

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 7 - Chapter 5: Got Played Chapter 7: Chapter 5: Got Played

Wu Ling had only one thought in her mind: It was over.

3

She didn't know why Cheng Guang had called her, but based on her past experiences, these nobles whom she couldn't afford to offend suddenly seeking her out usually didn't bode well.

As a foreigner, she had never seen herself as a true princess of the Great Zhou nobility.

In the imperial harem filled with taboos everywhere, Wu Ling had her own unique way of survival.

Hear nothing, see nothing, smell nothing, be the invisible little figure in the palace.

This way, very few people would deliberately target her, and apart from living somewhat poorly, she didn't have any bothersome matters.

Wu Ling couldn't understand why Cheng Guang would take notice of her, someone so low-key.

She only glanced at Cheng Guang before quickly lowering her head, not daring to look directly into his eyes, while her body quietly moved a few steps backward.

Cheng Guang couldn't help but laugh.

"Wu Ling, come here," he said.

Cheng Guang beckoned again.

Seeing there was no way to avoid it, Wu Ling slowly started walking towards Cheng Guang.

"I have seen the Crown Prince," she said.

5

As she approached, Wu Ling lowered her head, softly uttering her greetings.

Cheng Guang observed Wu Ling thoroughly, as before, she had kept her head down and he hadn't seen her face clearly. Now, from a closer distance, he realized just how stunningly beautiful the future Empress of Great Zhou was.

3

Having played the role of the Princely Heir for so long, Cheng Guang prided himself on being worldly, yet he had never seen such a beautiful woman before.

3

Wu Ling was like a pure and flawless little white flower, standing tall and graceful, with bright eyes and white teeth, and skin fairer than snow, giving off a transcendent aura that was clear yet not otherworldly.

Her appearance was appealing, but such a temperament hardly seemed fitting for the future Empress of Great Zhou. It seemed his mission was coming to fruition.

A slight smile appeared on Cheng Guang's lips, with a hint of the wolf tricking the lamb, as he spoke slowly.

"Wu Ling, have you ever practiced cultivation in your daily life?" he asked.

"Not at all," replied Wu Ling, shaking her head in confusion, "Princely Heir, why have you called me here?"

Cheng Guang felt joyful inside. She had never practiced cultivation?

That was excellent news!

Cheng Guang gazed at Wu Ling's delicate, fair face.

He thought, My fists, as big as sandbags, if they struck her face, she probably would cry for a long time.

3

This is perfect! Absolutely perfect!

4

Feeling slightly guilty about bullying a little lamb, Cheng Guang spoke quietly, "Would you be willing to have a competition with me?"

"A competition?" Wu Ling was startled, and immediately her face lost color and she quickly shook her head. "I can't do it," she said.

Anxiety started to shimmer in her bright eyes.

"Can't do it? Why not?" Cheng Guang didn't think much of it. "Rest assured, I will be gentle and won't hurt you," he assured.

1

Cheng Guang thought that since Wu Ling had no cultivation, he was sure to win, and hence he started to comfort her.

A feeling of despair set in Wu Ling's heart, her eyes brimming with unshed tears, inwardly thinking how this nobleman could be so troublesome, even insisting on competing with someone like her who had never practiced cultivation.

Wu Ling wasn't aware of Cheng Guang's strength, but she thought that, being the Princely Heir, his Cultivation Realm must be quite high after being nurtured with countless precious treasures.

Was this not plain bullying?

Wu Ling entertained thoughts of refusal, but she also knew the person before her was the Duke's Heir, and also Empress Dowager Li's most beloved grandson, far above what her late-introduced princess status could compare to.

She couldn't afford to offend Cheng Guang; otherwise, her life hereafter might become even more difficult.

With this realization, Wu Ling felt an urge to cry, her eyes brimming with tears, looking pitiful and helpless.

"Well... Well, okay..." she said.

"How do you propose we compete, Crown Prince?" she asked.

Cheng Guang, looking at Wu Ling's pitiful state, decided against close combat and remembered that the system's mission had only required him to defeat the Empress of Great Zhou, with no specific method of victory stipulated.

1

In this case, arm-wrestling, a traditional game of strength from his previous life, would do just fine.

"Come on, give me your hand," he said.

Cheng Guang placed his hand on the stone table, readying his pose.

"Give you my hand?" Wu Ling looked at Cheng Guang in bewilderment, not understanding what Cheng Guang intended by the gesture.

1

Without a second thought, Cheng Guang stepped forward, took Wu Ling's hand, positioned her elbow on the table, and helped her set her stance.

Wu Ling's hand was unexpectedly soft and carried a slight chill to the touch, soothing to hold, but Cheng Guang didn't let his mind dwell on this.

"We'll see whose strength is greater. Just press your hand down, and whoever's back of hand touches the table first loses. If you win..." he said.

1

Cheng Guang was about to tempt Wu Ling with a grand promise, inspiring her to give her all, but in the next moment...

Smack!

Cheng Guang's hand was suddenly slammed onto the stone table by a tremendous force.

1

His hand instantly turned a bright red.

Before Cheng Guang could react, he had already lost.

"Princely Heir, is it like this?" Wu Ling weakly asked, apparently also not expecting to press Cheng Guang's hand to the table so effortlessly.

2

She thought to herself that the Princely Heir was quite nice, considerately helping her familiarize with the rules and intentionally going easy on her.

A slight twitch appeared at the corner of Cheng Guang's mouth as he seemed to question life itself.

This girl in front of him was strong.

2

"You really haven't cultivated before?" Cheng Guang asked again to confirm.

"Yes, Princely Heir," Wu Ling nodded.

Cheng Guang took a deep breath, feeling suddenly more confident.

That just now must have been a fluke!

2

This girl took advantage when I was off guard, ambushing this old man in his twenties!

This time I'm going to get serious!

"Then let's do it again. I'll count one, two, three, and we'll both push at the same time."

Wu Ling obediently agreed.

"One, two, three..."

As soon as he finished speaking, not long after...

Smack!

Cheng Guang's hand was slapped onto the table once again, powerlessly.

1

His face once again displayed his life questioning.

1

What's going on here?

5

This girl who has never cultivated before, why is she so much stronger than me?

Both on the same starting line, and I'm a man, so why do I keep losing to a woman without any dignity??

"Let's do it again!" Cheng Guang gritted his teeth.

5

Having played arm-wrestling countless times with his deskmate, Cheng Guang considered himself talented, and also mastered quite a few tricks.

In the following period, after Cheng Guang pulled out all the stops, he deeply understood that in arm-wrestling, absolute overpowering strength triumphs over all the fancy techniques.

Smack, smack, smack...

The sound of his hand slamming against the table was relentless.

Cheng Guang silently withdrew his hand and said emotionally, "I'm not playing anymore."

1

He hid his hand under the stone table, the back of it bright red and faintly trembling.

At this moment, Cheng Guang's heart was in turmoil.

He'd been played!

Definitely played, Wu Ling was no little bunny at all!

1

Clearly a big bad wolf in disguise, even playing the role of a pig to eat the tiger right before his eyes!

2

With her seemingly harmless appearance, and no sign of cultivation, but why was her strength so overwhelming??

Cheng Guang didn't understand, deeply didn't understand.

While Cheng Guang was in mental collapse questioning life, Wu Ling flexed her wrist.

Her small hand once again tightly grasped Cheng Guang's, her clear eyes revealing a hint of seriousness as she said earnestly.

"Crown Prince, I have learned the rules of this game. From now on, don't hold back, let's have a real match."

4

"I won't ask for much, just let me leave if I win," she continued.

Wu Ling spoke sincerely, but those innocent words shattered Cheng Guang's mental defenses.

So you still think all that before was just a warm-up??

2

No more, I'm done!

Absolutely can't play at all!!

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