to see you, but it requires the Princely Heir to go to him. Princely Heir, do you dare to follow me there?"

Cheng Guang raised his eyebrows slightly, "He wants me to see him, but where is he?"

Zhou Qingxu just smiled and did not respond.

Seeing that Zhou Qingxu had no intention of telling him, Cheng Guang did not mind too much and asked another question.

"How should I go to see the Great Tang Emperor?"

Zhou Qingxu said, "The Princely Heir only needs to hold onto my sleeve, and then I can take the Princely Heir to see that person."

“That person is willing to see you, the Princely Heir, which suggests he places great importance on you. Should you truly, and sincerely, join us in Great Tang in the future, you will not need me to take you, and you can see that person yourself.”

Cheng Guang nodded indifferently, with no objection.

“Now?”

Zhou Qingxu nodded, “Now.”

Cheng Guang took a deep breath, facing the imminent meeting with the mysterious Great Tang, the mysterious Great Tang Emperor.

He couldn’t help but feel a surge of nervousness.

After taking a deep breath, Cheng Guang stepped forward and grabbed Zhou Qingxu’s sleeve.

Zhou Qingxu said, “Princely Heir, you may close your eyes now.”

“Afterwards, when I tell the Princely Heir to open his eyes, then you may do so. Otherwise, if you cannot see, I hope the Princely Heir will not blame me.”

Upon hearing this, Cheng Guang closed his eyes directly.

Zhou Qingxu had made a Heavenly Dao oath, and even though Zhou Qingxu’s strength was greater than that of an ordinary Sky-Man, he did not have the power to escape the constraints of the Heavenly Dao oath.

Therefore, it was highly unlikely that Zhou Qingxu would harm him.

Cheng Guang simply followed Zhou Qingxu’s instructions.

After closing his eyes,

Cheng Guang’s world plunged into darkness.

At the same time,

Zhou Qingxu’s voice started to ring beside Cheng Guang’s ears.



“Princely Heir, follow me and lift your feet.”

As he spoke, the voice just fell,

Cheng Guang’s world could no longer hear any sound.

The sleeve of Zhou Qingxu that Cheng Guang was holding began to move.

Cheng Guang followed Zhou Qingxu’s footsteps, walking at a measured pace.

One step after another,

he had still not reached the edge of his bedroom, nor encountered any obstacles within it.

This made Cheng Guang feel very strange.

He was very familiar with the layout of his bedroom; after walking for so long, he should have already hit a wall, so how come he had not yet encountered anything?

This was illogical.

At this moment, Cheng Guang had an overwhelming urge to open his eyes and see what was happening around him.

However,

just as he was about to open his eyes,

a voice suddenly reached his ears.

“Princely Heir, we’ve arrived.”

As Zhou Qingxu’s voice fell, Cheng Guang’s footsteps followed, landing firmly on the ground.

With a thud,

sounds returned to the world around his ears.

Chirping of birds in the forest, rustling of falling leaves, all entered his hearing.

Cheng Guang slowly opened his eyes, and countless colors flooded into his sight.

Looking at the surroundings,

Cheng Guang was momentarily unable to regain his senses.

This place was no longer his bedroom.

And,

it was not the Capital city either.

It was a deep mountain forest, nearby a pond.

By that pond, there was a bamboo house.

“Princely Heir, please, the person is already waiting inside for you,”

Zhou Qingxu stepped aside, pointing towards the direction of the bamboo house.

In his speech, full respect could be discerned.

When Zhou Qingxu mentioned the person inside the bamboo house, his typically carefree and lazy demeanor involuntarily became more restrained.

It was evident that the person inside the bamboo house commanded great respect from Zhou Qingxu.

One could even say fear.

Cheng Guang observed Zhou Qingxu, then without saying much, walked directly towards the bamboo house.

Honestly speaking,

at this moment, Cheng Guang felt somewhat out of his depth when facing the person inside the bamboo house, before whom even Zhou Qingxu felt subconsciously respectful and fearful.

Strength comparable to that of a Sky-Man was not bringing Cheng Guang much reassurance at this moment.

Only the Emperor's Face Token could give Cheng Guang some confidence.

If this so-called Great Tang Emperor meant him harm,

then even at the risk of failing the mission, Cheng Guang would use the Emperor's Face Token and leave this place immediately.

And this place...

Seemed not to be a normal location.

Just moments ago he was in his bedroom, and after just a few steps, he had arrived here.

If this was not the work of the Great Tang Emperor, Cheng Guang would be dead set against believing it.

In fact, it made sense.

Although Great Tang could not compete with the Heavenly Court,

which could shatter Great Tang to the scattered winds with a mere touch,

Great Tang was not utterly worthless.

At least it had the hidden power that even the Heavenly Court could not afford to provoke.

Cheng Guang's eyes gleamed with light as his thoughts whirled through his mind.

As he walked, Cheng Guang stepped into the bamboo house.

The scene inside the bamboo house was laid before his eyes.

There were not many things inside the bamboo house.

Just a desk, a reclining chair, and a pot of clear tea.

On that reclining chair lay a young man with black hair and dressed in black.

The young man's face was not clear to see, except that he was wearing a fearsome mask.