

My System 811

Chapter 811: Could Black Cub be one of the Immortals and Deities? 2

Within Duke Zhen's Mansion, numerous strong people felt a surge of powerful aura emanating from Black Cub, and they immediately knew that something was stirring on Cheng Guang's side. Without taking time to seek instructions from Cheng Guang, they directly guarded the surroundings of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

From a distance, a person directly entered Duke Zhen's Mansion without any of the surrounding strong people noticing.

Even Cheng Guang himself failed to react in time.

"This person's cultivation level and strength..."

"Is it that of an Earth Immortal...?"

Cheng Guang, looking into the distance at the plainly-dressed man who had suddenly appeared near Black Cub, slightly furrowed his brows and couldn't help but ponder.

Ning Qianxue was also sizing up this plainly-dressed man who had suddenly appeared in Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Looking at the man's appearance, Ning Qianxue only felt that he was eerily familiar...

After thinking for a while,

A name suddenly appeared in Ning Qianxue's mind.

"Erlang Shen Yang Jian?"

Ning Qianxue's voice rang out.

The man in plain clothes lifted his eyebrows slightly, then looked back at Ning Qianxue.

It seemed he was a bit surprised that his name would come from Ning Qianxue's mouth.

"Do you know me?"

Erlang Shen Yang Jian asked Ning Qianxue with curiosity.

The confusion in his eyes caught Cheng Guang's attention, immediately making him feel that Erlang Shen Yang Jian was not pretending.

He truly did not recognize Ning Qianxue.

He also didn't sense any aura related to Chang'e from her.

At the same time,

Cheng Guang couldn't help but take a few more glances at Erlang Shen Yang Jian.

Erlang Shen Yang Jian's words were simple but also inadvertently revealed his identity.

Erlang Shen Yang Jian.

Why had he suddenly come here??

Cheng Guang had been contemplating how to make contact with Erlang Shen Yang Jian and how to find him in this vast sea of people.

It turned out to be an unexpected encounter here.

Why did the other party appear here all of a sudden?

Was it because of Black Cub's awakening?

Could it be that Black Cub's past life was truly the Roaring Celestial Dog?

The dog that accompanied Erlang Shen Yang Jian???

As soon as Cheng Guang thought of this possibility, the corners of his mouth couldn't help but twitch slightly, understanding why Erlang Shen Yang Jian had come to Duke Zhen's Mansion.

The other party must have sensed Black Cub's aura.

And had rushed over directly.

While Cheng Guang was contemplating, Ning Qianxue directly nodded in response to Erlang Shen Yang Jian's question.

"Of course I know you."

"True Lord Erlang has a distinguished reputation within the Heavenly Court; there are few who have not heard of you."

After Ning Qianxue said this, Erlang Shen Yang Jian slightly furrowed his brows and took another look at Ning Qianxue, as if he couldn't find any hint of familiarity in her.

However,

Erlang Shen Yang Jian still felt that Ning Qianxue might be from the Heavenly Court.

“Which Immortal or Deity are you the reincarnation of?”

Ning Qianxue slightly lowered her gaze and then replied, “This humble woman is Chang'e, it is normal for True Lord Erlang not to be aware of me.”

Upon hearing the name Chang'e, Erlang Shen Yang Jian was first taken aback, then he nodded slightly towards Ning Qianxue.

“So you are Lady Chang'e.”

Erlang Shen Yang Jian said, not paying too much attention to Ning Qianxue.

His gaze once again settled on the Roaring Celestial Dog.

Clearly, all of Erlang Shen Yang Jian's thoughts were now focused on Black Cub.

At the same time,

Black Cub had also opened its eyes and saw Erlang Shen Yang Jian.

Upon seeing Erlang Shen Yang Jian, its pupils dilated slightly, and it immediately recognized him.

After batting its large pair of dog eyes a few times, it expressed surprise.

“Master?”

As Erlang Shen Yang Jian's gaze fell upon Black Cub, his originally sharp eyes instantly softened a great deal.

For Erlang Shen Yang Jian, the Roaring Celestial Dog was definitely not just a dog, it was his companion, and perhaps it was more akin to a member of his family.

"Roaring Celestial Dog..."

Erlang Shen Yang Jian walked up to Black Cub's side, crouched down, and gently stroked Black Cub's forehead, "It's been a long time."

Black Cub, being stroked by Erlang Shen Yang Jian, seemed a bit uncomfortable, and at the same time,

It couldn't help but twitch its dog face slightly.

Because it suddenly realized.

Even though it had already awakened the memories of its past life, the brand imprinted on its soul, signifying the master-servant bond, was still impossible to remove.

From the master-servant brand, an aura emanated that made Black Cub only capable of looking up in awe.

"Cheng Guang, this master of mine, exactly what method did he use to forcibly drag me out of the Hell Demon Sea and then forcefully make me recognize him as my master?"

Black Cub was not entirely clear.

But,

It also didn't harbor any ill feelings towards Cheng Guang, after all, it had never suffered any grievances by his side.

During this time, eating well every day, it had even gained quite a bit of weight.

Erlang Shen Yang Jian stroked Black Cub's forehead with one hand, then his brows slowly furrowed.

"Something's not right."

"Roaring Celestial Dog, who made you recognize a master?"

"This master-servant imprint..."

As Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, spoke, he pressed his hand onto Black Cub's forehead; then, his Primordial Spirit flowed through Black Cub's forehead and surged directly into its mind, seeking to probe the truth.

When Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, infused his Primordial Spirit into Black Cub's own mind,

Black Cub immediately felt that something was amiss.

This master-servant brand was an existence that even it felt unable to defy.

Even if Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, was incredibly strong, at this time, he had just awakened and was completely powerless against the master-servant brand.

Just as Black Cub anxiously prepared to have Erlang Shen Yang Jian's Primordial Spirit exit from its mind, Erlang Shen Yang Jian had already directly entered Black Cub's head.

He saw the master-servant brand imprinted on the top of Black Cub's Primordial Spirit in its mind.

Erlang Shen Yang Jian appeared within Black Cub's mind and looked at the master-servant brand on Heizai Yuanshen, his brows slightly furrowed.

He felt the vast aura spreading from the master-servant imprint.

It instinctively made him uncomfortable.

But...

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, was not one to be intimidated.

As the first battle god of the Heavenly Court, he naturally had the pride of the leading warrior god.

At the same time,

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, also didn't think that a mere imprint could stump him.

It was just that he didn't know who had the ability to set a master-servant brand on the Roaring Celestial Dog.

If he knew,

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, himself would definitely not let that person off the hook.

Thoughts raced through Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's mind.

Immediately following,

Erlang Shen's Primordial Spirit plunged into Black Cub's Primordial Spirit and made contact with the master-servant brand.

The master-servant brand displayed a complex rune pattern.

It was slightly white in color.

Erlang Shen's Primordial Spirit transformed into a lance, piercing forcefully onto the master-servant brand in Black Cub's Primordial Spirit.

It seemed determined to completely shatter the master-servant brand within Black Cub's Primordial Spirit.

Under the powerful onslaught of Erlang Shen Yang Jian's Primordial Spirit,

The master-servant imprint began to tremble slightly.

It appeared to be cracking.

The Roaring Celestial Dog, who had been especially worried about Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, was instantly too excited to speak.

Because in its view, Erlang Shen Yang Jian seemed truly capable of removing the master-servant brand from within its mind's Primordial Spirit.

If given the choice,

It still wanted to be Erlang Shen Yang Jian's dog.

It didn't even want to be brothers with Erlang Shen Yang Jian; it simply wanted to be his dog.

This obsession had been planted in Black Cub's mind a long, long time ago.

But, because its memories of its past lives had not fully awakened before, Black Cub hadn't been able to anything.

Now that it had a choice, it naturally wanted to choose Erlang Shen Yang Jian.

Just as Black Cub watched Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, with great anticipation, ready to see him shatter and remove the master-servant brand,

Suddenly,

An unexpected twist occurred.

Only to hear Erlang Shen Yang Jian exclaim, "Not good."

Immediately following,

The master-servant brand, which had just been sitting well within Black Cub's Primordial Spirit,

Suddenly split into two.

One remained within Black Cub's Primordial Spirit.

The other,

Directly shot towards Erlang Shen Yang Jian's Primordial Spirit!

Chapter 812: What Do You Think Is Wrong with Him?

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, saw the soul attack-entered master-servant mark that he had inflicted split into two, with half of it even hurtling back toward himself, which caused a slight shock in his heart!

“Damn!!”

“What kind of Divine Power is this??”

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, could not help but exclaim in shock. However, within moments, he regained his composure as his Primordial Spirit shone with a dazzling light.

In the mind of Black Cub, the Power of the Primordial Spirit transformed into thousands of long spears before converging into one and striking at the half of the master-servant mark that was attacking him.

Boom!!!

The collision between Erlang Shen, Yang Jian’s Primordial Spirit and the attacker half of the master-servant mark erupted into a burst of white light within the mind of Black Cub.

After a deafening blast, white light enveloped the entire mindscape of Black Cub.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian’s Primordial Spirit closely watched the separated half of the master-servant mark within Black Cub’s brain.

Unable to see the trace of the master-servant mark, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian subconsciously assumed that it had been completely obliterated under the assault of his Soul Attack.

After all, even though his current level of cultivation hadn’t returned to its peak, he was still very confident.

Such a trifling master-servant mark was never a concern in his eyes.

But Erlang Shen, Yang Jian had underestimated the master-servant mark inscribed upon the Primordial Spirit in Black Cub's mind.

Just as Erlang Shen, Yang Jian lowered his guard, amidst the white light within Black Cub's brain, a strand of gray unexpectedly appeared.

That gray, with its slightly dim lustre, was the master-servant mark!

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian saw that the master-servant mark remained intact despite his Soul Attack. To all appearances, it hardly showed any signs of damage.

Indeed, it seemed to move like a specter and approached him without hindrance.

By the time the master-servant mark emerged beside Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, it was already too late for him to react.

His eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

He hadn't even time to cry out.

Immediately following,

The somewhat dim master-servant mark bore straight into the midst of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's Primordial Spirit.

In no time at all, the master-servant mark had entirely burrowed into Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's Primordial Spirit.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian wanted to resist and swiftly withdrew his Primordial Spirit from the mind of Black Cub, exerting all his might to expel the eerie gray master-servant mark from within.

But, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian soon realized that once the eerie gray master-servant mark had entered, he was unable to expel it.

Moreover,

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian also felt the master-servant mark incessantly intruding into his consciousness, confounding his mind.

The silhouette of a person brazenly forced its way into his psyche.

There was also a mysterious force compelling Erlang Shen, Yang Jian to submit to the figure emerging in his mind.

Whenever Erlang Shen, Yang Jian harbored the slightest hint of resistance or non-compliance toward that person in his mind, he would immediately experience discomfort and agony.

The strange gray master-servant mark wasn't just forcibly suppressing Erlang Shen, Yang Jian into submission; it employed various methods to make him willingly comply.

To Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, it was like being slowly boiled like a frog in warm water.

Such a transformation wasn't something that could be described with mere horror.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's brows furrowed deeply, and although he had always remained calm even if Mount Tai were to collapse before him, at this moment he seemed to struggle.

“What is this!?”

“From whose existence does this eerie gray master-servant mark derive!?”

“First, it was implanted within the mind of Roaring Celestial Dog, and then it seems to have anticipated that I would remove it for Roaring Celestial Dog, so...”

“It’s ultimately become my burden...!?”

The more Erlang Shen, Yang Jian thought, the more horrified he became.

His tightly shut eyes involuntarily revealed a deep sense of fear.

At the same time,

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian was also aware that his consciousness was gradually sinking.

His compliance toward the person planted inside his mind by the strange gray master-servant mark visibly increased.

At the very least, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian no longer harbored any disrespect towards the mysterious figure in his mind.

This slight change in Erlang Shen, Yang Jian was swiftly detected by Black Cub.

At this moment, Black Cub, who was once Roaring Celestial Dog with awakened memories from a past life, had also undergone a slight change in personality. No longer frivolous or gluttonous, it had become much steadier.

“What’s wrong with Master?”

“The eerie gray master-servant mark in my mind suddenly split in two, and one half went straight into Master’s Primordial Spirit.”

“Could it be that Master has also been ensnared?”

Black Cub looked at Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, who was beside it with closed eyes and a grave expression, and felt an increasing unease.

Black Cub had no idea what had happened and was unable to assist Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

It had thought that Erlang Shen, Yang Jian could have helped it break the master-servant mark within its mind.

But how could Black Cub have foreseen?

The strange gray master-servant mark in its mind not only persisted but even Erlang Shen, Yang Jian himself had capsized in the gutter and fallen victim to it.

Chapter 813: What's Wrong with Him? 2

Black Cub sighed with a troubled expression and his gaze fell on Cheng Guang beside him.

“Master... Master...”

“What's wrong with him?”

After Black Cub's memories of his previous life awakened, he felt neither resentment nor much fondness towards Cheng Guang, the Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

After all, Black Cub's former self was the Roaring Celestial Dog, who followed Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, the mightiest warrior of the Heavenly Court. Even though Cheng Guang's cultivation and strength had greatly improved at this time.

But, to Black Cub, Cheng Guang, the Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion, was at most a temporary refuge.

Its respect for Cheng Guang stemmed solely from the constraints of the master-servant mark.

Thus, when Black Cub called Cheng Guang, the Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion, "master" again after the awakening of his previous life's memories, his tone was somewhat strained.

It wasn't that Black Cub had any bad feelings towards Cheng Guang.

It was mainly that after knowing his identity from the past life, Black Cub gained a sense of self-esteem, which made it somewhat difficult to humble himself.

Cheng Guang didn't pay much attention to the small change in Black Cub's emotions and its newfound trace of self-esteem.

Faced with Black Cub's question, Cheng Guang shook his head.

"I don't know either."

When Cheng Guang spoke, his face was full of bewilderment.

He wasn't lying, as Cheng Guang genuinely didn't know what had suddenly happened to Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

Previously, Cheng Guang had been worried that after Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, broke the master-servant mark inside Black Cub's mind, he would find out that Cheng Guang himself had forcibly made Black Cub his servant and might turn against him.

Cheng Guang was still concerned about his own safety.

Although it was all thanks to the system, Cheng Guang himself was the beneficiary. If Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, really came looking for trouble with Cheng Guang, he would have nothing much to say.

However, Cheng Guang had not anticipated that during the process of helping Black Cub remove the master-servant mark, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's complexion changed dramatically, and then he closed his eyes without a word and sat cross-legged on the ground.

It seemed as if he was fully resisting something.

What kind of mishap had this been?

Cheng Guang really didn't understand.

Black Cub could also tell that Cheng Guang wasn't lying nor trying to hide anything from him intentionally.

Black Cub sighed and his gaze fell upon Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, whose expression was flickering with light and shadow, and no matter what, his concern could not be contained.

"Princely Heir, what's happened to True Lord Erlang?"

Ning Qianxue, who was nearby, also saw Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's sudden change in complexion and then sitting cross-legged on the ground, as if bracing for a formidable enemy, and she too was somewhat puzzled, asking Cheng Guang for an explanation.

Cheng Guang shook his head.

"I really don't understand..."

"But..."

As Cheng Guang spoke, he thought of the master-servant mark inside Black Cub's mind.

That mark had been arranged by the system.

How powerful the system was, Cheng Guang couldn't quite say.

In any case, it was very mysterious.

It was also far stronger than an existence at the Earth Immortal Level.

It was possible that even with the power of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, the mysterious and dim master-servant mark inside Black Cub's mind couldn't be broken.

If it were during his prime, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, might have given it a try.

But now...

It didn't seem possible.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, in attempting to break the peculiar dim master-servant mark from Black Cub's mind, not only failed to do so but was instead...

Backfired upon?

Cheng Guang thought to this point and his expression became odd.

If that was indeed the case, it would be quite laughable.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's strength was no ordinary force.

He, too, had capsized in the gutter and directly, like Black Cub, acknowledged Cheng Guang as his master.

Was this a windfall for Cheng Guang?

To fall asleep and have someone bring him a pillow.

Before this, Cheng Guang had been pondering how to befriend Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, and how to establish some connection with him through the Proving Dao Map in his mind.

Well now, things had turned out quite differently.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian had become his servant.

Just like Black Cub, both were subjected to the master-servant mark.

The more Cheng Guang thought about it, the odder his expression became, but at the same time, he did not rejoice too soon.

After all, nothing was certain at the moment.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian seemed to still be recuperating; whether he could resist the master-servant mark set by the system was still uncertain.

So Cheng Guang wasn't in a hurry; he simply wrapped an arm gently around Ning Qianxue's slender waist and calmly watched Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, sitting cross-legged not far away.

At this time.

The celestial phenomena caused by Black Cub's awakening were gradually subsiding.

Black Cub's awakening had caused an anomaly between heaven and earth, which simultaneously drew the attention of countless strong individuals.

However,

when these powerful figures discovered that the anomaly had appeared within Duke Zhen's Mansion, each of them sheepishly shrank back, shooting glances at one another before retreating completely.

They didn't dare to show their faces.

If it had been any other place, perhaps, or within the territory of some other force, they might have had the audacity to probe, to see what had caused such a phenomenon.

If some Different Treasure had descended upon the world, they might have had a chance to share in the spoils.

But.

Just the mention of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Instantly extinguished any designs within the hearts of these strong individuals.

What kind of existence was Duke Zhen's Mansion...

Never mind Duke Zhen himself.

Not to mention the current status of Duke Zhen's Mansion within Great Zhou.

Just to bring up the Duke's Mansion's Princely Heir, not long ago within the Imperial Palace, several Sect Sky-Men forcefully entered the Great Zhou Imperial Palace, trapping the entire Great Zhou Imperial Family.

Even if Great Zhou's efforts at secrecy were exceptional, it was inevitable that information would leak out.

When people learned that the person who had rescued the members of the Great Zhou Imperial Family from the hands of several Sect Sky-Men was none other than the Town-Nation Duke's Heir,

they were scared out of their wits.

You must understand.

To them, Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, was still merely an image of a profligate son.

Even though Cheng Guang had begun cultivating, in their eyes, he still wasn't someone worthy of the limelight.

Even if there had been rumors of him suppressing Sky-Men in Hundred Mile City and protecting the multitude of soldiers within, to many, these were just unfounded rumors.

This time, though,

it was also a rumor.

The majority of these formidable individuals hadn't witnessed it personally,

But.

Most of these powerful figures came from families and clans with deep roots and extensive knowledge.

Even if a rumor was false at first,

once, twice...

After so many times...

There must be some truth to it, right?

Therefore, in their hearts, they arrived at a terrifying conclusion.

That is...

Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, a mere youth...

had actually become a Sky-Man!!

When these powerful figures and noble families reached this conclusion, their already old ages seemed to dwindle further, all frightened out of their wits.

So this time,

when they saw that the anomaly had occurred right within Duke Zhen's Mansion,

in the past, they dared not approach Duke Zhen's Mansion too closely.

If Cheng Guang were indeed a Sky-Man now,

and not just any ordinary Sky-Man,

but one who could defeat four or five Sect Sky-Men with his own strength!

How could they dare to provoke such an existence?

How could they even think to provoke it?

In a short time,

the uproar within the Capital city died down.

No one kept their focus on Duke Zhen's Mansion.

It was as if the anomaly caused by Black Cub was just an illusion.

It did not stir even a ripple within the Great Zhou Capital.

Apart from a few concerned individuals, no one continued to pay attention to what was happening inside Duke Zhen's Mansion.

And at this time,

within the Great Zhou Imperial Palace,

inside the grand hall of the Imperial Palace,

Wu Ling took her place at the head.

Before her was an array of documents and memorials to the throne.

Wu Ling had received the strong backing of Empress Dowager Li and the recognition of many Royal Family and Relatives.

...

Chapter 814: Why Humiliate Me Like This!?

Even though Empress Wang was reluctant to let Wu Ling become the Emperor of Great Zhou, after experiencing the recent turmoil, it seemed there was no one more suitable than Wu Ling to become the Empress of Great Zhou.

So,

Wu Ling had already begun to exercise the power of Great Zhou and handle the Court's political affairs.

Only an official coronation ceremony was missing.

And by Wu Ling's side, including Heaven Mountain Palace and Long Sword Sect, all the Sky-Men were by her side.

They had all been subdued by Cheng Guang.

All of them followed Wu Ling, obeying her commands.

This was specifically instructed by Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang had helped Wu Ling in advance, which for him, was a matter of convenience.

For Wu Ling, however, it was undoubtedly a great support.

Without these sects' Sky-Men, Wu Ling, even though she had begun handling the Court's political affairs, would not have had such a smooth experience as she had now.

The politics above the Court were not something that could be handled just by saying.

Even though Empress Dowager Li and others had already agreed to support Wu Ling to become the Empress of Great Zhou, the Court was not just controlled by the royal family, there were also other powerful families of Great Zhou.

They did not fully recognize Wu Ling.

At such a time,

the Sky-Men of the sects provided by Cheng Guang played their role.

You don't agree?

Then fight until you do.

In this regard, Wu Ling demonstrated an unprecedented iron-blooded approach.

Even those who were especially familiar with Wu Ling never expected that this seemingly frail person had such a strong disposition.

She even had a bit of Wu Shang's style.

In just a few days,

Wu Ling had taken control of the entire Great Zhou Court.

While Wu Ling was looking at the memorials in the Court, she suddenly sensed some movement outside.

Wu Ling put down the memorial, slightly lifted her eyes, and looked towards the distant sky which had changed.

Wu Ling noticed the change in the sky, at first startled, then realized that the center of the drastic change was precisely the location of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

"Is it the Princely Heir causing this commotion?"

Wu Ling murmured softly.

"Your Majesty, should we go have a look?"

Ximen Shihua, the Palace Master of Heaven Mountain Palace, respectfully asked Wu Ling.

She had come to understand by now.

That mysterious powerhouse who had ordered her to threaten the Great Zhou Imperial Family and attack Great Tang Chang'an City was unreliable.

Ever since that one order, he had never appeared again at any other time, utterly unreliable.

She later wanted to rely on Cheng Guang, the Duke's Heir, as his strength was also very formidable.

But unfortunately...

The Duke's heir simply did not care for her.

He directly handed her over to Wu Ling.

If it weren't for her status as a Sky-Man and her slight utility, Ximen Shihua even doubted whether the Duke's heir would have killed her on the spot.

Now she could be considered someone subservient to many masters.

Ximen Shihua, unable to defeat the Duke's heir, had no choice but to obey his commands and follow Wu Ling.

At first, including Ximen Shihua, all the Sky-Men from various sects had a vague impression of Wu Ling, the Prince of the Great Zhou Imperial Family, but not much.

Mostly, they did not care much.

But after spending a few days with Wu Ling, they mostly realized that Wu Ling, who had just begun handling court politics and was the future Empress of Great Zhou, indeed had some capabilities.

After several interactions,

Whether it was reluctantly

Or willingly,

Many, including Ximen Shihua from the sects, had grown to recognize Wu Ling more.

They no longer followed Wu Ling's commands strictly out of coercion from Cheng Guang.

From this, it could be seen that Wu Ling did have some methods.

Wu Ling put down the memorial in her hand, followed the direction of the voice, and glanced at Ximen Shihua standing nearby.

“Do you want to go have a look?”

Wu Ling’s expression remained unchanged, her tone neutral.

It was difficult to discern from Wu Ling’s tone whether it was joy or sorrow.

In a sense, Wu Ling was already beginning to show the qualities an Emperor should possess.

Ximen Shihua awkwardly smiled, then shook her head, pursed her red lips, and shrank towards a corner where the light was dim and slightly gloomy.

She was just saying that.

She dared not tell the mysterious and unpredictable Duke’s heir.

The Duke’s heir, with just one move, had defeated all the Sky-Men from the sects.

Now, Ximen Shihua could hardly imagine what level of cultivation and strength the Duke’s heir possessed nowadays.

Everyone was Sky-Men, why was the gap between herself and him so vast?

And that Duke’s heir...

Was even many years younger than her...

All these years, had she lived in vain, as if living a dog’s life?

Thinking this, Ximen Shihua felt a bit overwhelmed.

Ximen Shihua was the Palace Master of Heaven Mountain Palace.

Her cultivation was quite high, and although she was not young, she had maintained herself well, so she did not bear the marks of time.

Just by looking at her appearance,

Ximen Shihua still seemed to be around thirty, in the prime of her charm.

It was not evident that she was nearly a septuagenarian.

Wu Ling didn't say much else, picked up the memorial again and looked at it casually, remained silent for a while before speaking slowly:

Chapter 815: Why Such Humiliation to Me? _2

"Don't let the city folks discuss the matters of the Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion."

"Extend the curfew, we don't want any disturbances during this period."

Ximen Shihua, along with several Sect Sky-Men by his side, nodded slightly and immediately agreed.

They then went their separate ways to attend to their duties.

After Ximen Shihua and the Sect Sky-Men had left, Wu Ling couldn't help but look towards Duke Zhen's Mansion, in the direction of Cheng Guang's aura.

"Princely Heir..."

“What level have you reached now...

“Can I still keep up with your pace?”

A hint of worry suddenly appeared on Wu Ling’s stunningly beautiful face.

And this worry was considerably more than that of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, during this time.

...

Duke Zhen’s Mansion.

In the Million Specie Garden.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, slowly opened his eyes.

He was at his wit’s end.

The somewhat dim mark of servitude had plunged directly into his Primordial Spirit, completely overtaking his mind.

It forcefully planted an image into his mind, leaving Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, utterly unable to resist.

He could only lie down and accept it.

Although Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, was certain that he no longer could counteract the somewhat dim mark of servitude,

Fortunately, as long as the image that the somewhat dim mark of servitude planted in his mind didn't appear directly in front of him, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian felt confident that he would not be controlled by the dim mark of servitude.

Couldn't he avoid what he couldn't provoke?

He would leave with Roaring Celestial Dog after a while.

Once his cultivation and strength were enhanced, he would break the dim mark of servitude in his mind.

And then he would seek out the troublemaker behind all this!

A sharp light flashed through Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's dark, piercing eyes,

He instantly made a plan for his future.

But,

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian had never expected that sometimes, surprises come so unexpectedly.

When he opened his eyes,

A figure not far away came into his line of sight.

As that figure appeared before Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's own eyes, the originally dim mark of servitude suddenly burst forth with a dazzling light.

Under the dazzling light, even the dark eyes of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian brightened considerably.

Immediately,

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian suddenly found that his gaze could no longer leave the figure in the distance.

After the figure of that person entered his sight,

In the depths of his consciousness, deep in his throat, he couldn't help but desperately want to shout out two words.

“Master...”

“Master...”

“Master...”

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian uttered these two words with a grim expression.

At the same time, he couldn't help but feel a sense of subservience towards the figure not far away.

He simply didn't want to see the other party get hurt, or anything else unpleasant!

Otherwise, it would be even more painful than killing Erlang Shen, Yang Jian himself!

Such feelings, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian had never experienced before!

Nor had he ever thought that he would feel a sense of subservience towards another person!

It was utterly preposterous!

At this moment, when Erlang Shen, Yang Jian struggled immensely to call Cheng Guang, the Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion, "master",

It was not just Erlang Shen, Yang Jian who felt this was preposterous.

Black Cub, hearing this, recalled its past life memories when it had always looked down upon everything and worshipped its own master,

Was now calling its master "master"?

What's the difference between this and being a dog?

What's the difference between this and him...?!

For a moment, Black Cub's worldview almost collapsed.

"Master!! Master, oh!!!"

"What happened to you?!!!"

Unable to hold back, Black Cub immediately cried out to Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

Previously, Black Cub had never spoken in front of Cheng Guang,

Nor had it spoken in front of Qing Luan or Ning Qianxue.

It wasn't that Black Cub couldn't speak.

Mainly, Black Cub didn't want to speak.

After all, acknowledging Cheng Guang, the Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion, as its master was already embarrassing enough for it.

There wasn't enough time spent in self-seclusion every day.

There was no time to speak.

But now,

Black Cub saw Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, directly call Cheng Guang his master. The whole being, no, perhaps it should be said the whole dog, was completely dumbfounded.

After being stunned for a while, an unbearable wail erupted.

The wail of Black Cub was enormously loud,

so much so that it made Cheng Guang's ears slightly ache.

Then he glanced at Black Cub beside him.

Black Cub noticed Cheng Guang's gaze.

The originally loud wailing stopped instantly.

Black Cub covered his mouth, his eyes brimming with tears as he looked at Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, nearby, sobbing without knowing what else to say.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian himself had shut down as well.

He silently bowed his head,

a face full of life's doubts.

He had no idea how he could have suddenly uttered

the words "master."

How could it be possible for him to say those words?

Amid Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's life's doubts, Ning Qianxue was also taken aback.

She slightly stiffened.

Cheng Guang, holding Ning Qianxue, could distinctly feel that Ning Qianxue's body had stiffened a bit.

It was clear to see.

For Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, formerly known as the first war god of the Heavenly Court, to call Cheng Guang master was something quite shocking for Ning Qianxue, who had once lived in the Heavenly Court.

Maybe it could be said,

this event was far more shocking and stunning for Ning Qianxue than Cheng Guang could have ever imagined.

In a past life, Ning Qianxue had seen just how glorious Erlang Shen, Yang Jian could be.

How many people could have forced him to bow down?

Forcing him to bow, which was almost as difficult as ascending the heavens.

Not to mention,

having Erlang Shen, Yang Jian call someone “master.”

Ning Qianxue’s eyes widened slightly in shock, it took her quite a while before she turned her gaze onto Cheng Guang’s face.

“Princely Heir, how did you manage this?”

“This True Lord Erlang, has he been subdued by the Princely Heir?”

Ning Qianxue asked in surprise.

Cheng Guang, however, shook his head, equally bewildered, “I have no idea.”

Saying so, Cheng Guang also turned his gaze toward Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

His expression complex.

“What’s going on with you now?”

Cheng Guang asked Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, upon hearing Cheng Guang’s words,

also lifted his eyes again toward Cheng Guang.

It was then that Erlang Shen, Yang Jian seriously regarded Cheng Guang's appearance.

Previously, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian had not truly looked at Cheng Guang – to him Cheng Guang was no different from a blade of grass by the roadside.

He simply did not take him to heart.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's main concerns were directed at Black Cub.

Directed at Roaring Celestial Dog, his companion from a previous life.

Secondarily, he also cared somewhat for Ning Qianxue, who seemed to be an acquaintance from the Heavenly Court in a previous life.

Cheng Guang had never really entered Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's line of sight.

But,

where could Erlang Shen, Yang Jian have imagined that such an ordinary-looking mortal son of a duke could lay out such a plan for him!

Those slightly grey servant-master marks!

Even he couldn't resist them!

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's face darkened slightly, but regarding Cheng Guang, he could not harbor any disrespectful thoughts.

Let alone take action.

Just thinking any crooked thoughts about Cheng Guang, the guilt and torment inside him could drive him mad.

Meanwhile,

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian also realized that if Cheng Guang were to die, he would die as well.

If Cheng Guang wanted him dead, he would not hesitate at all; he would directly kill himself.

Such was the domineering nature of those slightly grey servant-master marks!

How could the word “terrifying” possibly describe all of it!

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian took a deep breath, his gaze intently fixed on Cheng Guang.

“You... master... by what right...?”

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, uncharacteristically unclear in his speech, then asked in an infuriated tone.

“What, exactly, are your intentions!?”

“Why do you humiliate me thus!?”

...

Chapter 816: The Master Has Become Like This, Not Much Different from Me

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian was extremely angry as he questioned out loud, utterly unable to comprehend why he could be controlled by a slightly gray master-servant seal!

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian was even less able to understand.

How could Cheng Guang, who seemed so exceedingly ordinary, if it were his past life, would not even be able to touch his toes, possess such capabilities...?

It was just a slightly gray master-servant seal that had already been cast.

Yet it could still be split apart!

Even!!

Just half of a slightly gray master-servant seal.

He couldn't even resist it at all!

What kind of tactic was this??

What kind of layout was this.

Regardless, in Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's eyes, that slightly gray master-servant seal definitely wasn't something an ordinary person could cast.

So...

Not far away, the seemingly harmless Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, might very well be some existence he didn't know, or perhaps, a piece set in plain sight by some entity.

The main purpose was still to control him!!

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, in just an instant, had already concocted an entire epic tale in his mind.

And while Erlang Shen, Yang Jian was extremely angry, feeling he had been duped by some unknown existence.

Under Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's watchful eye.

Cheng Guang was still a bit bewildered.

Out of the blue, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian had simply acknowledged Cheng Guang as his master.

This was simply...

A cow riding a rocket.

At this time, Cheng Guang could clearly feel, when the slightly gray master-servant seal was imprinted within Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's Primordial Spirit.

He could also sense Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's existence.

As if a thin, barely there thread had connected him to Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

Before this.

Such a feeling, it was always Black Cub who had it.

Yet now, Cheng Guang could feel the same sensation from Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

With a peculiar expression on his face, Cheng Guang said tentatively to the furious Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

“Kneel.”

As soon as Cheng Guang’s voice fell.

Bang!!!

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian knelt down on both knees without the slightest hesitation.

If the expression on Erlang Shen, Yang Jian’s face could be described with a color, it was only a kaleidoscope of black.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian’s eyes were wide open, his face that had been slightly handsome before was now completely twisted.

Staring intently at Cheng Guang.

Even though Erlang Shen, Yang Jian’s heart was full of anger, he still did not dare to show any dissatisfaction towards Cheng Guang.

As long as he harbored any dissatisfaction towards Cheng Guang, there was no need for Cheng Guang to utter a word of punishment, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian’s mind and spirit would condemn himself.

He would even hate himself for not giving himself a few hard slaps.

Seeing Erlang Shen, Yang Jian kneel down so decisively, Cheng Guang no longer cared about the coal-black face of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian at this time.

After all, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian truly had capsized in the gutter this time.

The system had helped Black Cub to acknowledge its master, and Cheng Guang hadn't expected it to be of use at a time like this.

At the same time, the master-servant seal that the system had planted on Black Cub was not so easy to remove.

Unless Cheng Guang was willing, at this time, even Erlang Shen, Yang Jian probably couldn't get rid of it.

Not only could Erlang Shen, Yang Jian not get rid of it, but he was also implicated by the slightly gray master-servant seal.

He too had been marked by the slightly gray master-servant seal.

His entire person had fallen into the same plight as Black Cub.

Speaking of which...

"If Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's cultivation level and strength were to return to his peak in the future, would he still have the chance to break this master-servant seal?"

"If it was broken at that time, wouldn't I be in big trouble?"

"Can my cultivation speed keep up with the pace of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's improvement?"

Cheng Guang muttered to himself, still somewhat unsure.

While Cheng Guang was deep in thoughts, his gaze flickering uncertainly,

Ning Qianxue was also deeply shocked by Cheng Guang.

This Town-Nation Duke's Heir, Cheng Guang, had simply uttered a sentence.

"Kneel."

And Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, who had once been the first god of war of the Heavenly Court, knelt down without any hesitation.

What exactly had happened to True Lord Erlang, who was once the first god of war of the Heavenly Court?

Why suddenly was he obeying the Princely Heir's words?

Ning Qianxue didn't know about the existence of the system, nor was she aware of Cheng Guang's methods, and likewise, she didn't realize that Black Cub, the reincarnation of Roaring Celestial Dog, had been marked by the slightly gray master-servant seal on its Primordial Spirit by the system early on.

Therefore, she couldn't understand at all why Erlang Shen, Yang Jian had suddenly ended up like this.

It was not only Ning Qianxue who was shocked, but Black Cub was also terribly frightened.

"It's over..."

"It's over..."

Black Cub's limbs suddenly went soft, and he collapsed on the ground, looking helplessly at the kneeling Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

"My master has become like this, not much different from me..."

“What kind of tactics does the Princely Heir possess?”

“He definitely isn’t a simple or ordinary existence!!”

Black Cub wasn’t very foolish; in just an instant, he had thought of many possibilities.

In a certain sense, he had come to the same conclusion as Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

But the more Black Cub thought, the further he was from the truth.

Cheng Guang’s gaze fell upon Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, who was kneeling on the ground, looking at the ink-black face of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, which was pale in comparison to Black Cub’s by not so much, and he couldn’t help but feel the urge to laugh.

Chapter 817: The Master Has Become Like This, Not Much Different from Me _2

Cheng Guang’s lips twitched slightly, then he addressed Erlang Shen Yang Jian,

“It doesn’t have much to do with me.”

“To tell you the truth, I didn’t even know that the dim master-servant mark on Black Cub could split and land on you.”

As Cheng Guang spoke, Erlang Shen Yang Jian’s lips contorted fiercely.

It doesn’t have much to do with you?

You didn’t know??

Bullshit!!!

If you didn't know, why would the allegiance of the master-servant mark, the recognition of the master, fall onto you...!?

Although Erlang Shen Yang Jian was internally scoffing, he was not a fool.

Regardless of whether the dim master-servant mark was the masterpiece of Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, it was definitely related to Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

If not a direct relationship, then certainly an indirect one.

At that moment, he was powerless to resist and utterly unable to defy the wishes of Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir; it might be a wiser choice to comply for now.

Therefore, Erlang Shen Yang Jian did not speak any further.

Cheng Guang glanced at the silent Erlang Shen Yang Jian, and just by looking at the changes in his complexion, it was clear that Erlang Shen Yang Jian was deeply affected.

He had gone completely into shutdown mode.

Cheng Guang felt somewhat withdrawn himself.

Firstly, he had initially wanted to make amends with Erlang Shen Yang Jian.

But now, the relationship between him and Erlang Shen Yang Jian was definitely ruined.

If Erlang Shen Yang Jian could break free from the dim master-servant mark in the future, he would undoubtedly turn the knife on Cheng Guang himself.

If Erlang Shen Yang Jian remained subject to the dim master-servant mark, it wouldn't be so bad.

Once free, Cheng Guang himself would surely suffer.

So, Cheng Guang would rather have Erlang Shen Yang Jian suffer than himself.

There was also another point.

At this time, Cheng Guang also didn't know how he should treat Erlang Shen Yang Jian.

If he was too kind to Erlang Shen Yang Jian, it would be pointless.

A dim master-servant mark was enough to disgust Erlang Shen Yang Jian for a lifetime.

With the existence of the dim master-servant mark, no matter how kind he was to Erlang Shen Yang Jian, it wouldn't make much difference.

Cheng Guang was acutely aware of this.

Furthermore,

if he didn't treat Erlang Shen Yang Jian well, he had to consider Erlang Shen Yang Jian's attitude when he finally broke free in the future.

Cheng Guang pondered and felt that the best way to handle Erlang Shen Yang Jian for now was to either kill him directly

or to make good use of him and then kill him when he was most likely to rebel.

The current problem...

was simply whether to kill Erlang Shen Yang Jian first or to use him before killing him...

Upon thinking this, Cheng Guang's expression turned incredibly strange.

At this time, Erlang Shen Yang Jian, under Cheng Guang's watchful gaze, also sensed the shifts in Cheng Guang's thoughts.

No matter how strong Erlang Shen Yang Jian's will was, when faced with life and death, it was impossible to remain so indifferently composed.

Especially since Erlang Shen Yang Jian had just awakened and had a myriad of things he wanted to do that he had yet to accomplish.

If he were to die so suffocatingly, it would be utterly unacceptable for Erlang Shen Yang Jian.

What should he do now?

Erlang Shen Yang Jian's complexion flickered, and after struggling internally for a while, he immediately made his position clear.

“Your Excellency... Master...”

Erlang Shen Yang Jian still vehemently resisted calling Cheng Guang his master; yet, he couldn't get over not calling him master internally either.

Thus, after struggling for a while, Erlang Shen Yang Jian chose to simply omit the address in his speech.

“This incident must be an accident.”

“If you... If you can remove this dim master-servant mark from both myself and the Roaring Celestial Dog, I can coexist peacefully with you.”

“And I will owe you a favor.”

Erlang Shen Yang Jian spoke to Cheng Guang with a slightly strained tone.

He, despite his desires to place himself on the same footing as Cheng Guang, was constantly reminded by the faintly dark master-servant mark within his heart, within his Primordial Spirit.

He uncontrollably felt the urge to bow his head when facing Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang shook his head, “It won’t do.”

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian’s fingers clenched tightly in an instant, and veins bulged in his forehead from the effort to suppress the emotions raging inside him.

Gradually, his fingers relaxed.

“Why not?”

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian expressed his confusion.

Cheng Guang found this difficult to explain.

The faintly dark master-servant mark etched into Heizai Yuanshen was directly implanted by the system.

Although Cheng Guang had the power to control Black Cub, he truly lacked the ability to remove it.

Or rather,

the system, to protect Cheng Guang from self-sabotage,

made it so that until his cultivation strength surpassed that of Black Cub, the faintly dark master-servant mark would remain unremovable.

To dispel it, either Black Cub would have to forcefully break through, or Cheng Guang's cultivation would have to become stronger than that of Black Cub, stronger than Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, for it to be undone.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian was unaware of Cheng Guang's hidden circumstances and the existence of the system.

Seeing Cheng Guang's silence, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian took it as an acknowledgment that Cheng Guang had no intention to remove the faintly dark master-servant mark.

Despite his immense anger, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian was completely powerless against Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir.

His fingers tightened then relaxed again.

Finally, he exhaled helplessly.

As if resigned to his fate,

"Since that is the case, then this lord might as well stay under your command for a while."

"If there is anything you wish me to do, just command me."

At that moment, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's demeanor suddenly became very submissive,

which seemed strikingly forced and awkward.

Cheng Guang was also aware of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's ulterior motive.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's thoughts were simple: having just awakened with weak cultivation strength, he was powerless against the bondage of the faintly dark master-servant mark.

Rather than being obstinate and resisting Cheng Guang at this moment only to suffer humiliation and torment, it was better to accept his situation meekly for the time being.

In Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's eyes,

there must be reasons as to why Cheng Guang—or perhaps the entity behind Cheng Guang—expended so much effort, surely not just to imprint on his Primordial Spirit the faintly dark master-servant mark.

They must need him to carry out certain tasks.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian believed that given time, this faintly dark master-servant mark could never truly bind him.

His current submission was only a temporary expedient.

Once he would have shattered the master-servant mark in the future, all the humiliation suffered would be repaid in full by Cheng Guang.

Just thinking about this alleviated some of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's indignant emotions.

Cheng Guang knew what Erlang Shen, Yang Jian was thinking; he also knew that unless his own power completely overwhelmed Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, relying solely on a faintly dark master-servant mark to control him was as naive as talking to a delusional man.

But on the other hand,

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian was different from Black Cub.

Black Cub, though being Hell's Demon Emperor, had some pride, but being in a cycle of reincarnation, his cultivation strength was particularly weak.

He was not even worth mentioning.

In contrast to Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian was full of pride, and he had just awakened to find himself bound by a master-servant mark.

Such an affair, for anyone, would be intolerable.

Previously, Dongfang Chiguo Tianwang would rather die than be controlled by Charm Eyes.

If it weren't for the constraints and protections of heavenly laws within Dongfang Chiguo Tianwang's Primordial Spirit,

Cheng Guang would have long controlled him with Charm Eyes.

Chapter 818: Silly Dog, Do You Want to Follow Him Forever?

Cheng Guang thought of this and was again slightly puzzled.

After all, returning to the previous point,

the primordial spirit of Dongfang Chiguo Tianwang contains the heavenly laws.

Why then does Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's primordial spirit, lack the existence of heavenly laws?

Could it be...

that Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, has never been constrained by heavenly laws?

Cheng Guang thought of this and then remembered that Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, after all, is at odds with both Heavenly Court and the Western Buddhas.

Moreover, in the true timeline of the Princely Heir, he could even request that real Princely Heir to become an enemy of Heavenly Court.

Therefore...

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, has never aligned himself with Heavenly Court.

It's quite normal for his mind to be free of the constraints of heavenly laws.

If in the mind of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, there resided that very peculiar heavenly law, and in the Heizai Yuanshen the somewhat gloomy mark of master and servant, whether it could be imprinted upon the primordial spirit of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, was still an unknown.

Upon this realization, Cheng Guang couldn't help but click his tongue in wonder.

Just as Cheng Guang was about to speak to Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, a roaring sound suddenly erupted in the distance.

This roaring was not the sound of a fight.

Instead, it resembled the explosive sound of air being compressed and bursting due to high-speed movement.

Cheng Guang looked up and gazed into the distance.

He saw a figure, trailed by waves of cloud and smoke, swiftly approaching the direction of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

The aura of that figure gave Cheng Guang a distinct feeling of familiarity.

"Great Tang Emperor?"

Cheng Guang quickly recognized the person and involuntarily raised his eyebrows slightly.

The Great Tang Emperor had just left; why had he returned so soon?

Under Cheng Guang's gaze, the Great Tang Emperor quickly arrived not far from Cheng Guang.

Upon reaching Cheng Guang's side, the Great Tang Emperor immediately bowed slightly with reverence.

The Great Tang Emperor's pride was substantial, but compared to Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, he was better at recognizing the situation.

His cultivation was indeed stronger than Cheng Guang's, but he was no match for Guangyin Buddha and Cleansing Thought Buddha.

The fact that Cheng Guang had brought Guangyin Buddha and Cleansing Thought Buddha under his control was something the Great Tang Emperor aspired to.

At this time, both the Great Tang Emperor and Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, had no choice but to submit.

Only...

the Great Tang Emperor did so more willingly.

“Master...”

The Great Tang Emperor nodded slightly to Cheng Guang and was about to report that he had just sensed the presence of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian nearby, prompting him to hurriedly come to Cheng Guang.

Suddenly...

out of the corner of his eye, the Great Tang Emperor caught sight of the figure kneeling in front of Cheng Guang.

Upon seeing that figure, the Great Tang Emperor felt an intense sense of familiarity.

It was almost as if...

the person kneeling before Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke’s Heir, dressed in plain clothes with a tall stature, was Erlang Shen, Yang Jian whom he had seen before...

The Great Tang Emperor blinked several times, his mouth slightly agape, his astonishment nearly impossible to conceal.

“Master, who is...this?”

The Great Tang Emperor swallowed the words he was about to say, turning his gaze back to Cheng Guang, pointing at Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, kneeling not far away, and asking out of curiosity.

Cheng Guang said, "Ah, this person is the one you were just mentioning."

"Erlang Shen, Yang Jian."

Cheng Guang directly identified Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's identity.

He had no intention of keeping anything secret from the Great Tang Emperor.

Upon hearing Cheng Guang's words, the Great Tang Emperor's mouth opened even wider in shock, abruptly turning to look again at Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

At that moment...

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, expressionless, looked up.

Their gazes met.

Seeing Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's face—one both familiar yet strange—the Great Tang Emperor's heart felt as if it had been pricked by needles, throbbing sharply.

This was not to say...

that the Great Tang Emperor felt sorry for Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, suddenly kneeling before Cheng Guang, the Duke of the State, nor did he feel heartache.

It was simply pure indescribable surprise.

The Great Tang Emperor couldn't believe that Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, who once seemed like a god descending to earth, unparalleled, almost capable of annihilating him,

suddenly appeared in the Great Zhou Capital, let alone...

directly kneeled before Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir...???

The Great Tang Emperor knew that Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, was an extraordinary figure with formidable methods, but he had never imagined Cheng Guang to be capable to such an extent.

Had Cheng Guang actually subdued Erlang Shen, Yang Jian?

The Great Tang Emperor surveyed the surroundings and saw that in Duke Zhen's Mansion's Million Specie Garden, there were no signs of chaos, suggesting no fierce battles had broken out.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, was just kneeling in front of Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir?

When the Great Tang Emperor saw Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, kneeling before Cheng Guang, his eyes involuntarily tightened in shock.

Then...

the Great Tang Emperor fell silent.

He felt as though his own brain was shrinking.

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, upon seeing the Great Tang Emperor, recognized him as the man he had seen upon awakening.

Chapter 819: Silly Dog, Do You Want to Follow Him Forever? _2

“It’s him...”

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, muttered to himself softly, a flicker of uncertain light flashing through his dark pupils.

Originally, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, had felt that he had fallen into a chess game laid out by Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke’s Heir.

Upon seeing the Great Tang Emperor for the first time, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, became even more certain of his original thought.

If not for the chess game laid out by Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke’s Heir, how could he possibly have been found by the Great Tang Emperor the moment he woke up?

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, certainly didn’t think it was an accident.

When he saw that the Great Tang Emperor also addressed Cheng Guang as his master, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, immediately sorted out his thoughts.

At the same time, his mind made numerous associations.

The more he thought.

the more Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, wished to die.

He didn’t understand; the ones who could lay out such a chess game around him were typically the top powers from the three teachings.

Those powers, and Erlang Shen, Yang Jian himself, had some emotional ties.

No matter what, they shouldn’t act against him, much less lay such a chess game.

What exactly was going on!?

Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, didn't understand!!

His thoughts were tangled in complexes.

Cheng Guang, seeing both the Great Tang Emperor and Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, silently staring at each other, didn't know what they were thinking. His expression changed constantly.

Cheng Guang shook his head, "There's nothing else."

"Great Tang Emperor, you may go back now."

"Also, take Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, with you."

Although Cheng Guang intended to use Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, at this moment, he truly didn't know how to utilize him.

Having Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, and the Great Tang Emperor stay together was relatively better.

Compared to Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, the Great Tang Emperor was easier to control.

If Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, harbored any rebellious thoughts, Cheng Guang could control him immediately through the Great Tang Emperor.

Moreover, with the slightly gloomy master-servant imprint controlling him, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, couldn't stir up much trouble in a short time.

As Cheng Guang's voice fell.

The Great Tang Emperor reacted instantly, nodding hurriedly.

Then, he dragged Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, who was kneeling beside him, and fled toward Great Tang Chang'an City as if escaping.

Seemingly not daring to linger near Cheng Guang.

Meanwhile, Black Cub watched Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's departing figure and seemed to want to leave as well.

But noticing Cheng Guang approaching, it hesitated.

Contracting its head, it held its skull with both hands.

Displaying a timid expression.

Cheng Guang walked up to Black Cub, studying its demeanor.

Logically, Black Cub should have regained its memories from its past life by now.

In its past life, Black Cub was Roaring Celestial Dog.

Even though Roaring Celestial Dog was just a dog of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, it was, after all, an entity with a divine status.

Anyhow, it shouldn't have such a disposition.

Seeing Black Cub's fearful appearance right before him, dog-like in every way,

If Black Cub were a righteous god from the Heavenly Court, Cheng Guang would be unwilling to believe it.

Cheng Guang kicked Black Cub, "Silly dog, do you also want to keep following him forever?"

Black Cub hurriedly shook its head.

"No, no."

"Master, I wish to follow only you."

Black Cub hastily declared its loyalty.

Cheng Guang didn't believe Black Cub's words.

At the first appearance of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, Black Cub had addressed him as master.

Cheng Guang had never heard Black Cub spontaneously call him master.

Not even uttering a word before.

Only when Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, appeared did Black Cub start to speak.

In Black Cub's heart, even with the slightly gloomy master-servant imprint, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian's status was pretty high.

Cheng Guang didn't demand Black Cub to view him as important anymore.

With the slightly gloomy master-servant imprint present, Black Cub couldn't possibly betray him anyhow.

Black Cub didn't possess the abilities like Erlang Shen, Yang Jian; even given an opportunity to increase its cultivation, it hardly had any chance to break the slightly gloomy master-servant imprint.

Thinking this, Cheng Guang didn't bother with Black Cub anymore and looked at Ning Qianxue beside him.

"I'll go into retreat for a while."

"If anything happens, notify me."

Ning Qianxue nodded slightly, "Go ahead."

After Cheng Guang finished handling the matters, he went into the bedroom by himself.

And after Cheng Guang entered the bedroom, Ning Qianxue took care of some aftermath work.

The disturbance caused by Black Cub awakening his previous life's memories was not small.

It had alarmed the entire Great Zhou Capital.

Shortly after, it wasn't too long before both Cheng Zihai and Mrs. Wu sent people to inquire.

Hearing that there was nothing wrong and that Cheng Guang had gone into seclusion again, they stopped asking further questions and left with their people after the disturbance had completely subsided.

Duke Zhen's Mansion once more returned to a state of tranquility.

Ning Qianxue sat in the pavilion, looking in the direction of the bedroom, gazing at the distant bedroom.

Ning Qianxue could see Cheng Guang's silhouette.

Cheng Guang's silhouette was illuminated by candlelight, casting a shadow on the window, and the silhouette was visible.

Inside the bedroom.

Cheng Guang planned to claim the task reward that the Great Tang Emperor had given for controlling the Great Yan Dynasty.

Cheng Guang had not claimed it earlier.

Firstly, because he had no time, and secondly because he wanted to give himself some time to rest.

After all, he had been doing too many things during this period.

Cheng Guang had no time to rest.

However.

When Erlang Shen, Yang Jian appeared, Cheng Guang decided not to rest anymore.

The existence of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, although controlled by a somewhat dark master-servant imprint, was only temporary.

Cheng Guang did not know when Erlang Shen, Yang Jian might break free from the control of the somewhat dark master-servant imprint.

Cheng Guang also did not know how strong the control of the somewhat dark master-servant imprint was over Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

If Erlang Shen, Yang Jian intended to kill him.

Both Cheng Guang and Erlang Shen, Yang Jian would die.

It would result in a mutually destructive situation.

Cheng Guang also considered that this scenario might occur, so he had the Great Tang Emperor take Erlang Shen, Yang Jian away.

Letting the Great Tang Emperor keep a slight watch over Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

That way, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian wouldn't adopt a mentality of mutual destruction and make a desperate fight with Cheng Guang.

Regardless, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian posed a significant risk to Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang could not simply eradicate Erlang Shen.

Firstly, it was still uncertain how strong the control of the somewhat dark master-servant imprint was over Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

If he controlled Erlang Shen, Yang Jian to commit suicide, Erlang Shen, Yang Jian might not necessarily do it.

Secondly, if Erlang Shen, Yang Jian harbored thoughts of mutual destruction, Cheng Guang could not escape.

Thirdly, Cheng Guang still wanted to make use of Erlang Shen, Yang Jian, whose combat power was much stronger than both Guangyin Buddha and Cleansing Thought Buddha.

It would be a great pity to miss out on such an existence.

For now, what Cheng Guang could do was to give his all to enhance his own strength.

With his own strength enhanced.

He would have more confidence and assurance when facing Erlang Shen, Yang Jian.

He wouldn't have to worry about Erlang Shen, Yang Jian betraying him and stabbing him in the back.

The somewhat dark master-servant imprint could still function temporarily.

So.

Cheng Guang felt that he still had ample time.

Thinking this, Cheng Guang took a deep breath and voiced out loud.

“System, claim the mission reward!”

As Cheng Guang's voice fell.

Suddenly, streaks of golden light appeared in the void.

Those streaks of golden light, as if coming from the end of an endless celestial river, formed a flat boat heading toward Cheng Guang.

On that flat boat appeared to be carrying a huge King Tripod.

The King Tripod grew larger and clearer under Cheng Guang's watchful eyes.

By the time the King Tripod reached in front of Cheng Guang.

Three huge characters entered Cheng Guang's view.

— Zhen Yun Ding!

Fortune-Suppressing Nine Cauldrons, one of them!

Chapter 820: After So Many Years, Someone Can Still Find Me?

The Fortune-Suppressing Nine Cauldrons appeared before Cheng Guang.

The King Tripod in front of Cheng Guang was merely one of the Fortune-Suppressing Nine Cauldrons.

Zhen Yun Ding.

On the body of the Zhen Yun Ding, faint recognizable patterns intertwined and merged, forming the shape of the digit "one."

That is to say, the system rewarded Cheng Guang with the first one among the Fortune-Suppressing Nine Cauldrons.

Like this first tripod, there were eight more.

Thoughts flew swiftly through Cheng Guang's mind, and then he slowly reached out and gently placed his hand on the Zhen Yun Ding that materialized within the golden radiance in front of him.

When Cheng Guang's fingertips touched the Zhen Yun Ding, the tripod suddenly revealed a streak of flowing light.

The streak of light spread from one point and then enveloped the entire body of the Zhen Yun Ding.

It only took a moment.

The streak of light then covered the entire Zhen Yun Ding.

At the same time, the Zhen Yun Ding transitioned from the illusion of the golden radiance river into reality.

The Zhen Yun Ding truly appeared before Cheng Guang, and at the same time, Cheng Guang's fingertips touching the tripod felt a cool sensation.

This cool sensation gave Cheng Guang the feeling of touching bronze, yet by looking at the appearance of the Zhen Yun Ding alone, one could not discern much trace of bronze; it was only vaguely discernible that the material of the Zhen Yun Ding was not ordinary.

Just by looking at the Zhen Yun Ding, one could tell that its origin was extraordinary and its material was definitely extraordinary.

Cheng Guang did not know much about the Zhen Yun Ding, so he did not delve much into the material of the tripod, and soon began to explore what the tripod was used for.

Just by looking at the three characters Zhen Yun Ding.

It seemed to be related to suppressing some kind of fortune.

Usually, the words “suppressing” are often related to the fortune of dynasties and frequently appear together.

Cheng Guang immediately speculated whether the Zhen Yun Ding could be related to the fortune of dynasties.

But whether that was the case or not, Cheng Guang still needed confirmation from the system.

Cheng Guang’s thoughts moved slightly, and he slightly reduced the somewhat large Zhen Yun Ding.

The real size of the Zhen Yun Ding was even bigger than a palace.

But as the Zhen Yun Ding appeared as a system task, from the moment it materialized in reality, it was completely bound to Cheng Guang, and it had successfully recognized its master.

Thus, Cheng Guang was able to control the size of the Zhen Yun Ding, keeping it within a certain range.

Otherwise, if the Zhen Yun Ding were allowed to appear and enlarge, Cheng Guang’s bedroom would soon become an open-air garden.

Cheng Guang shrunk the Zhen Yun Ding to the size of a palm and held it in his hand to play with, exploring how to use the Zhen Yun Ding.

While Cheng Guang was fiddling with the Zhen Yun Ding, trying to figure out how to use it, a stream of information suddenly entered his mind.

Before Cheng Guang could react, he was overwhelmed by a torrent of information.

This torrent of information did not come from the system, but rather seemed to come from the Zhen Yun Ding itself.

Within these torrents of information, Cheng Guang seemed to see.

He saw scenes.

There was a dynasty's establishment, where someone roared, "Even nobles and generals are from the masses."

There was a dynasty's excitement, where someone recited a poem, "Watching all of Chang'an's blossoms in one night."

There was the extinction of a dynasty, where someone hanged from the crooked-neck tree, covered their face with white cloth, begging the foreign enemies not to harm a single civilian.

These scenes interwove into a long river of time.

Cheng Guang suddenly felt that these scenes were very familiar.

As if all these scenes...

were the history he knew...

Since Cheng Guang had traversed here, he gradually discovered that this world contained many elements he was familiar with.

First the Great Tang Emperor, then the Heavenly Court, then the Buddha heads...

Apart from the beginning, Cheng Guang felt this was a completely different world, but as his understanding of this world deepened, he increasingly felt that this world seemed to be the world he once knew.

The only difference.

Was the series of scenes woven into the long river of time by the Zhen Yun Ding.

It came to an abrupt end in the Great Tang.

There was no subsequent dynasty, nor the world of high-rise buildings that Cheng Guang himself had experienced.

Cheng Guang did not know why the Zhen Yun Ding, in the scenes it gave him, only extended up to the Great Tang and did not continue further.

Was it that after the Great Tang, the world had completely changed, and the Zhen Yun Ding also encountered a problem, disappearing into the river of history?

Cheng Guang, just by looking at the scenes given by the Zhen Yun Ding, could tell that no matter which dynasty it was, the Zhen Yun Ding always held an extraordinary position.

It could be said.

The cycles of dynasties were endless, and the Zhen Yun Ding always occupied that one unchanging position.

And in those dynasties not recorded by the Zhen Yun Ding, it was as if the great path had fallen, cultivation went astray, Immortals and Deities all changed as if in an era.

In that Dark Age.

What exactly happened?

How was the Imperial Bloodline born?

And who was behind the current world order?

As Cheng Guang saw the various scenes within the Zhen Yun Ding, alarm bells and many doubts resonated in his heart.

These doubts accumulated in Cheng Guang's mind, and for the moment, he could not find any resolution.

This made Cheng Guang involuntarily furrow his brows slightly.

At the same time.

When the Zhen Yun Ding began to feed a series of scenes into Cheng Guang's mind, the system's introduction to the Zhen Yun Ding also appeared in Cheng Guang's mind.