

## **My System 87**

Chapter 87: Yes, yes, yes, interesting\_3

Until countless Iron Cavalry trampled through the rain, surrounding them.

The man slowly lowered his head, his tiger-like eyes brimming with tears.

“How can Great Chu fall, how can Great Chu possibly fall...”

It seemed he could not accept this reality.

But the truth...

was relentless.

He laid down his Emperor’s dignity and knelt before the countless Iron Cavalry, only to beg them to spare his only bloodline.

Cheng Guang saw a towering figure step out from among the Iron Cavalry, taking “himself” away.

Then on.

The two exchanged a few words, the sound of rain, the sound of wind, too loud.

Cheng Guang couldn't make out the words.

In the end, he only saw the majestic man give a bitter laugh, pick up the long sword beside him, and draw it across his own neck.

His cultivation was strong; ordinary blades could not pierce his skin.

The towering figure in front of him helped him.

One slice severed his throat.

The majestic man died.

Falling into a pool of blood.

And the woman...

also cried torrentially, her gentle face filled with sorrow.

“Child, don’t worry, you will survive, you will survive...”

Her voice, fading in the end...

had become a murmur.

Cheng Guang couldn’t hear what she said afterward.

He could only see that “he”, at this moment, was clumsily reaching out his little hands, apparently trying to wipe the tears from the woman’s face.

The gentle woman bit her red lips, saying no more, her heart seemingly shattered.

She passed him to the towering figure before her.

“Survive, child, survive...”

“Year by year be peaceful, year by year be safe, may my child, in this life... be safe and sound...”

The gentle woman murmured to herself, thrusting the sharp blade into her abdomen, which began to ooze a large amount of fresh blood.

The blood, crimson and glaring, stained her white dress.

Like a rose about to wither.

Afterwards.

The scene before Cheng Guang's eyes darkened.

When the picture lit up again.

Cheng Guang saw the scene change.

In a cell-like, gloomy chamber, a newborn child looked around unconsciously.

The dark surroundings and the heavy oppressive feeling made it difficult for him to breathe.

He wanted to cry.

But when the sound reached his mouth, he found he could no longer cry.

It seemed as though everyone in the world who might care for him no longer existed.

The child remembered his mother's gentle face, his father's broad back, and their loving voices.

But all of this had drifted far away from him.

He didn't know where they were.

He began to weep, his tears falling like broken beads.

His crying echoed in the empty cell, sounding so desolate and helpless.

He longed for his mother's scent, his father's embrace, the warm sunlight, and the fresh air.

The cell had no windows, only a dim lamp.

He couldn't tell day from night, nor grasp the passage of time. He felt as if he had been forgotten by the whole world, left alone in this corner, neglected by everyone.

He couldn't understand why he was here; he just wanted to go home with his parents.

He remembered his parents lying in a pool of blood.

Without a concept of death, he didn't understand what had happened to them, thinking they were just asleep.

When he awoke, he found himself in this dreadful place.

Fear and helplessness filled his eyes.

He had only just been born, but he already knew the world wasn't always fair.

He clutched tightly at the Jade Pendant in his embrace, given to him by his father, which brought him a little comfort.

Suddenly, a towering figure walked in, and the child felt an oppressive presence.

It was a bad man.

His expression looked severe, and the child knew this was not a good sign.

“Child, we need to draw blood, your blood,”

the man said, his voice revealing helplessness and resolution.

The child didn’t understand what taking blood meant, but he knew it couldn’t be anything good.

He looked into the man’s austere and indifferent eyes and saw a coldness he had never seen before.

His heart shattered instantly, tears streaming down continuously.

The child cried, struggling weakly, his voice filled with despair and helplessness.

But no one listened to him; he was forcefully pinned to a table.

His tears ran down his cheeks, dripping onto his Jade Pendant as he stared at the dim ceiling, his heart filled with despair.

He felt as if the entire world had abandoned him, alone and hopeless.

“Don’t worry, child, you won’t die. Your parents made a trade with your bloodline, in exchange for my promise to save your life,”

“Don’t be afraid, don’t be afraid,”

the towering figure momentarily showing a trace of patience, soothingly whispered.

Soon after, the child felt his blood being drawn, his body beginning to chill.

At the same time.

He heard another child’s crying.

It seemed younger than him.



But crying louder than him.

As if there was something to rely on nearby, as if crying louder would bring someone to help.

The child felt utterly helpless; he cried no more.

“Father, after all, this child is a prince of the Great Chu Imperial Family. If this gets out, our Duke Zhen’s Mansion will become the enemy of countless dynasties...”

“Don’t overthink it. You know the state of Guanger’s health. His bloodline of the Great Zhou Imperial Family has been drained. Without cultivating Spirit Dao, if he only pursues Martial Cultivation, there’s not much of a future... Besides... you also know, the concentration of this child’s bloodline is extremely high.”

“We can’t waste it. Taking a risk is worth it!”