

## My System 98

Chapter 98: Does Great Zhou Really Have Such a Genius!?!\_2

Deng Kexiang's eyes were deeply sunken, and after glancing at Cheng Zhihai a few times, he chuckled and left the hall without saying much.

Once out of the hall, he leisurely said,

"Hurry up, my time is limited, today is the first day, whether he learns much or little, it's all up to the kid's ability."

Cheng Zhihai's face expressed helplessness, his gaze shifting from Deng Kexiang to Cheng Guang.

"Guanger, I have something to tell you."

Cheng Guang looked somewhat puzzled as he raised his eyes to Cheng Zhihai, who had a serious expression on his face. Thinking something significant had happened, he asked.

"What is it?"

Cheng Zhihai took a deep breath, his authoritative tiger eyes flickered a few times, and he carefully ventured to ask, "That... Guanger... As I have discussed with you before, I wanted you to join the Bureau of the Lamp to hone your skills. You have been resisting it before, but now, your bodily injuries have healed..."

“As the Princely Heir of Duke Zhen’s Mansion, you will inherit not only your grandfather’s title as Duke of the State, but also the Northern Expedition Army.”

“Because I was determined to marry your mother, your grandfather was angry, leaving the title to bypass me. Initially, I should’ve passed the Duke’s title to you, but now it is to be passed directly from your grandfather to you.”

“However, I haven’t been without benefits.”

At this, a smile appeared on Cheng Zhihai’s stern face.

“Benefits?” Cheng Guang asked, puzzled.

Cheng Zhihai nodded and said, “The benefit is the Bureau of the Lamp.”

“I created the Bureau of the Lamp, an organization with immense power and influence throughout the Great Zhou. We serve the emperor, eradicate all injustice, and forge a golden age unique to Great Zhou.”

“In the future, the Bureau of the Lamp will be my legacy to you.”

“Even if your grandfather and I were to meet with an untimely fate, as long as you have the Bureau of the Lamp and the million-strong Northern Expedition Army, you will have a foothold in Great Zhou.”

After explaining, the aura of a superior being had vanished from Cheng Zhihai, leaving him looking somewhat uneasy as he turned to Cheng Guang.

“But Guanger, you know that the Bureau of the Lamp is still an agency of the Court. To inherit it legitimately, one needs to possess certain accomplishments and a resume.”

“I want you to go there and gain experience. Once you’ve accumulated enough credits, you can safely take control of the Bureau of the Lamp in the future.”

Upon hearing this, Cheng Guang’s face showed understanding. He thought about it for a moment, then nodded in agreement.

“Alright.”

After all, the Bureau of the Lamp was full of masters and held resources that even Duke Zhen’s Mansion lacked, exclusive to the Bureau’s own talents.

Even if Cheng Zhihai hadn’t mentioned it, Cheng Guang would have wished to use the Bureau of the Lamp to quickly strengthen himself and establish some capital.

And after Cheng Guang had finished speaking.

“It’s not an issue if you disagree, you can just stay at home...”

Before he could finish, Cheng Zhihai was frozen in place.

Cheng Zhihai had been prepared for Cheng Guang to refuse his offer.

But to his surprise, Cheng Guang had agreed immediately.

This left Cheng Zhihai momentarily at a loss.

An inexplicable happiness, joy.

The elation made the always composed man feel somewhat awkward and clumsy.

Cheng Guang looked helplessly at Cheng Zhihai, “Dad, is there anything else?”

Cheng Zhihai quickly gestured no, his commanding eyes betraying a slight panic, and laughed, “Guanger, once Elder Deng has left, report to the Bureau of the Lamp. I’ll arrange some tasks for you later. Just go through the motions and collect some achievements.”

Cheng Guang nodded and was about to leave.

Cheng Zhihai hastily said, “Guanger, take what you can from Elder Deng’s martial arts. It’s fine if you can’t. After all, his path of Martial Cultivation is slightly different from that of ordinary people.”

“Just don’t anger him, and be good.”

Cheng Guang nodded and lifted his foot to leave.

Cheng Zhihai called out again, “Guanger, if practicing martial arts tires you, tell me whatever you want, Dad can fulfill any of your wishes.”

Cheng Guang silently set his foot back down and turned to look at Cheng Zhihai, his face expressing resignation.

“Dad, can’t you just say everything at once?”

“Is there anything else?”

Cheng Zhihai laughed heartily and scratched his head. "That's it, that's it. Go ahead, Guanger."

At this moment, Cheng Zhihai was without any of the iron-fisted and unfeeling authority of the Bureau of the Lamp's Director; instead, he seemed like a somewhat nagging old man.

Cheng Guang nodded silently, then left the great hall.

On the steps of the hall,

Deng Kexiang's clothes were dirty and disheveled, his hair unkempt as he sat on the stairway, embodying an unconstrained demeanor.

Seeing Cheng Guang emerge, he yawned.

"Your dad, he really can't say enough about his own son. He's downright indulgent; a mere formality and you can inherit the Bureau of the Lamp..."

"Tsk tsk, if this were to spread, there wouldn't be a noble family in the Capital city that wouldn't be jealous."

As Deng Kexiang spoke, he took an interested look at Cheng Guang.

“But to think back on it, it’s rare for Cheng Zhihai’s doting nature to have raised you with such a modest disposition.”

“And you, young man, are even more handsome than your father. Could it be you’re not his biological child?”

Deng Kexiang teased in jest.

In Great Zhou, perhaps only Deng Kexiang could afford to joke about Cheng Zhihai this brazenly.

Cheng Guang did not respond.

Deng Kexiang, feeling a bit bored, seemed to realize his words had been somewhat impolite and thus did not continue on the subject.