

My System 60

Chapter 60: The Beggar

Cheng Guang left the Book Collection Pavilion, unaware of the Elder Yan De's watchful eyes on his every move behind him.

After leaving the Book Collection Pavilion, Cheng Guang returned to Million Specie Garden with books in hand.

In the small courtyard,

Cheng Guang sat upright at the stone table, flipping through the book that Elder Yan De had just given him by the daylight.

There were no words on the cover of the book. Only after turning the page did he see many cluttered words.

It did not seem like a proper Sect scripture but rather appeared to be a diary, a record of experimental notes.

Cheng Guang silently leafed through it.

The book was not thick, just over a hundred pages. With Cheng Guang's memory at the time, it took him only a quarter of an hour to finish reading the book and commit everything within it to memory.

This was indeed an experimental journal.

It belonged to an unknown peerless powerhouse who had kidnapped royal family descendants, extracting royal bloodlines from their bodies by various means to fuse into his own body.

In the journal, the section on extracting the royal bloodline was scarcely described; to the journal's owner, bloodline extraction was the least technical part.

He spent the bulk of his efforts on how to fuse the royal bloodline.

Clearly, the presence of this journal in the Book Collection Pavilion of Duke Zhen's Mansion meant that the peerless powerhouse had failed to fuse the royal bloodline.

Even, the peerless powerhouse might already have become a pile of ash in a Peninsula Iron Box.

Cheng Guang could guess that the reason this type of book was hidden in the library was because Duke Zhen had already begun planning to plunder other royal descendants' bloodlines for the Princely Heir years ago.

Duke Zhen's planning had not succeeded, but it had not failed either.

The real Princely Heir, after fusing with Cheng Guang's bloodline, did not die; instead, his body's origin was merely damaged.

Cheng Guang felt an inexplicable sense of melancholy.

Back then, Duke Zhen had collected these books for the purpose of plundering the bloodline within his body, and now, he was opening these books again, but for the purpose of reclaiming his own bloodline.

Cheng Guang had no particular obsession with his predecessor's bloodline; whether or not to fuse with the original bloodline did not make much difference to him.

But for the real Princely Heir, the impact was immense.

Cheng Guang's gaze fell upon the method for extracting the bloodline.

The method for bloodline extraction was simple in theory, involving draining the other person's blood and bone marrow completely dry.

However, this method was highly likely to result in the death of the person being extracted from due to blood depletion on the spot.

Moreover, the death of a member of the royal family was sure to cause disturbances between heaven and earth.

After all, such an act was a grievous offense against the heavens and, if exposed, would lead to being hunted down by all kingdoms in the world.

Therefore, to minimize the impact, people would generally combine the process with some Spiritual Medicine that produced blood, extracting and regenerating simultaneously, until the extracted blood lost all its spiritual essence, and then they would stop.

This could indeed be described as the ultimate simplicity.

Cheng Guang silently continued to browse.

At that moment, a series of light footsteps approached from behind Cheng Guang, accompanied by a pleasant fragrance.

Recognizing that familiar scent, Cheng Guang knew Qing Luan had arrived.

Qing Luan moved gracefully, coming to Cheng Guang's side and bowing respectfully before preparing to say something; she suddenly noticed the book on the ancient table that Cheng Guang was reading.

“Princely Heir, this is...”

Cheng Guang did not explain, but simply handed the book he was holding to Qing Luan for a glance.

After looking through it, Qing Luan’s lovely features paled slightly, and she was visibly shocked, her red lips parting slightly.

“Princely Heir, this... this...”

This was actually a journal detailing the extraction of royal descendants’ bloodlines.

Such a grievous affront to the heavens was boldly recorded.

If this were to be exposed, the writer of this book would surely die a horrible death.

Perhaps he is already dead by this time.

After a moment of shock, Qing Luan was puzzled why Cheng Guang would read such a book.

Cheng Guang smiled, not directly addressing Qing Luan's confusion; revealing some matters before their completion was a foolish thing to do.

Even if Qing Luan was someone to be trusted.

Cheng Guang put away the book he was holding and looked up at Qing Luan, saying, "This is part of the plan."

Qing Luan's face showed a trace of sorrow; she was somewhat annoyed that even at this time, Cheng Guang still played the role of the Mysterious Oracle.

She sensibly didn't ask further, glancing over at Lin Cheng who was beside her.

"Lin Cheng, I need to discuss some matters with the Princely Heir. Please guard outside the courtyard."

Upon hearing Qing Luan's words, Lin Cheng's eyes widened in an instant, and he immediately wanted to object.

Lin Cheng knew that Qing Luan had been favored by the Princely Heir recently, and he too wanted to vie for favor but felt powerless.

As a woman, Qing Luan had too much of an advantage over him.

Cheng Guang chuckled, "Lin Cheng, just step outside for a bit."

As soon as Cheng Guang said this, Lin Cheng deflated and, not daring to refuse, silently left the courtyard.

Standing outside the courtyard door, the honest expression on his face once again revealed a touch of sorrow.

"This is bad, this is terrible."

"Qing Luan, that woman, has already taken the high ground in the Princely Heir's heart."

"She's even starting to exclude me from discussions."

Inside the courtyard.

Once Lin Cheng had left, Qing Luan brought up the main topic.

“Princely Heir, he seems to have reached the vicinity of the Capital city. In a manor outside the city, servants reported that there was a beggar impersonating the Princely Heir, coming to beg for food and drink but was driven away.”

“According to the servants, that person’s appearance is quite similar to the Princely Heir, but everyone knows the Princely Heir is currently in the Capital, so they didn’t take him seriously.”

“I think that must be the real Princely Heir, it’s just unknown why he has assumed the appearance of a beggar...”

The “he” Qing Luan referred to was naturally the real Princely Heir.

Cheng Guang, upon hearing Qing Luan’s words, almost couldn’t maintain his composure.

“A beggar... It seems that since he escaped from the mansion, he hasn’t had an easy time.”

Cheng Guang thought about it and probably understood why.

The noble Princely Heir had grown up in the mansion from a young age, never lacking money. This time, having escaped from the mansion, he perhaps only brought along some items for self-protection, but not much money. Once outside, having spent all his money, it was unknown what difficulties he had encountered on his way back to the Capital.

To have turned into that kind of beggar, it wasn't incomprehensible.

Qing Luan too, with a peculiar expression, slightly nodded, "That must be it."

"Given the Princely Heir's temperament, he wouldn't return to the mansion unless absolutely necessary."

Cheng Guang's normally calm face remained unchanged, his fingers gently tapping the desktop, "Which manor did he appear in?"

Qing Luan replied, "The White Deer Manor, a hundred miles from the Capital, which raises many Exotic Beasts white deer, and is abundant in Spiritual Meat and deer milk."

Cheng Guang showed no surprise, "Judging by his pace, if he's coming to the Capital, he should arrive by tomorrow evening at the latest."

"Yes..." Qing Luan's large, Cardilan-like eyes were filled with worry.

"As the Princely Heir approaches the Capital, he might use some means to attract the Family Head's attention; after all, he still has quite a few communication tools on him."

"However, the likelihood of him actively contacting the Family Head isn't high since the Princely Heir left on his own initiative, and he may head straight back to the mansion first."

As Qing Luan spoke, she didn't know what to do for a moment.

Once the Princely Heir returned to the mansion, all the initiative would no longer be in their hands.

Just last night they learned that the Princely Heir was coming back, and he would soon be at the mansion the day after tomorrow.

The pace of events was progressing too quickly, leaving her somewhat unprepared, her mood starting to grow frantic.

Worry was evident on her fair, picturesque face.

“If it really comes down to it, we still have time to...”

Cheng Guang interrupted Qing Luan, “If we’re to flee, now is not the time.”

“With the means at our disposal, we simply can’t escape.”

“I need to prepare a few contingency plans, so that even if the plan fails, we can still make a clean getaway.”

“Contingency plans?” Qing Luan, puzzled, turned her head to look at Cheng Guang, as innocent as a child.

She considered herself clever.

But in front of Cheng Guang, she seemed as naively clueless as Lin Cheng.

She could not at all grasp what Cheng Guang was thinking.

In fact, it wasn’t Qing Luan’s fault, for she knew too little, and her area of ignorance was vast, leading her to have no idea what should be done now.

Cheng Guang nodded, his gaze drifting towards the Bureau of the Lamp, a hint of a smile on his lips.

“Indeed, contingency plans.”

Cheng Guang’s eyes lowered, murmuring to himself.

“Bai Shuxuan is a useful tool. Let’s see if we can extract some value from her.”

“After all, she is someone who could turn the real Princely Heir into a fawning dog, a talent indeed. It’s truly a waste not to make good use of her.”

“Let her seduce the real Princely Heir again; perhaps we can control him even more perfectly and eliminate him without causing any ripples.”

“The only troublesome aspect is how to control Bai Shuxuan. Now that she’s been seriously injured and her strength greatly reduced, it’s uncertain whether the Charm Eyes will still work on her.”

“We can try, to begin with.”

Qing Luan didn’t catch everything Cheng Guang said.

But she always felt that Cheng Guang was scheming something wicked.

Cheng Guang’s eyes were calm and deep, like a still well. After tapping the table lightly, he stood up without hesitation and walked out of the mansion.