

## My System 47

Chapter 47: The young lady has already fallen for you

As Cheng Guang stepped out of his residence, a frail voice came.

Maiden Hong Zhu stood by the roadside not far away, her skirt fluttering in the breeze, strands of her hair playfully sticking to her face, making her look exceptionally charming and delicate.

“Princely Heir, my mistress wishes to invite you over for a meeting.”

Smiling, Hong Zhu looked at Cheng Guang. Although her smile was bright, her complexion was paler than when Cheng Guang first saw her yesterday.

Pale complexion like fragrant blossoms, waist as willowy as the poplar.

Tiredness lingered in Hong Zhu’s eyes, clearly because of the words Cheng Guang had said when he left last night. She too was worried, which had taken its toll on her.

“Maiden Hong Zhu, what does your mistress wish to see me for?”

Cheng Guang smiled at Hong Zhu, feigning ignorance.

Hearing this, Maiden Hong Zhu gave Cheng Guang a glance that was a mix of coy and reproachful, not daring to be too presumptuous, and then spoke with respect.

“My mistress naturally misses the Princely Heir dearly. Last night, the Princely Heir’s poetry stunned the Capital’s literary circle and garnered admiration from countless people. My mistress, being worldly as anyone, naturally harbors thoughts of love between men and women.”

“Furthermore, the mistress is now of age, and she needs to choose a partner promptly. You know, Princely Heir, that she has taken a fancy to you...”

“After hearing those words you said last night, mistress cried deeply into the night.”

Having said that, Hong Zhu quickly added, “Of course, I wouldn’t dare blame the Princely Heir. I only ask that you meet with the mistress once more.”

Cheng Guang, upon hearing Hong Zhu’s words, felt no stir within and even felt a bit like laughing.

She, Bai Shuxuan, a commoner?

Taken a fancy to me??

This has got to be the joke of the century.

One second she's smitten with me, the next she's scheming with assassins to kill me, right?

And crying pearls into the night.

With Bai Shuxuan's temperament, not a single pearl would fall.

At most, she'd be grinding her teeth in frustration, hitting her pillow while thinking about her next move to plot against him.

As Cheng Guang pondered, his eyes narrowed slightly, showing little trust in what Hong Zhu had said.

However, standing behind Cheng Guang, Lin Cheng heard Maiden Hong Zhu's words and believed them somewhat.

After all, from Lin Cheng's perspective, it seemed only natural that the allure of their Princely Heir was immense, and for an Oiran to be smitten with him was nothing out of the ordinary.

But then Lin Cheng remembered the Princely Heir saying that Bai Shuxuan was ugly, even worse than him in looks. To send their Princely Heir over to Bai Shuxuan's was surely to disgust him, wasn't it?

Thinking this, Lin Cheng spoke up right away.

“With your mistress looking so appalling, why invite my Princely Heir to see her again?”

“Was once not enough? Do you intend a second time? I think you’re deliberately trying to offend my Princely Heir’s eyes!”

With that, Lin Cheng looked furiously at Hong Zhu, glaring at her indignantly.

If it weren’t for Cheng Guang not speaking up yet, Lin Cheng would already have wanted to toss this woman ten miles away.

Hong Zhu, turning paler upon hearing Lin Cheng’s words, inwardly cried out in distress and hurriedly waved her hands, explaining.

“My mistress’s appearance isn’t like... not like what the Princely Heir described last night...”

Hong Zhu pursed her red lips, conflict rising in her beautiful face. Without considering if her words might displease Cheng Guang, she spoke directly.

“Perhaps the lighting last night wasn’t very bright, and the Princely Heir didn’t see my mistress clearly. Would it be possible to go and take another look at her today?”

What Hong Zhu was implying almost didn't stop short of accusing Cheng Guang of being blind.

My mistress, with her beauty—how could the Princely Heir describe her as so hideously unattractive?

But the words at the tip of her tongue, no matter how unjustified she felt, turned into a plea nonetheless.

Lin Cheng, hearing this, showed an odd expression and quietly placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, his gaze turning to Cheng Guang, ready to execute the disrespectful woman at his Princely Heir's command.

Cheng Guang, however, merely frowned lightly, then let out a restrained chuckle.

How could he not understand Bai Shuxuan's intentions.

It was nothing more than her inability to bow her head and address the external doubts.

The only solution to this problem was to deal with it at its source.

As long as he, the Princely Heir, continued to visit Bai Shuxuan's room and simply stayed a little longer each time, all rumors would collapse on their own.

Didn't the Princely Heir say that I am of ordinary appearance?

Then why is he willing to share long conversations with me through the night in my chambers?

In doing so, it seemed as though the Princely Heir misspoke.

Cheng Guang couldn't help but smile wryly at this thought, thinking it must have been hard for Bai Shuxuan to come up with such an optimal plan in such a short time.

Of course, Bai Shuxuan feared that Cheng Guang might not come, so the hints in the words spoken by Hong Zhu were very clear—there was one implication—

If the Princely Heir comes tonight, she would let him do as he pleases.

Cheng Guang pondered, his gaze flickering as he calmly observed Hong Zhu.

Maiden Hong Zhu, under the steady gaze of Cheng Guang, felt a significant pressure in her heart.

It was the kind of pressure one felt in the presence of someone noble, someone of high stature.

Even though the man before her wasn't wielding power yet, his high status was not something she could face alone.

That Hong Zhu was even here meeting him, she attributed solely to her mistress's face.

But even so, Hong Zhu didn't have much confidence that the Princely Heir would surely visit her mistress.

With the status and position of the Princely Heir, what kind of woman could he not have? Perhaps he genuinely had a taste divergence and found her mistress hideous?

What could be done in that case?

There was nowhere to voice this rationale.

As Hong Zhu awaited anxiously, Cheng Guang suddenly spoke up with a smile, "In that case, let's go see her again. Lin Cheng, accompany me."

Upon hearing his words, delight instantly flooded Hong Zhu's face, a hint of surprise in her eyes but mostly it was joy.

She quickly bowed deeply, respectfully uttering her thanks and then walked ahead to lead the way for Cheng Guang.

Lin Cheng was likewise dumbstruck for a moment, clearly surprised; he hadn't expected his Princely Heir to actually agree to meet with Bai Shuxuan.

Though he didn't know why, as long as his Princely Heir had decided, he had no place to question it, simply to obey.

As a guard, Lin Cheng was still quite professional.

He hurriedly followed closely beside Cheng Guang.

After leaving the residence with only Lin Cheng as his public guard, he felt an extraordinary stress.

If something were to happen to the Princely Heir outside, no number of heads would be enough for the chopping block.

Meanwhile, back to Hong Zhu.

Hong Zhu felt as if she were dreaming, her steps felt wobbly as she walked.

Just the night before, her mistress had been the highly esteemed Oiran, sought after by countless nobles and officials, now hard to meet. But now, her mistress had gone through countless twists and turns to beckon the Princely Heir to visit her.

For some reason, Hong Zhu now oddly understood the thoughts of those officials and nobles.

Indeed, in this world, that which cannot be obtained always seems best.

Cheng Guang did not ride his Dragon Horned Horse this time, choosing to go discreetly on foot, following Hong Zhu through the streets towards Wanhuatower in the Flower River area.

Along the way, he appreciated the human touch of the Capital city; many people seemed to recognize Cheng Guang, and he relished the attention he received as they walked by.

Passing through several major streets and numerous lanes, they reached Flower River. After another quarter-hour walk, they arrived at Wanhuatower, Jade Pavilion.

At this moment, Wanhuatower and Jade Pavilion's reputation had clearly suffered because of Cheng Guang's words, becoming somewhat stained.

Nearing the hour of shen, the front of Wanhuatower was scarcely populated.

Even Jade Pavilion, which was bustling with people the previous night, was now deserted.

Only a few servants and Turtle Slaves moved about within the pavilion.