

My System 37

Chapter 37: Alright, so this is how we play it.

The words of Wen Qinghe had barely left his lips when an uproar broke out within the Jade Pavilion.

“Hiss, is that not Wen Qinghe? Who else could it possibly be?”

“This poem is exceptionally crafted; certainly not the work of an unknown. Who is this sage who could compose such fine verse?”

“Didn’t Wen Qinghe just say even he couldn’t write it? Could it be that there was a Great Confucian Scholar or Master who came here?”

“That’s impossible. Not to mention Masters and Great Confucian Scholars wouldn’t come to this place, if they truly did, we would have heard something about their arrival.”

“What is going on here? Who exactly wrote this poem?”

The crowd was buzzing with discussion, their gazes all falling on the Red-robed Maiden.

Red-robed Maiden, Hong Zhu, faced the crowd with an unchanged expression, a faint warm smile on her face as she slowly began to speak.

“The author of this poem is none other than the Princely Heir.”

Spoken softly by Hong Zhu, her words brought an instant silence to the hall below.

Wen Qinghe's previously slightly angered face froze, his eyes widened slightly, revealing a look of disbelief.

He opened his mouth slightly, the questioning words he intended to speak suddenly lodged in his throat, unable to say anything, uttering only “uh-uh” sounds.

“The Princely Heir...”

“How could it be him...”

Wen Qinghe was bewildered, as he had never heard that the Princely Heir also composed poetry.

At the same time.

Countless people looked at each other, dumbstruck and speechless.

“The Princely Heir?”

“The Princely Heir writes poetry?”

“That doesn’t sound right; I’ve never heard that the Princely Heir was into poetry.”

“The Princely Heir must have bought the poem from someone. The quality of this poem is so high, I suspect the Princely Heir must have spent quite a sum. I don’t know whose work this is, but it caught Miss Bai’s eye, and she allowed him alone to pass the test.”

“It couldn’t be coercion or bribery, could it...”

“After all, as the Princely Heir, even if Bai Shuxuan recognized the poem, it’s possible that it was bought from someone else, and he wouldn’t dare make it known. Perhaps it was to curry favor that he allowed the Princely Heir to enter alone.”

“Hiss...”

After a brief silence, the quiet whispers began to sound again.

Many looked up towards the private booth on the top floor, their gaze settling on the figure that radiated an air of immense nobility.

Everyone was hesitant to speak, facing the noble Princely Heir in the private booth above, they felt as if a mountain weighed upon their hearts and dared not to be the least bit presumptuous.

All of the Jade Pavilion fell quiet.

But in this silence, extreme to a fault, the look in everyone's eyes revealed a single thought; they did not believe the poem was written by the Princely Heir.

As everyone's thoughts wandered, a soft voice arose from the room occupied by Bai Shuxuan.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I believe this poem to be the Princely Heir's doing; knowing the character of the Princely Heir, there is no need for any deceit."

The voice, sweet as honey, was comfortable to the ear and pure as a spring, tinged unexpectedly with a hint of allure, inviting wild thoughts yet not seeming overly contrived.

Upon hearing this voice, the people within the Jade Pavilion instantly realized, this was Bai Shuxuan speaking.

Bai Shuxuan chose to believe in the Princely Heir's moral integrity, elevating him to the highest ethical standard.

The Princely Heir's character is above reproach, he would not engage in deception.

Upon hearing these words, everyone couldn't help but beat their chests and sigh with regret.

"Miss Bai really doesn't understand the wiles of this world. Do you truly believe this poem was written by the Princely Heir?"

"Confused, utterly confused; to see such a naive Oiran distresses me."

"The Princely Heir's character? That's almost nonexistent."

"Brother, would you dare to say such things to the Princely Heir's face?"

"Hiss, there are so many of us here, and the Princely Heir's actions have been so obvious. What's wrong with whispering a few words? He can't possibly arrest all of us."

"Alas, that may be, but still, keep your voice down, lest you catch the Princely Heir's attention and he's through with you."

“However, thinking about it, it’s normal for the Princely Heir to do this. Among us who discreetly buy poems, he’s hardly alone. Regardless of the methods used, he’s accomplished his goal.”

The chatter downstairs grew louder as a remark from Bai Shuxuan rang out.

At the elegant seating area, Qiao Songshan had initially been thrilled that Cheng Guang’s poem was selected by Bai Shuxuan, but he hadn’t expected that in the next moment, the matter of buying poetry would be exposed.

In truth, whether or not it was exposed didn’t greatly affect them, but their leader’s face was basically lost!

Admitting to buying poetry would imply that their leader’s character wasn’t all that great, wouldn’t it?

Such actions are quite normal when done in secret, but if brought to light, even ordinary people would find it unendurable, let alone their leader.

As the Princely Heir of Duke Zhen’s Mansion, even if no one dared to discuss it openly, the whispers behind his back were bound to be incessant.

“Damn that Wen Qinghe! It’s all his fault!”

Enraged, Qiao Songshan felt like going down to give Wen Qinghe another beating, as beating Wen Qinghe seemed to solve any issue.

Cheng Guang, however, remained composed, his gaze fixed on the spot where Bai Shuxuan was, with a playful smile on his face, he chuckled.

“This Bai Shuxuan is interesting, praising openly while undermining subtly.”

“Praising openly while undermining subtly? What do you mean?” Qiao Songshan’s rugged face took on a naive expression.

Cheng Guang didn’t explain, but simply tapped on the tabletop, silently observing the situation unfold.

With his status, speaking any more than necessary at this time would make him seem lacking in poise; after all, what would it matter if he directly took possession of an Oiran?

The scornful comments of the impoverished scholars couldn’t affect him in the slightest.

As for face, he actually didn’t care about it as much as Qiao Songshan imagined.

Whether or not he cared was one thing, but whether he was being schemed against was another.

At this moment, Bai Shuxuan spoke up again, her voice ringing out like a clear bell.

“I believe the Princely Heir has such talent, that the poem he presented must surely be his own work. If you don’t believe it, you could ask the Princely Heir to compose another poem of the same caliber.”

“Of course, even if the Princely Heir doesn’t write one, I will still choose him today.”

After Bai Shuxuan said this, everyone paused for a moment.

Many felt pity for Bai Shuxuan’s simplicity, sensing that she was deceived by the Princely Heir.

How could the poem possibly have been written by the Princely Heir?

Upon hearing these words, however, Cheng Guang’s lips curved into a smile.

Very good, that’s how she wants to play it.

Bai Shuxuan’s words seemed to praise him consistently, but at every turn, they laid a trap.

If he could not produce a poem, or if the new poem did not match the level of the one he had presented, it would undoubtedly confirm that the poem he had brought was purchased.

And this, combined with Bai Shuxuan's previous words, wasn't it saying that his character as the Princely Heir wasn't all that good?

Indirectly, it would diminish his own character.

Bai Shuxuan also stated that even if the Princely Heir could not write a poem, she would resolutely choose him regardless.

This statement came across as if she had been wronged.

It evoked a sense of regret and sympathy in those around her as if she had been deceived and sold, yet still helped the deceiver count their money.

After this event, many felt their affection for her soar.

And himself?

He, too, developed a certain fondness for her because she steadfastly believed in him.

Which man could resist a woman who believes in him so firmly?

Especially one who is the legendary Capitol city's Oiran, adored by thousands.

This series of clever maneuvers made Cheng Guang exclamations of admiration.

If he hadn't already seen through Bai Shuxuan's intentions, he might have actually believed that she was just a naive sweet girl blindly worshipping him.

Cheng Guang began to ponder.

Not knowing Bai Shuxuan's true intentions, the series of maneuvers she played would have indeed caused him to grow fond of her, let alone the real Princely Heir?

No wonder the real Princely Heir would become such a dignity-less lickspittle in the future.

It wasn't that he was too subservient, but because Bai Shuxuan's skills were exceptionally high.