

## **My System 66**

Chapter 66: Look at me!

Something's wrong!

All of this is wrong!

The young man stood there, dazed, wishing he could rush back to the Capital city at once and check inside the Mansion.

Just as he thought this, his stomach grumbled.

“Gurgle~~”

The young man snapped back to reality and wanted to take a few sweet potatoes to eat, just to temporarily fill his belly.

Given his usual preferences, he wouldn't want to touch these sweet potatoes,

but now, they were the most delicious food to him.

Without any cultivation and without any money,

he could only rely on stealing sweet potatoes from the fields to sustain himself.

Just thinking about it made the young man feel like crying.

It would be soon, very soon.

In another three or two days, he would be able to return to the Capital city, and then the good days would come.

The young man's gaze fell on the fire pit as he used a stick to poke around in the fire, looking for sweet potatoes.

But after searching for a while, he did not find a single one.

The young man was stunned again and quickly turned his head to look at Old Deng beside him.

Old Deng had his back to him, his hands stuffing something into his mouth, and the distinctive aroma of sweet potatoes wafted into his nostrils.

The young man immediately became angry, hopping up and down on the spot in frustration, crying without tears.

“Damn it, Old Deng, you beast! You beast!!”

“There were so many sweet potatoes, and you ate them all!!”

“Leave at least one for me!!!”

Old Deng had an unconcerned expression on his face. While stuffing sweet potatoes into his mouth, he chuckled and said:

“Liunian you kid, these sweet potatoes were originally taken by me, and it’s not a big deal if I eat them all. Besides, I did offer some to you just now, it’s just that you ignored me.”

The young man was heartbroken. He immediately snatched the half-eaten sweet potato from Old Deng’s hand and stuffed it into his mouth.

While wolfing down the food, he continued to berate him,

“You’re too unscrupulous. I’ve told you, I am the Town-Nation Duke’s Heir, there will be delicacies for you in the future!”

“If you let me eat more now, I’ll repay you with mountains of delicacies and oceans of flavors!”

“You’ll regret not letting me have more sweet potatoes today!!”

Old Deng casually lay in the field with a protruding belly, burped contentedly, picked his teeth with his hand, and laughed:

“Stop talking such nonsense, dreaming in the day and taking it for reality.”

The young man snorted in derision and didn’t care.

After finishing eating, they rested for a bit, and then both set off again.

The young man Old Deng called Liunian was headed to the Capital city, and it seemed that Old Deng was too, so they had decided to travel together.

Just as the two left Tianping Village and were walking along the official road,

The young man saw someone riding a steed, galloping rapidly along the road.

Looking at the figure on the horse, the young man was taken aback for a moment. When he clearly saw the clothes the rider was wearing, his face lit up with extreme joy.

“That’s a guard from our Mansion!!”

The young man exclaimed excitedly, hastily standing by the roadside and waving his hands.

“Stop! Stop!”

Old Deng looked at the young man curiously. This young man, facing a guard from Duke Zhen’s Mansion, could act in such a manner. Could it be that he was really the Town-Nation Duke’s Heir??

A sense of absurdity rose suddenly in Old Deng’s heart.

Don’t be too absurd.

This was impossible.

If this Liunian kid was a Princely Heir, then who was the one in Duke Zhen's Mansion?

With the experience Old Deng had in reading the world's tales, he couldn't make sense of the current situation either.

So he decided to watch a while longer, to observe.

The guard seemed to have noticed Liunian's call and slowed down.

Lin Cheng thought he heard something, turned his head slightly, and saw on the side of the official road a person beckoning him over.

The figure looked just like a beggar...

Wait.

A beggar... Wasn't the Princely Heir asking him to find a beggar??

Could it be this person?

Lin Cheng immediately became excited.

He really hadn't expected that he would find his target less than a day after leaving the Capital city.

Lin Cheng, guiding his horse, came to a gentle stop beside the young man and Old Deng.

Lin Cheng sized up the two, his gaze fleeting over Deng's face before resting on the younger man's face.

That face, though smeared with dirt, still allowed the distinct features of the Princely Heir to be discerned.

Resembling the Princely Heir...

Remarkably so.

After observing for a moment, Lin Cheng couldn't help but sigh at the resemblance.

With his not-so-bright head, he couldn't fathom why someone would look so much like the Princely Heir.

“Look at me,” the young man patted Deng’s shoulder, straightening up instantly.

“What is your name? Who do you report to in the mansion?”

The young man asked Lin Cheng, exuding an air of superiority.

Despite his beggarly appearance, he carried himself so haughtily.

Lin Cheng wore a peculiar expression.

Could this man, simply by resembling the Princely Heir, truly believe he was the Princely Heir himself?

No wonder the Princely Heir had sent him to find this person.

Lin Cheng recalled Cheng Guang’s instructions to not alarm the man prematurely, and so he didn’t scold him outright but instead revealed a simple-minded smile.

“And you are?”



The young man frowned slightly, clearly dissatisfied that Lin Cheng did not answer his question but instead asked one of his own.

But considering his current beggarly appearance and lack of anything to prove his identity, if it were any other time, he would have already been executed.

Now, he could only forcibly suppress the rage in his heart and continued.

“I am the Princely Heir! Are you blind! You imbecile!”

As soon as these words were spoken.

Lin Cheng’s simple smile could no longer be maintained.

Deng’s eyebrows also twitched.

Observing Liunian’s behavior and then looking at Lin Cheng, who was burly and exuded a strong presence, Deng pressed his lips together and decided to watch and see how things would unfold.

If this Liunian lad was indeed the Town-Nation Duke’s Heir, then things were about to get interesting.

Lin Cheng now wanted to cut down this Princely Heir imposter on the spot, but he refrained due to the actual Princely Heir's commands, suppressing the urge.

"The Princely Heir?"

Lin Cheng feigned ignorance.

"Look at me!"

The young man, seeing Lin Cheng's buffoonish demeanor, was so angry he didn't even know what to say, so he lifted his disheveled hair, trying to make Lin Cheng see his face clearly.

"Look at me! You must be blind!"

Lin Cheng's facade finally broke, and his expression darkened.

"Imbecile!"

"I don't know what the Princely Heir looks like, but your appearance, how could it possibly be that of the Princely Heir!"

“Stop spouting nonsense; don’t you know that trouble comes from careless talk!?”

“Young man, I advise you not to be too youthful!”

Having said this, Lin Cheng immediately cracked his whip and left.

Horse hooves kicked up dust and smoke as he rode off quickly.

Leaving behind a cloud of dust.

“Cough, cough, cough, cough.”

The young man, choked by the dust, couldn’t stop coughing, his face turning red with anger!

“Damn it, damn it!! When I get back to the mansion, I will kill him! I will kill him!”

The young man was furiously stomping his feet.

He couldn’t hide his feelings at all, showing every emotion on his face: joy, anger, sorrow, pleasure.

He was also quick-tempered, irascible.

Deng wore a look of helpless resignation.

“Liunian my boy, stop talking like that, haven’t I followed you all along? Do I not know whether you are the Town-Nation Duke’s Heir?”

“If you really were the Princely Heir, I wouldn’t be the one following you.”

“Stop saying such things. Thankfully, the people of Duke Zhen’s Mansion are relatively kind, otherwise, with the way you speak so insolently, you would truly invite disaster.”

Deng at that moment felt a grudging respect for the deportment of the people in Duke Zhen’s Mansion.

In these times, human life was cheap; offending someone with just a few words could bring fatal trouble.

Under Emperor Zhou’s rule, this situation had improved quite a bit.

Duke Zhen’s Mansion must be one of the examples.

Otherwise, Deng could not figure out why in such a situation, the Duke's Mansion guard hadn't taken action already.