

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 18 - Chapter 16 Wanting to Take Shortcuts Chapter 18: Chapter 16 Wanting to Take Shortcuts

Lin Cheng arrived at Million Specie Garden where Cheng Guang was supposed to be, but he couldn't find Cheng Guang's figure anywhere, scratching his head in disappointment.

As just a guard, he didn't dare to penetrate too deeply, so he stood a short distance from the building, quietly keeping watch.

3

Lin Cheng might have been a bit simple-minded, but he had a sense of measure.

Before the Princely Heir had assigned him a task, or called him over, if he had rashly intruded and seen or heard something he shouldn't have, there would be no way to settle the matter.

At this moment, inside the bedroom.

Luxurious bed with cornices wrapped around by carved dragons, thin white curtains gently falling, the round window like an ancient painting, vaguely revealing a few plum branches and willows within the "painting".

Cheng Guang lay on the opulent and soft bed, made of brocaded mats, lost in thought.

Today, when he was looking through the Princely Heir's information in the Book Collection Pavilion, he had already decided to impersonate the Princely Heir.

After coming out of the Library, he just happened to see Qing Luan and simply began the act outright.

Even if his ploy were seen through, Cheng Guang didn't believe Qing Luan would pose any threat to him; after all, she would hardly dare to kill him.

Therefore, Cheng Guang felt no pressure.

The result of the impersonation was unexpectedly good, surprisingly so for Cheng Guang.

You should know, his acting skills were not great, but he still managed to deceive Qing Luan, a fact which highlighted the crucial role that intelligence information played in this regard.

Cheng Guang had all the Princely Heir's quirks and styles of handling matters etched into his mind, achieving a rather flawless impersonation through attention to every little detail.

4

Of course, the role of the Restraint Pearl was not to be underestimated.

Until now, Cheng Guang didn't have a clear understanding of the value of the Restraint Pearl.

Today, while in the Library, Cheng Guang took the opportunity to browse some information related to Different Treasures.

Different Treasures were classified into nine ranks.

The Restraint Pearl that Cheng Guang had acquired was of the seventh rank, Heavenly Grade, and above it were the King Grade and Divine Grade.

4

Being ranked seventh, Heavenly Treasures were not insignificant; on the contrary, they were extremely precious.

Heavenly Treasures and above were very rare.

Even the entire Duke Zhen's Mansion, or the Great Zhou Imperial Family, didn't have many Heavenly Treasures.

Different Treasures were treasures that appeared out of nowhere and couldn't be artificially created. Whether one could obtain them depended solely on destiny.

When destiny arrived, one could obtain a Different Treasure; without destiny, one could not.

In the history of Great Zhou, many people had stumbled upon Different Treasures by pure luck, turned them over to the Court or sold them, and enjoyed a lifetime of glory and wealth.

In a certain sense, Different Treasures could be said to be life-changing assets.

If Cheng Guang were to sell the Restraint Pearl, it would be enough to ensure a life of ease and comfort for him.

2

But obviously, Cheng Guang wasn't going to sell it.

Heavenly Grade treasures were beyond the simple description of "once-in-a-lifetime" opportunities.

Ordinary people might not even have heard of Different Treasures in their lifetimes, let alone seen any.

The lowest rank, Grey-rank Treasures, would cause an uproar in the Martial World.

1

One can imagine how difficult it would be to obtain a Heavenly Grade Different Treasure!

Because of the rarity and difficulty in obtaining Different Treasures, the vast majority of people in the world do not know of their existence.

Exactly how many types of Different Treasures there are and what specific functions each has, nobody can say for sure.

Therefore.

The existence of the Restraint Pearl surpassed everyone's understanding.

It could conceal one's aura and block one's fate, defying the common knowledge of this world where aura couldn't be hidden or altered.

It enabled Cheng Guang to evade the detection of his aura by everyone.

Otherwise, at the moment Qing Luan grabbed his arm, his identity would have been exposed instantly.

Cheng Guang reflected, recalling the scene just past, eyes lowering with a trace of relief flickering through them.

Although he possessed the Restraint Pearl, any behavior that contradicted the Princely Heir's usual habits would raise Qing Luan's suspicions and alertness.

Just in that brief moment, Cheng Guang distinctly felt that Qing Luan doubted him no less than five times.

"Qing Luan is too clever, she's not only intelligent but also the person who has spent the most time with the Princely Heir and is the most familiar with him."

"Even the Princely Heir's parents haven't spent as much time with him as Qing Luan has."

"I managed to deceive Qing Luan just now with a silk cloth, but in the future, if something touches upon my areas of ignorance, I will eventually show my true colors."

"I must deal with Qing Luan, either by binding her completely to me or by ensuring she can never speak again."

7

In a brief instant, various thoughts flitted through Cheng Guang's mind.

His summons for Qing Luan to warm his bed in his bedroom was not impulsive, nor was it for revenge. He wanted to see if there was a chance to win her over.

8

As the saying goes, there's a shortcut to a woman's heart.

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Although that shortcut is dark and damp, and not easy to navigate, Cheng Guang still wanted to try it.

17

If things went contrary to his wishes and he failed to win Qing Luan over, he would rather become more ruthless and cold-blooded.

2

Having Qing Luan as a hidden danger by his side made him uneasy, and if one day it exploded, his end was predictable.

5

To prepare for dealing with Qing Luan eventually, Cheng Guang specially summoned Lin Cheng to serve as a guard in his mansion.

This Lin Cheng was extremely skilled in martial arts, and also quite the simpleton, easy to coax.

Keeping him close meant that even if Qing Luan eventually saw through his identity, she wouldn't be able to kill him by force.

Cheng Guang lowered his head, lost in thought as time slowly passed.

The sun set behind the mountains, and the moon rose over the eastern hills.

In just a while, the sky grew dim, and the meeting of wind and clouds made the stars' luster faint, twinkling with a faint, eerie glow.

The pale moonlight fell down.

It shone in the courtyard, casting dark shadows.

It was now 5pm.

Lin Cheng leaned against a willow tree in the courtyard, idly looking up, a blade of dry grass hanging from his mouth as he counted the stars in the sky.

Suddenly feeling something, he turned his head, his gaze falling on the doorway of the courtyard.

A slender figure slowly stepped forward.

The woman seemed as if she had just bathed, radiant as a lotus flower emerging from water, delicate and tender.

1

Her red lips were beautiful without compromising her heroic spirit, and her exquisite features were gently flushed.

Under her azure dress, a curvaceous figure was hidden, and through the swaying skirt, the glimpse of fair skin made it hard to imagine just how porcelain-like her skin and how long her legs might be.

The woman appeared calm, but the tight grip on her dress and clenched fists indicated that she was still rather nervous inside.

Lin Cheng only took one look before recognizing the identity of the woman.

It was that woman, Qing Luan.

Dressed like this, could she really be going to warm the Princely Heir's bed?

The next moment, Lin Cheng's guess was confirmed.

Qing Luan went straight to the location of the Princely Heir's bedroom.

For some reason, as Lin Cheng watched Qing Luan step lightly, entering the Princely Heir's bedroom without any obstacle, he felt a little envious.

He didn't have the freedom to approach the Princely Heir as Qing Luan could.

"Damned fate that I was not born a woman, or else where would Qing Luan get the chance to perform like this!"

10

With enviable frustration, Lin Cheng pounded his chest and sighed to the heavens.

A look of melancholy appeared on the face of the naive man.

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