

## My System 59

### Chapter 59: It's Blurry

Cheng Guang fell silent for a while before taking a close look at the task again; then, he shifted his gaze to the task reward.

“The reward for this task is quite interesting, it’s a Proving Dao Map.”

“And it’s God Level...”

“I wonder where this God Level Proving Dao Map stands among all the Proving Dao Maps of this world.”

As Cheng Guang pondered internally, although he was unfamiliar with the term ‘God Level’, since it was a reward given after reaching the Heavenly Human Realm, it should be nothing short of exceptional.

Suppressing his complex thoughts, Cheng Guang stood up and sat down at the desk beside him.

He thought step by step about what he should do next.

The moonlight spilled through the window lattice onto the desk as a single lamp emitted a faint but steady light in the darkness of the night.

Cheng Guang sat upright in front of the desk, spreading out a sheet of Xuan paper, with a writing brush in his hand that danced across the paper, inscribing many characters.

His expression, serious and focused between his brows, made it clear that the arrival of the Princely Heir had indeed brought him a certain amount of pressure.

In the quiet of the night, only the rustling sound of the brush tip could be heard.

As time went by, the night faded, and dawn began to break.

Cheng Guang put down his writing brush, letting out a long, murky breath; on the spread-out Xuan paper on the desk, the characters displayed a vitality as though infused with the essence of spring, exuding an unyielding spirit like cranes soaring in the wind and swans frolicking on the water!

The character “stillness” filled the paper.

As Cheng Guang’s cultivation deepened, even if he did not sleep for three or five days, he would not feel tired, so his spirits did not wane in the least. He silently watched the character “stillness” on the Xuan paper for a while before slowly standing up. After a simple wash, he stepped into the daylight, heading toward the Book Collection Pavilion.

In the courtyard, Lin Cheng was still yawning early in the morning.

He had noticed since last night that the light in his young master's bedroom had not gone out, so he had not left, choosing to keep the Princely Heir company throughout the night.

He thought to himself that the Princely Heir was indeed diligent, even when it was late at night, he did not rest but instead wrote something at the desk.

Although Lin Cheng did not know what Cheng Guang was writing, he roughly guessed that it was some kind of poetry.

Otherwise, how could his young master possess such astounding talent?

Seeing Cheng Guang leave the house, Lin Cheng hurried to follow his steps toward the Book Collection Pavilion.

"Princely Heir."

Lin Cheng greeted him.

Cheng Guang, who noticed Lin Cheng, was not in the mood to deal with him but simply nodded in acknowledgment and continued on his way to the Book Collection Pavilion.

His time was very pressing now.

The Princely Heir would return at any moment, and before his return, Cheng Guang must make ample preparations; otherwise, one wrong step could lead to irreparable consequences.

After a night of tranquility, Cheng Guang felt calmer than ever before.

Remaining unstartled in the face of events was perhaps the best quality Cheng Guang brought from his past life to this world.

Cheng Guang walked on and entered the Book Collection Pavilion, where he began to peruse the books.

This time, he specifically wanted to find the hidden details related to the royal bloodline, so once he entered the Book Collection Pavilion, he went straight to his intended section and started looking.

It was only after browsing the books for a short while that Cheng Guang became distinctly aware that a gaze fell upon him.

It was Elder Yan De, who had long been reclusively dwelling here.

“Princely Heir has been frequenting the Book Collection Pavilion lately; what brings you here this time?”

Yan De emerged from a side room, his profound gaze surveying Cheng Guang with a smile as he asked.

Cheng Guang didn't expect Elder Yan De, who had rarely spoken to him before, to initiate a conversation. After all, the Elder was always mysterious and powerful, and even his current status as Princely Heir could not warrant special attention from the other party.

Such a mysterious and powerful figure,

yet he was permanently secluded in Duke Zhen's Mansion's Book Collection Pavilion, never stepping out—indeed unfathomable.

Suppressing the surprise in his heart, Cheng Guang replied to the Elder, who was approaching with hands clasped behind his stooping back, with a smile: "I came to look up some information, as I wish to know about the royal bloodline."

Yan De nodded gently, not seeming surprised, and then said to Cheng Guang with a smile: "You wish to know about the royal bloodline? There are no secrets to speak of regarding the royal bloodline; everyone in the world knows that only those with the royal bloodline can cultivate the Spirit Dao, it's the most prestigious bloodline in the world."

"Now that the Princely Heir has merged with the royal bloodline, you are also able to cultivate the Spirit Dao," Yan De mentioned, as if he had long been aware of the fusion of the royal bloodline within Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang's eyes opened slightly.

Such a secretive matter should only be known by Duke of the State and Cheng Zihai.

How does this Elder know?

Did he figure it out on his own?

Or did Duke of the State tell him?

Cheng Guang was puzzled for a moment.

Yan De evidently noticed the surprise in Cheng Guang's eyes but said nothing more, merely smiled, and steered the conversation back, continuing to ask:

"Does the Princely Heir wish to know about the royal family's bloodline information?"

Cheng Guang fell silent for a while, a breeze fluttered by, making his brocade clothes waft gently, and his young face revealed an inquisitive and naive smile.

“Elder Yan, I want to know, can a royal family’s bloodline that has been extracted be taken back?”

Cheng Guang asked his question in a vague yet clear manner.

This Yan De knew he had integrated the royal family’s bloodline; it seemed he knew more than Cheng Guang himself knew.

In asking this way, Cheng Guang could mislead Yan De to think about whether the Princely Heir’s bloodline, which had been extracted when he was born, could still be reclaimed.

Yan De evidently thought the same.

“No, the Great Zhou Imperial Family does not allow their bloodline to be disclosed carelessly, let alone... for our Duke Zhen’s Mansion to possess it since there is a clear distinction between the ruler and his subjects, not to mention Duke Zhen’s Mansion is no ordinary vassal.”

Yan De did not hesitate, as he lightly flicked his sleeve, “The Princely Heir now has a brand new royal bloodline, with concentration and aptitude not far off from the princes and princesses within the Imperial Palace; don’t even think about taking back bloodlines.”

Cheng Guang merely shook his head, Yan De’s answer had no issues, but it was not his concern; he didn’t care whether he could reclaim the Princely Heir’s bloodline, he was concerned about whether he could take back his own bloodline.

“Elder Yan, you just need to tell me the method, I’m just curious that’s all, I won’t do anything foolish.”

Yan De seemed as if he wanted to say more, but stopped, only giving Cheng Guang a look, as if puzzled by the significance of Cheng Guang’s question.

But even after thinking for a long time, he couldn’t come up with a reason.

Cheng Guang now already possessed the royal bloodline; the bloodline’s previous aversion was so severe that he had never considered reclaiming his own bloodline.

Now that he had a brand new royal bloodline, whether to claim back the previous one had lost much significance.

Even more so, there was no need to risk offending the royal family by actually attempting such a feat.

It seemed to be mere curiosity from the Princely Heir.

Yan De thought carefully, said nothing further, and reached towards a shelf beside him; a book hidden at the bottom of the shelf was pulled out through the air.

“Princely Heir, this is the method to extract bloodlines. The royal family’s bloodline is noble and extraordinary, and there are those in the world willing to take risks, attempting to seize the fortune of the realm.”

“Extracting a bloodline is not difficult; what’s hard is integration. Even for the Duke of the State at the Heavenly Human Realm, forcefully integrating a royal bloodline is not easy.”

“If the bloodline that has been extracted is originally one’s own, then integration would not be an issue.”

Yan De added, handing the book to Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang thanked him, took the book, and turned to leave.

Yan De watched Cheng Guang’s departing figure, somehow feeling that the Princely Heir’s eyes seemed to shine with a certain brilliance.

Could it be that he truly intended to extract back his own bloodline?

Impossible, if he really planned to do so, he’d probably have to contend with the entire Great Zhou Imperial Family.

Yan De couldn’t help but laugh in disbelief, looking towards Cheng Guang.

As Cheng Guang departed, his stature was upright; as he walked, his waist adorned with the cold of years past, pine and cypress gently rustled.

Every motion was permeated with an unshakable nobility.

His every step shone brightly, as if a myriad of blossoms flourished around him.

The Way of Star Observation lies in observation.

Yan De watched Cheng Guang's silhouette for a while, his elderly eyes shimmering with inexplicable starlight, revealing a touch of emotion.

He actually...

Could no longer see clearly.