

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 17 - Chapter 15 Quivering with Cold Chapter 17: Chapter 15 Quivering with Cold

Cheng Guang quietly watched Qing Luan, who knelt on the ground.

Without uttering a word, he still exerted a tremendous pressure on Qing Luan.

She lowered her head, her delicate body trembling slightly, panicked by her recent offense.

"Princely Heir, when did you return?"

Qing Luan asked respectfully.

Cheng Guang's eyes narrowed slightly, and then he chuckled softly.

"Just last night, I guess."

"Last night... What about the coachman?" Qing Luan felt puzzled, wondering why the Princely Heir had returned at this moment.

Wasn't he trying to avoid the Family Head?

Having returned early, was there some kind of emergency?

Qing Luan could not understand. The Princely Heir had suddenly come back, the coachman had abruptly disappeared, and the switch had been made without her knowledge.

This was just too suspicious.

Shouldn't the Princely Heir have come to see her right after his return?

Why did he go straight to the Book Collection Pavilion the next morning?

Qing Luan was full of doubts, yet her expression was carefully composed.

Cheng Guang's gaze was deep as he scrutinized Qing Luan, surveyed her for a while, then slowly began to speak.

"Since I've returned, that coachman is no longer needed. Where do you think he is now?"

Qing Luan felt a shock in her heart and lowered her head even more.

"Princely Heir, in the future, when you go out, you might still need that coachman to disguise yourself and hide from prying eyes. It would be better not to kill him outright."

Cheng Guang did not respond, but walked gracefully to Qing Luan's side, pinched her fair and tender cheek with one hand, and stared into her beautiful eyes without any restraint, unabashedly examining her.

"Let's not talk about the coachman."

"Just now, you said you would warm my bed. Is that true?"

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Qing Luan was taken aback by his words, a trace of astonishment rising in her heart.

Her looks were not lacking; she could even be considered extremely beautiful. There were very few in the entire Capital city whose beauty surpassed hers.

But even with her outstanding appearance, the Princely Heir had never touched her in the past.

Even if he accidentally touched her, he would wipe the spot disdainfully with silk, viciously. So why now bring up warming his bed so openly...

Could it be that his scent was a disguise...

The person before her might not be the Princely Heir at all.

Qing Luan's eyes flickered subtly a few times as she immediately put on a sweet and docile smile.

"Of course it's true, Princely Heir. Haven't I warmed your bed many times before?"

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As she spoke, she even pretended to be shy, coyly twisting her body.

Meanwhile, Qing Luan's eyes were fixed on Cheng Guang, as if trying to discern something from his reaction.

But her hope was quickly dashed.

Cheng Guang pinched her soft, jade-like cheek even harder and let out a snort of laughter.

"You've grown quite the schemer in the past few days, haven't you? Are you mistaking me for that coachman?"

"How many more times will you test me?"

As Cheng Guang spoke, his gaze did not waver, his eyes locked with Qing Luan's as her own eyes gradually became more frantic, before he slowly released his grip.

He appeared somewhat disdainful as he took out a piece of brocade silk and leisurely wiped his slender fingers.

3

The smile at the corner of Qing Luan's mouth stiffened, and she did not dare to doubt any further, "I wouldn't dare, Princely Heir. If you wish for Qing Luan to warm your bed, naturally I won't say a word against it!"

"Good, come over tonight then, and make sure you're clean and lying in my bed," Cheng Guang said directly.

3

As his words fell.

Qing Luan was completely stunned, apparently even less expecting the Princely Heir to react this way, as if he truly wanted her to warm his bed.

He had always been reluctant to touch her, even disdaining a mere touch.

Why would he now want her to warm his bed?

It was incomprehensible.

Qing Luan was thoroughly bewildered.

"Don't let me wait too long."

1

Cheng Guang spoke softly, his demeanor noble and his tone calm as he tossed the carefully wiped brocade to the ground and walked towards the bedroom.

Even after Cheng Guang entered the room and his figure was no longer visible, Qing Luan remained kneeling in place.

It seemed she had not yet recovered from Cheng Guang's recent words.

Her gaze wandered and fell upon the brocade not far away.

She stared blankly at the silk on the ground.

Her beautiful eyes narrowed slightly.

This brocade was a personal item of the Princely Heir, who typically carried several pieces with him. Each thread was woven from the silk of exotic beasts, its value considerable.

Before leaving, the Princely Heir had specifically instructed her not to allow the coachman to touch these brocades.

Hence, Qing Luan had not revealed to Cheng Guang the Princely Heir's habit of using brocades, and even though there were brocades in the room, Cheng Guang had never previously touched them.

Apart from her, hardly a few people knew of this matter.

But now...

This silk, after several days, appeared once again before Qing Luan's eyes.

All the doubts and confusion she previously felt were instantly resolved at the sight of the brocade.

It seemed...

The man before her was indeed the real Princely Heir.

His current desire to have her warm his bed might just be a whim.

She recalled the occasional past incident where the Princely Heir showed some interest in her, but he had not yet touched her body and quickly lost interest, tossing her away as if she were rubbish.

Qing Luan took a deep breath, slowly rose to her feet, and walked toward the courtyard exit.

Since the Princely Heir had asked her to clean herself before coming over to warm the bed, she naturally could not ignore the request.

Just as she stepped out of the courtyard, a towering figure ran over at a fast pace, like a small tank.

It was Lin Cheng.

Qing Luan watched Lin Cheng approach rapidly, her gaze filled with complexity.

She had previously assumed that the Princely Heir was still the coachman, and didn't pay much attention to this guard who ingratiated himself with the Princely Heir. Now, looking at the guard again, it was clear he was incredibly lucky.

Qing Luan's thoughts involuntarily returned to Cheng Guang, wondering where the coachman might be at this moment.

Although she had pleaded for Cheng Guang's life, asking the Princely Heir to spare him, a substitute, especially one who looked identical to the Princely Heir, was too much of a risk if left in the manor long-term. If exploited by someone with ulterior motives, the consequences would be unthinkable.

It seemed Cheng Guang would not live much longer.

Whenever the Princely Heir's playful mood subsided, it would spell the death of Cheng Guang the coachman.

Perhaps...

The Princely Heir's early return was because he had lost interest in his games and would no longer leave the manor.

Had the coachman Cheng Guang already died?

Qing Luan's mind was in turmoil; she quickly shook her head, trying not to think further.

A coachman, after all, was not worth her worry.

Now, her concern was how to handle the Princely Heir tonight—this was the pressing matter.

In her current situation with the Princely Heir, Qing Luan experienced a similar feeling to that of the court officials: she understood what it meant to be as nervous as if walking with a tiger.

Qing Luan hurriedly left.

Lin Cheng, who had rushed over, noticed Qing Luan's quick departure and looked after her retreating figure, scratching his head in confusion.

He felt this woman was somewhat different compared to when he saw her in the morning.

Lin Cheng couldn't fathom why Qing Luan had changed so much in such a short time, but he did not dwell on it.

In Lin Cheng's heart, Qing Luan was his greatest rival in the eyes of the Princely Heir, the biggest obstacle in the competition for favor, since she could warm the Princely Heir's bed.

And he could not.

At this thought, Lin Cheng felt somewhat disheartened.

Why couldn't a man warm a bed?

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Shivering with anger.

Hard to say if the world could ever be set right.

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