

## **My System 85**

Chapter 85: Yes, yes, yes, interesting

Duke Zhen's Mansion, Million Specie Garden.

The courtyard was deep and secluded, shaded by green trees, with flowers blooming like brocade.

Rocks, ponds, winding paths, pavilions, and towers—all were present.

Throughout the seasons, the garden abounded with greenery and overflowed with the fragrance of flowers, adding an extra touch of elegance and tranquility to the mansion.

In the serenity of Million Specie Garden, at the pavilion, Cheng Guang sat beside an intricately carved stone table.

Sunlight filtered through the tall leaves of the Chinese parasol trees, casting a golden glow on his jade-like, smooth face, accentuating his handsome features.

In front of him, a teapot filled with emerald green tea emitted wisps of steam, carrying a faint aroma of tea.

Cheng Guang lifted the teapot and skillfully filled a blue-and-white porcelain bowl.

He gently held the bowl to his lips and slowly savored the warm, delicious tea.

His eyes were clear as mirrors, reflecting the surrounding beauty, while his heart was as calm and profound as the tea.

“I suppose Qing Luan and the others should be almost done by now,” he mused.

Cheng Guang took a light sip of the tea, placed down the cup, and muttered to himself.

As he pondered, his slender, fair fingers tapped the stone table gently, elegantly, still carrying the faint scent of tea.

Amidst Cheng Guang’s contemplation,

a cold, emotionless voice suddenly reached his ears.

[Mission completed.]

[Reward: a random Proving Dao Map (God Level).]

[Randomizing...]

[Selection complete, awarding the True Lord of Pure Origin's Proving Dao Map!]

[Would you like to claim it?]

Hearing the voice by his ear, Cheng Guang's eyes lit up with a trace of joy—it seemed the princely heir had been thoroughly drained of the royal bloodline.

His appearance had changed.

Now, he was somewhat curious about what the genuine Princely Heir now looked like.

There was still some time before Qing Luan and the others returned to the mansion.

Cheng Guang was not in a hurry. After gently lifting the teacup, he took a sip and let the cool fragrance of the tea spread in his mouth. After a moment, he spoke slowly in his mind,

“Claim it!”

As the words settled in his heart,

Cheng Guang suddenly felt mysterious golden lights begin to spontaneously emerge in his mind. The golden lights converged into a folio.

Slowly, a human figure began to take shape within the folio.

Before Cheng Guang could get a clear look at the figure, darkness suddenly enveloped his vision.

His sight was covered by an abrupt darkness.

But then, within that boundless darkness, he saw a flame ignite, burning brightly and dazzling to the eyes.

Around the flame, he could vaguely discern a divine figure floating in the darkness, visible one moment and hidden the next.

Its posture was noble and graceful, like the pinnacle of a mountain range—majestic and stately.

Its form was not something ordinary people could comprehend, seemingly condensing endless space and time in an instant.

The eyes of that divine figure shimmered with a golden luster, profound and distant, vast as the stars and sea. Their gaze seemed to penetrate all void, directly perceiving the origin of the universe.

Its silhouette was blurred and ethereal.

“The True Lord of Pure Origin’s Proving Dao Map!”

A surge of thoughts assaulted him, and though Cheng Guang’s mind had only briefly glimpsed the orb of light, without getting a detailed look at what it was,

the immense, overwhelming pressure, even a mere droplet from an ocean, made it unbearable for Cheng Guang.

He felt dizzy, his mouth dry, his chest as if blocked by something, causing an urge to vomit.

After a few breaths, or perhaps a long while, Cheng Guang suddenly snapped back to reality, opening his eyes, with a glint of golden light dancing in them as he gasped for breath.

Sweat as large as soybeans uncontrollably slid down from his forehead.

Then a gust of wind blew by, bringing with it a bone-chilling coolness.

Cheng Guang found that his body, without his noticing, was covered in cold sweat, soaking his inner garment and long coat.

“Just what kind of existence is this God Level Proving Dao Map!”

“Merely looking at it, and I’m unable to endure!”

“But...”

“The benefits I received are also remarkable!”

Cheng Guang sat dazedly on the stone seat, his gaze resting on the teacup in front of him, but his thoughts had dived deep into the sea of his heart to observe his Primordial Spirit.

Above his Primordial Spirit, which was previously pure white, was now enveloped in a layer of red.

On the path of Spirit Dao, in the Second Rank Yin God Realm, the Primordial Spirit is white.

Ascending higher, in the Third Rank Yang God Realm, the Primordial Spirit turns red.

Cheng Guang had only stepped into the Yin God Realm a few days ago, and even though he possessed the ancient bloodline of the Great Xia royal family, attracting Heavenly and Earthly Qi with minimal effort,

advancing quickly was still difficult.

Qi and the body together, no matter how much Qi you nourish them with, there is a limit.

There's a cap to the daily growth of one's cultivation.

Many people never touch their limits in their entire lives, yet Cheng Guang, in his recent days of cultivation, often reached his.

The body is fine, as it can break through limits, and even if it gets injured, it can be healed with Spiritual Medicine Spirit Food.

But the Primordial Spirit is different; once it reaches its limit, pushing further in cultivation will damage the Primordial Spirit.

Though the Primordial Spirit can recover, it takes much longer than the body.

And after the Primordial Spirit is damaged, the person becomes restless and uneasy.

The disadvantages far outweigh the benefits.

Therefore, in his cultivation of Spirit Dao, Cheng Guang always adhered to a principle of steady progress, slowly advancing his spiritual cultivation.