

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 8 - Chapter 6: No More Martial Morality! Chapter 8: Chapter 6: No More Martial Morality!

Cheng Guang felt distressed.

I'm such a loser.

3

Where did I go easy?

You could have insulted me directly, and I wouldn't have felt as humiliated as this!!

1

Cheng Guang's feelings were mixed, yet he smiled, maintaining his composure as he said, "Let's stop here. I've already tested you just now. Your power is too weak, I'm afraid I might hurt you if I use my full strength."

With these words, Wu Ling paused, her bright eyes blankly gazing for a moment, seemingly touched, and her nose twitched.

"Princely Heir, it turns out you're actually a good person."

Cheng Guang wanted to curse again upon hearing this.

You're the good person, your whole family is good people.

9

But thinking it over, since she meant no harm, Cheng Guang decided to let this naive girl off the hook.

3

Cheng Guang tried to pull his hand from Wu Ling's grasp, applying a bit of force, only to find his hand firmly held by Wu Ling, unable to be pulled away.

This was pretty awkward.

Cheng Guang exerted force secretly, almost using all the effort he could muster, whereas Wu Ling seemed to have no reaction, her cheeks just turning slightly rosy.

"Princely Heir, please, stop scratching the palm of my hand, it tickles..." Wu Ling shifted her body and muttered.

9

The smile on Cheng Guang's face became a bit stiff.

I'm almost exerting myself to the maximum, and you think I'm tickling you?

People who don't know any better might think I'm flirting with you!

Speaking of which, what kind of strength does this girl have?

Could a person who hasn't practiced martial arts have such strength?

"Alright, let go, it's hot, and sweaty."

Cheng Guang, left with no choice, straightforwardly spoke out, patting Wu Ling's hand with his other hand.

Wu Ling seemed to suddenly understand and promptly released Cheng Guang's hand.

She quickly apologized and took out a handkerchief, thoughtfully wiping his fingers as if something dirty on her had stained him.

In Wu Ling's mind, her status was clearly no match for Cheng Guang's. Inside the palace, some nobles generally didn't like to touch things that had been directly handled by servants, let alone sweat.

Wu Ling feared that Cheng Guang might disdain the sweat from the palm of her hand, so she took the initiative to wipe it off.

Cheng Guang's previous words were just an excuse to make Wu Ling loosen her grip. Her hands were icy cool, which in summer could be tucked in the chest as a makeshift air conditioner, there was no sweat at all.

Watching Wu Ling diligently wiping his fingers, Cheng Guang sighed inwardly. She was much more considerate than his girlfriend from his former life who would only tell him to wipe it himself afterward.

1

With a petty character's mentality, Cheng Guang secretly revealed for a moment, then calmly retracted his hand.

"There, it wasn't dirty to begin with. You're almost rubbing my skin raw."

Wu Ling's cheeks flushed slightly, not sure how to respond.

"Let's forget arm-wrestling. I can't bear to bully you, so let me teach you something new instead."

Cheng Guang got up and searched for a bunch of black and white stones by the lakeside, drawing a checkerboard on a stone table.

"This is Five in a Row. You win by connecting five stones in a line..."

1

Cheng Guang placed stones on the board, demonstrating to Wu Ling.

Since he wasn't good at martial arts, he turned to scholarly pursuits.

6

After a simple explanation of the rules, Cheng Guang let Wu Ling make the first move.

By now, Wu Ling also realized that Cheng Guang had no ill intentions, he was simply inviting her to play along, so the oppressive feeling of long staying in the palace dissipated quite a bit, and she relaxed and got deeply involved in the game.

As they began to play, Wu Ling took a long time to consider each move since Five in a Row was a completely new game to her, never seen before – simple, yet strategizing each step to win was required.

To complete the mission, Cheng Guang decided not to abide by the martial virtues.

Taking advantage of Wu Ling's unfamiliarity with the game rules and tactics, Cheng Guang won the first round outright.

9

The cold voice of the system in his mind rang out just in time.

[Defeating the Empress of Great Zhou, mission accomplished.]

5

[Would you like to receive the reward?]

As expected, this not-so-smart system was still pretty easy to fool.

Cheng Guang didn't know what to say.

The reward was called the Ancient Bloodline of the Great Xia Royal Family; when it comes to bloodlines, Cheng Guang had no idea what would happen when he received the reward.

He decided to wait until this was over and then quietly accept it somewhere secluded.

2

With the mission accomplished, and the conversation between Princely Heir's mother Mrs. Wu still ongoing, Cheng Guang, with nothing better to do, casually continued to play Five in a Row with Wu Ling.

Aside from the first round when Wu Ling played very slowly, each subsequent round saw her placing stones faster and faster.

Cheng Guang had barely made his move before Wu Ling swiftly countered, pressing on with every step.

The change from before and after seemed like it was not the same person.

In the following few games, Cheng Guang lost more than he won. Thankfully, the mission was complete, so he felt no pressure and playing chess with Wu Ling became a way to pass the time.

While Cheng Guang and Wu Ling were intently playing Go, a procession appeared not far away.

4

It was a magnificent sight, with hundreds of people following behind at a glance.

The eunuch attending Cheng Guang noticed the arrival first, quickly knelt down, and paid respects to the distant figures, just about to say something.

However, the newcomers gestured with their hand and leisurely approached the pavilion where Cheng Guang was seated.

The authoritative eyes showed a flicker of surprise upon seeing Cheng Guang and the tightly concentrated expression of Wu Ling across from him at the pavilion.

It seemed they had not expected these two to be playing together.

1

The figure gestured for his retinue to halt and approached the pavilion alone, silently arriving behind Cheng Guang, observing the two for an instant before his gaze fell upon the chessboard drawn on the ancient table.

This looked like... the game of Go...

No, this was not Go, but something else...

1

Interesting.

The newcomer nodded slightly; he seemed to be in his fifties, with half his hair turned white, his face stern, naturally exuding an imposing aura.

6

Just his silent presence was enough to instill fear in the hearts of the eunuchs and others kneeling on the ground not far away.

Emperor Wu Shang, with the reign title Yongtai.

The Yongtai Emperor was a man who truly rose from the bottom, an emperor who had fought his way to the throne.

In his youth, Great Zhou was in turmoil, the Border Areas were breached, and from the Eight-layered Devil Realm, and the Ten-Layered Demon Sea, Demon Beasts poured out, bringing catastrophe to all living beings.

The Ancestor Emperor met an unexpected demise during the chaos, and the entire Great Zhou relied solely on the efforts of the then Duke Zhen Guo, Cheng Shiyuan. At that time, the Crown Prince, yearning for ascension, insisted on an extravagant coronation ceremony even as Great Zhou was engulfed in flames of war.

Meanwhile, Yongtai Emperor was still in the Border Area, fighting fiercely against the Demon Beasts alongside many soldiers.

He entered the battlefield at ten, his fame spread at twelve, and after reaching adulthood, he accomplished many remarkable feats.

1

Even the Crown Prince, hundreds of years his senior, could not compare to him.

However, according to the ancient traditions of Great Zhou, the throne was passed to the eldest legitimate son, not the younger, and from direct lineage, not collateral. The

Yongtai Emperor was not originally in line for succession. Later, with Empress Dowager Li's staunch support and the backing of many soldiers, Wu Shang was enthroned as Emperor Yongtai.

After the Crown Prince was deposed, he quietly built up his strength and plotted rebellion, but to no avail. After a struggle, he fled Great Zhou and his whereabouts were unknown.

3

Thereafter, under the leadership of the Yongtai Emperor, Great Zhou slowly quelled the chaos and even launched a northern expedition, penetrating deep into the Eight-layered Devil Realm and the Ten-Layered Demon Sea.

In the face of the Demon Emperor and the Demon Lords, he boldly laughed and returned.

Nearly three decades have passed, and through his diligence and hands-on governance, he treated his people well and proved that even if one wasn't the legitimate firstborn and lacked a strong claim, one could still be a good emperor.

2

And now, this legendary emperor stood just behind Cheng Guang, who was completely unaware.

Cheng Guang had no cultivation; if the emperor chose to conceal his presence, Cheng Guang would never be able to detect him.

After the game ended, Wu Ling let out a sigh of relief, contentedly placed down the stones, and was about to speak to Cheng Guang when she suddenly saw the imposing man standing behind him. Her smile slowly faded.

Her demeanor became cold, and she silently turned her head away.

Cheng Guang, noticing the change in Wu Ling's expression, sensed something behind him.

He immediately turned to look.

At the same time, the ruler of Great Zhou also shifted his gaze toward him.

Eyes met.

Just with one glance, Cheng Guang recognized the man in the bright yellow dragon robe behind him; it was Emperor Zhou, Wu Shang.

He felt slightly unnerved, his identity as the Princely Heir making him uneasy in the presence of Emperor Zhou.

Under the unwavering gaze of the emperor, his heartbeat began to accelerate.

"Greetings, Uncle," he said.

Recalling Qing Luan's earlier words, Cheng Guang suppressed his emotions and immediately stood up to pay his respects formally.

In the watchful eyes of Emperor Zhou, Cheng Guang felt immense pressure and dared not speak carelessly. If even a hint of discrepancy were detected, his true identity would surely be exposed.

At that moment, there might be more than three thousand ways he could meet a terrible end.

All he could do now was try not to show any sign of abnormality.

As Cheng Guang stood to pay his respects, Wu Ling's expression, though much colder, still maintained a semblance of respect as she stood up as well.

"Greetings, Father Emperor," she said.

After speaking, Wu Ling let out a cold huff, showing no respect to the Yongtai Emperor.

4

The attendants behind the emperor turned pale with fright; in the entire Imperial Palace, it seemed only this newly arrived princess could behave with such an attitude toward Emperor Zhou.

Others wouldn't dare to do so even if they were given a hundred times the courage.

"Rise," said Emperor Zhou, unfazed. His gaze swept over Wu Ling, and then, as it had with her, he once again let out a cold huff and looked back at Cheng Guang.

This left Cheng Guang somewhat disgruntled—what was with the father and daughter suddenly acting the same, huffing at every turn?

2

Cheng Guang knew that Emperor Zhou had not yet realized his identity as the fake Princely Heir; otherwise, it would have been a cold blade, not a cold huff. Perhaps it was for another reason.

But Cheng Guang dared not ask or make a sound, only muttering in his heart.

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