

My System 38

Chapter 38: Read it out loud to you guys!

Inside the Jade Pavilion.

All eyes had already fallen on Cheng Guang.

Wen Qinghe's facial expression was stiff, as he stood there blankly, not knowing what to do.

Fearing that he might offend Cheng Guang once again and get a severe beating, he shrank his head amidst everyone's anticipation for Cheng Guang's response, not daring to get involved in the matter.

It was he who had started this whole situation; if not for his challenging the Red-robed maid Hong Zhu about the author of that poem, the Princely Heir wouldn't have been pushed into this difficult position.

If the Princely Heir really chose to pursue the issue, Wen Qinghe knew he'd be in big trouble.

Truly frightened that the Princely Heir's anger might be vented on him, Wen Qinghe decisively followed his instincts and found a corner to hide in.

However, his gaze, like that of everyone else, was curiously fixed on Cheng Guang.

Curious as to how Cheng Guang would respond.

Clearly, to Wen Qinghe, it seemed obvious that the Princely Heir wasn't capable of writing that poem; he must have bought it from somewhere.

In front of all these onlookers, for the Princely Heir to produce another poem of the same caliber in order to persuade them seemed as difficult as scaling the heavens.

Right now, the Princely Heir only had two options: one was to resolutely give up on the Oiran Bai Shuxuan and leave the scene in dejection.

The other was to brazenly admit the truth and, under the grudging stares of everyone, enter the Oiran's room with peace of mind to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh.

Only then, such an amorous affair would surely spread throughout the Capital city the next day, and the reputation of the Princely Heir would be utterly ruined.

Wen Qinghe could already imagine how much of a headache the Princely Heir must have had by now, and if the Princely Heir was having a headache, his own fate as the instigator was likely to be no better.

If he let the situation continue to develop like this, things might become utterly unmanageable.

So in that moment, Wen Qinghe decided to lend the Princely Heir a hand, in order to salvage his own image in the eyes of the Princely Heir.

Thinking this, Wen Qinghe raised his voice amidst the crowd, "I believe that this poem was composed by the Princely Heir. Miss Bai, since you also believe that the Princely Heir wrote this poem, why bother asking the Princely Heir to write another one to prove himself?"

As soon as Wen Qinghe's words came out, they attracted the stares of many people.

They did not expect Wen Qinghe to become so flimsy, decisively switching sides so quickly.

Bai Shuxuan heard Wen Qinghe's words and was clearly taken aback before she pretended to speak in a coy tone.

"What is this gentleman talking about? With the Princely Heir's status, he naturally does not need to explain himself to others, nor does he need to prove anything to anyone."

"However, wasn't it just now that Master Wen didn't believe that the poem presented by the Princely Heir couldn't have been written by anyone present? What I said was just to convince everyone of the Princely Heir's capabilities."

"Of course, all of this is up to the Princely Heir to decide. If he does not wish to write another poem, I naturally have nothing to say."

Having said that, Bai Shuxuan fell silent.

But sweat beaded Wen Qinghe's forehead.

He felt like cursing. He had meant to speak in favor of the Princely Heir, but somehow the focus had shifted back to him.

Not knowing what to say anymore, Wen Qinghe shrank back into the crowd.

People's lips twitched slightly, and their gazes once again turned to Cheng Guang at the top floor pavilion.

Cheng Guang smiled, his eyes gleaming with added interest. He stood up, and with a pat of his hand, he said, "Well then, you just want me to write another poem to prove whether or not this poem was written by me?"

As soon as these words were spoken, the crowd below started to panic.

"Where did the Princely Heir get such an idea? We wouldn't dare doubt the Princely Heir."

"Yes, Princely Heir, since you brought out that poem, it must have been written by you."

“No need to prove it, no need to prove it, we are not worthy!”

These people, at most, only dared to mutter quietly. If the Princely Heir took it seriously, not a single one of them would end well.

Looking at the dignified figure with a faint smile at the top of the pavilion, who showed no clear emotions, everyone’s heart skipped a beat, and an indescribable chill spread from the soles of their feet.

This was a nobleman at the pinnacle of power in Great Zhou. For a mere courtesan, if he wanted, he could simply take her by force.

Now that he was putting on this false poem performance, it was already giving face to all of them.

Realizing this, many people involuntarily ducked their heads, bowed down, pretending to read books, fearful that the Princely Heir, caught in a difficult position, might take displeasure in them and make trouble for them.

Cheng Guang’s hair hung down, and his expression remained unchanged.

Standing on the railing of the top floor, he slowly spoke out.

“However, you’re right about one thing—this poem isn’t my own work.”

As soon as these words were uttered, everyone’s gaze focused on him once again.

Including the Red-robed maid and Bai Shuxuan, who had been gracefully composed behind the screen.

The reaction of the Red-robed maid was still decent, but her smile stiffened slightly, while Bai Shuxuan, behind the screen, paused in disbelief and stood up.

It seemed as if she was about to charge out from behind the screen the next moment.

Bai Shuxuan was completely stunned. She couldn’t understand why Cheng Guang would outright admit the poem wasn’t his work??

Unconcerned about face?

Or is it that...

He has given up on her?

The Princely Heir no longer wants her??

Bai Shuxuan couldn't understand why, and a wave of regret swept through her heart.

Did she go too far with her scheme, leaving Cheng Guang with no way out, thus making him decisively give up on her and plan to leave?

She intended to raise the fish, not to raise it to death.

Bai Shuxuan was anxious inside, and her usually serene and unfathomable eyes were now filled with panic.

It wasn't just Bai Shuxuan who felt panicked at this moment; Wen Qinghe in the crowd also felt a bit flustered. The Princely Heir had actually admitted it—this was not his style!

When had the Princely Heir ever bowed his head to anyone before?

For a moment, Wen Qinghe had a bad premonition, but now he had no way to leave directly, so he had to grit his teeth and continue to watch Cheng Guang.

At this moment, under the watchful eyes of thousands, Cheng Guang stood leaning against the railing, hands behind his back, his brocade robe fluttering elegantly; he spoke with a smile.

“After all, that poem was too trashy. If it were mine, I’m afraid I wouldn’t be able to resist finding a rock to smash myself dead.”

As soon as these words came out, the already silent Jade Pavilion grew even quieter.

The air seemed to completely solidify.

Many people’s eyes slightly widened, and they stared at Cheng Guang, speechless.

This poem is trashy??

This is a poem that even the Master, the Great Confucian Scholar, might not be able to produce.

A fine work of such quality, and you call it trash???

Even though Cheng Guang was the Princely Heir, such words still made the crowd incredulous, their eyes turning towards him with a look of disbelief, and beyond respect, there was a host of indescribable implications.

Some were of the opinion that Cheng Guang was boasting.

Others thought that Cheng Guang was trying to demean the poem he had just produced, to elevate his own talent, and to save face despite failing.

The people below, though they dared not discuss aloud anymore, could be seen from their eyes and expressions—none of them believed Cheng Guang's words.

If that poem just now was trash, then there weren't many good poems left in the world.

Especially some Academy students, their eyes wide open, their foreheads red with anger upon hearing Cheng Guang's words.

Because the poem Cheng Guang called trash was one they might not be able to compose in their entire lives.

The poem that they might never be able to write in their lifetimes was deemed trash in Cheng Guang's mouth...

Surely this was too insulting.

Inside the central room of the Jade Pavilion.

Bai Shuxuan, hearing Cheng Guang's words, was surprised.

She hadn't expected Cheng Guang to evaluate her poetry this way, and while she felt disdain, her face remained impassive.

"Princely Heir, you are indeed talented and naturally dismiss the poetry that does not satisfy you like worn-out shoes. Regardless, today this young lady has chosen only you, Princely Heir. Shall we read together by the lamp tonight and thoroughly discuss the way of poetry?"

Bai Shuxuan, from behind the screen, spoke softly, her tasselled dress clinging to her delicate body and swaying slightly with the draught, her demeanor showing a gentle and enchanting charm.

She was clearly trying to please Cheng Guang.

She truly feared that Cheng Guang would act out of spite, not care about her status as an Oiran, and leave directly.

If that were the case, what was the point of her previous arrangements?

Bai Shuxuan wanted to bring the situation to a close, and so did everyone else in the audience who hastily echoed in agreement.

Cheng Guang, however, showed little reaction to the people's echoing voices.

Bai Shuxuan had set up a good situation, all to have me lose face in front of everyone, to raise her own value while revealing my lack of talent and the awkwardness of pretending.

Now she fears that I might leave directly, so she takes the initiative to please and make amends.

Otherwise, she probably wouldn't speak these words until the last moment.

Cheng Guang's thoughts were churning, but he didn't continue speaking, having no desire to contend with these people anymore.

Just then, Qiao Songshan, who was sitting beside him, couldn't sit still anymore—these people were actually talking about his boss like that!

He had just been sitting on the side and had seen that, aside from that Watching Brightness poem, the boss had written many others!

Even if he couldn't tell whether the poems were good or bad, he still thought the poetry written by his boss was very good.

At that moment, Qiao Songshan stood up and declared in a loud and forceful voice, "My boss wrote a lot of poems!"

“You all should stop being blind; what’s so special about that poem just now!”

“I will now recite the poems my boss wrote for you people to hear!”