

My System 51

Chapter 51: Mr. Tang

By the hour of 9:00 the next day, Cheng Guang finally exited Jade Pavilion, leading Lin Cheng back to the mansion.

As they passed by the entrance to Wanhuatower, Cheng Guang paused momentarily and glanced at the establishment, his eyelids lowered thoughtfully.

“Bai Shuxuan hides within Wanhuatower, and the person who tried to assassinate me has significant ties with Bai Shuxuan. Could the mastermind behind Wanhuatower also be involved?”

“The world only knows that Wanhuatower is the premier brothel in the Capital city’s Flower River area, yet they don’t realize the immense power needed to rank as the top brothel in such a bustling location at the heart of the Great Zhou Dynasty.”

“If this support for Bai Shuxuan has been silently provided by Wanhuatower’s secretive patron, it wouldn’t be surprising.”

“So who is this mysterious mastermind behind Wanhuatower?”

A succession of thoughts flickered through Cheng Guang’s mind, and his gaze, devoid of the warmth he had shown earlier when facing Bai Shuxuan, was now filled with indifference and coldness.

“The identity of the mastermind behind Wanhuatower is a mystery to almost everyone in the Capital city; hand-countable know who he is, and many simply refer to him as Mr. Tang.”

“Ha, Mr. Tang... What an appellation for someone engaged in the brothel business.”

“Fortunately Mr. Tang didn’t rename Wanhuatower to ‘91 Tower’; otherwise, I would really wonder if I had encountered a fellow villager.”

While pondering, Cheng Guang felt somewhat uncomfortable and rubbed his face.

This whole night was spent strategizing and dealing with Bai Shuxuan; it was indeed very taxing.

His acting ability, originally not so great, had seen a dramatic improvement over this period.

He had managed to keep his composure without a change in expression or heartbeat.

Seeing Bai Shuxuan’s reaction, Cheng Guang thought he probably had fooled her.

The net was now cast, just waiting for the moment to pull it tight.

“It seems I need to borrow the mansion’s power to completely uproot the hidden line behind Bai Shuxuan.”

With a plan forming in his mind, Cheng Guang strolled slowly in the direction of Duke Zhen’s Mansion.

Lin Cheng followed closely behind Cheng Guang with matching steps.

The simpleton seemed truly to believe that he was the only guard by Cheng Guang’s side; he was extremely nervous all the way, fiercely staring down any passerby who gave them a lingering look.

Cheng Guang paid no attention to Lin Cheng’s behavior. Before long, he had returned to Duke Zhen’s Mansion, the Million Specie Garden.

In the garden, Qing Luan, dressed in cloud-patterned attire, bent over to water the flowers and plants.

Million Specie Garden was the Princely Heir’s private residence, rarely visited by outsiders, and apart from Qing Luan, there were hardly any other servants.

The garden was a riot of colors, with blooming flowers and lush greenery everywhere.

Most of them were the result of Qing Luan’s meticulous cultivation.

Cheng Guang entered the courtyard, observing Qing Luan's graceful figure; provoked by Bai Shuxuan all night with no outlet for his frustration, his temper started to rise.

He quietly approached Qing Luan from behind, intending to give her a little scare.

But then he saw Qing Luan squatting before a bright, fiery rose, staring blankly at the flower with lost eyes.

A look of worry would occasionally cross her delicate face.

"Why hasn't the Princely Heir returned yet? Could something have happened?" Qing Luan murmured to herself.

Cheng Guang stood right behind her, looking down at her.

Given Qing Luan's level of cultivation, she should have been quick to notice his presence, but she seemed distracted and had not realized someone was behind her.

Cheng Guang watched Qing Luan, seeing her hair casually tied behind her head, draping over her back. Her soft, lithe body did not appear fragile, and her fair legs were strong and toned. Even dressed in casual robes, she exuded a spirited air.

Cheng Guang stood behind Qing Luan for a moment and, seeing her absent-mindedly worrying about him, his heart eventually softened.

The anger inside him gradually dissipated.

He no longer wished to tease her.

After all, technically speaking, Qing Luan was his first woman in this world, even though it was coerced. Cheng Guang didn't want to shirk the responsibility.

In Duke Zhen's Mansion, Cheng Guang felt that he could truly trust Qing Luan, and seemingly only her.

Qing Luan also stood up at this time.

Suddenly sensing something, she sharply turned her head, looking at Cheng Guang with a face full of surprise.

"Princely Heir, you've returned?"

By now it was dawn and Cheng Guang smiled and nodded in response.

Qing Luan went over to him, sizing him up, and seeing that he wasn't injured but just carried a hint of rouge on him, she breathed a sigh of relief.

She stepped back a few paces and then, as if remembering something, hurriedly turned around, heading towards the side room while muttering to herself.

"Princely Heir, you have just embarked on the path of cultivation, so you shouldn't indulge in such pleasures of the bedroom too frequently. I've prepared some Spiritual Medicine to nourish your body; you should drink some quickly."

"Also, Princely Heir, don't blame Qing Luan for being nosy, but just yesterday the lady arranged your marriage. If possible, try not to visit Wanhuatower and mingle with those women."

Qing Luan said all this in a flurry, with a look of concern on her face.

Cheng Guang couldn't help but laugh at her words. What need did he have for nourishment? Could it be that Qing Luan really thought he went to Wanhuatower to seek pleasure?

At the moment, he was still walking on the edge of life and death, unsure when disaster might strike; how could he be at ease to enjoy himself in a brothel?

"There's no need, Qing Luan, I am quite robust," he said.

Cheng Guang walked to the table, poured himself a cup of tea, and took a few sips slowly before asking, “Is Father still at home right now?”

Qing Luan paused mid-step, giving Cheng Guang a somewhat puzzled look before replying, “The Family Head is not at home right now. Apparently, there has been some major incident at the Bureau of the Lamp, and he rushed over to deal with it.”

Cheng Guang nodded, “I will rest for a while, then plan to go to the Bureau of the Lamp to take a look; you needn’t bother.”

“Understood, Princely Heir,” Qing Luan answered softly, standing prettily in place, her beautiful eyes flickering as she gazed at Cheng Guang.

But after watching him for a moment, Qing Luan felt that Cheng Guang indeed seemed to be in good spirits.

He showed no signs of weariness from bedroom affairs, and even his clothes were not particularly disheveled.

Could it be that the Princely Heir did nothing at the brothel last night?

Qing Luan pursed her red lips and said no more.

After Cheng Guang had rested for a while, about a quarter of an hour later, he got up and headed towards the Bureau of the Lamp.

He had two main purposes for going to the Bureau of the Lamp.

The Bureau hoarded a wealth of intelligence, some of which even many in high positions were unaware of.

Therefore, he intended to see if he could find any clues about Mr. Tang, the man behind Wanhuatower, in the Book Collection Pavilion.

Moreover, Cheng Guang needed to find allies now.

This time, it wasn't just to deal with the assassin prepared to kill him, but also to face off against Bai Shuxuan.

After Bai Shuxuan had drawn out the assassin, her value was almost expended.

Cheng Guang no longer needed to maintain a facade with her; he could simply order her capture and perhaps even extract all her worth to the last drop.