

## My System 36

Chapter 36: Be gentle, it hurts my heart

At the gallery.

Cheng Guang watched with interest the spot where Bai Shuxuan was located, equally curious about which individuals she would choose to pass the examination.

If she wished to make the Princely Heir her lapdog, there would certainly be some action required to highlight her status.

Telling the Princely Heir that although she was an Oiran, a brothel woman, she was not just any brothel woman—not a being you could easily obtain.

Perhaps it was precisely because Bai Shuxuan, through a series of maneuvers, elevated her own status and position in the Princely Heir's heart to a height that should not belong to her, that without even having touched her hand, he had become a loyal lapdog to her.

Cheng Guang's thoughts churned as Qiao Songshan next to him, hands sweaty with nervousness, stared into the distance, murmuring under his breath.

“No telling if that Turtle Slave's poetry was of any use.”

“With so many Academy students here, their poetry is bound to be extraordinary. How could a poem from a Turtle Slave even be reliable?”

“Why does the boss have so much faith that the poem from that Turtle Slave will definitely secure his passage through Bai Shuxuan’s examination?”

“Could it be that the Turtle Slave is Bai Shuxuan’s plant, intentionally wanting to ensure the boss passes the examination?”

“That shouldn’t be right, didn’t Bai Shuxuan say she wants to choose someone she fancies? Could it be that she’s already fallen for our boss?”

As Qiao Songshan rambled on to himself, he seemed on the verge of becoming a chatterbox.

Cheng Guang paid him no heed, lifted his teacup, gently blew on the steam rising from it, took a small sip to calm his nerves, and continued watching.

This time, after the Red-Robed Maiden entered the room, a long while passed without a sound coming forth.

All present grew increasingly tense, yet patiently waited in silence.

Under the gaze of all, eagerly anticipating, the Red-Robed Maiden soon reappeared.

Clothed in red, her face wearing a smile, she spoke with a gentle voice.

“Miss Bai has finished reviewing everyone’s poetry and has selected one individual to pass the examination.”

After the Red-Robed Maiden’s words fell, a dead silence enveloped the crowd.

The air seemed to freeze for a moment.

After a considerable wait, an uproar like the roar of the heavens erupted within the Jade Pavilion.

“What??? What did you say??? Only one person has been selected?”

“The poetry just sent in must have numbered eight hundred if not a thousand, right??? Among them, there are many Academy scholars’ works, and Miss Bai chose just one person? What is she thinking?”

“Who is that person??? Was their poetry really that good?”

“Exactly! Could there be some sort of underhand dealings? Has Miss Bai already decided on someone she favors?”

“We demand that the chosen one’s poetry be made public, let us all see just how good it is that Miss Bai allowed only him to pass the examination!”

Many were outraged upon hearing the Red-Robed Maiden’s announcement.

They had no issue with the examination’s outcome relying solely on whether it pleased Bai Shuxuan’s taste, since she was the one choosing her entourage.

But now.

You’re telling me, out of a thousand people, you’ve chosen only one to pass the examination??

Out of the poetry written by these thousands, only one person’s work met your fancy??

How excellent and unique must that poetry be?

Is this reasonable??

This is blatantly unreasonable!!

While many were unconvinced, they also began to feel suspicious that Bai Shuxuan might have already decided on this person.

Amid the passionate outcry, many began to question if there was a backdoor deal.

Downstairs, Wen Qinghe heard this uproar and was momentarily taken aback, then a trace of joy couldn't help but rise in his eyes.

"I never expected Miss Bai to appreciate me so much."

"After seeing my poetry, reading the works of others must have been tasteless like chewing wax, and that's why she selected only me to pass the examination."

"In this case, I must necessarily become her chosen guest."

Thinking this.

Wen Qinghe's calm heart, at this moment, quietly began to beat.

“Everyone, many thanks, many thanks, it is Miss Bai who has taken a fancy to me, recognizing the gem in her astute gaze. There’s no need for such excitement,”

Wen Qinghe stood up, his lips curling into an irrepressible smile as he spoke to the crowd in a mild tone.

As these words were uttered, they immediately drew the gaze of countless people in the Jade Pavilion.

“Is this Wen Qinghe?”

“The legitimate son of the Minister of Rites, truly one of the top noble elites, it’s said he’s also a student at the Great Zhou Academy. If it’s him, there might really be a chance.”

“Hiss, it’s over, we can’t compare.”

“No chance for us with Miss Bai now.”

Amidst the murmurs of the crowd, they couldn’t help but grind their teeth in frustration.

Wen Qinghe was the center of attention, and Bai Shuxuan held him in high regard, choosing only him.

His vanity, at that moment, was greatly satisfied.

The Academy students by Wen Qinghe's side immediately began to congratulate him in advance.

"Brother Wen, congratulations in advance. Even the Great Confucian Scholars have praised your poetic talent. It shouldn't be difficult to win over Bai Shuxuan, the Oiran,"

"Truly envious, Brother Wen, you'll have to tell us all about it when you return, just how beautiful Bai Shuxuan is."

"None of us have ever seen Bai Shuxuan, yet you, Brother Wen, will be able to share a bed with her tonight, enjoying the bliss of Sky-Man. Truly, you make us all envious."

"Brother Wen, you really are to die for, why don't I have your poetic talents. Be gentle tonight, otherwise it'll break my heart."

"Hiss, speaking of which, Brother Wen, could you maybe call out my name tonight, just to give me a sense of participation too?"

Basking in the adulation of his fellow students, Wen Qinghe secretly relished the feeling and didn't take their teasing to heart.

To win over a woman like Bai Shuxuan, whose name moved the Capital city, was to bear the pressure that ordinary people could not endure.

He had long been prepared for this.

“Everyone, there’s no need to speak further. Just wait for me to return and I’ll tell you all about it,”

Wen Qinghe displayed an indifferent and suave smile, waved the painted fan in his hand, and prepared to rise and ascend the stairs, heading for Bai Shuxuan’s room.

However, just then, the Red-robed Maiden’s voice timely rang out.

“Since everyone wants to listen, then I shall first recite the poem of that gentleman for everyone’s appreciation.”

“Autumn fills the sky grandly, all gaze towards Watching Brightness.”

“Clouds born in a thousand ravines white, dew washes the river clear.”

The Red-robed Maiden’s words dropped.

The entire space of the Jade Pavilion fell silent.

Just as he was about to ascend the stairs, Wen Qinghe's step faltered, pausing midair.

After being stunned for a long moment, he slowly retracted his foot, staring blankly at the Red-robed Maiden.

"This isn't right, this isn't my poem."

"Did you read it wrong?"

Wen Qinghe watched the Red-robed Maiden incredulously, muttering to himself.

The students by his side also stiffened, exchanging looks of disbelief.

It wasn't Wen Qinghe??

Who among those present could possibly have better poetic talent than him??

Even they found it hard to believe.

After being stupefied for a short while, Wen Qinghe then declared loud and clear, “There’s foul play!!”

“Even I could not compose such an excellent piece of poetry, so who among you could have created it?!”

“Miss Hong Zhu, may I ask who is the author of this poem??”