

## My System 67

### Chapter 67: Practice Moderation

The young man named Liunian merely sneered indifferently upon hearing Old Deng's words.

"Calamity?"

"Let alone the whole world, just in this Great Zhou, there are few people who could kill me."

Old Deng seemed accustomed to the young man's boastful tone, and simply rolled his eyes without responding.

Old Deng's silence did not ease the young man's irritation at that moment. Watching Lin Cheng's figure disappearing into the distance, he clenched his teeth in anger.

This man was clearly a guard from his own Duke's Mansion, and yet he had failed to recognize him!!

Can you believe that!?

Grinding his teeth, Liunian vowed in secret that once he returned, he would make sure that everyone in Duke Zhen's Mansion remembered his face well.

To be out and about and not even remembered for one's own appearance!

As for that guard...

Liunian narrowed his eyes slightly, a hint of fierceness flashing within, already contemplating how to torment him upon their return to the mansion.

As Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion, one of the top nobility of the entire Great Zhou Dynasty, being called a fool by a servant was insufferable. Had it been a slightly more hot-tempered noble, flaying and dismembering the offender, wiping out his entire family, would not have been considered excessive.

Since Wu Shang ascended to the throne, the status of the nobles in the Great Zhou Dynasty had been challenged by the common families, but the dignity of the nobles could not be trampled upon or belittled.

Commoners who offended a noble were likely to meet a bad end.

Let alone a servant who could not even count as a common family.

Indeed, the term "guard" might sound dignified, but in Liunian's view, he was just a mere servant of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

Not worth mentioning at all.

Even though Liunian was at the height of his fury, there was nothing he could say at the moment.

The man didn't recognize him, what else could be done?

He could only wait until he returned to the mansion to deal with it.

However, the coachman impersonating him at the mansion seemed to be in a peculiar situation...

He could even leave the mansion to go to Wanhuatower, call for an Oiran to keep him company. Could it be that he really started to see himself as the Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion?

For some reason, Liunian suddenly felt a bit uneasy.

He took a deep breath, suppressing all the restlessness in his heart.

He continued walking along the official road towards the Capital city.

Given their stamina, it might take a day or two to reach the Capital city on foot. If they had a carriage, perhaps they could get there faster.

But at the moment, neither he nor Old Deng had a single silver tael on them, let alone anything else.

There was no choice but to walk step by step back to the Capital city.

It seemed as though Old Deng noticed that Liunian was in a bad mood, so he just chuckled and gave him a look without saying much.

He wasn't actually very familiar with Liunian. They had met in the fields not long before, and perhaps because both were disguised as beggars, a sense of camaraderie had led him to approach the young man.

After spending some time together, Old Deng noticed that although Liunian had not cultivated, his body seemed to contain some kind of power. He had attempted to probe it, but was quickly repelled by an energy that blocked his exploratory Qi.

Old Deng heard the young man claim to be the Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion and at first truly believed it.

But later, Old Deng realized this young man bore no resemblance to the Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion, not even having a strong guard by his side.

Moreover, there were rumors about the true Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion causing trouble in the Capital city.

So Old Deng didn't take Liunian's words seriously, just assuming he was daydreaming too much, fancying himself as the real Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion.

On the road to the Capital city, to alleviate the tedium of the journey, Old Deng decided to join Liunian on his way there.

Intriguingly, his own destination was also Duke Zhen's Mansion.

"Ah, Old Cheng, that old man, insisting on dragging me out for what? His own grandson he does not teach, yet he wants me to teach him."

Old Deng grumbled behind Liunian, took a sigh and looked troubled, as though there were some hidden complexities.

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Duke Zhen's Mansion.

After encountering Liunian and Old Deng on the horse track, Lin Cheng remembered the direction in which they traveled and hurried back non-stop.

“Princely Heir, Princely Heir, I’ve found him.”

Arriving in Million Specie Garden, Lin Cheng saw Cheng Guang leisurely drinking tea in the pavilion and hurried over, respectfully addressing him.

Upon hearing this, Cheng Guang set down his teacup, his gaze unchanged as he looked at Lin Cheng.

“Found him? Where?”

Lin Cheng quickly replied, “On the official road near Tianping Village, right by my hometown, so I’m especially familiar with that area. The person the Princely Heir mentioned was heading towards the Capital city. Based on their pace, they must have covered less than ten miles by now.”

“So we can ascertain their location now.”

Cheng Guang nodded slightly, aware of Tianping Village.

He had reviewed the map of the area around the Capital city recently; Tianping Village was near White Deer Manor, just a hundred miles from the Capital city. Considering the walking speed of that Princely Heir, it sounded about right.

Cheng Guang was confident that Lin Cheng had not mistaken the person. His attention turned to Qing Luan, a lady with a slender figure and an efficient demeanor, "Qing Luan, go and bring Bai Shuxuan over."

With a slight bow, Qing Luan acknowledged and brought out Bai Shuxuan and Hong Zhu from an adjacent side hall.

Bai Shuxuan, elegantly dressed, only showed adoration in her beautiful eyes when looking at Cheng Guang. As her gaze moved away from him, her demeanor turned cool and aristocratic, perfectly embodying the look of a lady from a noble family.