

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 19 - Chapter 17 Are You Really the Princely Heir? Chapter 19: Chapter 17 Are You Really the Princely Heir?

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Although the Princely Heir's nature was carefree, he sometimes displayed the intrinsic behaviors of a man and could exhibit slightly lecherous actions, but most of the time he did not act on them.

Qing Luan felt that tonight there was a high probability that the Princely Heir was merely acting on a whim, and perhaps by the time she arrived, he might just send her back.

With this thought in mind, the anxiety that had been taut in Qing Luan's heart relaxed somewhat.

"Princely Heir."

As Qing Luan entered the bedroom, she kept her head down, not daring to look at the esteemed Princely Heir before her, so as not to breach etiquette.

Previously, when the Princely Heir had been the Coachman, it did not really matter if she observed these formalities.

But now it was different.

There were clear distinctions between superiors and inferiors, between the noble and the humble.

1

After Qing Luan said "Princely Heir," she only heard a languid voice coming from within the white canopy of the bedchamber.

"Come here."

Qing Luan dared not say more and hurriedly approached, closing in on the luxurious bed. She could faintly see through the white canopy the silhouette of a person within, every move exuding an air of nobility.

Just as Qing Luan was about to speak, a hand suddenly reached out from within the white canopy, fiercely pulling her inside.

Qing Luan let out a startled cry, without enough time to react, and she fell heavily onto the soft, luxurious bed.

A distinctly masculine scent hit her face.

Suddenly, everything went dark in front of her, shielding the candlelight in the room.

The one blocking Qing Luan's line of sight was none other than Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang's hands braced on either side of Qing Luan's head, his handsome face brimming with the bold confidence characteristic of a noble son.

He leaned down close to Qing Luan's neck, inhaling lightly and smelled the faint scent of flowers. Only then did he nod in satisfaction.

At this moment, his face reflected an intoxicating state.

"You've come a bit late."

Cheng Guang's gaze landed on Qing Luan's face, and he spoke in a calm tone.

At that moment, Qing Luan's heart lifted slightly. The succession of Cheng Guang's actions had frightened her, and she lay there, motionless on the bed, allowing Cheng Guang to lean over her without any resistance.

Hearing the Princely Heir speak again, with a tone that seemed to contain some reproach, Qing Luan quickly responded,

"I'm sorry, Princely Heir."

Qing Luan made no excuses, just an apology.

Even though she had rushed.

Even though it was because she had followed the Princely Heir's instructions to thoroughly clean herself, which had taken extra time.

No matter how many excuses she might have, if the Princely Heir thought she was wrong, then she was wrong.

1

Having been with the Princely Heir for over a decade, Qing Luan thought she had a good grasp of his habits.

At times like this, all she had to do was show a little contrition, and the Princely Heir was likely to stop giving her a hard time.

But this time might be different.

Qing Luan saw the Princely Heir's deep eyes tinged with a light purple hue, unabashedly scanning her delicate body. Her originally loose white dress now clung tightly to her form, revealing an astonishing set of curves.

"Tell me..."

"Since you've made a mistake, how should I punish you?"

3

Cheng Guang's eyes narrowed slightly, his hand reaching out and caressing Qing Luan's tender cheek tentatively.

When Cheng Guang touched her cheek, he saw a fleeting panic in Qing Luan's beautiful eyes, her fingers clenching tight, but she quickly forced herself to act normal, her face breaking into a moving smile.

"Qing Luan... Qing Luan... Qing Luan doesn't know..."

1

Qing Luan was momentarily at a loss for words,

Bewildered in her heart,

The Princely Heir's demeanor before her had elements of the Princely Heir, but these words and deeds were in too stark contrast with the true Princely Heir.

The Princely Heir would not behave so unreasonably.

Yet, the person before her had passed several verifications, every aspect proving he indeed was the Princely Heir.

There was no trace of that Coachman to be seen.

Qing Luan clenched her fists tightly, then slowly relaxed them, her lips parted slightly, and then she smiled sweetly.

"However the Princely Heir wants to punish Qing Luan, then please do so."

3

As she spoke, her expression was fragile, like a helpless woman, evoking an irresistible urge to protect her.

Even Cheng Guang, seeing Qing Luan's powerless state, her hair disheveled, struggled to maintain control and felt a pang of reluctance to continue tormenting her.

1

It impressed Cheng Guang.

Being able to become the only personal maiden to the esteemed Princely Heir within Duke Zhen's Mansion,

Aside from possibly having the support of the Princely Heir's mother, Mrs. Wu,

The remainder, to say that it had nothing to do with Qing Luan's own abilities, Cheng Guang did not believe.

According to what Cheng Guang had recorded early that day in the Book Collection Pavilion about the Princely Heir's words and behavior, as well as his character analysis,

In the Princely Heir's eyes, Qing Luan held a very special status.

Beyond the role of a maiden, she was also his only playmate, someone who had taken care of him closely since childhood and played a sisterly role.

Moreover, she might even become his concubine in the future, opening the doors to a new world for him.

All these relations combined meant that the Princely Heir had complex feelings toward Qing Luan, not treating her as an ordinary servant.

Moreover, the Princely Heir had an incomparable trust in Qing Luan.

Otherwise, if one used a body double to impersonate oneself, and then took the opportunity to slip out of the mansion, Qing Luan would not be the only person in the know.

Cheng Guang knew that if he were truly the Princely Heir at this moment and saw Qing Luan looking so vulnerable, a soft heart would have led him to release Qing Luan, to climb off her and cease troubling her.

1

But, at this moment, Cheng Guang was not the true Princely Heir.

He had to conquer Qing Luan today.

3

If he couldn't, then he would have no choice but to flip the table.

Therefore, Cheng Guang's expression did not waver at Qing Luan's words; instead, he contemplated for a moment, fixating his gaze on Qing Luan, and then slowly began to speak.

"Qing Luan, your punishment will be..."

"To dance for me."

1

As his voice fell, Qing Luan instantly breathed a sigh of relief.

Though Qing Luan was not much of a dancer, this was still more bearable than having the Princely Heir press down upon her incessantly.

Just as Qing Luan was about to ask Cheng Guang to get up to allow her to sit up conveniently, she heard Cheng Guang speak again.

"No need to get off the bed, just dance right here. Besides, you're wearing too many clothes, aren't you hot?"

2

Cheng Guang, having played his cards, narrowed his eyes slightly, gazing intently at Qing Luan's expression.

As expected, Qing Luan's beautiful eyes widened instantly as if shocked by Cheng Guang's words, her pretty face losing color.

The complexion that was once rosy as peach blossoms lost its color, turning slightly pale.

Qing Luan's red lips parted slightly as she stared dumbfounded at Cheng Guang before her, seemingly unable to comprehend that the Princely Heir would utter such words.

A sense of foreboding filled her heart.

A strong feeling told her that the man before her was not the Princely Heir.

After more than a decade of interactions with the Princely Heir, even if the man before her looked strikingly similar to the Princely Heir, and even if his actions and gestures were identical, the subtleties were ultimately different.

Not to mention, now he was asking her to dance on the bed...

And he could utter something as mad as "Aren't you hot?"

Could these be the words of the Princely Heir??

Qing Luan took a deep breath, as if instantly convinced that the man before her was not the Princely Heir, but that coachman instead.

Qing Luan made a bold guess.

Although she did not know how the aura, famously unchangeable and known to all, could be concealed, she was certain of one thing.

Even if the man before her was not the coachman, he was definitely not the Princely Heir.

Even if she were wrong, and this man was indeed the true Princely Heir, in all likelihood, he would not blame her afterwards.

So, Qing Luan prepared to rebuke him out loud.

However, unexpectedly, just as Qing Luan raised her head, she saw in Cheng Guang's eyes a noble purple aura, as if an Immortal aloof and high above, indifferently watching her expression.

Qing Luan's face turned ashen, and her heart pounded violently.

It seemed that if she were to reveal Cheng Guang's identity or lay hands on him, she would meet a gruesome end in the next moment.

Qing Luan didn't know why she felt this way, but she had an inexplicable premonition.

1

Moreover, importantly, Qing Luan could feel a trace of nobility and indifference in those eyes.

Was that high and mighty, contemptuous demeanor something Cheng Guang, that coachman, could possess?

Could it be reproduced through mere disguise?

Qing Luan hesitated.

She hesitated for a long while.

Cheng Guang did not interrupt her, silently watching Qing Luan, waiting for her decision.

He had already made ample contingency plans and knew that at this moment, he was most likely recognized by Qing Luan.

Whatever choice Qing Luan made, he would not be surprised.

All he needed to do was to give Qing Luan a chance to choose.

A moment later.

Qing Luan's eyes conveyed weariness, and a rueful smile appeared on her face.

"You really are the Princely Heir, aren't you?"

Cheng Guang looked at Qing Luan, smiling nonchalantly, "What about it?"

"Don't you already have the answer in your heart?"

Cheng Guang did not directly answer Qing Luan, but responded with a rhetorical question instead.

Giving a direct answer, whether it would be yes or no, would not alter Qing Luan's decision—by countering with a question, he could demonstrate his own confidence.

Qing Luan fell silent, realizing that indeed she did have an answer, and also comprehending Cheng Guang's intention.

"I, like you, just want to survive," she said, eyes lowered, her fingers slowly gripping the collar of her dress as she murmured enigmatically.

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A moment later...

The dress slid off her delicate body, revealing a stretch of snowy white...

In the bedroom, the candlelight flickered and died.

Within the curtained bed, a garden full of spring breeze.

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