

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 16 - Chapter 14 Are You Alright? Chapter 16: Chapter 14 Are You Alright?

Book Collection Pavilion, outside.

With every passing second, Qing Luan's anxiety remained unabated.

Ever since Cheng Guang had entered the Book Collection Pavilion, she had been worrying about whether he would be exposed.

If he were to be exposed, how would she deal with the situation?

There were moments when Qing Luan was tempted to rush into the Library and pull Cheng Guang out, but with her status and identity, how could she possibly do so under the watchful eyes of everyone?

There was no other way.

She could only wait outside patiently.

While waiting, Qing Luan glanced at Lin Cheng beside her, only to see him standing tall and proud, as if his chest puffing with overconfidence.

He was close to having 'The Princely Heir fancies me' written all over his face.

Qing Luan snorted, feeling some displeasure toward Lin Cheng.

Had it not been for this guard bringing Cheng Guang here, how would Cheng Guang have found the Book Collection Pavilion?

She wouldn't have to be so worried now.

If Cheng Guang's identity were exposed, you'd probably cry on the spot.

With this thought, Qing Luan stopped looking at Lin Cheng.

The two waited in silence.

After a while.

Cheng Guang emerged from the Book Collection Pavilion and immediately saw Qing Luan and Lin Cheng standing not far from the Library's entrance.

As soon as he stepped out, Lin Cheng's eyes lit up with excitement, and he quickly went to greet him.

"Princely Heir, you've come out."

At the same time, Qing Luan's gaze had already fallen on Cheng Guang, her expression solemn and without a smile; she looked at Cheng Guang very seriously.

In her beautiful eyes, there was astonishment and doubt.

She couldn't understand why Cheng Guang was able to appear unharmed.

Could the Elder really not have discovered his identity?

Looking at Cheng Guang again, dressed in fine clothes, with handsome facial features, eyes radiating dignity, and an arrogant demeanor, he seemed youthful but possessed an air of nobility and confidence that his stand-in didn't have before.

This...

Is this still the same stand-in??

For a moment, Qing Luan hesitated and decided to approach and physically feel Cheng Guang's body, to check the Qi within him.

Qing Luan's cultivation was not high; she couldn't manage to inspect Cheng Guang's body with Qi without touching him, especially not in front of all these guards without getting noticed.

As long as she could get in touch with Cheng Guang's body, that would suffice.

Qing Luan quickly stepped forward, heading straight for Cheng Guang.

Just as she was about to touch him.

She was blocked by Lin Cheng in an instant.

"What are you doing?" Qing Luan turned her head and looked angrily at Lin Cheng.

Lin Cheng stiffened his neck and, lifting it proudly, countered, "What are you doing? What status does the Princely Heir have, and what status do you have, that you would touch him directly? From where do you get the nerve?"

Qing Luan gritted her teeth, "I am the Princely Heir's Maiden!"

But Lin Cheng didn't care about that. His job was to protect Cheng Guang. "A Maiden at best. The Princely Heir didn't permit you to touch him, how could you do so?"

"Right, Princely Heir?"

Lin Cheng bowed respectfully to Cheng Guang.

Seeing this, Qing Luan almost crushed her silver teeth; it was clear to her that Lin Cheng was vying for favor.

A mere guard was competing for the favor she should have received.

It was utterly unreasonable.

Qing Luan's complexion turned ashen; she looked at Cheng Guang, waiting for his reply.

Cheng Guang remained calm, with a faint smile playing at his lips, "You're right."

"Lin Cheng, you've done well."

With those words, Lin Cheng's smile deepened, his bow even more pronounced.

Such a prodigy in Martial Cultivation, who was usually so proud. But in his presence, Lin Cheng managed to exhibit a level of sycophancy that was hard for any ordinary person to match.

Lin Cheng's behavior made Qing Luan uncomfortable, but even more unsettling to her was Cheng Guang before her eyes.

The Cheng Guang before her eyes, smiling, at ease, without the slightest hint of constraint he used to have—in every move, he seemed to possess an air of nobility.

It was as if the Cheng Guang before her was a true Princely Heir, not a stand-in.

Could it be that Cheng Guang has truly started to see himself as the Princely Heir?

Or has he gone mad???

Qing Luan didn't understand, truly, she didn't.

"Princely Heir, you must be tired from your strenuous reading. Shall I give you a massage?" Qing Luan's smile seemed forced as she spoke, her lovely face tense.

Cheng Guang looked at Qing Luan with a meaningful glint in his eyes.

Before he could speak,

Lin Cheng, eager to serve, interjected, "Princely Heir, I can also give you a massage. What strength could this young woman have? I've been practicing martial arts with my master since I was young, and I'm good at it."

Upon hearing this, Qing Luan's fingers clenched tightly, nearly throwing a punch at Lin Cheng's body in anger.

"You're competing with me for even this??"

"So, if it comes to warming the Princely Heir's bed, are you saying you could do that too?"

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Qing Luan didn't know if she was muddled by anger towards Lin Cheng or Cheng Guang, but her words about such a private matter tumbled out of her mouth without restraint.

Surprisingly, Lin Cheng didn't hesitate and nodded earnestly, "Yes, if the Princely Heir is willing, I can."

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Qing Luan's eyes widened slightly, at a loss for words for a moment.

Taking a deep breath, she calmed herself and looked at Cheng Guang with a steady gaze.

"Princely Heir, let's go back,"

Cheng Guang nodded, "Let's go."

With Cheng Guang's agreement, Qing Luan breathed a sigh of relief. Thankfully, Cheng Guang recognized the importance of the situation, knowing they could not stay out for long and that he would follow her back.

Once they returned, Qing Luan swore to herself that she would definitely teach Cheng Guang a good lesson!

Get to the bottom of this whole affair.

After a trip to the Book Collection Pavilion, Qing Luan did not believe that Cheng Guang could deceive the Elder.

Cheng Guang stood up and walked past Lin Cheng, saying, "Lin Cheng, from now on, you shall follow me. Come to my residence to serve as my guard."

Lin Cheng was slightly startled, then his eyes showed wild joy.

"Yes, Princely Heir! Lin Cheng is willing to serve the Princely Heir!"

After speaking, Lin Cheng hastily added, "I will come over as soon as I hand over my duties."

Cheng Guang nodded slightly and then proceeded along the way they had come, heading back.

However, Qing Luan was taken aback by Cheng Guang's words.

Looking at the departing Cheng Guang and then at the ecstatic Lin Cheng, her little face turned slightly purple again.

She felt that Cheng Guang was not just struggling on the verge of death but rather seeking his own demise.

If he had just listened to her, hid his identity well, even if the Family Head discovered the impostor's identity in the future, as long as she begged the Princely Heir, he could have a chance to live.

But now, well.

If you rely on your impersonation of the Princely Heir to do something out of line, it won't be an issue that can be resolved by merely dying!

The end might be more painful than death itself!

As Qing Luan pondered, she stomped her foot in anger and quickly caught up to Cheng Guang.

Once they were back at the residence.

Qing Luan immediately started interrogating him.

"Cheng Guang, what are you thinking?"

"Have you gone mad today?"

"First, you went to the Library, and now you have Lin Cheng become your guard. The Library is one thing, but I had already managed to divert the guards by your side with great difficulty, why did you have to find a new one?"

"Are you so eager for others to discover your identity?"

Cheng Guang walked to the pavilion, sat down leisurely, picked up a teacup, took a sip of tea, and looked at Qing Luan.

"Who are you talking to?"

His tone was calm, yet seemed to suppress a fury.

It felt like, at any moment, he could explode like a volcano, erupting in thunderous rage.

Upon hearing these words, Qing Luan, on the contrary, was taken aback, a hint of fear instinctively surfaced on her face, and she took a few steps back.

This demeanor made her feel as if she was facing the real Princely Heir.

Interestingly, Qing Luan also found it strange.

It had been just one night.

Since Cheng Guang came out of the Library, he seemed like a different person.

His every move was filled with an indescribable elegance, his temperament became confident and bold, just like the real Princely Heir.

One could perhaps imitate the appearance very closely, but that innate elegance and the demeanor of a noble's son were impossible to fully replicate.

This...

This...

What is going on?

Qing Luan was baffled.

Staring at Cheng Guang, a trace of fear arose in her heart, her red lips slightly pursed, but she still did not believe that this was the real Princely Heir.

The Princely Heir had said he would not come back before the Family Head returned.

She had to verify it.

Qing Luan quickly stepped forward, grabbed Cheng Guang's arm, and probed with her Qi.

The next moment.

Qing Luan's eyes widened in shock, her face drastically changed, and she looked utterly panic-stricken.

She quickly retreated and knelt down.

"Princely Heir! You, you're back?"

The aura Qing Luan sensed in Cheng Guang was not his; instead, it was a mysterious and unfathomable energy.

She did not know what the Princely Heir's aura was like, as she did not have the courage to probe, but she knew what Cheng Guang's was like.

The person before her was not Cheng Guang.

It was the Princely Heir!!

That explained why Cheng Guang entered the Library and was not discovered by the Elder.

So it turns out...

The Princely Heir had come back!!

Qing Luan knelt on the ground, her face filled with fear, her porcelain white complexion turned pale, and her red lips lost their color, turning ashen.

Qing Luan, kneeling on the ground, her dress taut, highlighting her shapely figure.

But she no longer had the mind to consider whether she was exposed; instead, her emotions were at the utmost peak of terror.

"Princely Heir, Princely Heir, I didn't know it was you, I thought it was that coachman..."

In the midst of speaking, Qing Luan.

Did not notice the deep and unfathomable look in Cheng Guang's eyes...

Nor the slight, meaningful smile at the corner of his mouth.

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