

My System 64

Chapter 64: It Turns Out You All Wrote It

Qing Luan's emotions were complex, her red lips pursed slightly, but she ultimately said nothing, merely humming in response.

"Miss Bai, let's go. I'll take you to wash up."

Upon hearing Qing Luan's words, Bai Shuxuan had no desire to interact with her and continued to kneel at Cheng Guang's feet, unwilling to leave even for half a step.

This scene caused Qing Luan's mouth to twitch involuntarily a few times.

She silently looked at her own Princely Heir.

Cheng Guang looked down and with a light kick, nudged Bai Shuxuan's face, pushing her away.

"Go take a bath, you stink to death."

Bai Shuxuan's face paled instantly when she heard Cheng Guang speak, and she quickly lifted her sleeve to sniff her own scent.

Although the prison clothes were somewhat dirty and had a smell, it wasn't very noticeable.

Even her own body fragrance was stronger than the smell on the prison clothes.

Yet Cheng Guang's words still struck her hard, and she quickly got up with an apologetic face.

A blush appeared on her fair face.

It seemed as though she was ashamed for her scent having offended the Princely Heir.

"Princely Heir, I'll go wash right now."

Cheng Guang picked up his teacup and nodded slightly.

Bai Shuxuan followed Qing Luan and left.

Hong Zhu stood in place, looking at Cheng Guang and then at Bai Shuxuan, unsure of what to do.

She wanted to question Cheng Guang about something, but didn't dare to.

In the end, she stomped her foot and hurriedly followed Bai Shuxuan's footsteps.

She now dared not defy Cheng Guang, stricken with fear.

Her own young mistress was in such a state already...

Hong Zhu felt that it wouldn't be long before she too ended up in such a ruined state...

Little did she know that her being brought back to Duke Zhen's Mansion by Cheng Guang this time was merely as a foil.

Cheng Guang wouldn't waste his time on her.

After the three left, Cheng Guang called over Lin Cheng with a wave of his hand.

"Lin Cheng, come here."

Lin Cheng hurriedly approached, bowing his head, "Princely Heir."

Cheng Guang set down his teacup, looking at Lin Cheng, "Do you know of White Deer Manor?"

Lin Cheng was taken aback at first, then quickly caught on, his face breaking into a simple and hearty smile.

"I know it, I grew up nearby White Deer Manor when I was little. Princely Heir, why do you ask about White Deer Manor?"

Cheng Guang tapped the tabletop lightly with a finger, his expression serene.

"I need you to go from the Capital city all the way to White Deer Manor, and along the way, help me look for a beggar."

"A beggar?" Lin Cheng blinked his puzzled eyes.

Cheng Guang nodded.

"This beggar looks similar to me. If you can't find him at first, bring back a few more to try, and once you find him, come back and notify me. Don't disturb the grass and startle the snake; that person is of use to me."

Cheng Guang gave a simple command, without explaining in detail why he was looking for this person.

Lin Cheng wouldn't inquire further about the tasks assigned by Cheng Guang, but would remember them in his heart.

"So when should I go look for him, Princely Heir?"

Lin Cheng hesitated before asking softly.

"Now, go."

Cheng Guang gestured towards the direction of the courtyard gate.

Lin Cheng was momentarily stunned, surprised at first, then slightly joyful.

After all, the area near White Deer Manor was where his home was located. Since joining Duke of the State's service, he hadn't been home for several months.

This time, since the Princely Heir was sending him on a mission, once he completed the Princely Heir's assigned task, he might even find time to visit his parents and two younger brothers.

Lin Cheng agreed and quickly left.

Cheng Guang watched Lin Cheng's retreating figure, his gaze unchanging. After staring for a long while and Lin Cheng had disappeared from his sight, he then withdrew his gaze.

Many strong guards arranged by Cheng Zhihai lurked around him. Although they had never appeared in front of him, he was certain of their presence.

Every move Cheng Guang made couldn't escape Cheng Zhihai's surveillance.

In the capital city, it was still bearable, but the thought of leaving the capital was absolutely out of the question.

That's why Cheng Guang had Lin Cheng search instead of doing it himself.

Cheng Guang tapped his fingertips lightly on the desk as thoughts surged in his mind.

He knew that to be truly free, he would have to completely subdue the hidden guards.

To stop them from reporting his every move to Cheng Zhihai.

Cheng Guang raised his eyes, scanning the surroundings.

When his cultivation realm wasn't high, he never felt there was anything amiss around him.

But when his Spirit Dao cultivation broke through to the Yin God Realm, Cheng Guang distinctly felt a series of secretive gazes watching him, silently protecting his safety.

After Cheng Guang returned to Duke Zhen's Mansion, those hidden gazes gradually disappeared, leaving only one or two still watching him.

After reaching Million Specie Garden, there were practically no eyes on him anymore.

It seems that Cheng Zhihai still allows some privacy for his own son.

After all, he is the Princely Heir. If someone were to watch him every second, it wouldn't be protection—it would be surveillance.

Cheng Guang could roughly guess how the real Princely Heir managed to switch places under Cheng Zhihai's supervision and sneak away.

Cheng Guang lightly knocked on the desktop, as if sensing something, his gaze then immediately fell on a plum tree, where he watched for a long while.

The branches of the plum tree swayed gently, petals falling with the wind.

As the petals scattered with the cold wind, they had frost's luster but not its essence.

After watching the plum tree for a while, Cheng Guang noticed that a gaze hiding behind the tree trembled. First, it pretended to look away nonchalantly, then returned its focus only to find Cheng Guang still watching.

Gazing intently, without blinking an eye.

The person shuddered and recoiled slightly.

Seemingly unconvinced that Cheng Guang had discovered him.

Seeing this, Cheng Guang almost couldn't suppress a smile.

"Come out for a chat?"

Cheng Guang spoke slowly.

The person hiding behind the plum tree heard Cheng Guang's words and was still being watched intently, realizing there was no way Cheng Guang hadn't discovered him.

Without further concealment, he stepped out at once.

His figure emerged slowly from the shadows.

He was a middle-aged man just past forty, with a robust figure and resolute face that added a touch of martial valiance.

He wore a dark uniform of the Bureau of the Lamp, embroidered with silver cloud patterns symbolizing his identity and status.

"Princely Heir, how did you discover me?"

Song Yunqi looked toward Cheng Guang with respectful eyes that held a hint of surprise.

Even if he wasn't trying hard to hide, he wasn't someone just anyone could detect.

Cheng Guang smiled but didn't reply.

Song Yunqi's face was also full of smiles as he respectfully saluted, then asked in a soft voice, "May I know why the Princely Heir has called me out?"

"Nothing serious. I just wanted to ask if my father has tasked you with anything other than protecting me," Cheng Guang inquired, a gentle smile on his face.

Song Yunqi's tone remained unchanged, "Director only instructed us secret guards to protect the Princely Heir and to prevent you from leaving the capital city on your own. As for any kind of surveillance, that's never been mentioned. It's just that we members of the Bureau of the Lamp, responsible for monitoring affairs across the world, must report everything we see and hear for the record."

"It's a matter of duty."

"The Princely Heir's words and daily actions won't be sent to the Bureau of the Lamp but will stay within the Mansion's Book Repository. You don't need to worry about them being read by others."

"Please rest assured, Princely Heir."

An expression of surprise finally appeared on Cheng Guang's hitherto calm face.

He had been wondering why there were books in the Library that recorded the Princely Heir's every movement and daily behavior.

So, it's all written by you.